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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV. No. 697

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JANUARY 6, 1906

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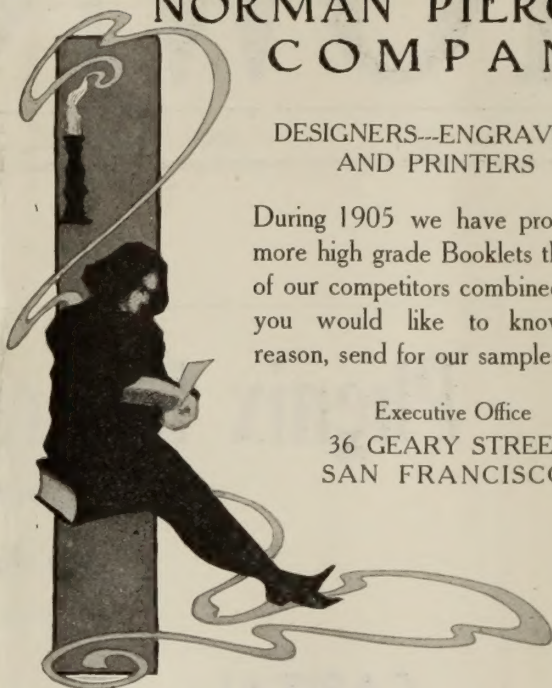
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No. 20

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Hearst And Roosevelt

Some of the Democratic politicians who went all the way from Los Angeles to Santa Cruz to hurl invectives at William R. Hearst when he was trying to insure his nomination for President, attended a banquet in their home town last week to celebrate the glorious achievements of the distinguished journalist. It might be inferred from the somersaulting of the Los Angeles politicians that Mr. Hearst had changed his spots since the Santa Cruz convention, but such an inference would be wrong. Mr. Hearst is the same aggressive patriot today that he was a year ago. He is the proponent today of the same isms that he was advocating a year ago. He is still the vociferous friend of the wage-earner, the uncompromising foe of the pirates of finance. There has been no perceptible change in his ideals. He has done nothing to assuage the prejudices of his enemies. But it has been shown that the prophet who was without honor in his own home carries considerable weight in the great state of New York. It appears that Mr. Hearst may become an important factor in the big national political contests of the future, and as a consequence the small-fry politicians in the remote centres of population are eager to get within hailing distance of his band-wagon. It is not improbable that Mr. Hearst will be a candidate for Governor of New York, and by accession to that position he would become a Presidential possibility. It is undoubtedly Mr. Hearst's ambition to reach the White House, and considering the present state of the public mind his friends have reason to feel hopeful and sanguine. Some of them, and probably the sincerest of them, who admire him in both his public and private relations, would be enthusiastic over his prospects were he to modify the policy which he appears to have adopted for the furtherance of his ambition. They have no criticism to offer as to the salient principles of his political creed. They regard them as the fundamentals of Democracy, but they do not approve his tactics in relation to President Roosevelt. It is evident that his short-sighted counselors have advised that no opportunity to disparage the President be overlooked. This is the reverse of the Bryan policy. As soon as Bryan saw that Roosevelt had a cinch on public confidence, he patted the President on the back. He called all the people to witness that the President was a

man after his own heart. Mr. Hearst prefers to manoeuvre along other lines, the consequence being that he is giving aid and comfort to the Odells and other blacklegs of the Republican party. The fact is that Mr. Hearst is, in a measure, a man after Roosevelt's heart, and today he should be fighting the battle of the people shoulder to shoulder with the man in the White House, to the end that he should become Roosevelt's successor in the hearts of the people.

Why Odell Is Sore

So far as we removed from the centre of activity in national politics that it is pretty difficult to speculate accurately on all that is going on behind the scenes while the big drama dealing with the current history of governmental affairs is in progress. A little while ago B. B. Odell, the Republican boss of New York, began a series of attacks on the President, and his utterances were given wide publicity by the Hearst papers, upon the theory, perhaps, that what was bad for the Republican party was good for the Democracy. We were given no hint, however, as to the cause of the Republican row, but the news percolated from the inside and slowly trickled this way. It appears that Mr. Roosevelt did promise to take no hand in the fight for control of the Republican organization in New York, but that he changed his mind after he obtained proof that the Republican State organization, managed by Odell, had a political agreement with the Hearst Municipal League. Secretary Root was the first to learn of this combination and he felt that it would be hurtful to the Republican party to countenance it, and at his suggestion it was decided to make Timothy Woodruff chairman of the State Committee. Hence the soreness of Odell.

A Glutton For Patronage

Scarcely had the echoes of President Wheeler's discourse on the evil of injecting politics into our educational system died away when down from Sacramento came the report that Governor Pardee purposed contesting Mayor Schmitz's appointment of Mr. Roncovieri to the position of Superintendent of Schools. Governor Pardee has an unhappy faculty for doing the wrong thing at the psychological moment. He has been cultivating it ever since that memorable occasion when he defied the conventions by wearing a collapsible opera hat in a Presidential parade in the glare of the mid-day sun. In no way could Governor Pardee more clearly indicate his unfamiliarity with governmental affairs in San Francisco than by obtruding politics into the school department at this time, for never before in the history of the city was that department conducted so nearly in accordance with the views of the idealists. The department was involved in none of the scandals of the Schmitz administration. Mr. Langdon made a fine record as school superintendent, and the success of his administration was largely due to the enthusiasm of the directors, the most active of whom was Mr. Roncovieri, who enjoys the confidence and respect of the teachers. Mr. Roncovieri is generally regarded as an ideal man for the position for which he has been selected. He has shown great zeal for the welfare of the department and to his efforts is largely due the vast improvement that has been made therein. Clearly, therefore, it was not wise for Governor Pardee to signify his intention to indulge his voracious appetite for patronage at the expense of our schools. The Governor already has had more than his share of patronage. He had nine judges to appoint to the Appellate Court, and judges and other officials have been dying all over the state during his term, giving him golden

opportunities for improving his political prospects, so he could well afford to refrain from butting into our school department.

On The President's Trail

The politicians are telling us in whispers that dreadful things are going to happen to President Roosevelt because of his usurpation of legislative functions and his haughty indifference to the traditional dignity of the Senate. The politicians have not yet come to a realization of the fact that the Senate has been exceedingly indifferent to its own dignity and that it is no longer viewed with the awe and reverence which that erstwhile august body commanded. Though the Senate is clothed with a great deal of power, it has heretofore been taken too seriously by our Executives. President Roosevelt does not accept each Senator's self-appraisal. He has familiarized himself with the political antecedents and the present connections of the men of the Upper House, and he knows that they are not all the great untrammelled statesmen they would have the nation believe. In resolving to expose the President's feet of clay they are moved by self-confidence born of a rash conceit. Before seeking to tumble Roosevelt from his pedestal, they should safeguard themselves from one another. In the debate on the Mitchell and Burton cases it was shown that the Senate is not a fit judge of what constitutes unfitness for a Senatorship. Senator Teller would have voted to exonerate Mitchell if he had been tried in the Senate instead of in the criminal courts, and perhaps a majority would have voted with him. This may be inferred from the fact that Senator Dietrich, who escaped jail on a technicality, and who would have been ousted from a legislative body requiring common honesty as a qualification for membership, was "vindicated" by resolution. The sentiment that prevails among those dignified gentlemen who expect to make Roosevelt ridiculous in the public eye is to be gauged from the confession of Senator Spooner that the only thing which prevented the passage of "the usual resolution calling for eulogies" of Mitchell was the rule requiring unanimous consent for the panegyric. Senator Bailey has been trying, but in vain, to shame self-respecting Senators into a protest against the degradation of their house; so it is quite evident that our pompous statesmen have enough to do in trying to maintain a semblance of respectability without going gunning for Roosevelt.

Ryan And His Graft

Some interesting testimony was given before the Armstrong committee the other day, illuminating the motives of that self-styled philanthropist and patriot, Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, in whose behalf a local contemporary appealed for a stay of public judgment pending developments. We suggested that sufficient had already been revealed to make it clear that Mr. Ryan purchased the Equitable stock for his own selfish ends. The interesting testimony to which we now refer is in the nature of accumulative evidence of the sordid motive of the smug financier. The testimony was in reference to the management of the Washington Life Insurance Company, which has come under the control of Thomas Ryan, Levi P. Morton, and Harry Payne Whitney. It was to the effect that this company has been making reductions amounting to millions in its investments in real estate and bonds and mortgages on real estate, and putting the money into negotiable securities, including several industrials. This has been done in defi-

ance of the Armstrong Committee, which has attempted to show that the safest and sanest investment of life insurance funds is in real estate and high class bonds. The buying and selling of securities under the new management has been done through a brokerage firm composed of the sons of Thomas F. Ryan, and they have made thousands of dollars in commissions. Does our esteemed contemporary wish to wait a little longer before making up its mind as to the motive that prompted Thomas F. Ryan to get hold of the immense surplus of the Equitable Company?

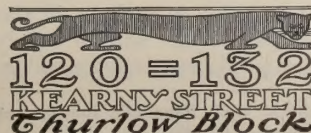
Pensions For Tax Eaters

Surprisingly little attention has been directed to the action taken by Congress on the sixteenth of December last, virtually opening the way to the establishment of a civil service pension for government employes. For a number of years the advisability of such a pension has been more or less openly discussed, the employes themselves have been active in working for it, and considering the number of them and their political influence, the wonder is that they did not long ago manage to have a pension plank inserted in the party platforms. It is an axiom that government employes seldom die and they never resign. The departments are clogged with senile men unable to perform the duties for which they draw salaries, and there is an increasing list of young clerks necessary, who, in time, will move on and upward to these lucrative sinecures. There are men of seventy, eighty, and even ninety years, who never were, even in their best days, anything more than ordinary clerks. But because they once possessed pull enough to establish themselves in the employ of the Government, nothing short of a charge of dynamite can remove them. It is not that they are indispensable to the departments, but that the departments are indispensable to them. In all these years they have been drawing better salaries than they could have obtained in private employment, they have been safe from the competition which cuts salaries and from all the uncertainties which beset the ordinary wage earner. There has been no danger of the Government retiring from business or passing into strange hands or becoming bankrupt, and since the adoption of civil service they have been free from any apprehensions on the score of possible superannuation. Hours have been short, and there has been an annual vacation and sick allowance as well, and from every point of



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view the Government employe has spent his working time in a field of clover. There is no reason whatever why he should not have made provision for his old age. As compared with the man in private employment, the Government clerk has what is colloquially known as a soft snap. Now, simply because the space these superannuates occupy in the office buildings is required for competent workmen, they are to be paid for consenting to get out of the way. When Tawney, the new chairman of the Appropriations Committee, introduced the resolution into the House, asking for a list of the Government employes over seventy years of age, and for the immediate consideration of the matter, he was asked what it signified, and he put his reply in plain words: "It simply means that the civil service system seems to be an excellent means of getting into the Government service, but that it also is an effective preventive for ever becoming separated from a Government pay roll." Of course this is only the beginning, for, no sooner will the superannuates of the Federal Government begin to enjoy their unearned increment when the municipal tax eaters will commence to pull wires for a pension. Already we have the police and firemen's pension, and active, able-bodied men drawing down their monthly charity stipend while earning fat salaries in private employment, and the army pension manipulations are a public scandal. Scarcely a week passes but that the scheme for old age pensions does not come up in some form. And the question arises as to where the money is to come from. Who is to pay the taxes from which the funds are to be supplied?

The Scholastic and Athletic Unfit

In all the discussions over the pros and cons of the brutality of football and the necessity for reforming the game, it has been interesting to note with what unanimity the advocates of the sport have asserted that the gridiron is no place for immature weaklings, and that all the fatal, as well as most of the serious accidents, have occurred in matches between the preparatory schools where the boys have lacked both experience and "build." Doubtless this is true enough. The argument is pretty sound and may be applied to college education in the intellectual as well as the athletic branches. The other day columns of space were devoted to the sad case of the traditionally beautiful girl whose mind had given away as a result of her five years' devotion to her studies, but it never occurred to any one to inquire why such a feeble mind should have been permitted to dabble with books. If the candidates for honors on the gridiron should undergo a rigid examination by a physician, why should not the candidates for scholastic triumphs be also called upon to demonstrate their mental vigor? Instead of a proper test being imposed, the gates are thrown wide open, and the success of each institution is told in the number of freshmen seeking admission and the number of graduates turned out. A discreet silence is maintained as to quality, either of material presented or of work performed. In order to have the figures as high as possible, requirements are reduced to the lowest terms, and pupils who have reached the acme of their intellectual capacity at approximately the age of fifteen are encouraged to go on through high school and college, wasting their time and fitting themselves for no position that will ever be open to them. The majority have not ambition enough to do themselves any harm, and if their parents are able to supply them with the means to have a good time and the college authorities

are willing to bear with their nonsense, that is the worst that can be said, but occasionally there is one who attempts the impossible and burns the midnight oil in a desperate effort to make memory take the place of reason and every other absent faculty, and then something is pretty sure to snap. Instead of laying the blame where it belongs, at the wide meshes of the sieve which permit everything to enter, there is loud outcry then at the exactions of the curriculum. If football is harmless play for the eleven carefully picked and tried participants, so, likewise, is higher education for those who are able to profit by it. If the game is not to be condemned because of the accidents which befall the unfit, neither should the requirements of the curriculum be charged with the misfortunes of the incompetent.

Exploiting Criminals

This being the season for reformatory resolutions, it would not be altogether out of place if some of our contemporaries in the daily journalistic field would resolve to give their readers a rest from the exploitation of those youthful bandits of East Oakland who formed themselves into a gang to terrorize the community. Two of the three who actually participated in a murder have been sentenced to the penitentiary and the third is likely to be sent to join them. Now let us have a rest. We have heard the general details of their organization and the particulars of their exploits. We have read Crowhurst's version and know all the details of his younger brother's connection with the outlawry. We do not want to know anything more about the gang except that they are safely behind bars where, for awhile, at least, they will be compelled to behave themselves. The details of their correspondence with sentimental female scribblers are of no concern to the public. This business of making heroes of criminals can be viewed as nothing but an incentive to follow in their footsteps. To effectively discipline unruly children they must be kept away from the stage centre. It is folly to encourage them in the belief that they are important figures on whom the eyes of the world are riveted. If Blaker and Crowhurst are resolved to be model convicts and to make the most of the opportunities accorded them in prison, well and good, but the less they say on the subject the more likely they are to be believed, and if the lady journalists are going to carry on a correspondence, let them please remember that it is bad manners and a breach of faith to show private letters.

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The Climber in Literature

BY HARRY COWELL.

Great is ambition, and worthy of praise no less than blame; a demigod strangely blent of good and evil, causing angels to fall, and men to rise to almost angelic heights; a power to which earth is much beholden (we all reap of its sowing); a devil-deity, triune, roughly divisible into the desire to be, to do, to know. Never yet in the memory of man has it gone without true worship. Today, England chiefly adores the first person of this trinity; America, the second; Germany, the third—that is to say, the typical Englishman is, in the main, ambitious of being something; the typical American, of doing something; the typical German, of knowing something. We are climbers all, all ambitious, each in his own way, in the good sense of the word, or in the bad, or in both senses at once. Owing to the double nature of ambition, there is in the most virtuous climbing some vice; in the most vicious, some virtue.

'Tis a familiar figure, the social ladder, leading from low society to high—from the people of the abyss to the people of the peaks—in the sight of many a veritable Jacob's ladder, the topmost round in heaven itself. Well we know the climber, panting for place, in unseemly haste to mix with the kings and counsellors of the earth; not content to await the good time of death, the democrat, who in the end mingles the small and great in one indistinguishable dust. What indignities he suffers! How he dreads the eyes of the very servants in the houses of those to the manner born! We have seen his success, more contemptible, if possible, than failure. There are that applaud him, but their plaudits are ever more than half jeer, like those of peasants for the successful climber of the greased pole at country fairs. Even the undiscerning are instinctively aware of the fact that, common as is the social climber, disinterested love of the society of the truly great, the truly noble, is rare as greatness itself, as true nobility.

A scarcely less familiar trope is the literary ladder. This in times gone by was thought—not without reason—to reach to highest heaven. On it the dreamer-artist saw angels all glorious ascending and descending. All night long at the foot he wrestled with the Word, and would not let it go until it blessed him. Nowadays, the literary ladder of old has degenerated into a greased pole, with Fame—the modern synonym of Fortune—in none too modest costume, perched on the top; and is given over to the climber. Success in literature is greeted with yokel guffaws; and, of course, the least hint of high seriousness in one trying to climb a greased pole makes the thing all the more absurd. To be sure, the dream ladder of ancient days is still seen by rare souls, of dim nights, in places far withdrawn from the literary highways, where dignity is not ridiculous.

To ask of the man of letters that his love of art be for art's sake only; his desire of beauty wholly unadulterate, is to ask too much of human nature. Ruskin, idealist as he was, demanded no more of him—or any other man—than this: that he put his work first and his pay second; praise, preferment, and the like, being, of course, accounted pay. Even in the soul of the creative artist, unmistakably called of God to letters, his whole being crying aloud, "It is in me, and must out!" the desire of beauty is not without adulterant; but the difference between it and, say, a desire to see one's name in print mixed with a desire of gain, is one that surely merits public recognition.

Ambition, as I have said, is a demi-god, of good and

evil strongly blent. Each man has his own blend, so to speak. In the same man even, the proportion of good to evil in his desire to be, to do, to know, etc., varies from day to day. Tomorrow, my ambition may be a much less worshipful thing than it now is, or, haply, a much more. One may be artist and climber both. Suffice it to say, however, that in artists, as a class, the demi-god is seen at its best; in climbers, at its worst. Ambition aside, art is justified of her children, the beauties she brings forth; and climbing condemned of hers, formless things, abortive, insufferable, which the least Spartan of critics may unhesitatingly expose to death. The earth is not without poetic justice. Over and above the signal reward of being an artist, thinking an artist's thoughts, experiencing his emotions, the genuine man of letters has joy of his work, the joy of a mother when her man-child is born into the world. The false man of letters has no joy of his; nor can he by any possibility escape the signal punishment of being at heart a climber. Appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, the climber can never get into good society because never for an instant can he get out of his own. The success of an ambition to seem something may be very sweet in the mouth, but in the belly 'tis exceeding bitter. The woman that kisses her way into print, verily, she hath her reward; as hath also the man that dines and wines the critics so-called. Genius cannot go her heavenly way without a beggarly lot of climbers clinging desperately to her skirts. Editors and publishers could tell some instructive tales of the pitiful schemes resorted to by the literary climber.

In regard to letters as letters of introduction to the fashionable world, I have but this to say: In that mysterious, inaccessible country, the social standing of a poet, as such—however worthy of that greatest of names—is about on a par with the social standing of a lap-dog. To this day, in London drawing-rooms, the lord of words has to listen in silence to the word of lords. With the people of the peaks, the latter has easily the precedence; and that, although in England's capital, as elsewhere, high society

(Continued on Page 38)

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Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

Schmitz's motto for 1906—No grafter need apply.

Steps should be taken to abolish the American Chorus Girl in the interest of the unprotected families of our multi-millionaires.

The yellow journal has made it extremely indiscreet for a prima donna contemplating a "brilliant match" to write to her father.

At the beginning of the new year it must be pleasant for the President to reflect that his enemies make it unnecessary for him to assure the public that he hates rascals. More power to your tongue, Odell.

A shoplifter arrested in New York the other day explained that she was merely collecting material for a story on "How Easy It Is to Rob the Department Stores." Quite a plausible explanation. There are, perhaps, many poor authors serving time in the penitentiary as a result of their enthusiasm and their devotion to their work. In all probability George D. Collins was merely gathering "incident," "atmosphere" and "color" when he put himself within the purview of the criminal code.

President David Starr Jordan has been misquoted again, but it is not a San Francisco reporter whose accuracy is questioned. Jordan was far away in Denver when he gave utterance to the statements which he now says were mangled for publication. The experience of San Francisco reporters has taught them to be exceedingly cautious when sent to interview a college president. The reporters of one of our leading dailies have been instructed never to interview a certain distinguished college president except in the presence of a third party.

We can forgive obscurity in a writer whose command of certain other qualities persuades us that they are in, or very near to, the realm of genius.

Mrs. Cassie Chadwick thinks that if she had her financial career to live over again she would "do better." And yet it seems to us that she did pretty well. But the ambition of financial genius is boundless.

Now the bills are coming in which apprise men of the cost of the Christmas presents they received from their wives.

Let us bring the heartless United Street Railroads to time by organizing pedestrian clubs and swearing the members to walk whenever the distance to be covered is less than fifteen blocks. Get busy, William Greer Harrison, make your hobby popular, discipline the despised corporation by improving the health of the community at the expense of the doctors and when you die a statue will be erected to your memory in Golden Gate Park. How would you like to be posed as a pedestrian rampant with a glorified liver for a halo?

Why should that tattling female who was responsible for the blackballing of Harry Holbrook be spared? The publication of her name would serve as a warning to purveyors of hurtful gossip.

"You are my woe," said he; "and oh,
To think that we must part!"
She, with a smile: "How can we while
You take it so to heart?"



With Nature

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

Oh, give me the breath of the ocean foam
Ere the force of the storm be spent;
Oh, give me the width of the world to roam,
The halt for the night as my only home,
With my way forever the path apart
From the haunts mapped out on the toiler's chart.
To me from the silence is ever lent
Companionship, when I spread my tent
In the calm of the desert's heart.
January, 1906.

Oh, give me the shades of the morning sky
That reburnish the slopes and rills,
Oh, give me the tints where the shadows lie
Soft-rocked in the sway of the zephyr's sigh
And I'll crave no boon from the artist's hand
Though his kindling fame by the world be fanned.
The glow of the dawn that the heaven fills,
The quiv'ring light on the sleeping hills
Are the things that I understand.

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The Saunterer

When Pardee Is Dumfounded

A great man is the Governor of California and proud we should be of him! In these piping times of political corruption, abounding in shocking revelations of greed and rascality of public servants, the rare spectacle of a tried and true official rejecting with scorn and indignation the infamous overtures of a seducer of civic virtue, is not only inspiring, it is refreshing and thrilling. Some officials there are who, through a mistaken sense of dignity, would deny the public the opportunity to rejoice in the proof of their incorruptibility. They would prefer to hide the light of their resplendent virtue under a bushel. They consider it vulgar and mean to parade their rectitude. Some there are who, through supersensitiveness, would blush to have it known that they were not sufficiently far above suspicion to be immune to the insults of the bribe-giver. Our exalted Executive is not of either tribe. The other day he received a letter from a poor, benighted Kentucky peasant who is much agitated over the imprisonment of his brother in the penitentiary at Folsom, and who, being vaguely sensible of the fact that it is not unusual for officials to accept bribes, wrote to Governor Pardee asking him "in the name of God" to name the smallest sum that he would accept as the price of the convict's liberty. This simple letter of a simple man "dumfounded" our virtuous Governor, we are told. "I have heard of such things before," said the Governor (who straightway told the press about it), "but this is the first time that an attempt was ever made to bribe me, and I resent it deeply." Indeed he did! he resented it verbosely, too, in a long letter to the impertinent Kentuckian, and a bit pharisaically, too, for he wrote, among other things: "California officials are not bribe-takers." He was probably safe in making that statement, for judging from the style of the Kentuckian's letter he does not keep in touch with the world's affairs and it is not likely that he ever read about the members of the California legislature who were caught taking a bribe some months ago. On the whole Governor Pardee's epistolary rebuke was a fine performance. He admonished the Kentuckian to reform and be good, told him that it was lucky for him that he was not in California where they punish men for offering bribes, and advised him to make up his mind "that public officials are honest men and cannot be tampered with." Governor Pardee preaches a pretty fine sermon when dumfounded. I doubt whether he could have done so well in the full possession of his senses, because it is not easy for a sincere moralist to utter soberly what he does not believe.

"If I Were King"

I do not know the convict brother of the rash Kentuckian who dumfounded our virtuous Governor. He probably deserves to be where he is. For all I know he is a confirmed criminal doing his second or third term, and for the professionally lawless I have no sympathy. Yet I am inclined to think that if I were Governor Pardee I would take some interest in the case of the fellow in whose behalf a bribe would be forthcoming if acceptable. Perhaps I am too sympathetic to be Governor and not sufficiently jealous of my honor, but I am sure that the letter which played such havoc with the Pardee senses would not have similarly disturbed mine. I think I could have overlooked the insult, since, as such, it was obviously unintentional. To me the tone of the offending letter is tragic. Between

the lines it tells a pathetic story, one of those human interest stories that quicken the heart-beats. "We are much grieved," wrote the simple-minded Kentuckian, "to know that the boy has got so far from home and has got in trouble. We are poor people, but in the name of God we ask a favor at your hands." Perhaps I would be accused of "maudlin sentimentality" and suspected of morbid imaginings if I were to create for myself the illusion of a sorrowful mother at the elbow of the man by whom that pathetic appeal was written. The letter does not mention a mother, but to me it seems damp with the tears of a grief-stricken family to whom the convict at Folsom is still a "boy." All that they know is that he has wandered far from home and got himself into trouble. They ask (a simple request, in their opinion,) that a bribe be accepted as a favor to them. "It will not hurt you in any way," said the writer, "and will gladden our hearts." But Governor Pardee was so insulted that he declined to look into the case to ascertain whether there was anything to extenuate the crime. "For," he wrote, "under present circumstances I could not even think of pardoning your brother from Folsom prison."

The Hearst Banquet

At the banquet given in Los Angeles in honor of William R. Hearst several of the lieutenants of Mr. Edward Henry Harriman were very much in evidence, but the lieutenants of Mr. H. E. Huntington were conspicuous by their absence. Mr. Huntington hates Mr. Hearst with a hatred that is truly cordial. Mr. Huntington has frequently stated that he sold out his interest in the street railroads of San Francisco because he could not stand the criticisms of the *Examiner*. As he has since done much for the development of Los Angeles with his electric system, San Franciscans are frequently reminded by the Huntington worshippers in the citrus belt that they lost a "good thing"

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when the millionaire transferred his affections to the big village of the southland. When Hearst started his paper in Los Angeles the Huntington worshipers assumed a very hostile attitude and declared that harsh criticism of the man who had transformed remote orange groves into town lots would not be tolerated. If Hearst ever consulted Mr. Huntington as to the policy that the Los Angeles *Examiner* should pursue the fact was never made public, but from the circumstance that the Huntington lieutenants were not at the Hearst banquet it is inferred that the railroad-builder has not yet forgiven the eminent journalist for driving him out of San Francisco. Notwithstanding the absence of the Huntington lieutenants, the banquet was a great success, and it was obvious from the number of representative men present that the friendship of the Los Angeles *Examiner* is considered worth while. Some of Hearst's employes were at the banquet and assisted in making the great exponent of Municipal Ownership feel at home. The employes of the Hearst papers are always enthusiastic Hearst boomers, not only at banquets but everywhere. They believe in their boss, and I take it that that is a circumstance which argues eloquently for the character of the man.

Mr. Dudley Of California

There is a good joke on the politicians of California, of which I was reminded by President Roosevelt's refusal to appoint John G. Mott of Los Angeles to the post of Ambassador to Mexico. It is a joke that the politicians do not relish. Indeed, they are thrown into a conniption fit every time they have occasion to ponder it, and the occasion arises every time some influential and able-bodied statesman, deeming himself peculiarly fitted for the diplomatic service, picks out a vacancy that he would like to fill, just as John G. Mott did. Mott had the backing of Senator Flint, and Flint suffered the humiliation of being "turned down" by the President, our junior Senator's first experience of that kind. In the nipping of Mr. Mott's ambition in the bud the little joke on Californian politicians was revealed to him, for he was told that California already has her representative in the diplomatic service. That was news to Mott. That's where the joke comes in. Up to a few months ago there were not ten politicians in the state who knew that the Republican party machine had a man in the diplomatic service and that he was charged up to California. Now that most of the leading politicians know it, they are wondering what he looks like. His name is Irving Dudley. He came out of San Diego, making his exit in such a short time after his entrance that very few of our citizens ever had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. He was a briefless lawyer who happened to get on the State Central Committee when John D. Spreckels was a candidate for National Committeeman. He voted for Spreckels, and immediately became a candidate for Ambassador to Peru. With the Spreckels pull behind him, he got the job, though everybody who signed his petition felt that he was rainbow-chasing. That was eight years ago, and during all the period that has since elapsed he has been drawing down ten thousand a year in American dollars, which in the coin to which they are converted in Peru is equal to twenty thousand a year. Mr. Dudley of California has become a man of great importance in the diplo-

matic service, and he is in line for promotion to the Brazilian Ambassadorship, to which he aspires. The politicians say that if his luck stays with him he will soon land at the court of King Edward.

Pardee And The Vacancy

Perhaps, before this is printed, Governor Pardee will have filled the vacancy on the Supreme Bench. I do not know whether Judge Melvin is to be appointed, but I do know that Governor Pardee has been informed that it is his last chance to prevent a split in the Alameda delegation. The appointment of Melvin will show that the Governor is not indifferent to the importance of assuaging factional strife on the other side of the bay. The appointment of somebody else will show that Governor Pardee is defiant and that he is disposed to challenge the Oakland Judge to do his d—est.

Ah Fortune! thou'rt indeed a fickle dame—
But yesterday, Fitzsimmons, crowned with fame,
Had prestige, jewels, wife; today he sits
Sans honors, sans gems, and sans Mrs. Fitz!

Pugilists In The Spot-light

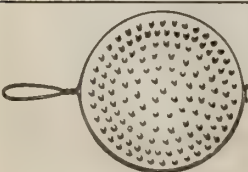
Time was when the wiles of the press agent were all absorbed by the acting fraternity, the liberally legitimate acting fraternity. But nowadays it is the pugilist who employs the press agent, the fantastic, imaginative, ingenious, unprincipled, ingratiating press agent of the P. T. Barnum calibre, and our actresses, who once queened it in our gossip because they had lost their diamonds, or because they bathed in milk, or because a Grand Duke drank champagne from their slippers, or because they married a lord, or because they were piquantly divorced—our actresses are, on the whole, simply among those present in the news of the day. Of course, there are a few of the ladies of the theatre who continue to do business of the old brand, as witness the contemporary stunts of Miss Gilman, assisted by Miss Held, and Mrs. Fiske, assisted by Miss O'Neil. But the snap and ginger has all gone out of these things, so far as the acting profession is concerned; the male actor being, indeed, almost humbly inconspicuous, outside his work. But the pugilists! Who reads the newspapers and knows not their names? Who is ignorant of their aspirations, literary, social, sanitary, or professional? Who cannot tell, offhand and glibly, how many times they have been married, whom they married, and how much alimony they



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are paying? Who is unaware of the size of their cigars and the number of cold bottles they sometimes open in sequence? Who does not—but why go on? We know more about these gentry than we ever thought we should, more than we wanted to know.

The Gossip Of The Hour

In the last week alone, we had Mr. Fitzsimmons served up to us in scare heads as a broken warhorse, a deceived husband, and an horrific thespian, Mr. Jeffries as the centre of a gale of discussion regarding his growth of whiskers, Mr. James J. Corbett as a star in a revival of "Cashel Bryon's Profession." How long must we continue to endure this frenzy? Is there anyone, I wonder, who is not tired of seeing the "bloody heart" of Fitzsimmons broken in public, of hearing what the hirsute adornments of Jeffries portend, of being asked to believe that Corbett has at last achieved real distinction in the realm of the sock and buskin? Give us, oh, give us the days that were, before the scrapper came. Give us the days when we goggled over our matutinal coffee at the septic, but delicious wickednesses of the ladies whose legs and lingerie and Didoesque amours, whose faces and voices and jewels and gowns, creamy complexions and manicured, pedicured, Keeley cured eccentricities had won for them fame, fortune, shrieks on the hoardings, autocracy in spotlights and eligibility as authorities on dramatic art. Let us coax the press agent into the primrose paths where we were first acquaint. Let us go back.

They Thought Phelan Was The Man

The local dailies had a lot of new gossip last week, furnished them by Mabelle's father, who is very proud of his famous daughter, and who is willing to talk about her by the hour. But the dailies did not print all that Gilman pere told them. They told of her high appreciation of wealth and of the good times that she had at the expense of the millionaire, but they did not relate that the family looked upon a local millionaire as the "catch" she expected to make. Though she made reference to Corey in her letters, she much more frequently referred to our popular young city beautiful agitator, Mr. James D. Phelan, whose visit to the Gilman domicile in London was reported in these columns, along with other society news a few years ago. Miss Gilman did not know that Mr. Phelan is one of the most elusive of bachelors. Other ambitious women have misinterpreted his graciousness and amiability and been disappointed.

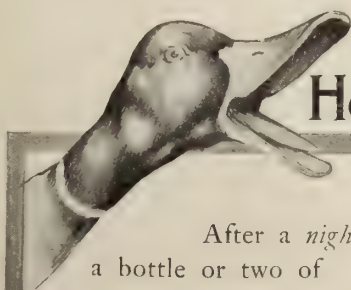
That Sensational Brewer Story

When William A. P. Brewer, dairyman, capitalist and member of the Burlingame Country Club, died at his residence in El Cerrito Park last week, after six days of suffering from plural pneumonia in which he was ministered unto only by a Christian Science "healer," all the newspapermen in town hopped up and down in anticipation of another attack upon Mother Eddy's cult, root and branch. Reporters were hot-footed to interview the "healer" in the

case, one J. W. Russell, other reporters were rushed to San Mateo to talk with the son and daughters of the Brewer family, the Coroner, the physicians who had been called too late, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker—all of San Mateo—in the hope of getting "dope" which would help to make the welkin ring on the morning after. The welkin failed to ring, spite of this perspiring industry; and the reason for the failure is interesting. It appears that after the interviewers had cornered Russell in his den, and extracted from him a tale that would have justified all the preachments contemplated, the treatment of the story planned in editorial councils was killed by the discovery that an attack on Christian Science would hurt the feelings of at least two-thirds of the wealthy and influential families circumjacent to the Brewer domicile in El Cerrito Park, and that the faith of the said neighbors in Mother Eddy's doctrines, compared to the late William A. P. Brewer's faith, was, in credulous degree, as ten to one. All the reporters sent to San Mateo came back with the same tale, and the same warning; and one of them added weight to his testimony by giving a circumstantial account of a prize heifer, saved when in the last stages of a mysterious malady, by the nocturnal treatment in Christian Science formulas to which it was subjected by all the members of the aristocratic San Mateo family to which it belonged. And so another crusade petered out.

The Uninvited Were Sore

The report that none but members of the younger set were to be invited to the dinner dance in honor of Genevieve Harvey was accepted as official, and it served to comfort those young women who have been out two or three seasons and who received no invitation to the swell dinner. But when the list was published, they were very much incensed to learn that all the sets in town were represented and that it was a democratic gathering. Most of the invited, it is true, were of the unmarried set whose forbears have been in society, but there were some who had never received the brand of the elect. Mrs. Martin asked most of her young friends, but there was one notable omission.



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A New Club For Women

The new club for women which is being formed in San Francisco will occupy sumptuous rooms in the new Shreve building and will be formed on the lines of a man's club—Mr. Clappett wildly indignant notwithstanding. Mrs. Downey Harvey is the president, Mrs. Garrett McEnerney recording secretary, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury corresponding secretary, and Mrs. Willie Babeock is on the board of directors. The new club will wrest the palm from the Century Club by becoming the most fashionable woman's club in San Francisco. This title has been cherished for years by the Century. The new club is not to be a literary club at all, but will be a fashionable lunching and lounging place. While the Century Club has a smattering of smart women, the new club is to be composed exclusively of them.

Mrs. Richmond's Muse

Another society woman has joined the local choir of poets not to sing for money, but for the delight that her Muse affords. Mrs. Florence Richmond is the versemaker to whom I refer. In a neat little volume entitled "Heart of the Rose" she shows that she has been a student of the lyric art and that she is endowed with that superior sensitiveness which enables the poet to receive the impressions and inspirations which find expression in metrical composition. Here is a sample of her graceful workmanship:

SONG.

I heard a flute sing in the night,
An old-time sweetest tune;
Then, soft as clouds that drift from sight,
When evening curtains out the light,
It passed like scented June.

Yet think that I can e'er forget,
The music of that strain?
From out my dreams dim eyes are wet
For every joy our souls had met,
Though love was born in vain.

The Golden Era

Miss Adeline Knapp has gone to New York, where she is to be installed as editor of a new juvenile magazine projected on the same lines as the *St. Nicholas*, and in which a number of prominent local educators are said to be interested. The name chosen for the literary infant, *The Golden Era*, is one that will awaken memories in the minds of old-time Californians, for, in that remote period when San Francisco felt able to support two subscription libraries, it also maintained a first-class weekly under the above title. Mark Twain, Bret Harte, "Squibob," the Victor sisters, Metta Victoria and Frances Fuller, "Petroleum V. Nasby," "Orpheus C. Kerr," "Dow, Jr.," and a score of other famous names were familiar to its readers. The novels of Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Miss Braddon, and the literary celebrities of the day were printed as serials. Many years ago the *Golden Era* died of inanition and then the familiar frontispiece of the half-clad Indian gazing over the western sea towards the setting sun, with the motto, "Westward the star of empire takes its way," were made a part and parcel of an obscure educational monthly published in the southern part of the state.

Working The Ramona Sentiment

The real estate boomer of Southern California is now promoting business on the strength of the "Ramona" sen-

timent that broke out about a year ago when the famous romance was dramatized, writes my Los Angeles correspondent. The latest hallowed place to be discovered as the home of Mrs. Jackson wherein she wrote "Ramona" is a hut on the Carmelita ranch, which L. V. Harkness, the wealthy Pasadena who fancies fine horse-flesh, recently purchased. Yet Charles Dudley Warner told us some time ago that he saw "Ramona" materialize from the pen of "H. H." while they were living at the Berkeley hotel in New York. Nevertheless, the real estate boomers of the south are locating the home of Ramona every little while and the champions of Rancho Cumulos and Ranch Guajome break into print periodically to set up the superior claims of each tract and burned-leather sketches of the several hallowed spots are sold to tourists at good prices. Ramona sentiment is also being revived in the interest of social climbers. Numerous brides of Mexican or Indian extraction have had their pictures published on the strength of their claims to kinship and the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the admittedly fictitious personage are becoming as numerous as the descendants of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims. Ramona's jewels and Ramona's fine linen are scattered all over the southern country.

For the Golf Championship

The California Women Golfers' Association announces that the first annual competition for the women's championship of California will be played on the links of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, San Francisco, on January twenty-second, twenty-third, twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh. The qualifying round, eighteen holes, medal play, will be on Monday, the best sixteen scores to qualify. The association offers its silver medal for the best medal scores. An interesting match



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Strange

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will be that on the final day, a team match, North vs. South, for the Dr. John R. Haines cup. The committee in charge of the arrangements for the tournament is: President, Miss Ada N. Smith, San Diego Country Club; vice-president, Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Claremont Country Club; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, San Francisco Golf and Country Club; assistant secretary, Mrs. C. M. Shannon, Los Angeles Country Club; Miss Edith Chesebrough, San Francisco, Mrs. F. W. Seymore, Redondo, Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, Menlo, Mrs. Edward Silent, Los Angeles, Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Oakland, Mrs. Alexander Reynolds, San Diego, Mrs. W. F. George, Sacramento, Mrs. E. S. Hunter, Pasadena, Mrs. W. G. Miller, San Francisco, Mrs. W. T. Bishop, Los Angeles.

The Pet Of Bohemia

There was mourning in Bohemia last week when little John Forest Hetzel passed away. Little John was the child of the custodian of the Bohemian Club's summer camp near Guerneville, and was born in the Grove. He was the pet of the club members and was adopted by them as "the youngest Bohemian," and presented with two thousand dollars to smooth his pathway through life. Last summer any number of pictures were taken of the child as he played among the big trees. He was just three years of age.



The Oldest and Youngest Bohemian.

One of the photographs taken at the Bohemian Club's midsummer camp, showing little John Forest Hetzel and "Uncle" George Bromley.

The Barnums of London

Though P. T. Barnum has been dead many years, in England they are pleased to believe that his methods are in vogue in all lines of business in this country. We are frequently referred to in London as a nation of Barnums, and London is the home of Ben Greet and Henry Russell. They are of the British Barnum brand. Yankee ingenuity has barnumized some forms of art, but only for home consumption. The American Barnums of art have not yet had the

temerity of our dealers in canned goods; they have not exported their wares. In art we are unsophisticated. We buy the Old Masters by the yard, believing that in them we cannot err, but occasionally we are bunkoed. We affect a knowledge of music, but it is always the brand that appeals to us. We accepted Ben Greet because he represented himself to be the real thing in dramatic culture, direct from dear old Lunnnon, and having deftly created an illusion for our deception, he saved the cost of transporting scenery, and slaughtered Shakespeare with the cool effrontery that only a British Barnum could affect. Now comes Henry Russell, an apostle of the musical art, from London, exploiting a pupil in light Italian opera with the worst Italian opera company that ever gave a performance in this city. Out of sympathy for Alice Nielsen, who is a very deserving young woman, I am reluctant to take Mr. Russell to task for out-Barnuming Barnum at our expense. I believe Miss Nielsen is ambitious of artistic achievement and I should like to see her succeed, but she seems to be utilized for the purpose of advertising Mr. Russell's ability as a voice builder. Mr. Russell is going about hearing ambitious vocalists, who, it is presumed, will take notice of the fact that Mr. Russell, out of the nebulous raw material of a comic opera soubrette, fashioned a resplendent grand opera star. Therefore I am constrained to deal with Mr. Russell.

Runciman on Covent Garden

Mr. Russell has come among us heralded as a distinguished music master from London. We are expected to be duly impressed with the glamour of his name and of his standing in London. That some of us have been extravagantly impressed is evident from the amount of free advertising that he has been given, presumably on the strength of what he accomplished in the case of Alice Nielsen, who as a matter of cold, unadorned fact is living, breathing testimony of the fact that he either knows nothing of the vocal art or takes it for granted that we are profoundly ignorant of it. Before analyzing her art let us cast off the glamour of the Russell personality. It is a magic glass through which we see Miss Nielsen highly colored and not as she really is. The Russell personality derives its glamour from the purple fogs of London. To the benighted San Franciscan London is one of the great art centres of Europe, and as Mr. Russell has a pull at Covent Garden and in some of the fashionable drawing-rooms where tuft-hunters are more numerous than they are in this city, it is assumed that he is a great exponent of musical culture. He was undoubtedly in a position to do much for Alice Nielsen. But London is not a great art centre. There is as much quackery in art in London as in any large city in America. I have before me a recent issue of the London *Saturday Review*, a journal noted for its culture and for the soundness of its views. In this issue Mr. John

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"Breuner's"

GEARY STREET, AT UNION SQUARE

F. Runciman, the music critic, refers to some light opera productions given by Mr. Russell. He says they are patronized by people who know nothing about opera but who want amusement and who should be amused by Mr. Russell's productions. Mr. Runciman refers also to Covent Garden where Alice Nielsen was permitted to acquire in an off-season a cachet for her American tour. This is what Mr. Runciman says: "Covent Garden is inartistic, even anti-artistic. When an opera house is in the hands of people who regard it as affording opportunities for big social functions and think most of a gala night when chunks of various operas are given in the intervals of conversation, then no good can be expected. So to hear fine music one is bound to fall back on concerts, be the programmes never so stale." From what Mr. Runciman tells us of opera in London it would be clearly a mistake to permit ourselves to be dazzled by the Russell personality even though we were not made aware of his idea of art through the medium of Alice Nielsen and her company of barnstormers.

The Limitations of Her Art

Mr. Russell tells us that she is a grand opera prima donna and to prove it he vouchsafes us a sample of her work in an Italian comic opera, which she could have sung before she went to Europe, and no better, in my opinion, than she does now. Some of our critics have said that her voice is lustier than of yore. It is not. She is singing lustier music than of yore and that is why the critics think her voice has grown. If there has been any improvement in her method I have been unable to detect it. When she attempts pianissimo passages she is flagrantly inartistic, producing her tones so far back that they can scarcely be heard. That she has not mastered the rudiments of her art is evident from the fact that her inhalations can be distinctly heard in all parts of the house. Nobody need be an expert in the vocal art to be able to determine that fact. Being a lyric soprano it is essential for her as a singer of grand opera roles to be versed in the tricks of florid vocalization. To show what she could do in that line she interpolated the "Voci di Primavera," a song in which there are several staccato passages every one of which she eliminated. Why? She did no staccato singing in the opera and it is to be presumed that if she could sing staccato she would not have omitted all the staccato passages from the interpolated song. She attempted no florid work except in the way of trilling and it was purely amateurish. So, in view of her performance, I am constrained to think that Mr. Russell, who appears to be looking for pupils, knows nothing of the vocal art or else he counted upon our knowing nothing about it. In either event he should not be encouraged. It would be charitable, however, to assume that he has been carried away by his own enthusiasm. He complains, as if in great earnest, that the Shuberts did not

present Miss Nielsen in the Metropolitan Opera House with a full symphony orchestra, and I, having heard her small voice in its high tones, am convinced that they showed proper discretion in not doing so. Moreover, I am quite sure that if Miss Nielsen were as great an artist as Mr. Russell seems to think she is the Shuberts would not have been blind to her potentialities as a money-maker.

The Russell Imagination

And now let me call attention to the sorry spectacle presented for stimulation of our cachinnal cynicism when Miss Nielsen is made to pose in the limelight of her manager's imagination. Mr. Russell, the manager in question, may be all very well as a discoverer, trainer and prophet of genius, but as an exploiter of that commodity he is—not. I know, you know, everybody knows, that when Miss Nielsen twinkled for our diversion in the frolicsome delicacy of comic opera she was altogether adorable. It was then that we learned, no matter how platonically, to love her. It was then that we bought her flowers, kept her photograph on our dressers and sat up into the wee hours contriving sonnets for her celebration. Indeed, it was then that we, some of us, had our first attack of that divine afflatus which left us in a mood we defined as sentimental, and which our friends labeled as dippy or dotty. That season of salad passed. Miss Nielsen ran away to London and tiptilted the cup of ambition. We learned to sit at the feet of other Orphic idols, whose feet, if they were feet of clay, were just as satisfactory as Alice's had been in the same environment. Then Miss Nielsen came back, came back in apotheosis, came back an aspirant for glory in the kind of opera called grand. From coast to coast a cry of glad welcome went up from the unforgetting coterie of



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her ancient boosters. But the triumphal entry was suddenly blighted by a frost. Strong men went to hear Alice, listened a little while, and turned away to weep. They didn't weep because they were hypnotized, or lifted out of themselves, or rapt, or anything like that, either. They wept because they had been rudely awakened from a very pleasant dream. Thus things went in New York; thus they went here. Everybody spoke and wrote kindly of her. And the pit of it was that Miss Nielsen, hearing the blatant, mischievous, bombastic, kindly word, took heart again in her lamentable design. So did her manager. The reason for this song-bird's failure in the higher realms of music was then given out for publication. It was laid at the door of the Shuberts. The Shuberts, according to Mr. Russell, had purposely snubbed, neglected, persecuted Miss Nielsen, though they cheerfully lost money every time she appeared. Therefore, the other syndicate, also anxious to lose money, would direct Miss Nielsen's future itinerary. Having digested that paradox, listen to Mr. Russell yet a little further. "She will sing in comic opera no more," said he, "because she prefers her art. Besides, when she makes a success in grand opera she will make more money for less work. Sembrich makes \$3,500 a week for three performances. Comic opera wears out a singer. Miss Nielsen gave up \$125,000 which she could have made in four years of comic opera in order that she might study for grand opera." Tut, tut, Mr. Russell! "She prefers her art" because she wants to make all she can by doing as little as possible. That is human, but bathetic. And she "gave up \$125,000 which she might have made in four years of comic opera," eh? Well, well! Likewise, once more, tut, tut!

Examiner Star Promoted

Another of the quick and unexpected changes for which the *Examiner* is noted has taken place in that office, Charles Michael Williams, popularly known as "Mike," having supplanted James Nourse as city editor. Williams has been on the *Examiner* but five months, and before coming here worked on several Eastern papers. He was on the *Chronicle* for a time. Since going on the *Examiner* he has handled a number of big stories, and come to be regarded as a star. It does not seem to be definitely known what Nourse's position is to be. The condition of Joe Irwin, for over thirty years a newspaper man here, and for many years a reporter on the *Examiner*, is causing anxiety to his friends. Rheumatism attacked and disabled him some months ago, and he is seriously ill in a sanitarium. In keeping with the *Examiner's* generosity to its employees, Irwin's salary has continued all through his illness.

Ocean Shore Bonds

There was a rumor on the street some days ago to the effect that the promoters of the Ocean Shore Railroad were having some difficulty in disposing of their bonds. There appears to be some doubt in the minds of experts regarding the financial success of this enterprise, owing to the great cost of construction, but the promoters have confidence in it, and as they have a great deal of fine land to sell

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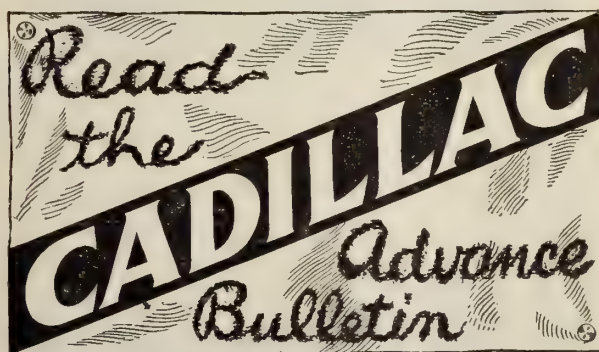
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along the route they are sure that it will be profitable to them and to all who are taking advantage of the prospective opening up of new territory. They are also figuring on the development of the country, the inevitable consequence of the introduction of transportation facilities. However the road has had its knockers, and bond buyers may be exceedingly wary. There has been a story circulated to the effect that Charles N. Felton, who was one of the original promoters, withdrew after he had received a report from a private engineer.

Some Pretty Close Figuring

Those people who complain when the postal authorities fail to deliver their Christmas packages until the day after Christmas should be permitted to take a look at the cartloads of packages in the registry division of the local postoffice during the holiday season. The registered mail which passed through the local postoffice this year was heavier by several tons than it was last year, and yet the postal people handled it all in a most commendable way, and were never at any time more than a few hours behind with their despatching. People who send registered packages through the mail with the desire that they be delivered at a certain time, usually figure a bit too closely on the time required for the package to reach its destination, especially when it is sent a long distance. One Christmas package which passed through the local postoffice on December twenty-seventh had been mailed in Chicago on December twenty-first and was addressed to Honolulu. It bore a large label: "Please Do Not Open Until After Christmas." It would be interesting to know how the sender figured that a package mailed in Chicago on the twenty-first could possibly reach Honolulu by the twenty-fifth; or did he or she mean that it was not to be opened until next Christmas?



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Californian Beauties

Once more is propounded the question, Are there any beautiful women in San Francisco? And we have just passed through the holiday season with the streets and shops full of all types of beauty. Why should we bother about what Sir Henry Tichborne of London has to say about San Francisco? After all beauty depends on the eye that



Mrs. Augustus Taylor.

Whose slender proportions are envied by her plump sisters of the Burlingame set.

looks for it. Perhaps Sir Henry's ideal beauty has an Oriental cast of countenance. Duke Boris, who has a very large eye for the beautiful, saw his ideal beauty in San Francisco. When Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor visited San Francisco some years ago he called attention to at least ten women whom he declared to be of the highest type of feminine pulchritude. All our beauties are not in society, but there are many beautiful women in society. One of the most notable is Mrs. J. J. Moore, and she is the fairest of blondes. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels was once the acknowledged beauty of the smart set. Mrs. Willard Drown was pronounced the most perfect type of beauty when she was Edith Preston. A famous Californian beauty is now in Eastern society. I refer to Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson, who was Ailene Ivers, sister of Mrs. "Billy" Irwin. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, when she was "Tessie" Fair, was ranked among the beauties of San Francisco. Many of our society women are more stunning than beautiful, being distinguished by reason of carriage and manner rather than by facial feature. Take Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, divinely tall and with an alluring dash of manner. She is perhaps the most modish woman of her set. The "Hopkins sisters," the Mesdames Will and Augustus Tay-

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lor, and Mrs. McNear, are among the most dashing of our society women. Mrs. "Gus" Taylor enjoys the distinction of being the slenderest woman in the swim.

A Lummis Romance

An early romance in the life of Charles F. Lummis, one time editor of *Out West Magazine* and now the much-discussed librarian of Los Angeles, has just been revealed. A daughter, twenty-five years of age, who was born and raised in the East, has come to make her home with her father in Los Angeles, and her sudden appearance, save to a few of Lummis' intimate friends, has created a general surprise. It was known that Mr. Lummis had been twice married, once to Dorothea Rhoads, from whom he was subsequently divorced, and later to Eva Douglas, his present wife; but that he had been married previous to the first of these marriages, and that there had been a child born of that marriage, was a matter known to but few people. The story dates back to the days when Lummis was a student at Harvard, over twenty-five years ago. At that time he met and fell in love with a young woman, concerning whom little is now to be learned. The two were secretly married, however, and when the marriage came to the knowledge of the couple's relatives it caused more or less commotion. Lummis left college, and later when the child was born the mother died. Five years afterwards Lummis married Dorothea Rhoads, and leaving his daughter in the care of relatives, started West with his bride on a honeymoon trip through Arizona and Old Mexico. For



Mrs. Willard Drown.

Who was pronounced by Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor the most beautiful society woman in San Francisco.

A Candy Favorite

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Miss Constance de Young,
As she appeared in her vocal stunt at the New Year's Eve entertainment.

some time the two tramped through the Painted Country, packing their household goods on burros and camping in the open; but they were not suited to each other, and a divorce was subsequently secured. Later Lummis married Eva Douglas, a young Connecticut woman whom he met in his travels and who nursed him through a severe illness, and finally came to Los Angeles and made his home there. Dorothea afterwards married Prof. Moore of Berkeley, and is now a well-known physician of this city. During the years which have elapsed since these things happened, the daughter of the first marriage has been living in Boston, and of late years has been a kindergarten teacher there. Now, however, she has come to make her home with her



Principals in the Swing Song.

In the centre, seated, is Miss Bernice Wilson, who gave the solo. To her left is Miss Helen de Young; to her right is Miss Helen Bailey. Swinging them are Baldwin Wood, Ray Baker and Courtney Ford.

father, thereby creating not a little surprise among Lummis's friends who knew nothing of the sad little romance of his college days.

When Reid Did Create a Sensation

Some days ago, in a special despatch to the *Examiner* from New York, it was reported that theatrical circles "were stirred by the rumor that Daniel G. Reid, organizer of the Tin Trust, director in some of the greatest corpora-

tions in the country and said to be worth forty million dollars, was engaged to marry Miss Mabel Carrier, a pretty girl who was a member of 'The Chinese Honeymoon' company." It was also stated that Mr. Reid declared the report to be untrue. The fact was not mentioned that Mr. Reid was formerly the husband of a San Francisco woman who died about a year ago. That is another story, one chapter of which deals with the good fortune of still another woman who was formerly a school teacher in this city and who is now enjoying the patronage of the very richest people of New York. When millionaire Reid married the San Francisco woman he created a greater sensation in theatrical circles than could be caused by his marriage at this time to one of the beauties of the stage, for in



The de Young Vaudeville Quartet.

Charles de Young, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Cleve Baker and Miss Kathleen de Young.

that period millionaires were not engaged in exhausting the supply of footlight divinities, and when an humble actress abandoned her professional career to become the mistress of a brownstone mansion in Fifth avenue all lovers of pure romance wallowed in the fascinating details for more than nine days.



A Group of de Young Vaudeville Artists

In the front row (reading from left to right) are Miss Bernice Wilson, Thomas Easton, Miss Pearl Landers, Gordon Bromfield and Miss Frances Stewart; second row, Miss Constance de Young, Cleve Baker, Mrs. Kimball, Charles de Young, Miss Edna Davis, Ray Baker, Marie Pickering.

A School Teacher's Good Fortune

The late Mrs. Daniel G. Reid is well remembered in this city by her old schoolmates of the John Swett Grammar School. She was Clarice Robinson. She was an airy, fairy little thing, pretty, vivacious and magnetic. She never knew her lessons, and never worried about not knowing them, but she could sing gracefully and dance daintily, and all the boys and girls idolized her. One day she joined a theatrical company and wandered away from town. A little later she returned as one of the leading members of Charles Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag" company. On the program she was Clarissa Agnew and she made a tremendous hit singing "Baby Isn't Old Enough to Know." If Daniel Reid the Tin Plate magnate had not fallen in love with Clarissa Agnew she would have been starred in her second season, but Cupid alienated her affections from the stage and she became Mrs. Reid. The millionaire bought her a brownstone mansion and she queened it in New York for some years, but immediately after her marriage her thoughts reverted to her school days in San Francisco, and she longed for the companionship of her young teacher, Miss Ernestine Keating, familiarly known as "Honey" Keating, so sweet was she to her pupils. To Miss Keating wrote Mrs. Reid. She told of her good fortune and of the luxury in which she was living. It was all like fairyland but she wanted another companion. She gracefully explained that she would like to resume her studies at the point where they had abruptly terminated, and she made Miss Keating such a fine offer that the latter resigned her position in the school department and hied herself to New York. Thereafter Miss Keating became a member of the Reid household. She had her own maid and her own brougham and there never was such a swagger teacher as Miss Keating. She toured Europe with the Reids and after Mrs. Reid's death, which occurred about a year ago, the sorrow-stricken widower purchased for her a swell academy for young ladies, in Madison avenue, over which she now presides. She has among her patronesses Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and many other fashionable society women. She has a sister in this city who is Principal of the Richmond school.

The Wonderful Mr. Harrison

Echoes of the Yuletide Festival at the Olympic Club have been wafted my way. It was a most successful affair the honors of which were carried off by several talented gents of the Bohemian Club, but it cost over two thousand dollars and now some of the unappreciative Olympians are complaining of the extravagance, and saying that it appears to have been indulged for the purpose of enabling President William Greer Harrison to exploit his talent as a writer of lyrics. Of course this is very unkind. Mr. Harrison burnt the midnight oil over those lyrics, not to vindicate his graceful talent but to enhance the prestige of the club. The Olympic Club should be proud of Mr. Har-

rison. He is a wonder. On Sunday he led a band of club pedestrians to the beach and advertised our climate by taking a twenty-minute dip in the surf. This was quite a feat for a man of sixty-eight but it was no test of Mr. Harrison's virility. At night he was on hand at the de Young vaudeville entertainment and was the first to propose a toast to the new year.

The de Young Vaudeville

Until midnight at the de Youngs' the guests did nothing but exchange greetings. They were seated at tables in the ball room which was arranged to appear like a cafe chantant. The supper was served in the interludes between the several vaudeville stunts. As usual Billy Smith made the hit of the evening. He gave a capital burlesque of Dick Hotaling as Shylock. Pearl Landers contributed a song and a dainty dance and Ethyl Hager brought down the house with her comic song in which she referred to herself as "Tootsy-Wootsy." Miss Hager is inimitable and her friends enjoy her even when she isn't trying to be funny. They all agree that she dances wonderfully well for one so stout. The rollicking song of Bessie Wilson, Helen de Young and pretty blonde Helen Bailey was voted the sweetest thing of the evening, and nothing could be sweeter than these girls charmingly gowned in pink and white, sitting in swings of pink roses and swinging out into the audience, singing "Swing, Swing, Swing."

The Strenuous Society Leader

Mrs. Ynez Shorb White has become one of the most strenuous women in society and one of the most conspicuous, yet until she organized her dancing club she was seldom in the limelight, but of course she always had the

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entree to our "upper circles." Her present prominence attests the wonderful magic of the power of that gentle and amiable dowager, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who, exercising the prerogative of a Queen distributes thrones to her favorites. Queen Eleanor summoned Mrs. White to the throne made vacant by that diplomatic dance-club manager, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, and then proceeded to vest her with social prestige. Now Mrs. White is in the receiving line at every fashionable function and she is a patroness of every swagger charity entertainment. At the dinner dance given by the Queen last week Mrs. White was not present, but her sister, Ethel Shorb, substituted gracefully, Mrs. White preferring to attend the Presidio dance which, by the way, was the swellest of the season. All the army ladies went to the bottoms of their trunks for the occasion and brought up all their choicest finery. One or two men who hate to miss anything to which they are invited actually took in both the Martin ball and the hop. The masculine butterfly of society is no drone.

Shutting Out the Climber

The struggle for exclusiveness goes merrily on in San Francisco's heterogeneous society. It is the prevailing sentiment that the bars have been down long enough and that it is high time to call a halt. So Greenway was prevailed upon to erect a hurdle and now, I am told, the patronesses of that exceptionally swagger organization, the Saturday Evening Dancing Club, have put a padlock on the front door. It has been decided to admit no one. The club is composed of girls who have not yet "come out" and they are all scions of what are known as "our most exclusive families." Nearly all the members are due to come out next winter and thereafter the club will be something more than a mere dancing class, but the padlock will not be removed. The patronesses of this club are very conservative matrons who cannot be reached by the usual methods of the social climber, and it is safe to predict that none of the cheap boarding house young men who are now so conspicuous in society will be able to butt in. It will probably be necessary to have both pedigree and purse in order to get on the invitational list, for the precious buds must be protected from the penniless clerk with nothing but a future before him. Next season, it is predicted, will be the gayest of a decade. The indications are that there will be about twenty debutantes, many of them very wealthy and none devoid of ducats. Among the prospective debutantes are Miriam Newhall, Helene Irwin and Mary Keeney. This season is an "off" one. The Barron dance will probably be the swellest one of the winter.

New Year's Entertaining

It seems strange that the whirligig of time has brought again into fashion the custom of holding open house on New Year's day. Twenty-five years ago the custom was at the height of popularity and then it began to wane, until it gradually faded from the social calendar. At that day, a quarter of a century ago, the feature of the New Year

"at home" was an immense spread with lots of liquids, particularly punch. Young men called from house to house and imbibed the New Year's brew until their limbs could no longer sustain them. Perhaps that was one reason why the custom declined in popularity. It became "vulgar" to keep open house on New Year's. But the fashion has been revived, and nearly all of our hospitable matrons fell into line and gave receptions on January first.

Mrs. Joseph Belleau Coryell held the first of her January receptions on New Year's day. The Coryells are up from Menlo for the winter and are at the Colonial.

Miss Pomeroy to Entertain Miss Roosevelt

The President's niece, Christine Roosevelt, will arrive early next week and among those who will entertain her is Christine Pomeroy. Miss Pomeroy visited Miss Roosevelt at Oyster Bay last year when she had that famous tennis game with the President. She also visited the Gittings family of Baltimore, having become friendly with Dorothy Gittings when the latter was the guest of the Babcocks two years ago. Miss Dorothy, by the way, was heralded as a great beauty and much disappointment was felt when she arrived, for even the gushers of the dailies could only say that she was "a sweet-mannered girl." However she made a host of friends out here, and Miss Pomeroy was one of them.

Gossip From The Capital

My Washington correspondent writes me that during Judge Morrow's recent visit to the capital he appeared before the judiciary committee of the House and explained the urgency of the bill providing for the creation of another District Court in California, and now the members of the committee have agreed to report the bill favorably.

To Wed at Advent

An intensely high church affair will be the wedding of Emily Reed and Herbert Baldwin next week, at the Church of the Advent. Miss Reed's father is a vestryman of Advent and I hear he has arranged for the entire high church ceremony, to be preceded by a nuptial mass. Advent is one of the prettiest of our Episcopal churches and was the spectacular Father Parrish's old sanctuary. Father Lathrop is the church's present shepherd. I hear that Father Parrish went into an Episcopalian monastery.

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A Genuine Philanthropist

There passed away in Oakland this week a woman whose benefactions were of the kind that most eloquently expresses the sympathy for mankind which is the main-spring of genuine philanthropy. There have been and are some noble, charitable women in California of whose generosity we have substantial testimony, but the generosity that finds expression in endowments of charitable, religious and educational institutions never appeals to me with the force of that munificent, kindly nature which prompts its possessor to go about looking for individuals to assist and make happy. The State will give us all the educational and charitable institutions we need, the faithful and the piously inclined will keep alive religion, and at any rate there is never such urgent demand for the support of those institutions as to stir the depths of a philanthropic heart. The real philanthropist is the man or woman who takes pleasure not in showy benefactions but in improving the condition of individuals in need of succor, in lightening the burdens of the deserving, in putting sunshine into the lives of the unfortunate. Mrs. F. M. Smith, who died in Oakland this week, was of that variety of philanthropist, and though I never knew her except by reputation I esteemed her more highly than any of the rich women, past or present, of California. All I knew about her was that she took girls into her home and reared them as though they were her daughters.

Initiating a "Seller"

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the gifted authoress, is with us again and she promises to favor us with what one of her press agents insists is to be "the first romance of Northern California." From this I infer that San Francisco is no part of Northern California and that Geraldine Bonner's "Hard Pan" was not a romance; I also infer that Mrs. Fremont Older's "Giants" is an "historical novel," which is quite different, as all buyers of "sellers" know, from a "romance." Mrs. Atherton's press agent also informs us that the novel which our famous fellow townsman is writing "gets its initial impetus in California and is transferred to flutter the doves of London drawing rooms!" Now what does Mrs. Atherton think of that! Don't you imagine that it would jar her? "Initial impetus!" and "fluttering doves of the London drawing-rooms"; I wish Mrs. Atherton would edit the "copy" of her press agent a little closer.

How To Write a Romance

Mrs. Atherton, through her press agent, tells us something of her method of whacking up a "seller." She doesn't set herself a daily task as that "drudge of the barbarous pen," Anthony Trollope did. (I wonder why the gifted one sought poor old Trollope for comparison?) Once the situation is well in hand, Mrs. Atherton keeps at it until she has concentrated her mind on the subject. Then she goes back and rewrites the beginning. The way to begin, she says, is to begin. That is a valuable hint and should be noted by all young authors and authoresses. No "seller," good, better, or best, can be properly written unless the writer begins to write. It may be necessary to write it all over again, but the thing is to get started, and the way to start is to start. Then keep at it all the time—morning, noon and night. This is the secret of Mrs. Atherton's success—knowing when to begin, how to begin, and where to begin—the end will take care of itself. Besides, it doesn't matter how a "seller" ends; it is the beginning that counts. Then there is the title; Mrs. Atherton says the title is a very important matter. Other people who have written "sellers" were not so particular; the title



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was the least of their troubles, for they generally left the naming of the thing to the publisher, knowing that the publisher would probably change it from the writer's invention to one out of his own make which, of course, is eminently proper, considering the circumstance that the publisher knows what he wants and is in a better position to guess what the buyers of "sellers" want. I am glad that Mrs. Atherton is going to "get an initial impetus" for her new novel in Northern California. We have some fine varieties of "initial impetus" in these parts and I am sure that Mrs. Atherton is welcome to the best she can find lying around loose. And I am sure that if she "transfers" some of them they will "flutter the dovescotes of the London drawing-rooms" as they never have been fluttered before, even when Bernard Shaw swooped like a hawk from his literary aerie.

Wheeler's Glad-Hand

Since President Benjamin Ide Wheeler got himself into the limelight in the role of astute political manipulator the politicians have been busy picking him to pieces and holding up the fragments to induce derision. To me it seems that what they regard as flaws in the personality of President Wheeler are in the nature of characteristic traits of successful politicians. They say, for example, that he is an arch dissembler. It is thus that they give testimony to his knowledge of the game. The ingenuous politician is a failure. To triumph in politics a man must be able to dissemble his feelings and purposes. They say that he has a knack for propitiating the powerful—more testimony to his fitness for the political role. The ablest statesmen of history won their way by first winning the favor of a throne. But what the Wheeler critics are getting at is that a college president should live up to the ideals for which the university stands and scorn to countenance the elastic ethics of the practical politician. It does not occur to them that a college president, who is also a politician, may have two sets of ideals—one for the academic grove and one for the field of politics. Apropos of the Wheeler discussion I am reminded of a story the politicians are telling of an incident of the last Republican National Convention. It is illustrative of President Wheeler's agility as a tactician, and though the details may be somewhat exaggerated, it is a good story and therefore should not be suppressed. Wheeler, the narrator relates, occupied a seat in the convention among the Californian delegation. When George Knight brought down the house with his thunder tones in seconding the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt, President Wheeler remarked, "That's the sort of claptrap the American people applaud." Then the Californian delegates made a rush for Knight to congratulate him on his speech, but they were all beaten by Wheeler who was the first to grab his hand. "California is proud of you, Mr. Knight," he exclaimed. This story is told to prove that President Wheeler is a dissembler, but it is equally conclusive of the fact that he has a fine sense of humor. In congratulating Mr. Knight for uttering what he regarded as claptrap, he told the truth in saying that California was proud of him. He knows that California likes claptrap. He did not tell Mr. Knight that he delivered a great speech. Mr. Wheeler did not figure in the incident as a dissembler. Perhaps he was guilty of mild equivocation, but nothing worse. He is not on record as saying one thing and meaning another.

Gladys Unger and the Yerkeses

Those who have read the chronicles of the late Charles Yerkes and his picturesque career, with a past including a penitentiary experience, which did not, however, diminish his business prestige, have doubtless classed him with the other new-rich who furnish interesting material for social

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annals. But Yerkes was not of the new-rich. His family were Quakers of considerable prominence, and one of his forefathers was the first burgess of Germantown. Another ancestor came over with William Penn, and no New Yorker or New Englander can show better proof of unimpeachable pedigree than this. In the Yerkes gallery, which I once visited, are two portraits of Silas Yerkes and his wife, the late millionaire's great grand-parents, that were enlarged by the New York artist Muller-Ury, from miniatures. Yerkes was as well entitled to be called the modern Monte Cristo as was Barnardo of South African notoriety. Like Monte Cristo, he came out of jail and into a fortune. He owned all Chicago's street railways and was the proprietor of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. Mrs. Yerkes, the second wife, was known as The Lady Who Snubbed Chicago, for after startling the windy city with her lavish expenditures she moved on to New York, saying that one could not live in Chicago. In New York Yerkes bought a Fifth-avenue site for \$300,000, and put a \$600,000 house on it. One of the features of the mansion is a bath-room on which \$30,000 was expended. Mrs. Yerkes, who is said to have been separated from her late husband for some years, is a beautiful and cultured woman of the voluptuous type. It was she and not her husband who "took up" Gladys Unger, daughter of Frank Unger, of the Bohemian Club, as the despatches recite. Some years ago Unger was employed as a private secretary and major domo for Mrs. Yerkes, and it was then that she took an interest in his daughter, the offspring of his marriage with Minnie Buchanan, who is now Mrs. Goodman. It was Mrs. Yerkes who paid for the musical and art education of Gladys Unger, a fact that was reported in these columns when the girl was studying in Paris.

A Parrott Blow Out Wanted

The Gaiety Club is to give its next dance at the Parrott home in Sutter street, with Emilie Parrott as hostess. The Parrott girls have not been seen much in society this winter. They have attended only the most exclusive functions. The society gossips are still insisting that Mrs. Abbie Parrott is to give a ball for Barbara, and I shouldn't be surprised if she were talked into giving it as was the lesser queen, Mrs. Martin, when society thought that Anita Harvey's coming out should be duly celebrated. But the Parrotts are not given to extravagance. They are a very economical family.

She Sat Out Dances

If one of the customs of the lesser social sets had been introduced at the last Greenway ball, I am sure that Miss Barbara Parrott would have had a better time. The debutante of the season, lovely, attractive, and beautifully frocked, was permitted to waste her sweetness on the chaperons through dance after dance. Because the Parrotts know very few of the families that have come into social prominence during the last fifteen years, and as all the dancing men are "new," Miss Barbara found herself in a sea of strange faces at the ball. Of course, in the smart set it is not *en regle* to do as they do in other circles, where brothers and men friends "rustle" for partners for the girls, and where wallflowers are the exception.

Mrs. L. L. Baker will chaperon Natalie and Sara Coffin in their European trip. Miss Natalie is the strictest of all the younger Ross Valley set in drawing the social lines.

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POND'S EXTRACT

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California street, corner Webb.—For the half year ending with 31st December, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of three and six-tenths (3.60) per cent. on term deposits, and three and one-third (3.1-3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2nd, 1906.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 710 Market street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent. per annum on all deposits, compounding semi-annually, free of taxes, and payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1906.
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3.6-10) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal, from January 1, 1906.
GEORGE TOL'RY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Savings and Loan Society, 161 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1905, at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.
EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Continental Building and Loan Association of 301 California street, San Francisco, has declared a dividend for the six months ending December 31, 1905, of 5 per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent on term deposits and 6 per cent on class "F" stock, payable on and after January 6, 1906.
WASHINGTON DODGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner California and Montgomery streets. For six months ending December 31, 1905, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3.6-10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1906.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

French Savings Bank, 315 Montgomery street; for the half year ending December 31, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on or after January 2, 1906.
LEON BOCQUERAZ, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, December 29, 1905. At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1905, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1906.
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

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A Brilliant American Author

Very little was said in the papers about Henry Harland, who died last week, yet Harland was a notable figure in the American world of letters. Before bringing out his first great success, "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," Harland wrote under the name "Sidney Luska," many of his articles appearing in *The Yellow Book*. As his pseudonym was Russo-Jewish and his theme, Jewish life, he was generally supposed to be of Russian Jewish extraction. He was born in Russia and when not staying with his family in Norwich, Connecticut—which town he called "rose of the world"—spent most of his time in England and Italy. Some one asked him not long ago for some facts about his life, and all he would reply was, "I was born in 1861 and thank God I am still alive." In "My Friend Prospero," his latest work, the central character, Maria Dolores, was drawn by permission of the royal personage herself from Princess Christina of Lahn and Dyck, who resides at Schloss Wischenau, Bavaria.

Tuesday, January 2, '06.

Town Talk,

Dear Editor: re Emulation-Competition in your beautiful Xmas number, there were two typo errors: Saint John the *Vilest* should have been the *Oiliest*, and *Quaker* should have been *quacker*. I trust you will notice these mistakes because I respect the Quakers more than all the other thousand and one sects amalgamated. Your compo. is not to blame; the fault was my bad calligraphy.

Kinghorn-Jones.

Burbank's Boswells

Luther Burbank should pray fervently to be delivered from his friends. Burbank is not singular in the possession of fool friends, but most men can afford the luxury

The Financial Field

Again the holiday interfered with the volume of business and transactions were light and quotations nominal. Trading in bonds aggregated \$274,000, in Shares 3,875, divided as follows: 545 Lighting, 710 Water, 1,735 Miscellaneous, 10 Banks, and 875 Sugars. The Gas & Electric deal has now been consummated and the new securities are about ready for delivery. Mutual Electric shows a good deal of strength and is being quietly absorbed. In the Miscellaneous group Alaska Packers has been attracting the most attention, closing at about 52. Sugar stocks are unchanged, without much interest being taken either way. The plantations are all grinding and early crop reports are quite flattering.

Attention is called to the Laguna Goldfield Mining Company, whose property adjoins The Red Top and Jumbo, at prices current.

—The Financier.

Tomorrow (Sunday) matinee, Alice Nielsen will give a farewell concert at the Tivoli. She will be assisted by her own Italian opera company and a symphony orchestra of forty. An operatic and orchestral program will be presented. Seats, \$1.50, \$1, and 50 cts., are now on sale.

J. C. WILSON

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF
SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of
W. W. FOOTE,

Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the verified petition of Thomas D. Carneal, executor of the last will and testament of W. W. Foote, deceased, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes and reasons therein set forth; and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the said petition that it is necessary and will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein that all of the said real estate described in said petition should be sold.

It is hereby ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 5th day of February, 1906, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Executor to sell all of the real estate of the said deceased.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks prior to the said 5th day of February, 1906, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 3rd day of January, 1906.

(Endorsed): Filed Jan. 3, 1906.

FRANK H. KERRIGAN,
Judge.

JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.

By E. S. HAWLEY, Deputy Clerk.

I. J. LERMEY, Attorney for Executor,
607 Kohl Bldg., S. F., Cal.

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

City and County of San Francisco,—ss.

M. Shibata, T. Shibata and M. Munakata do hereby certify that we are co-partners transacting business in this State at the City and County of San Francisco, under the firm name and style of "Kinmon Ginko"; that the names in full of all the members of said co-partnership are M. Shibata, T. Shibata and M. Munakata, and that the places of our respective residences are set below our respective names hereto subscribed.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands this 28th day of December, 1905.

M. SHIBATA,

Residing at 637 Fulton St., San Francisco, Cal.

T. SHIBATA,

Residing at 637 Fulton St., San Francisco, Cal.

M. MUNAKATA,

Residing at Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco, Cal.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

City and County of San Francisco,—ss.

I, John J. Greif, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of the original certificate of co-partnership of M. Shibata, T. Shibata and M. Munakata, filed in my office on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1906.

Attest my hand and my official seal this 3rd day of January, A. D. 1906.

(Seal)

JOHN J. GREIF, County Clerk.

By A. Houston, Deputy County Clerk.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

City and County of San Francisco,—ss.

On this 28th day of December, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Five, before me, Charles R. Holton, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared M. Shibata, T. Shibata and M. Munakata, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to and who executed the annexed instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

(Seal.)

CHARLES R. HOLTON,

Notary Public in and for the City and County
of San Francisco, State of California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Security Savings Bank, 316 Montgomery street.—For the half year ending December 30, 1905, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 2, 1906.

FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

because it does not cost anything; in ordinary circumstances envying ordinary people the fool friend may be tolerated as a necessary evil; it is when a man lifts above the mob and becomes conspicuous by his genius or his superior merit in any quality or attribute, that he should beware of the fool friend—that he should pray as I advise Burbank, to be delivered from this affliction. In the case of our famous gardener it began with the newspapers and gradually crept into the magazines, culminating finally in a book called "New Creations in Plant Life," written by W. S. Harwood. As Jonson had his Boswell so Burbank has his Harwood, with this difference: Johnson's Boswell was all unconscious of his adulation; Burbank's Harwood actually and absolutely revels in it as the panegyrists of the Roman emperors revelled in their shameful occupation. The reporters dubbed Burbank a "wizard" and spoke of his "wizardry." The reporters probably knew what they were trying to say, but those who read the newspapers did not. The magazine writers were as fulsomely foolish as the newspaper reporters; the language was better chosen, perhaps, as it should be when we write for magazines, but the matter was precisely the same—the writers were too well-bred to call Mr. Burbank a "wizard" and too well-informed to accuse him of "wizardry," but the impression of gross and exaggerated flattery without sufficient basis in truth or fact was just as patent as in the daily item from Santa Rosa announcing some new "wonder of plant creation" from the "inexhaustible laboratory of California's far-famed horticulturist."

Somewhat Tautological

If I wished to indulge my mania for hypercriticism I would ask Boswell Harwood to define the title of his Burbankography. What is a "New Creation"? Are not all "creations" "new"? When the Lord created the heaven and the earth were they old creations? If the heaven and the earth should be destroyed and re-created would it be a "new creation"? In the science of millinery any invention is a "creation," and if it is very beautiful, superlatively artistic, or unique, it is a "confection." The same terms describe the perfected inspiration of the muse that presides over the art of the dressmaker. In millinery and dress-making "creations" are not "new." But I forbear. Hypercriticism is vulgar pedantry after all, and the vulgar pedant is a petty fellow. I would suggest, however, that Gardener Burbank's Shasta daisy is a "confection" as well as a "new creation."

Libeling Our "Wizard"

I have advised Luther Burbank to pray for deliverance from his friends because their unchecked and indiscriminate and indiscriminating praise has subjected his work to the unkind criticism of envious experts in the same field of plant production and plant "creation." It is denied that he is a "creator"; it is denied that he is a "wizard"; his "spineless cactus" is pronounced a forgery and his "Twentieth Century Dahlia" is called a humbug; he is not even "the foremost plant-breeder in the world"; his success in producing sports and freaks is ascribed entirely to the Californian climate; and one eminent authority says that he employs only the ordinary manipulations of plant breeders—selection, hybridization, reselection, and propagation by seeds, grafts, cuttings or divisions, and that he only differs from the most obscure worker by going into the business on a larger scale. As for the Harwood Boswellianism—these savage critics wonder "how far Mr. Burbank is responsible for such bosh." Wherefore I repeat: Luther Burbank should fervently pray to be delivered from his friends—his well-meaning, fool friends.

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The Stage

Shaw and the Critics

Max Beerbohm, the brilliant dramatic of the *Saturday Review*, and the successor on that paper to George Bernard Shaw, has an amusing article in the latest number to hand anent the roasting which the London critics gave Shaw on account of an alleged bit of blasphemy in his latest play, "Major Barbara." He prefaces his discussion of the play with a review of the progress made by Shaw as a playwright in the course of which he pokes fun at the critics who sneered at Shaw for many years. He says they jeered at him until "John Bull's Other Island" was produced. He had become a popular success in Berlin, Munich and Vienna, but the echo of this exotic enthusiasm was not caught in England. It was not until "John Bull's Other Island" was withdrawn and reproduced by command of the King as the result of the praise bestowed on it by a great lady, that Shaw was given credit for his genius by the London critics. Beerbohm intimates that the critics did not wake up until the "great moralist became a fashionable craze. Later the English middle class paid to see that which is seen by the English upper class, and more especially to see the English upper class. "Whether either of these classes really rejoices in Mr. Shaw," says Beerbohm, "is a point on which I am doubtful." And he adds, "I went to see 'Man and Superman' a few nights ago. The whole audience was frequently rocking with laughter, but mostly at the wrong moments. It was obvious that Mr. Shaw is an enormous success. And in the round-about way by which success has come to him is cast a delicious light on that quality for which England is specially notable among the nations." Continuing he says that Shaw's success is not gratifying to the critics, who have always resented him vehemently. They were anxious to swat him and when they saw "Major Barbara," they could not make head or tail of it, and they called him "Brute" and "Blasphemer." This is Beerbohm's account of the cause of their rage: In the second act of the play, Mr. Shaw has tried to



EDITH EVELYN AT THE ALCAZAR



As "Richelieu"



LOUIS JAMES
As "Virginius"



As "Ingomar"

Three of the roles in which he will appear at the Columbia.

show some of the difficulties with which the Salvation Army has to cope. A ruffian comes to one of the shelters in quest of a woman who has been rescued from living with him. A Salvation "lass" bars his way, and refuses to yield. He strikes her in the face. The incident is not dragged in. It is necessary to the purpose of the whole scene. Nor has anyone ventured to suggest that it is an exaggeration of real life. Nor is the incident enacted realistically on the stage of the Court theatre. At the first performance, anyhow, the actor impersonating the ruffian aimed a noticeably gentle blow in the air, at a noticeably great distance from the face of the actress impersonating the lass. I happen to be particularly squeamish in the matter of physical violence on the stage. I have winced at the smothering of Desdemona, for example, when it has been done with anything like realism. The mere symbolism at the Court theatre gave me not the faintest qualm—not, I mean, the faintest physical qualm; aesthetically, of course, I was touched, as Mr. Shaw had a right to touch me. And it seems to me that the critics who profess to have been disgusted and outraged must have been very hard up for a fair means of attack. Equally unfair, for that it may carry conviction to the minds of people who have not seen the play, is the imputation of blasphemy. Mr. Shaw is held up to execration because he has put into the mouth of Major Barbara certain poignant words of Our Lord. To many people, doubtless, it is a screamingly funny joke that a female should have a military prefix. Also, there is no doubt that Mr. Shaw's play abounds in verbal wit, and in humorous situations. But the purport of the play is serious; and the character of Major Barbara is one of the two great factors in it. With keenest insight and sense of spiritual beauty, Mr. Shaw reveals to us in her the typical religious fanatic of her kind. Sense of spiritual beauty is not one of the qualities hitherto suspected in Mr. Shaw; but here it certainly is; and I defy even the coarsest mind not to perceive it. (To respect it is another matter.) When Major Barbara comes to the great spiritual crisis of her life, and when she believes that all the things she had trusted in have fallen away from her, what were more natural than that she should utter the words of agony that are most familiar to her? That any sane creature in the audience could have been offended by that utterance, I refuse to believe. It was an inoffensive as it was dramatically right. And the critics who have turned up the whites of their eyes, and have doubtless prejudiced against the play many worthy people who have not, like them, had the opportunity of seeing it, must submit to one or two verdicts—insanity or hypocrisy. I have no doubt that of these two qualities they will prefer to confess the latter. It is the more typically British.

Nance as The Jewess

To a modern audience "The Jewess" would be a dull play indeed without a compelling personality like Nance O'Neil's to animate it. Its exaggerated and overstrained situations coupled with an intense turgidity of dialogue belong to a departed school and do not appeal to the theatre-goer of the present day, accustomed to the subtleties and complexities of dramatic expression. Nance O'Neil's methods are well suited to a play of this kind, requiring as it does a temperament of commanding potency and a sonorous voice for the tumid but impressive lines. There are moments in the drama, notably in the "curse scene," when the actress rises to the very heights of tragedy. The

"eye for an eye" scene was remarkable in its sustained emotional force. At all times during the performance Nance O'Neil was an intensely striking figure. With blonde hair falling over a pallid face disturbed by the passions of the character, she might have posed for the muse of tragedy. Her acknowledgment of the applause that greeted her at the conclusion of every scene was no less impelling in its majestic dignity and queenly poise.

George Osbourne in his old role, which he created in the original production, the Indian "Stranger in a Strange Land," is the star in the play as given this week at the Alcazar. Lee Baker, a new addition to the company, makes a hit as the Indian Bitters man.

Next Week's Bills

At the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) night the Arthur Becker Lustspiel Ensemble will appear in an elaborate production of the Blumenthal and Kadelburg comedy, "Zwei Wappen" or, as it is known to the English stage, "The Two Escutcheons."

Louis James, supported by Norman Hackett, Aphie James, Milton Nobles, Jr. and others, begins a limited engagement on Monday night at the Columbia. He will offer four different plays during his stay, which will be limited to eight performances, presenting "Richelieu," "Virginius," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Ingomar." Modjeska comes next.

The Alcazar gives next Monday "The Cowboy and the Lady," the breezy comedy drama of Colorado. It is a timely offering, for the virile and vigorous dramas of the Golden West never before enjoyed such favor. To follow comes, for the first time here, "The Admirable Crichton." It is a fantasy upon English class distinctions by J. M.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Beginning Next Monday Night
First Production in San Francisco of De Koven & Smith's Famous Comic Opera
"FOXY QUILLER"
Usual Tivoli prices 25c, 50c, 75c
Tomorrow (Sunday) Matinee
Farewell Concert
ALICE NIELSEN
Assisted by Her Own Company and Orchestra of Forty.
Prices, \$1.50, \$1.00 and 50 cents.

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For special trains stopping at the track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market street; leave at 12:20 thereafter every twenty minutes until 2 p. m.

No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning train leaves track after fifth and last race.

PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Pres

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Humboldt Savings Bank, 626 Market street, opposite Palace Hotel.—For the half year ending December 31, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and sixty one-hundredths (3.60) per cent per annum on deposits, free of all taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1906.

W. E. PALMER, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Market-Street Bank.—A dividend has been declared for the term ending December 31, 1905, at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1906. W. B. NASH, Cashier.

Office—Corner Market and Seventh Streets.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Central Trust Company of California, 42 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter.—For the half year ending December 31, 1905, a dividend has been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this bank as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3-6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3½ per cent per annum, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1906. HENRY BRUNNER, Cashier.

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LOUIS DAJAS, PROP.

Really the Nicest Turkish Baths in San Francisco

Barrie, author of "The Little Minister." After this the Berkeley student farce, "A Strenuous Life" (James Wobberts, Freshman), by Richard Walton Tully.

The task of re-seating the Alcazar without closing the house has been a difficult one, but has been accomplished without confusion or annoyance. The new opera chairs are luxurious, and with the new decorations make the favorite little playhouse even more inviting than before.

Nance O'Neil opens the fifth week of her Grand season in "Judith of Bethulia," the blank verse drama written expressly for her by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who is recognized by the world as one of the representative American poets. He consented to write this drama for Miss O'Neil after seeing her in Boston where she was the popular star of more than one season. It will be superbly mounted and under the stage direction of McKee Rankin. "Judith of Bethulia" will be played for the entire week, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. This Saturday matinee, Miss O'Neil plays "Macbeth," while for this Saturday and Sunday evenings the program will be "The Jewess."

The Tivoli offers an attractive novelty next Monday night in De Koven and Smith's comic opera, "Foxy Quiller," which will receive its first presentation in San Francisco. When "The Highwayman" was produced, the character of the astute detective, Foxy Quiller, was received with such great favor that the authors determined to devote an opera to him. Klaw and Erlanger saw the wisdom of their idea and presented the piece at the Broadway, New York. The music is described as very catchy. "Foxy Quiller" will be given a fine production and the cast will include Berthald, Cunningham, Kunkel, Webb, Helena Frederick, Cora Tracy, Gertrude Zimmer, Aimee Leicester, and others. A special engagement is that of George Beach, the Liliputian comedian, who will appear as the Japanese dwarf, Kimono.

D'Ennery's great classic, "The Two Orphans," will be at the Alhambra. Bertha Creighton has been engaged to play the part of Henriette and Edna Ellsmere will be seen as Louise, the blind orphan. Professor Graeber's mandolin and guitar club of sixty will appear at every performance in the fete scene in the garden of Bel-Air. Special scenery, costumes and effects have been prepared including a beautiful prismatic fountain.

The Five Piroscoffis will make their initial appearance here at the Orpheum. Le Brun's English Grand Opera Trio, Antoinette Le Brun, prima donna soprano, Fritz N. Huttman, tenor, and James Stevens, baritone, will be heard in a scene from "Il Trovatore." Lewis McCord and his company of comedians, remembered here for "Her Last Rehearsal," will return with that unqualified success. Mareena, Nevaro and Mareena, direct from the Wintergarten, Berlin, come loaded with equilibristic laurels. The week's bill will also include Joseph Newman, a singer of humorous songs who has been heard here before. Clayton Kennedy and Mattie Rooney, who made such a hit here with "The Happy Medium," will come back and Edwards Davis and his company will appear for their final week.

At the Chutes the list of entertainers includes Claire and Maynard, comedy sketch artists; Frank Ely, monologist; the Mardo trio of acrobatic comedians; Nellie Montgomery, the singer of illustrated songs; Bothwell Browne's Gaiety Girls, in "Mrs. Clancy's Wash Day."

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ANTOINETTE LE BRUN

Who Will Be Heard with the Trio in a Scene From "Il Trovatore"
at the Orpheum Tomorrow Afternoon.

The Heart of Maryland

When Belasco and Mayer moved their melodramactors and actresses to the Alhambra, they did not have to work up a new clientele. The old clientele followed the favorites and did not regret it, for even better productions are given at the Alhambra than on the company's old stage. I saw "The Heart of Maryland" at the Baldwin with Mrs. Carter as the "Curfew-must-not-ring-tonight" heroine. It gave that exuberant Belasco pupil her first chance as a star, and now at the Alhambra it is giving pretty Edna Ellsmere opportunity to show the strength of her emotional ability and the quality of her temperament. During the last few months Miss Ellsmere has developed so that she is rightfully ranked as one of the best leading women this company has had. That she is a decided beauty is in her favor, for with all we may say about talent *vs.* pulchritude, the latter counts largely in determining status on the stage. Two new mimes have been added to the Alhambra stock—Linda de Costa, a sprightly ingenue, and Vivian Baldwin, a San Francisco girl who debuts in a small part.

An Ex-Reverend Circuit Star

To the Orpheum road show has been added Edwards Davis and his company in "The Unmasking," which is intended as a tragedy but proves a melodrama with comic features. Davis was a picturesque figure in the pulpit and

on the circuit he is not less so. He has some melodramatic moments in his tragedy, which I believe he wrote himself. He fights to save a woman's name and he makes the most of his opportunity. Crowded houses have applauded Edwards Davis and his company, and he certainly affords genuine entertainment.

The Stolle Illustrated Art Talks

Frl. Antonie Stolle will give the first of her series of six illustrated talks on the Art Galleries of Europe, next Tuesday night, January 9th, at Lyric hall. The feature of these events are the paintings. The great masterpieces of the principal galleries and churches are reproduced by means of lantern slides, each one painted from the originals by Frl. Stolle. The course will be a rare source of delight to art lovers and students. The subject for Tuesday night is "Rome and Her Art Treasures." In this the great works hanging in the Vatican, St. Peter's and the other treasure houses of the Eternal City will be shown, with the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in all the glory of Michael Angelo's genius. The artist will show a study of the ceiling as a whole and in parts, including the Prophets and Sybils, illustrated by slides painted at a height of fifty feet above the floor. Other great works to be shown will be "A Vestal Virgin," the Bambino della Araceli, "The Angels" by Melozzo in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Raphael's Coronation of the Virgin and Guido Reni's "Aurora." On Thursday night the subject will be "Florence," with specimens of the works of Fra Fillipino Lippi, Botticelli, del Sarto, Raphael, Giorgione, Titians, Rubens, Van Dyck and others, and at the Saturday matinee, the art treasures of Venice will be shown. The following week will be devoted to "Dresden" on Tuesday night the 16th, Paris, Versailles and the Louvre, on Thursday evening, the 18th, and at the Saturday matinee, Paris, the Pantheon, Luxembourg and the great modern painters of France. Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, the prices being 50c., 75c. and \$1.00, including reserved seats. General admission, 50c.

Profits of Playwrighting

Miss Elizabeth Marbury, the American agent of George Bernard Shaw, and who reads almost a play a day in her work of searching out material for big producers, reveals some interesting details of authorship in an article in *Harper's Weekly*. Of late there has been much comment on the earnings of playwrights, but Miss Marbury is the first to give definite figures. In view of her state-



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ment, it is not strange that Wall street operators have been flooding George Ade with streams of "speculative" literature, and the truth becomes apparent in the recent satirical flings of a London weekly on the possession by playwrights, even to the third and fourth degree, of country places, yachts and automobiles. It seemed like exaggeration when it was said that James M. Barrie received \$100,000 for "The Little Minister," but Miss Marbury indicates that this sum was below the total. "I have known of many plays," says Miss Marbury, "which netted their authors incomes from \$500 to \$1,000 a week, and not many weeks ago I knew of three plays which in seven days yielded incomes, respectively, of \$2,300, \$1,700, and \$1,200. Each of these plays will in the end bring its author from \$40,000 to \$50,000." These are imposing figures, and they show the reward awaiting the one fortunate enough to gain the good will of the public. An even more interesting paragraph, however, is that in which Miss Marbury asserts there are "more than twenty dramatic writers of ability" without recognition in America, and explains why the output of these writers does not find its way to the stage. "In my opinion, very many of these unrecognized men of merit suffer, and suffer greatly, because of that other class of aspiring and careless playwrights, lacking in ability, whose plays, wanting in every detail of dramatic merit, submerge by their tremendous number the few good plays struggling for a hearing." This view is in line with that of Walter N. Lawrence, the manager of the Madison Square theatre, New York, who has found two of the season's successes in "The Prince Chap" and "The Man On the Box." These plays were among those manuscripts that became dog-eared in being sent the round of leading

managers. The average manager is a victim of timidity. The thing he demands and which he rates as an essential is a name well known to the public. Mr. Lawrence was attached to the Frohman forces for several years, and in the course of his varied work he got an insight into conditions which convinced him there were many good plays left unproduced. His venture in the Madison Square has been the result. Three out of the four plays he has presented have been marked successes. "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" had an unusually long run in Chicago, and since then has met with great prosperity on tour. The blight of the playwriting industry, as Miss Marbury sees it, is the ungifted, unequipped, would-be playwright, whose number is legion. "It is almost pathetic to see the people—poor, struggling, inconsequential, sometimes illiterate—who attempt to write plays," she says. "I have had plays sent to me in four acts which would not require over half an hour to present on the stage, and again I have had manuscripts which would take five or six hours to be acted. I have seen plays where single speeches occupy whole pages of type-writing. It is amazing the kind of people who write plays—commercial travelers, trained nurses, bricklayers, postmen, switchmen, engineers, actors and actresses—by the score—chorus girls, lawyers, college students, society women, ministers, doctors, the rich and poor, the literate and the illiterate, the young and the old." This is an illuminative list, yet it may be well to remember that Pinero was an actor before he was a playwright, and that Henry Arthur Jones wrote his first play when a commercial traveler. There is no royal road to learning, and none to playwriting!

—The Playgoer.

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Out of the Shadows

(II. The Lovers of London.)

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

The lamps in London streets stand not far apart. At night, like little staring suns in the dark valleys made by opposing cliffs of brick, they interlock their radiant yellow rings and form one unbroken chain of light. Then to me they appear as gaunt fire-sprites, clasping hands as they reach distantly away in long-drawn lines. If a spirit there hovered, brooding upon a cloud, mile-high above this abyss, he would behold in the black firmament beneath these nebulous constellations shine in lines, in curves, in triangles, in squares, crosses, and double rows, the city's skeleton outlined in sparks. The prospect, mile-high to a spirit, would—who doubt?—be fair. But in the flesh I tread the streets and gaze upon beings of flesh.

The lamplight lies waving in broken pillars of fire upon the plashy flags; it mounts upon the walls of the houses, it outlines the branches of trees, all naked now, and it is reflected and intensified in the eyes of lovers as they stand with faces very close together. Their hands caress; their lips, when done with speaking, kiss. The fine rain disturbs them not, but when another mortal passes they hang their heads and are silent. Anon the soft whispering is resumed. Some sit on the low coping—walls of gardens, leaning against the iron rails. Some stand in doorways; the white caps and aprons of servant-maids glimmer through the darkness. Thus is sweet converse snatched and a kiss or two with their lovers when work is done at night.

In London the houses of the people are close crowded, so Love, with all his secrets and conspiracies, must forth into the streets, into their inhospitable cold silences and solitudes. Not with the denizens of Mayfair nor Belgravia is it thus. There luxury fans smiling Love, soft-couched in retreats of silken stuffs, until his wings grow iridescent and his breath is as perfume, to bid the genteel blood leap from its idle languor. But in the streets before the mansions, the shambling, slinking figures, twain by twain, pass by or stand still and murmur face to face. Poverty in this world-metropolis is everywhere, and Love, is it not strange? will not be driven away from Poverty.

Girls with long, hideous, baggy coats, hiding the shabby rags beneath, with their poor tawdry sailor hats perched on their reckless swaths of hair, with red, knuckly hands, and faces bleared with frequent tears, meet their sullen and untidy swains—costers, apprentices or laborers, bandana-kerchiefed, bicycle-capped, and often ale-infused. Pretty shop-girls, servants and seamstresses, with the soft eyes and swan-like necks of England's women, keep rendezvous with their lovers, slim, delicate clerks, who live off cigarettes; or sturdy railway men, or sometimes jaunty soldiers in clinging trousers and flaming coats. Many a type, phasis and degree are seen; but these are commonest.

A ride a-top an omnibus, whose motion is as pleasant as that of a yacht, the short, sweet seclusion afforded by an empty compartment in the sulphureous bowels of London in the modern "Two-penny Tube," which belches forth forever the unconquerable stench of ancient, mouldering grave-yards through which the tunnels broke their way—by such gaieties and distractions is the nightly monotony varied for London Strephon and his Chloe.

In summer-time, when the trees are full of leaves and the heavens of stars, then, for lovers, kindly bowers of shadow are provided under these trees and under these skies. Then the gaslight gleams on green leaves, dark

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blue are the heavens and the stars glorious. In summer Hyde Park and Hampstead Heath are thronged with fond couples. The bracken, greenery and trees form an Eden for these lorn sweethearts and there they gather, thick as birds, under the gloating eye of the moon and the vigilant eye of policemen stalking about like bulky spectres in its beam. Peacefully shine and softly lap the waters of the Serpentine in Hyde Park. At times on its shores in the cold, gray dawnlight, watchmen find the bodies of young girls and women—"drowned! drowned!" Not long ago two lovers betrothed were found dead, locked in each other's arms, and bound together. They were bound together—fit symbol of the barbs and thorns of Life and Love!—they were bound together with barbed wire! They had found that in the park, being too poor to buy a rope.

When the winter grows more cruel and the elements pity neither Poverty nor Love, then Tragedy shall crowd the prints and Death send us merry greeting in the morning. In Piccadilly, under the fallow light of electric lamps, stroll the painted lepers of love, animated masks and gay plumaged, nocturnal birds of prey, *vendeuses d'amour*, sellers of poisonous Dead Sea fruit, and the feigned transports of boughten love.

Eros, like Thanatos, hath all seasons for his own. The eternal web is woven unceasingly in climates smitten with the sun, and in those that sometimes see the boreal light—bright, visible, and celestial passion of Earth! Love in Albion is not as in blithe France, made joyous with wine and dance, not, as in cheerful Germany, exalted with music and poetic sentiment, nor as in ardent Italy, enraptured by passionate sun and scent of flowers, nor, as in romantic Spain, worshiped from afar with chivalry and serenade; nay, Love in Albion comes a pilgrim grey. In this colossus among the cities of Earth, he smiles but seldom, and

never sings as he trails his pennons through the solemn, nightly streets. There many, many thousands of youthful Adams and tender Eves, dear human waifs, feeling for the first time the primal passion working its miracles in heart and brain, are lurking like exiles in the shadows, their bosoms bright with the eternal flame no clime, no gloom can quench, with clasping hands that chain their dim existences like iron links, and with that sweet efficient—each-to-each making melody upon their lips. They whisper, and on their whispers they build up for themselves against blank, future years, indestructible Paradises that shall know no ruin, and blooming Edens beyond decay.

So, if spirits there be in vigil frequenting the dim regions of London's slatey heavens, they may see how glow the hearts of its poor lovers more brightly than all its marshaled lamps. Two by two, like twin pearls at the bottom of a murky sea, side by side, like rubescent embers upon the dead, banked ashes of this mighty pyre.

Children of Fate

If there is any purpose, besides that of writing a pleasing story, in Dr. Adolphe Danziger's novel, "Children of Fate," it must be to induce the eventual blending of Christians and Jews through intermarriage. Joseph Rosen, the hero, is a singularly beautiful character, a Jew of the humblest, whose life has numbered many disappointments, but who yet serves humanity cheerfully and generously without taking account of caste or creed. It is, perhaps, an argument for universal brotherhood, since both Daniel Horovits and Max Rosen are practical Socialists, using their wealth for the universal good, while Joseph and Rachel devote their time and strength to the same object. Though on the whole a serious book, there are some delightful bits of subtle humor, especially when the cautious Epstein begins to hedge lest he have been too encouraging to his unknown relative, and then discovers the enormous wealth of the American and his disinclination to add to it. Published by Brentano.

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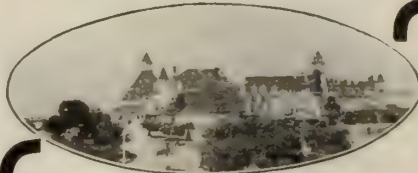


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Letters

The Fortune of the Landrays

Vaughan Kester has been prodigal in the use of his material in "The Fortune of the Landrays." He has used incident and time enough to keep the ordinary novelist busy for five or six years, turning out a new book every six months. The story is just as much a narrative of the settlement of the West as it is a chronicle of the affairs of one family, for the first Stephen Landray was one of the pioneer settlers of the Western Reserve, the third to locate in Benson, central Ohio, and the first to drive a wheeled vehicle over the mountains. His sons lost their lives in an expedition in search of the gold of California and his grandson was one of the early "boomers" of Kansas. The story touches not only on the emigration and settlement of Benson and further west, but with the excitement over the discovery of gold in California, the speculation in wild lands, the coming of the railroad, Mormon massacres, the civil war, and the military excitement as well as the fortunes and failures growing out of army contracts, and all the time, the gradual deterioration of the wealth of the



Scene from "The Wood Fire in No. 3," F. Hopkinson Smith's latest, a Scribner publication.

Landrays. Those who want all the mysteries of life, death and resurrection crowded into a hundred pages will find "The Fortunes of the Landrays" too long for their patience, but there are others who still can afford the mental leisure which is demanded for life, and these will be better satisfied. The book has its faults, but so, for that matter, has life itself. We do not encounter sensations every day, nor "happy endings," which is to say, marriages at the end of every courtship. Essentially a story of the "wild west," this is a decided novelty in that it does not deal with cowboys in their "war paint" nor sentimental mining camps, but rather with the great, inevitable drift towards the setting sun. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Negro Problem in Fiction

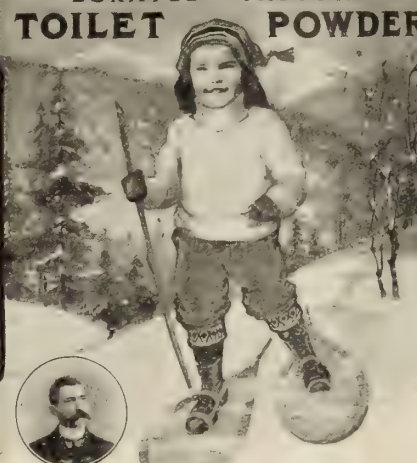
"The Storm Signal" is evidently a novel with a purpose, that of emphasizing the opinion of its author, Gustave F. Mertins, that the negro is but one remove from savagery, and notwithstanding a considerable admixture of other blood, at any minute liable to revert to the barbarism of his ancestry, and that every step in education which lifts him towards social equality with the white race makes the negro problem more of a menace to those who are brought into contact with it. He also emphasizes most strongly the contrast between the old negroes held in slavery but humanely treated and trained by good masters, and the later generations, born free, paid wages for their labor and made responsible for their own support. The story has for its scene a lumber mill in Alabama, where the hired hands are chiefly blacks, and the country immediately surrounding it. There is of course sentimental interest, the two men and one woman and the two women and one man, intermixed and at cross purposes, and the story of Ogletree, the Atlanta lawyer, lost in "Slim Simpson," which might have been saved as the plot of an independent novel, but the whites are unimportant in comparison with the blacks, except as furnishing background and victims. "The Storm Signal" furnishes one more bit of evidence that the whole problem of slavery and all that pertains to it was not elucidated in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," nor solved by the civil war. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis.

—The Bookworm.

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Automobile Topics

The New Autocar Runabout

The Autocar runabout, so popular among the physicians of San Francisco and which the past few years have been very successful as a business vehicle, embodies several worthy improvements in the 1906 model. Commenting on this the *Motor Age* of last week says: "The left side, horizontal lever steering and control features have been altered. Now a wheel steering outfit is installed on the right side with throttle and spark grip control in the rim and the gear shifting and emergency brake levers placed outside of the body at right side, making the machine operated exclusively from that side. Two horse-power have been added to the motor by increasing the bore to four inches, the stroke, four inches, remaining the same. Its rating of twelve horse-power is based on normal crank-shaft speed. A mechanical oiler has been placed above the motor, taking the place of the present automatic type."

Claus Spreckels, Jr., is up from Belmont Academy during his holiday and is spending much time automobil-ing. Several times during last week I have noticed him out with the car, in which were three, and on one occasion four others, though primarily built only for two. Young Spreckels is much interested in automobiles and handles his Autocar runabout with the skill of a past master, he having learned the rudiments of the horseless carriage from Mrs. Alexander Hamilton (Grace Spreckels), whom he accompanied last summer on some of her auto trips.

An Auto Menu Card

A moose and venison dinner was given recently to the officers of the Electric Vehicle Company of Hartford, Conn.; the moose having been shot by Henry Hill, and George E. Risley, one of the salesmen, furnished the venison, both having bagged their game in the wilds of Maine, where they had journeyed in a Columbia car. The dinner was declared to be of the "float feed ex-aspirating type" and the menu card, which was very ingeniously compiled and characteristic of both hunting and automobil-ing, ran as follows:

76° Raw Gasoline Straight or in Fire Balls

4 Tremblers to the Man

Old Valvoline Brew in Kegs

Little Neck Cams

Valve Push Rods on the Side

Moose and Venison

Smothered with Lock-washers and Albany Grease

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At the New York Show

Motorists and contemplating motorists are awaiting with interest the opening of the New York show, that great social and commercial event of the automobile world. It has, up to this year, marked the opening of the new season, but each year finds it of less actual importance to the man who exchanges his money for a car. Obviously, every one wants to know just what the season of 1906 will bring forth, what prices will prevail and what new ideas will be introduced. In years past, interest has been divided between old standard makes and the freak exhibition; that is

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to say, those engines or transmissions or cars as a whole, which radically differ from accepted designs. It is safe to say that foreign built machines will not receive the homage that they consider due them, for the reason that buyers are awakened to the fact that a country which can build sewing machines, guns, bicycles and warships, to say nothing of locomotives, which whip competitors in their field, can also build automobiles. E. R. Thomas will be at the show with his latest production—a car of 50 H.-P.—which will compare favorably with the best of the foreign makes, in style, workmanship and actual horse-power.

A letter was received by the Pioneer Automobile Company from J. H. Hoffman of Goldcenter, Nevada, in which he says: "We made the run from Goldfield to Bullfrog, a distance of seventy-six miles, in three hours and thirty-two minutes—the best run which has ever been made across the desert. There were five of us and nine hundred pounds of baggage, but that made no difference. I know we went too fast, but you see I had to break the record, which I certainly did."

J. R. Burnham of Oakland has added a model K Winton to his stable of automobiles. This makes two Winton automobiles owned by Mr. Burnham. He also has a 1905 model B.

H. N. Searles, of the White Sewing Machine Company, has returned from a trip to Japan, where he established an automobile passenger route between Osak and Saki, a distance of fifteen miles. Ten White steamers are used. The regular touring car chassis is used, carrying a special body accommodating twelve passengers.

An American who returned to this country last week, after visiting the Great British Automobile show held at Olympia, London, relates the following: "A feature of the show which caused considerable comment was that among the White steam cars exhibited was a machine bearing the number A 1. This was the first license number ever issued by the London County Council, Earl Russell being its possessor. He carried this number on several different machines but recently he transferred his allegiance to the White. Thus it happened that the A 1 car of the great British show was an American machine."

Captain H. D. Ryus of Los Angeles has issued the following challenge, which is a standing offer for any race meet held on the coast this winter: "There has been a great deal of talk about the speed of the various automobiles of the 1906 pattern. Most of the 1906 models have now arrived on the coast and most of the agents are claiming that their car is the fastest and best automobile. I hereby challenge any one with any car of any make, price or power, to a match race between my 1906 model F White and any other car for any distance up to twenty-five miles. I will race simply for a cup, or without a cup, I will race for a side bet or without a side bet, standing or flying start, as may be preferred. My car is a 1906 pattern. I will race with both cars stripped or with both cars carrying their full complement of passengers." —*The Chauffeur.*

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Music

Dr. Franklin S. Palmer, formerly organist at St. Dominic's, is now organist and choir director at the Church of All Saints in New York. A very fine musical program was rendered there on Christmas day, the Gregorian masses, rendered by the choir and chorus of twenty voices.

Little Maurice Robb's Recital

Maurice Robb's third piano recital attracted a large audience. Maurice is now about ten years of age, and from a mere baby has developed into a handsome and manly boy with a gravity beyond his years. He has grown artistically as well as physically, and seems to be endowed with a rare sense of beauty which he displays both in technique and expression. Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" has been battered to death by child pianists, but Maurice Robb contrived to put something new into the old piece. His playing of the chorale in the Chopin Nocturne brought out well the rich organ tones of the beautiful chords. The third group showed the little fellow at home in the rapid and brilliant finger-work demanded. The concluding number was the Mendelssohn "Concerto in G minor" repeated from a previous recital, Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt at the second piano. Master Robb is letter perfect in this, and plays it with the confidence of a veteran. Altogether the child seems to have a secure musical future. His program in full was: Harmonious Blacksmith, Handel; Etude, Nocturne, Valse, Chopin; Rondo Brillante, Weber, Scherzo, Mendelssohn, Papillons, Rosenthal, Etincelles, Moszkowski; Concerto in G minor, Mendelssohn.

Deputy Superintendent of Schools A. A. McCurda is generally given credit for the very good musical program carried out at the Teachers' Institute of last week. The program for the three days was: Tuesday, "Ecco quel fiero instante" (Costa), Brahms Quintet—Miss Millie Flynn, Mrs. Cecilia Decker-Cox, Miss Julia Rapiet Tharp, A. A. McCurda, Mr. Henry Lee Perry; "The Water Lily" (Gade), Brahms Quintet. Wednesday, "A Forest Song," Whetley, Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup; Coppelia Waltz, Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup. For an encore Mrs. Northrup gave Frederick Norton's dainty bit, "Madcap Marjorie." Thursday Mr. Mackenzie Gordon was the vocalist. His numbers were: "Obstination" (des Fontenailles), "Loch Lomond" and D'Hardelot's "Because." The singer responded to a recall with "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

The Minetti Orchestra

One of the first musical events announced for this month is the concert by the Minetti Orchestra, for the benefit of the library fund, on Friday evening, January 26th, in Native Sons' hall. Mr. Joaquin S. Wanrell, basso, will assist. The Minetti Orchestra contains one hundred members directed by Giulio Minetti, and is rehearsing a very fine program for this concert.

Not only many of our musical community but friends at large sympathize with Miss Eleanor Connell in the death of her mother, which occurred the day before Christmas. Mrs. Connell was a pioneer Californian, having come from England more than fifty years ago. She made her home with her brothers, Jesse and John Shirley, in Sacramento, from whose home she was married. She had lived in Oakland for some time past.

The Bonelli Concert

The large audience that invariably attends all the concerts given by the Bonelli Conservatory of Music filled Lyric hall last Friday night and enjoyed the rendition of the program of twelve members. The pianists who contributed numbers on the Knabe grand were Alma Jensen, who gave a Wrangle Berceuse and Mills Etude Caprice; Rita Lubelski, who played the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata op. 13, and Rubinstein's Melody in F; Grace Litzius, Taubert's "La Campanella"; Agnes Thomsen, Chopin's Nocturne op. 9 No. 2; Harry Lowenstein, Paderewski's Minuette. These are of Mr. Bonelli's advanced pupils and they showed considerable improvement since I last heard them. They all play with intelligence in interpretation and their tempo is of admirable exactness. The boy—one lad among the several girls—shows not a little power in his playing and gave the minuet an exceedingly fine rendering. Mr. Bonelli would not permit any encore selections from his pupils, though the audience was very clamorous

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for them, but they received many beautiful flowers. Two of Joseph Greven's vocal pupils gave numbers. Lester Rhodes has a baritone of pleasing quality, a trifle light for the Prologue from "Pagliacci," but heard to advantage in the Toreador song from "Carmen," and an air from "Ernani." Mr. Rhodes substituted in the first part of the program for Paul Thorp, tenor, who was unable to appear. Miss Ray Garcia, mezzo soprano, was too nervous to do justice to the exactions of Saint Saens' "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," but sang her encore selection agreeably. Clever little Gladys Couth, whose ability as a violinist I have before had occasion to commend, gave a Goldstein Hungarian Dance and an encore selection, accompanied understandingly by Miss Ethel Lincoln, who also accompanied for Messrs. Lamb and Kinell, who gave a violin duet as the final number. The Lombardero Mandolin Club, composed of pupils of the Conservatory, rendered some spirited works of Bizet, Bose, and others.

A "Midnight Hour of Music" was given at the Unitarian Church, Alameda, on New Year's eve, from eleven to twelve o'clock, when selections from Rossini, Wagner, Dethier, Allitsen, Wieniawski, Saint Saens, and Bach-Gounod were given by Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, soprano; August Hinrichs, violinist; Miss

Mary Van Orden, pianist; Henry Lee Perry, bass; Miss Elizabeth Westgate, organist.

Pasmore In Berlin

In the issue of the "Continental Times" of Berlin, dated November twenty-seventh, appears a portrait of Henry Bickford Pasmore and a very flattering notice of the San Francisco musician. "Mr. Pasmore's musical merit," recites the "Times" writer, "has met with unusually quick recognition here in Berlin, as within two weeks after his arrival he was offered a position on the teaching force of the Klindworth-Scarwenka Conservatory, an offer which he has accepted; he is now closely identified with the interests of that popular institution. Such recognition is a most significant triumph for Mr. Pasmore. * * * * Of particular interest is the work of Mr. Pasmore's three daughters, who with their respective instruments—piano, 'cello and violin, are making a specialty of chamber music. Mr. Pasmore is making arrangements to have some of his songs brought out in Berlin. Breitkopf and Hartel published many years ago a little song of Mr. Pasmore's called The Miller's Daughter which has been sung as an encore all over Germany."

—The Music Critic.

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The Climber in Literature

(Concluded from Page 7)

has been brought low because of the climber and become a hissing and a byword.

We may smile freely at the antics of the ordinary social climber. He—or, she, as the case may be—is part of the amusement Heaven provides for the thoughtful-minded; and a menace to nothing sacred. Since Carlyle, no man of thought (one can hardly call Mallock a man of thought) has taken aristocracy seriously. But when it comes to the literary climber, it is quite another matter. Say what you will, Literature is an aristocracy indeed, a high and sacred thing that must not be brought low and made a laughing-stock of. No man of thought, either before Carlyle or since, ever took it other than seriously.

Now, as to the art of writing here in the United States, if you do not hold with me that the climber threatens to vulgarize it, make it ridiculous, ask the first French critic you meet what he thinks of American letters, and watch him smile. If you wish to know why I say "French critic," sending you abroad, I answer, Because we have no home critic to send you to. Criticism is caviar to us. We will have none of it. Yet never was a literature in sorer need of criticism than is ours today. If we say that we love creative art as much as we hate criticism, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us. We do not. Creative art and criticism are finally but two aspects of one and the same thing. The climber is apt to look askance at criticism, much as a criminal looks at a police-officer's club, or as an unlicensed cur at the net of the poundman. Truly, lack of criticism invites to crime. With literature in its present lawless state, the climber, sure that no matter what he does or leaves undone, he will go scot-free, is not alone to blame for his many misdeeds, his many duties left undone.

Were I—the Muse forgive me—writing in Paris instead of in San Francisco, I should expect to wake up some morning and find myself—in jail.

Among the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bancroft, W. W. Shannon and wife of Sacramento, Dr. A. K. Loder, Dr. Geo. D. Rich, Dr. Chas. E. Parent, Dr. William Fletcher McNutt Jr., Amos Burr, G. G. Wickson, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cunningham and daughter, Mrs. T. Mien, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Woodward of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Buckingham.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 7, No. 98452.

Dr. Lesser Hirschowitz,

Plaintiff,

vs.

Robert Richter,

Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

J. J. WEBB,

Attorney for Plaintiff.

607 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Richter, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of October, A. D. 1905.

[SEAL]

JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.
By W. J. HENEY Deputy Clerk.

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City and County of San Francisco.) ss.

We, the undersigned, Edwin W. Joy and Henry Lazare, do hereby certify that we are co-partners transacting business in this State at the City and County of San Francisco, under the firm name and style of "Joy's;" that the names in full of all the members of such co-partnership are Edwin W. Joy and Henry Lazare, and that the places of our respective residences are set below our respective names hereto subscribed.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereto set our hands this 1st day of December, 1905.

EDWIN W. JOY.

Residing at 2105 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

HENRY LAZARE.

Residing at 2105 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA

City and County of San Francisco.) ss.

On this 1st day of December, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Five, before me, Charles R. Holton, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Edwin W. Joy and Henry Lazare, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to and who executed the annexed instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

CHARLES R. HOLTON,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. [SEAL]

STATE OF CALIFORNIA

City and County of San Francisco.) ss.

I, John J. Greif, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of the original Certificate of Co-Partnership of Edwin W. Joy and Henry Lazare filed in my office on the 1st day of December, A. D. 1905.

Attest my hand and my official seal this 1st day of December, A. D. 1905.

[SEAL]

JOHN J. GREIF,
County Clerk.

By A. HOUSTON, Deputy County Clerk.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 7. No. 97585.

Nellie V. Clark,

Plaintiff.

vs.

William A. Clark,

Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: William A. Clark, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 15th day of August, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and five.

JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.

[SEAL]

By JAS. R. McELROY, Deputy Clerk.

LEO KAUFMANN,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

310 Pine Street, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Peter Quinn, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Patrick Prunty, executor of the last will and testament of Peter Quinn, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Patrick Prunty as such executor at the office of J. J. Lermen, room 607 Kohl Building, northeast corner of California and Montgomery streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

PATRICK PRUNTY,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Peter Quinn, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, December 9th, 1905.

J. J. LERMAN, Atty. for Executor. Rooms 607-611-612 Kohl Bldg.

Residence 852 Grove St., S. F.

Telephone Page 81

HENRY P. TRICOU

Notary Public

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WHY?

TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV.

Saturday, January 13, 1906

No. 698.



No. 21

William H. Metson

Here he is attending strictly to his official duties and receiving the deference due a man of high degree. Park Commissioner Metson is a familiar figure in the city's great play-ground. His hobby is horses and he has nine

nags, one for every day in the week and three for Sunday. He is very graceful in the saddle and hence the throng of admiring spectators. When Mr. Metson is not working at his park commissionership he is piling up large fees that come to him from his lucrative legal practice.

TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet - - - Editor
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No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

McClellan's Reformation

Mayor McClellan of New York is being warmly felicitated by the virtuous editors of the country on his repudiation of the corrupt Tammany organization. The virtuous editors by whom Mr. McClellan is acclaimed and who are enthusiastic over his reformation, look upon him as a Presidential possibility and an obstacle in the pathway of William R. Hearst's ambition. Hence their rejoicing over the McClellan grand-stand play. We do not share their enthusiasm. We cannot rejoice with them. The McClellan style of reformer does not appeal to us. His repudiation of Tammany caused a sensation throughout the country because it was generally understood that he owed allegiance to that organization. It is inferred that he has been guilty of treachery, and though he may have been moved by a patriotic purpose, it is nevertheless unfortunate for him that he alone is responsible for the circumstance of his good behavior being predicated of reprehensible conduct. Mr. McClellan would have cut a much nobler figure if he had repented before his renomination. He may be entitled to praise for his tardy repentance, but it would be premature to pass judgment at this time. We must wait to see whether he seeks to achieve higher political distinction on the strength of his reformation made spectacular through treachery. If he shall be content to retire from office at the end of his term and not avail himself of the capital coined at the expense of the organization to which he is indebted for his first political triumph, then will he be entitled to the plaudits of his countrymen. We should not be expected to repose absolute confidence in reformers who seem to have reformed as a matter of expediency rather than through a change of moral sentiment. Nor should the repentant job chaser object to being temporarily retired on probation. Politicians are notoriously fickle, amazingly elusive and highly theatric. It may develop later that McClellan has received permission from Tammany to repudiate the organization. In political tactics it is not uncommon for the machine to be repudiated by consent in furtherance of the interests of both parties. Everybody believes that McClellan is sincere in his treachery, and yet he is not so foolish as to believe that he could pursue his political career in New York without the aid of Tammany, knowing, as he does, that the Democratic element opposed to that organization is controlled by Hearst. As Tammany is eager to stay the political progress of the prophet of Municipal Ownership, and as it is

sensible of the tactical importance of creating the impression that McClellan is a patriot, independent of boss influence, the suspicion is not without justification that the repudiation of Boss Murphy was at his own behest.

Nick Longworth's Bill

The Hon. Nicholas Longworth of Ohio, son-in-law-elect to President Roosevelt, has not had much time to devote to the interests of his constituents since his advent to the national halls of legislation, so busy was he kept in pursuit of his soul-mate, but his anxiety having been assuaged, he is now getting down to the business for which he was elected. Mr. Longworth is a pretty sensible chap and the probability is that in the role of statesman he will cut quite as interesting a figure as he did when playing the part of an ardent lover. He has introduced a bill authorizing the Secretary of State to acquire real estate in foreign capitals at a total expense of not more than five million dollars, for permanent residences for the Ambassadors and Ministers of the Government. One of his reasons for introducing this bill is, in our opinion, quite sufficient. He has several reasons, all of them sound, but the one that alone should move Congress to pass the bill is that the office of Ambassador "should be within the reach of the American citizen of moderate circumstances, the man who most truly represents the bone and sinew of the Republic." Mr. Longworth is a millionaire in his own right and he is an heir to millions, but it is evident that he has not permitted his wealth to distort his views regarding the dignity and importance of the plutocracy. "I venture to express the hope," he said, "that the day is not far distant when it can be said that there is no longer a single office within the gift of the American people to which any American citizen may not aspire, whether he be rich or poor." It required some courage for Mr. Longworth to introduce such a bill for it is well known that the blatant demagogue never loses an opportunity to simulate hot indignation whenever it is proposed to make adequate provision for the maintenance of our diplomats abroad in a manner becoming to the dignity of the nation. We are frequently told that we should be guided in our diplomacy by the traditions of our democratic forefathers, and as no self-respecting American would occupy a diplomatic post in a European capital if he could not afford to sustain the dignity of his office, none but rich men would, under existing conditions, enter the service. It is because the salary of an American Ambassador is inadequate to the manner of living forced upon him that the distinguished Joseph H. Choate resigned his post, and it was because the spectacular Mr. Reid was able to splurge on the money of his father-in-law that he was sent over to King Edward's court. That is what we get for deferring to the views of the demagogue and affecting a devotion to the simple life of our forefathers.

The Recall of Depew

Chauncey Depew is not the worst man in the United States Senate, but if he could be shamed into resigning it would be a great triumph for decency. Unlike some of the statesmen who are more venal and more pernicious he is already self-convicted and he is moreover a conspicuous example of the shallowness of a certain brand of respectability which has been responsible for the unwholesome mixing of moral values in American society. Depew has long been a shining light in that exalted class which has impressed the masses with the notion that, material success being the end and aim of existence, those who achieve it are entitled to all the blessings of life and need not be fearful of those consequences of evil-doing which the law imposes. If Chauncey Depew is to be permitted to sit in the United States Senate despite the general knowledge of the fact that the senile scoundrel is a despoiler of widows and or-

phans, his exposure, instead of serving a good purpose, will strengthen the conviction that the class to which he belongs is the one to which we should all aspire. By his retention of his seat in the Senate he will give the lie to the theory that it is important for the crook to avoid being found out. It is to be expected that Depew's confederates in the Senate will urge him to ignore all demands for his resignation, for if he were to resign he would establish a dreadful precedent. Our proud and haughty statesmen of the Upper House feel secure in the distance that lies between them and the people. They pride themselves on being inaccessible to public clamor, and they wish it to be understood that such was the desire of the founders of this Republic. It would be a dreadful shock to them if the pressure brought to bear on the disgraced Depew was beyond the smug old hypocrite's power of resistance.

Reformer La Follette

A little over a year ago it was suggested in these columns that Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin was worth watching. He is now in the United States Senate, and he is being very closely watched by leading politicians as well as by his constituents. La Follette first attracted the attention of the country when his arena was extended beyond the borders of his own state by the fight made against him in the Republican National Convention. He was booted out of the convention with scant ceremony. In those days a reformer was persona non grata to the Republican party. The wave of reform was not then threatening to sweep over the country, and La Follette was not taken seriously in his own party; but he has since proved himself something more than a mere trouble-brewer and he has won more than one great victory against big odds. He was opposed in the National Convention by all the leaders of the disintegrating Hanna machine; the Senatorial clique fought from start to finish, but after many vicissitudes he secured from the people of Wisconsin the ratification of the Direct Nomination law for which he began his fight ten years ago. The banded corporations of the country were against La Follette, because they feared the entering wedge for which his plan provides, a plan that threatens the system by which the trusts have long dominated the affairs of government. He is an ardent advocate of equal taxation, and even before Roosevelt began his agitation against rate discrimination by which the railroads have paralyzed some industries and galvanized others, La Follette was striking at the root of that great evil. Today he is seriously looked upon as a Presidential possibility.

In Mother's Day

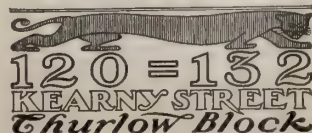
Now that the holidays are over, the pessimistic editor whose Christmas cheer gave him a fit of indigestion finds it meet to hark back to those "good old times" when life was simpler, and a toy drum and a box of wooden blocks were enough for Santa Claus to bring to the boy, while the girl was happy with a lonely doll whose clothes were sewed fast to its sawdust body. Children in that happy era wore home-made clothes and got few of them, and "everything was lovely and the goose hanged high." Nowadays the pampered youngsters demand all sorts of costly toys and clothes, and it is outrageous to indulge their expensive fancies. There is, of course, some truth in all this. The world moves, and it is not unnatural for the children, as well as their parents, to profit by the changes. When little boys were happy with wooden blocks, red wagons with solid wheels and drums painted with curly red and blue

stripes there was nothing else for them, and when their sisters cuddled sawdust babies with knobby china heads there were no papier mache, jointed dolls with bisque heads, sleeping eyes and real hair. The cost of the old toys was practically the same as the new ones, and it is not the fault of the children that the flimsy old things have been replaced by the more substantial new ones. It is not they who own the factories or take out the patents on new inventions or push the wares under the observation of purchasers. Now, as in those delightful days, the little people take what is given to them, and if there are some who are capacious and critical, the fault lies with their parents who have not brought them up as they should. One iron wagon of the present date will outlast half a dozen of the flimsy wooden ones whose passing is so deplored, and one good doll will survive accidents which would prove fatal to her ancestors nine times in ten. Those were delightful days when clothing was all home made. Let any one who doubts it get out the family photograph album and take stock of the ill fitting garments, usually several sizes too large lest they be outgrown too soon. Look at the bulges where they should be tight and the strictures where they should be easy and the superfluous rows of buttons that were designed to hide defects. The clothes that mother made were like the immortal pies. The average man, if he has a particle of right fatherly feeling, would no more subject his son to the ignominy of home-made clothing than he would to that of a home-made hair cut. As to the girls, in those Arcadian days, they dressed precisely like their mothers, and babies of three years toddled along in hoop skirts, panniers and turban hats tipped forward towards their little noses. They wore high-heeled shoes, productive of corns, stiff-starched muslin petticoats and floating hair frizzed out until they resembled the Circassian Beauty of the side shows. Today they are clothed rationally and comfortably, in loose slips and knickers, with shoes that fit their feet and hats that cover their heads, and there is less material in their little suits than used to be cut into biases and ravelings for the endless ruffles and pipings and bands and other nonsense that "mother made." Moreover, it was not so much material industry that dictated all this needlework as the impossibility of getting things otherwise. There were no liliputian bazaars, and tailor shops did not make boys' clothing to order at prohibitive prices. Does any one imagine that the grumblers of today would have refused "store clothes," could they have had them? There was a time when housewives made their husbands' clothing,



FASHIONS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

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too, yet it is doubtful if, in spite of the saving that might result, any man of today would care to wear a home-made suit.

An Impracticable Scheme

As a practical means of relieving some of the distress of the poverty-stricken of London, a clergyman is advocating a scheme to induce the wealthy to reduce their expenditures to one-tenth their usual outlay and devote the other nine-tenths to charity. By this means the benevolent societies, committees and boards would have enormous sums to devote to the alleviation of distress, and the donors would not themselves be any the worse for their self-denial. He thinks if they would put their yachts out of commission, entertain no house parties, close their hunting lodges, dispense with unnecessary finery and practice other economies the people of the abyss could be easily tided over their difficulties. Of course it has not occurred to his reverence that his proposition is only the old palliative of robbing Peter to pay Paul. With yachts laid up, the sailing masters and men would be added to the number of the unemployed, and with dinners and dances and other entertainments cut out the caterers and dressmakers, the dry goods men and the tailors would find their revenues considerably diminished. If country houses are to be closed the servants are to be dismissed, and if operas and theatres are to be eschewed then the player folk will feel the pinch of distress. Nor would the hardships fall only on these, for among the working classes no one stands alone. They have families to support, fathers and mothers dependent on their help, contributions to churches and charities to make, and, proportionately, more demands on their purses than have their wealthy employers. Instead of proposing that the servants and tradesmen, the employes and artisans should make all the sacrifices, how would it do to preach to these favored ones of the earth the advisability of distributing a portion of their stored-up wealth? Let them diminish their bank accounts and share their dividends with the poor, and spend liberally for the things they may need. There is just as much charity in giving respectable people a chance to live properly through the means of their legitimate earnings as there is in dropping half-pence into the hands of mendicants—more, if the half-pence are withheld from others.

The Coming Problem

When J. M. Hill opes his mouth for publication it is invariably because he has something to say, and whatever he has to say is worth pondering. J. M. Hill is one of the shrewdest men in this country, and he is a specialist in economics. He was quoted in the despatches this week on the subject of the trade relations between this country and the Orient and incidentally he touched the subject of industrial conditions. He said that the effect of industrial organization is to reduce hours, multiply the number of employes and increase wages. Whatever the effect of this upon the workers immediately affected, it must inevitably give a preponderating advantage to the products of countries not so limited. Thus the products of German industry, where long hours prevail, are entering all the markets of the world and driving the English manufacturer to the wall in the cities of his own empire, with the result that over a million men are idle and asking for bread. This is an explanation of the cause of the terrible sufferings of the poor of London which cannot well be questioned. There is no doubt that goods made in Germany are driving English goods from the London market. The English press and many English statesmen have long been complaining of the effect of German trade and they have been demanding a

protective tariff. In the circumstances it is pertinent to ask wherein it profits the London mechanic to be organized. Trades unions were of great benefit to him while he was employed but now he cannot find employment. From his viewpoint trades unions are not a panacea for all his ills. In this country the situation is quite different for we have a high protective tariff, but Mr. Hill tells us that it is impossible for us to build up a large and lasting market for our manufactured goods under our system, not so much because of the immutable rule that there can be no interchange of products where those who are willing to sell are not willing to buy, but because the economic effect of the tariff is an accession of cost of production which disables competition. In other words, in the course of time we shall be crowded out of the European as well as the Oriental markets and then our merchants and laborers will be starving. Our tariff protects us from foreign competition at home but it will deprive us of markets abroad. Yet we must have a tariff to enable labor to enjoy short hours and high wages. According to Mr. Hill's view there is a serious problem to confront us in time unless our leaders of Organized Labor invade Europe and unionize the wage-earners of the Continental countries.

The New Cato

We were told the other day that a new star had arisen in the Senate, a modern Cato, gifted with the powers of oratory, a man strong in logic and potent of purpose and who was given an ovation at the close of his maiden speech. We read this virgin effort, or rather the published excerpts, expecting to be thrilled, but we were not. Cato Rayner of Maryland, judging from the initial output of his spellbindery, has powers of oratory akin to those of numerous windbags with whom we are familiar. We do not doubt that he thrilled Mr. Foraker and the other railroad Senators, for his speech was an attack on Roosevelt, and those gentlemen are in a receptive mood for that kind of thrill. That he is not "a man strong in logic" we are convinced, the reason being that he is decidedly illogical. During the course of his speech he eulogized John Hay as "the peer of the brilliant line who preceded and who have left the impress of their genius stamped upon the institutions of the Republic," and yet he was denouncing Roosevelt for carrying out a policy inaugurated by the late lamented occupant of the Chair of State. It is well known that the debt collecting function was reluctantly assumed by Mr. Roosevelt in the San Domingo matter and that it was assumed because of his clear perception of the unpleasant consequences likely to arise.

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Thus It Befell at Monte Carlo

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

This is the terrace of the casino at Monte Carlo. I am sitting in the pure, morning sunshine on one end of a bench; at the other is an apoplectic English lord. He is overlooking his *Times*; I am overlooking the sea, the joyous sea of the Riviera—of deepest ultramarine. To right and left stretch the beautiful towns which, like a necklace of loosened pearls, gleam along the shore from Mentone to Toulon. Behind me rise lofty hills of richest verdure, rolling upwards to the distant Alps, wonderful and white.

Above the arches of the casino are masks carved in stone. Some are comic, some tragic, some grotesque. They leer, they frown, they grin, they mow in petrified joy or agony. Last night within that palace I saw some masks, but they were living then, for they were set on bodies sober in broadcloth or shining in silk,—bodies, according to sex, bald-headed or bediamonded, white-shirted or white-breasted, with laboring features and restless eyes. These bodies sat about great, green tables and played with little colored disks and cards, with French gold and rustling notes. I was indifferent to what they played with their hands, for all of them played for me with their faces. Many of those faces were as yonder masks. Perhaps, the great architect Garnier used such types for *motifs* in this masterpiece? I stood behind the players and watched their faces play.

There Luxury sat, and wasteful Opulence in pride of flesh and pomp of purse, dull-eyed and gross, there Avarice with fox-like furtiveness and hungry glance, and Greed gloating upon the gold, there young Stupidity or rich Guilelessness, jubilant, eager or miserable; there Experience with sphinx-like front, cold and calm, yonder mad Extravagance laughing amid the ruins and the down-dragging tide, and beside him, mute and still, Despair, choked inwardly with rage, howlings and hopelessness. Many a whited sepulchre that should have been shaking dice with Death for its own occupancy, sat there alive with rosy paint and snowy meal, many rakes and gamblers broken on the wheel of Fortune, gathering like rooks when corn is garnered, many a sweet, smooth face with the fatal fever on cheek and lip. A shriveled old woman, old as Endor's witch, was carried in by lackeys and set in a chair. She clutched her purse with skinny claw, with trembling fingers placed her *louis* here and here. Her stony eye was vivified again, but it did not shine;—it glared. There was little noise—all was quiet and intense. But the witch of Endor cackled when she won. Opposite to where I stood, a fascinating woman of thirty-five, brunette, snowy-necked, with long pearls quivering in her ears and rows of them circling her fine throat, her full breast heaving beneath her rich corsage so that the roses nestling there seemed rocked to sleep or trembled with love, her elegantly coiffured hair crowning her with a matchless crown, beneath which the burning fascination of her eyes darted about, sat with jeweled fingers flashing among her gold-pieces and her notes. She was splendid as some fair young empress of old Byzantium. Slowly that golden and papery heap melted away and with it the light from her fair face. I watched

her with interest. She lost again and again. Then, of a sudden, she raised her great eyes, looked directly at me, smiled seraphically and with her glittering hand beckoned me to come. I looked behind me, there was no one there—she meant me. I walked over to her.

"Madame?"

"You are a stranger here, sir? I've not yet seen you play."

"Yes, I am a stranger here. The playing does not interest me."

"Will you do me a favor?"

"With pleasure, madame."

She put three *louis d'or* in my hand. "Will you place these for me?"

"On what numbers?"

"Ah, that I must leave to you—or the charm will be useless."

I placed the money on the nearest number. Round went the wheel. She won fifteen *louis*. A light little laugh fell from her lips. "Thank you greatly, my dear sir. You have turned the luck for me."

During the evening I was rewarded, now and then, by the gift of that enchanting smile. She won and lost, but won oftener than she lost. Ere she leave tonight she will lose it all again and pawn-broking Shylock's grimy fingers shall yet be twined with the pearls from that beautiful neck and the rings from those lily hands. In the regal head of that beauty the common superstition was rooted fast that one who has never played will have good luck at the first throw, or bring it to others. I sought to read her nationality, but could not say to what part of the world she belonged. Perhaps, she belonged to the half of it.

Day and night the foolish, deluded, fatalistic gamblers play on about those green tables which are never as green as they—in these high walls of gilt, glass, paint and glitter, veritable magicians' palaces, seductive, insubstantial fabrics built up out of their most substantial gold which, cunningly that bland wizard, the Prince of Monaco, causes to leap from their pockets and dance upon his green, voracious baize at the tapping of his facile wand and to the enchantment of music.

It is better to sit upon this bench in the sun; so, too, thinks red-headed mylord, laying aside his *Times*. The promenaders pass to and fro, the aristocratic, the fashionable and the wealthy of all nations. Others there are beside these, dejected figures with hanging heads, red-rimmed eyes and careless garb. A pretty young girl leans on the balustrade and looks hopelessly across the sea. I hear almost nothing but German spoken. Mylord says the wealthy Russians are absent this year, because of the war. I see several young Americans with their old and haggard faces. It always startles me to meet my countrymen in Europe, with their drawn, intense and haggard faces. They come from the race and chase.

A tall, stately Amazon with the bearing of a grenadier has been striding up and down for some time. From head

(Continued on Page 38)

HOTEL PLEASANTON

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Perspective Impressions

It may be safely asserted that the paving of hell has received a new impetus since midnight of December thirty-first.

We observe that as the racing season advances the bookmakers continue to eat and drink and wear the best the market affords, while the man who told us how he was going to beat these gentry is taking his nourishment at the free lunch counter.

Ex-Governor Odell knows from sad experience that the big stick is not a legendary club.

Uncle Sam has a \$5,000,000 surplus in his treasury. Nobody need worry about its growing—Congress is in session.

Oakland's new chief of police says his department will continue along as it has been run. We hope not.

The insurance inquiry is ended, but the smell of it will continue for many days.

It is no easier for a camel's hair to go through the eye of a needle than it is for a nouveau-riche man to enter into the heaven of high society.—The New Elite Testa-

ment. Pocket Edition. Published by The Swagger Set Company. Price, only \$500,000.00.

From the Gospel of Good Society to Charles Darwin: Nearest to the monkey makes the best climber.

The free library and blessings of education cranks should have got a jolt last week, when a counterfeiter in one of the northern states was arrested, and in his room were found treatises from the public library giving him all the specific instruction and information that he needed in his business. This is accumulative proof that knowledge may be a power for evil as well as for good, and that education divorced from morality is not a thing to be desired. If the pickpocket plus penmanship means the forger, and the hold-up man plus a free library card means the counterfeiter, wherein is the community enriched? We have simply raised the grade of crime and the cost of punishing the criminal. With our universities turning out Depews, our juveniles in the public schools forging the parental name to excuses and official blanks, and our libraries giving points to poisoners and counterfeiters, while our preachers squabble over the literal interpretation of the Bible and demonstrate their ignorance of current literature in the columns of the daily papers, we shall be in a bad way unless some new cult is founded to demonstrate the practical value of living according to the Decalogue.



Balzac's Fist: a Fragment

BY HARRY COWELL.

Robert Louis Stevenson—no mean scribe—has on his hands a literary problem such as is solved with inimitable mastery in "La Comedie Humaine." Naturally, he thinks of Balzac, and not unnaturally wishes he had his fist. It is in vain that he (Stevenson) has the better method that keeps things moving all the time, Balzac's now and then letting them stand still. The Frenchman has the fist. Such is my memory of one of the "Vailima Letters."

And the cunning Scotch craftsman is right. Much as is sinless method, to have the fist is more. With his Honore de Balzac created a world. It is a big thing for a man to do that. He that makes but one living character rivals in some sort the Maker. Small, incomplete as is Balzac's world when compared with God's, when compared with that made by any other man—Shakespeare not excepted—it is vast and comprehensive. The beauty of poetry Balzac had not; has not even that other beauty of prose. For a Frenchman, he is astonishingly lacking in style. He bungles, but he has the fist.

The cast of "La Comedie Humaine" (many hundred characters in all) comprises almost every known type of human being; and the men and women that fret and strut their little hour on Balzac's world-stage and then are heard no more, are as real as those that walk a vain moment God's vasty boards. For a select world (it is of the very essence of Art to be more select than Nature), that of our author's fashioning is of stupendous size. To view it as a whole is not possible, but the nearer one comes to doing that, the more will one be able to appreciate the genius of the creator.

Like mose great men of letters, Balzac writes much of his own time and place, but for all that, the comedy he offers us is in the main human and eternal as well as temporal and French. His writing, as I have said, is strangely

wanting in style. Despite this lack, however, it lives, so vital is it. Shakespeare may mix his metaphors, Balzac do worse. What matters it? Each has the fist. Better Balzac's fist than Flaubert's style. I am the last man in the world to say a word against style. That would be blasphemy. To me style is, as it were, a divinity, its presence felt, itself invisible, and yet ever suggesting the form of a goddess adorable, full of grace. If I myself have not found favor in its sight, it is not because I have not sought it diligently and with tears. All the same, literature is going to the devil not so much for this reason that writers—miserable atheists—no longer believe in style, no longer worship it, as for this, that they no longer have fists. 'Tis the creative fist, and it alone, that produces the illusion of life.

The good workman, Stevenson, with rare and admirable discernment, rare and admirable modesty, calls his own "Pavilion on the Links" not bad carpentry. Balzac's "Un Drame sur le Bord de la Mer" is not carpentry at all. It has grown there inevitable—God knows how—by the edge of the sea. It is rooted in the rocks of that coast like a Monterey cypress in the rocks of this, awesome and beautiful. Should I visit Stevenson's links and fail to see the house he so skillfully put together, I should not be very much disappointed. But were I to visit Balzac's tragic beach, the impulse to look about me for that funereal figure rooted to the rocks would be irresistible. I should expect the first person I met to be able to direct me. As it is, I see him now, grim against the evening sky, that terrible father, silent ever, ever gazing out to sea and ever at one spot where nothing is to be seen. It is very brief, that seaside drama. Read it, and you will understand what Stevenson meant by Balzac's fist and why he wished for it. It is the greatest fist fiction-writer ever had.

The Saunterer

Schmitz's Resistance of the Social Lure

Reading between the lines of an *Examiner* narrative some days ago I gleaned the information that an attempt is believed to have been made to bribe Mayor Eugene Schmitz, and now I am curious to know why such startling news should be veiled. When an attempt was made to bribe our incorruptible Governor a week ago the incident was made the pretext for shrieking headlines and there was no equivocation or subtle masking of the facts. One did not have to read between the lines to learn that a scoundrel in Kentucky had boldly sought to lure the Executive of our state from the straight and narrow path, but when an effort was made to seduce our worthy Mayor with an offer of social prestige the attempted seduction was but vaguely hinted at in a column of printed matter cautiously worded and discreetly evasive. The essence of the story is this: Mayor Schmitz, who has been snubbed by our social leaders and Captains of Industry for four years, was extended an invitation the other day to join the fashionable skating club, the membership list of which has "determined social position in San Francisco," the invitation was issued by Downey Harvey, an "acknowledged leader of San Francisco society," it was declined by the Mayor, but the "Ocean Shore Railroad, which represents social distinction and commercial influence in an eminent degree, receives just the favors it would have received if the Mayor had not been invited to skate with the Monday night exclusives." Nowhere did it appear in the story that Downey Harvey is the moving spirit of the Ocean Shore road, the man who is seeking privileges for the corporation at the hands of the municipal authorities. Yet the Ocean Shore Company was dragged into the story obviously for the purpose of explaining the issuance of the invitation to the Mayor, and there can be but one inference drawn from the statement that the corporation "receives just the favors it would have received if the Mayor had not been invited to skate."

The Charitable Viewpoint

Far be it from me to cast reflections on the motives of that eminent social leader, Mr. J. Downey Harvey. Mine be merely the task of elucidating the cryptic insinuations of my esteemed contemporary and of pointing the inference that has been drawn from the *Examiner's* artistic presentation of facts. It is not said that Mayor Schmitz construed the invitation to skate with the exclusives as an attempt to bribe him. Nor is it alleged that Downey Harvey expected thrift to follow fawning. The Ocean Shore Company is presumably an honest public utility corporation, craving no special privileges and expecting nothing but what it is entitled to. There is nothing essentially wrong in propitiating a public official, but it is clear that in the *Examiner* office it is felt that the invitation to the skating function was in the nature of an extraordinary inducement to incline the Mayor to favorable consideration of such franchises as are wanted by the corporation. This feeling is in a measure justified. It has been shown in the course of recent investigations in New York that official honor is sold for social prestige as often as it is bartered for filthy lucre.

A Few Suppositions

The story of the attempt to excite social aspirations in the deep chest of the Labor Union Mayor concerns not

only politicians and civic patriots, but appeals with great force to the fashionables of San Francisco to whom life would not be worth living were the absence of intrinsic personal merit not to be offset by that fictitious aspect of superiority acquired in the circles called exclusive. Many of them are members of the Skating Club and no other, or, at least, no other of important distinction. They are grateful for admission to some member of the Martin-Harvey social clique which, within a year or two, has come to be recognized as the sanhedrim of the elect having jurisdiction in social matters in this city. The High Priestess of this council is Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who has found it advisable to lower the bars quite frequently, making it appear that she was of democratic temperament. Some of the snobs of the Four Hundred have viewed with alarm the crowding in of the climbers under Mrs. Martin's flexible rule. They have been filled with dread at the prospect of the vulgarizing of society by making it popular, but even when speculating on the worst that might happen it never occurred to them that their social functions were to be thrown open to plebeian politicians that private commercial enterprises might prosper. So it is needless to say that the story of the inviting of Mayor Schmitz to the exclusive skating function caused a profound sensation among the *haut ton* of Blingum and Pacific Heights. To be sure, the Skating Club bears to the Shorb-White Dancing Club something of the relationship that the McCall Trust Syndicate bore to the New York Life Insurance Company, being as it is but a side issue neither as select nor as exclusive, but supposing that Mayor Schmitz had less dignity and more social ambition, supposing that he accepted the invitation, and after getting a taste of high life on rollers, he yearned for higher life in dancing pumps—what then? Would the Ocean Shore road turn him down? And if the Supervisors, the gentleman who drove the laundry wagon and the gentleman who played the drum, seeing the Mayor in the swim, decided to keep him company, would Downey Harvey, in quest of franchises, draw the line? I think not. In my humble democratic opinion, those gentlemen would be as ornamental on the polished dancing floor as others that now have the entree, but then our swagger folk have another viewpoint.

Echoes of the Banquet

Echoes of the Hearst banquet in Los Angeles are still floating northward on the fragrant breezes that blow from the orange groves of the southland, and they are eloquent of hot times in the old town. As an event, the banquet was beyond the conception of even the readers of the *Examiner*, abundantly supplied though they were with the details. Mr. Hearst could not have been a greater object of interest or an object of greater interest if he had been President of the United States. The banquet was pulled off in the main dining-room of a hotel, located on the ground floor, and all the guests were visible to the people in the street, and the street was blocked with the plain people and with people of all classes of Los Angeles society. Much of the popular interest was due to the efforts of H. Garrison Otis, or Otis Harrison Gray, or Rubicon G. Harrison, or whatever his name is, to spread over the spread something in the nature of a killing frost. The great journalistic warrior, made famous by his own type-writer, charged bravely against the banquet managers and strenuously tried to put them to rout, but in vain. As a

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dernier ressort, as he would say himself, he tried to divert Mayor McAleer from the banquet board, intending thus to rob the affair of the aspect of official hospitality. McAleer, being reluctant to offend the powerful editor, tried to side-step the banquet, but his shiftiness was anticipated. Then he made some flimsy excuse, which was overruled, and finally agreed to attend, providing he wouldn't be called upon for a speech. That was easy. They wouldn't have permitted him to speak if he wanted to. Indeed, the speeches were "programmed" with all the airtightness of a McNab convention. There were calls for Dockweiler, the Dockweiler who fumed against Hearst at Santa Cruz, but he hadn't the slightest chance to butt in, though his friends who wanted to give him the opportunity to patch up the *entente cordiale* were most insistent. Toastmaster Denis was oblivious to the Dockweiler presence. The oratorical gem of the evening was Hearst's speech, which, as one raconteur expressed it, was far more impressive and convincing of sincerity "than any of those freak Brisbane editorials." The one contretemps of the evening was supplied by Judge Trask, who hazarded a jest. Judge Trask's humor is of the extra dry brand, and when he unbottled it, it proved to be "blown." The result was that everybody took it seriously and felt very much embarrassed. It was thought for a few moments that the Judge was taking a left-handed swat at the guest of the evening. There was some laughter over it in the gray dawn of the morning after, but it was all agreed that Trask is funniest when he is sad.

The Cat and the Hoodoo

The suicide of Captain J. Tremaine Smith of the Pacific Mail liner *Siberia* recalls the story of the black cat that came aboard the ship just before she sailed from New York for San Francisco to be placed on the Hongkong run. As everybody knows, a black cat is an object of superstitious reverence in the religion of every sailor, and the cat that took passage on the *Siberia* was regarded as a messenger direct from the divinity that sits up aloft to watch over the fortunes of poor Jack. All the sailors aboard the big ship, not excluding the Chinese and the Japanese in the various service departments, were solicitous of that cat's comfort throughout the voyage around Cape Horn and up the coast to San Francisco. Then began the voyage across the Pacific to Yokohama, and the cat was still aboard. One night when the wind was high and the waves were tossing their manes angrily, just before the ship arrived in Honolulu, Ferguson the engineer, a hard-headed, skeptical, irreligious Scotchman, stumbled over the cat on the forward lower deck. Ferguson was angry before he met the cat, and the encounter intensified his wrath. He lunged vigorously with his foot and the cat disappeared in the night. When it was learned that the cat had been kicked to Davy Jones' locker there was sorrow aboard the *Siberia* and universal prediction that the luck of the ship had departed with the cat—that a hoodoo had taken possession of the craft and that if she ever made port it would be through a special dispensation of Providence. The next day about four bells of the morning watch one of the passengers, while unpacking his suit case, accidentally discharged a revolver that he was taking out of the case, and the bullet lodged in the passenger's thigh, inflicting an injury from which he never fully recovered, for it would have been fatal to probe for the missile.

Vengeance or Fate

Leaving the wounded man in Honolulu the *Siberia* proceeded through a succession of storms almost rising to the fury of typhoons, keeping Captain Smith alert day and night on the bridge and Ferguson awake within sight of his engine gauges. Then Fuji loomed on the vision of the voyagers and the sailors breathed easier as they sighted the entrance to the harbor of Yokohama. There wasn't much to fear in the Inland Sea between Yokohama and Nagasaki and nobody thought of the cat until Ferguson, the engineer, forgetting that the ladder leading from the promenade deck to the lower deck had been removed, pitched backward, landing with all the force of his two hundred pounds of bulk on the lower deck. They left him in the hospital at Kobe and before the *Siberia* reached Shanghai he was dead. The cat was avenged.

Still Pursuing

Only minor mishaps occurred on board the *Siberia* during the return voyage, such accidents as may be accounted for naturally and not necessarily traceable to cats assassinated to soothe the wrath of Scotch engineers. Neither did anything of import happen on the second voyage of the *Siberia* until she ran down a junk in the China sea while steaming from Manila to Hongkong. The Chinese who were fished out of the monsoon-lashed waters insisted that four of their comrades had been drowned and demanded one hundred Mexican dollars for each of the dead men. By close cross-questioning in the court of the Hongkong commissioner and by the American vice-consul, aided perhaps by a small bribe from the steamship agent, one of the junk crew finally admitted that nobody was drowned, so the company paid four hundred dollars Mex. for the junk and the incident closed. It was a narrow escape, however, for if the crew had stuck to the original story the steamship company would have lost four hundred dollars more in Mexican money.

The Latest Tragedy

On that return voyage the *Siberia's* propeller fouled a cable in Yokohama bay and was disabled. She crossed the Pacific to San Francisco, however, with her remaining pro-

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pellor, and although the more orthodox of the sailor men spoke of the cat the others insisted that the curse had been lifted by the death of Ferguson and that the other mishaps were only what might happen to any ship. So it went along until this last voyage when the hoodoo asserted itself once more in the fire that broke out in the hold of the vessel while she lay in the harbor of Hongkong and later in the ghastly suicide of Captain Smith. Now the superstitious sailors say that the hoodoo is a permanent fixture on the *Siberia* and that it will not be satisfied until the ship perishes as the cat perished on that dark night when the engineer kicked her over the rail into the night and a watery grave that speedily swallowed all of her nine lives.

When Far from the Madding Crowd

These are strange tales, these tales I hear of clandestine romplings by our idle-born in the remote metropolis of Shasta county, where all the madding crowd goes flannel-shirted with a gun upon the hip, where French Gulch, Horsetown and Jackass Flat promise a picturesque suburbia. Who would have guessed that one must go so far to learn how the gilded goslings of our aristocracy disport themselves when freed from the shackles of convention? Who would have thought that the sage of Piety Hill could tell us more about the antics of our smart set than we had ever dreamed before? Who would have believed, in short, that the town of Redding was lately thronged with muttering mobs of miners who left their drinks untasted on the bars to watch the untrammelled gayety of San Franciscan beaux and belles playing at follow-the-leader in the public gaze? Yet, if I may trust the testimony of the rural journal recently thrust into my hands, not only are all these things true, but they are true beyond specific exploitation. The rattle and rustle of invading petticoats, the airy persiflage of cubs of clubdom, says the oracle, taught Redding, last September, what the effete civilization of San Francisco is like when one sees it far from the boundaries of its own bailiwick. For, continues the observant one, young men and maidens numbered on the pages of the Martin-Greenway register raised heck with Redding's preconceived notions of decorum and left that burg panting in excited speculation. The mud of Yuba street is said to have been thickly speckled with champagne corks, the lobby of the Hotel Lorenz to have been used as a garage, the wider sidewalks to have served as kissing-game arenas, while this carnival endured. And there was more, a great deal more, that caught the eye and checked the breath of this shocked chronicler. But what you can print in Shasta county is not what you can print for going through the mails.

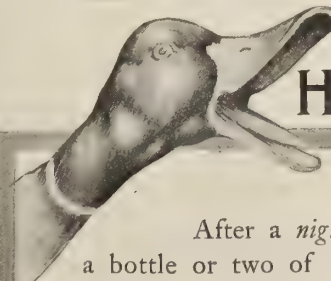
Another Californian Girl Grabs a Title

When Redding gives to the wistful world reports of her own social doings, however, there is less reason for reluctant editing. A case in point was afforded last week, when Baron van Balvaren, affectionately known as the Baron Hunyadi Water, was married before a Redding justice of the peace to Miss Elsie Henning, who was employed till the night of her nuptials as a waitress in the Hotel Lorenz dining-room. The bride thus translated in

approved Laura Jean Libbey style from metaphorical rags to figurative riches, and made a baroness into the bargain, is described as a charming girl, and I am informed that she first won the frolicsome baron's heart by slapping his face. As for the nobleman of this pleasing romance, what coterie of high-rollers, all up and down the state, does not remember him? Who does not remember the tale of his negro valet and the fines of two dollars which the latter used to levy every time his Dutch master called him a "black hound" or a "counfounded nigger"? Who has forgotten the gossip of that night, that hot night in midsummer, when the baron, lightly clad, stepped from his bedroom window in the Golden Eagle hotel, to fall over a large, quick-tempered lady who lay asleep in a cot on the balcony outside that window, and who promptly deluged the astonished gentleman with ice water from the pitcher at her side? How many are ignorant of the facts regarding that celebrated duel of the baron's, when all his neighbors in Redding accompanied him to the field of honor with a brass band and his seconds gravely placed in his eager hands the weapon chosen by his opponent—a squirt-gun? And who has not been thrilled by the tragic recital of the baron's attempt at suicide, when a cunning drug-clerk gave him bromo seltzer, swearing the while it was morphine? In spite of all these contributions to our merriment, though, the baron is a good fellow and the real thing. His title is skeptic-proof, his ancestry is of the best which hails from Holland, his ability to spend money is miraculous. May he live long and prosper.

Our Concern for Niagara

The Outdoor Art League of this state, being, I suppose, shy of material for endeavor here at home, has sent to all our newspapers a pathetic appeal for an editorial crusade against the further despoliation of Niagara Falls, said despoliation being now in process of incubation among New York's legislators. I am not aware, at this writing, what response may be looked for in this regard, in the quarter addressed, but I venture to prophesy, none the less, that anything our newspapers may undertake along the lines of such a crusade as this will simply waste a lot of



Hearken!

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good space, considerable gray matter and not a little dignity. In the first place, the legislators of New York are bent upon playing heck with Niagara, if that is really their intention, for reasons quite beyond the influence of ethical or rhetorical argument. They are perfectly aware, these vandals, that damming Niagara will engender a lot of damming with a different spelling, and it is pheasants to enchilado that they don't care a whoop. It is as if the people living in the house next door were to invade our drawing-room to protest against our feeding caviare to the puppy. It is as if the W. C. T. U. were to memorialize the Khedive concerning his cigarette habit. It is as if the S. P. C. A. were to ask for less strain on donkey-engines. It is as if the D. A. R. were to insist upon the right of supervision in the pedigrees of cash-girls. It is as if Mrs. Eleanor Martin were to start a fuss over the table manners of the inmates of the Leper Hospital. It is, in short, either an impertinence or a joke. There is not one member of the New York legislature who is not fully informed regarding the sentiment of not only the country at large but of his own constituents in this matter of keeping Niagara Falls the beautiful thing it has been so long. There is not one of those gentlemen who did not know just how much of a row was going to be raised when the onslaught on Niagara Falls was begun. California cannot make laws for the state of New York; it cannot even help make them.

Spicy Mr. Harris

Mr. Elmer Harris, the young playwright of Oakland, will soon deliver some lectures on spicy plays before the leading women's clubs about the bay. I have been told that he is creating a furore of interest and curiosity in clubdom and among those whose views are tintured, not to say dyed, with the opinions of such thinkers as George Bernard Shaw, Ibsen, and others of that ilk. He has already been pedestaled as an Apostle of Light. Young Harris, during four years' study abroad, imbibed, to the fullest, much of that doctrinaire philosophy of the Wagnerians which must seem somewhat startling to the American women trained through generations never to give expression to certain phases of the truth. Elmer Harris cuts ruthlessly through the shackles of conventional restraint and hesitates not a whit to call a spade a spade. They say that he nearly caused a panic in a suburban club because of his bizarre views on marriage. No one was shocked, on this occasion, to the extent of being obliged to leave the room; but the indignation which swept over the audience was voiced by one severe-looking matron when she exclaimed: "What does he know about marriage—he has never been married." Harris is the young man whose play, "Tempesta," was produced last season at Hamburg, Germany. "Tempesta" was written on a wager made in jest at the Arts' Club in New York. A brilliant dramatic critic declared that no American drama could possibly receive recognition in Germany owing to the difference in American and German taste and thought. No dramatist, trained to entertain by exaggeration and caricature, could produce a play for a nation which demands reality. German playgoers must be given a play with a purpose. Harris, amid encouraging cheers and the clink of glasses, accepted the challenge. "Tempesta" was the result. The play was translated by Frau Consul Pogson, who is the translator of "Quality Street," "The Tyranny of Tears," and "The Liars." Up to the present time "Tempesta" has the unique honor of being the only American play ever brought out in Germany.

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Go Shaw One Better

Lionel Terry has a mighty desire to have us read his book, "The Shadow." He kills a Chinaman. Edith Allonby has a mighty desire to have us read her book, "The Fulfilment." She kills herself. Now, tell me, all ye that read books, Does such murder or suicide alter an author's work by so much as a comma? What he has written he has written. It is good, bad, or indifferent, as the case may be. Revision may better it; but self-slaughter, the slaying of one other than self? Is it not more than likely that a piece of writing that stands in need of being thus advertised is mediocre, or worse, if anything can be worse than mediocrity? Yet both books in question, we are told, are now selling by the thousand; and once more is justified the curmudgeonly saying of old Carlyle that the world is made up of "mostly fools." Every lover of the beauty that is in books knows as well as I do that attempts to read even literary masterpieces in the light of the masters' lives are ever beset with snares and pitfalls. Why any one not of the "mostlies" should want to read Lionel Terry simply because he has broken the sixth commandment, or to see an actress, simply because she has broken the seventh, I cannot for the life of me make out. It is much easier, I assure you, to shoot a myriad heathens than to write one perfect page of prose; to commit adultery time and again than once for one brief moment to become mistress of the histrionic art.

Burgess and Le Gallienne

The presence of Gelett Burgess and Richard Le Gallienne at the Mark Twain birthday dinner in New York reminds me of a story that the former tells of the latter.



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The incident happened in London during Burgess's sojourn there. The stork paid a visit to the poet's family, Mrs. Le Gallienne being then with relatives in the country, while her husband was in London. To Burgess Le Gallienne spoke feelingly of the ordeal through which his wife had passed, and grew tearful as he waxed poetic over the sacredness of the event. The following evening Burgess and a friend dropped around to Le Gallienne's apartments, but found them deserted. They turned away, and had gone but a short distance when they heard footsteps and voices. Looking up the narrow street they saw Le Gallienne coming, and on his arm a companion who was neither male nor old. The would-be callers did not make their visit—they felt that they would be unwelcome. I do not see any report in the accounts of the dinner, of Burgess upsetting the wine, using his napkin as a handkerchief, or doing any of the other monkey-tricks by which he won plaudits from his San Francisco admirers. It may be that he was abashed by the great company he was in, and realized that he would not meet with favor in the role of a village cut-up.

The Long-Haired Ones

To revert to Le Gallienne: he and Bliss Carman were the only long-haired men at the dinner, barring Twain, whose age entitles him to the bushy shock which crowns his head. And as I looked over the published portraits of those present, I rejoiced that I am of the short-haired variety of man—for the poets mentioned did not "stack up" well against the other men who were there. Their work, too, reveals the effeminacy that their long hair indicates. Carman can sing sweetly of Pan and dryads, but his stuff does not thrill. Neither does Le Gallienne's. His "Quest of the Golden Girl" is a piece of lace-work shot with gold; and in his "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam"—a poor performance, judged as a whole—he has two verses of remarkable beauty:

"Spring, the cuckoo sob deep in his throat,
Through all the land his thrilling whispers float.
Old Earth believes his ancient lies once more,
And runs to meet him in a golden coat.

"And many a lovely girl who long hath lain
Beneath the grass, and in the sun and rain,
Lifts her daisied head to hear him pass,
Listens a little, smiles, and sleeps again."

And he has a good turn of humor, as witness:

"Paris, half angel, half grisette,
I would that I were with thee yet.
But London calls me like a wife,
London, the love of my whole life.
Don't tell her, Paris, mercy me,
How I flirted, dear, with thee."

Very pretty stuff, all this, but it is not man talk. It and nearly all else that Le Gallienne has written makes one willing to believe the story told of his spectacular actions in Boston. It is related that he and Mrs. Jack Gardner paraded, hand in hand, a public square near her house, the poet clad in velvet habiliments that looked like a suit of pajamas, and a big St. Bernard dog tagging at the heels of the pair. As I said before, I'd rather be of the short-haired variety of man.

The Significance of It

Mabel Watkins, who won distinction by sitting through a toast to the President of the United States, is one of the leading belles of Sausalito—no mean distinction in itself. She and Etelka Williar set the style for the suburban town and are the social arbiters of the Cliff Set. Her refusal to join in the toast to the President would, perhaps, have occasioned no great amount of gossip if it had not been rumored that an army officer was a suitor for her hand. The President of the United States being the Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Republic, the supposition is that Miss Watkins would have joined in the toast were she inclined to gladden the heart of the young officer.

Some Wonderful Spelling

Some argue that the practice of medicine is a science, others that it is an art; still others contend that it is as commercial as the sale of soap and sugar. I have often thought it guess-work, and the other day I saw a manuscript that inclines me to believe it neither art, science, commerce nor guess-work, but a triumph of illiteracy. This manuscript was an examination paper submitted to the State Board of Medical Examiners by an aspirant for medical honors. As an example of bad spelling it would be a prize-winner. I rubbed my glasses after I had read a few lines, then started reading again to make sure. It was even worse than it had seemed at first glance. Without exaggeration, there were no two lines in succession in which all the words were spelled correctly. Here are some of them: "Tisue," "suport," "sentinal," "verry," "inflammation," "in-organic," "curviture," "colen," "atacks," "quantitys," "groth," "intestens," and dozens of others of the commonest words. As for his spelling of technical and medical terms, it was something weird, awful and beyond belief. Moreover, he had different ways of spelling the same word, as witness "pancras" and "pancreas." And here is a sentence quoted verbatim in answer to a question. It sounds blithe, naive and ingenuous: "O yes there is usually a gland enlarged on the lesser curviture which they call a sentinal gland." If I had anything to do with it, I would give that man a diploma as a veterinary. But it is evidence of the fairness of that much abused body, the State Board of Medical Examiners, that the perpetrator of this impressionistic spelling was given a diploma as a physician. The only thing considered by the board was the correctness

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of his answers to the questions asked—and it must be said that these answers were correct, and, barring the spelling and construction, intelligent.

His Good Resolution

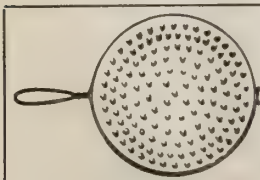
A well-known Bohemian of this gay city has just smashed into smithereens all records for his class by keeping faithfully for three hundred and sixty-five days a vow made to his wife on the first of January, 1905; and that a vow with respect to four vices to which he is very much addicted, namely, drinking, smoking, swearing, and gambling. It was this way: On the eve of yester-year, his wife asked him if he loved her, and he truthfully, though thoughtlessly, said yes. What would he do for her? Anything in the world. Well, then, make a brand-new resolution, and keep it. A pretty how-d'-y'-do, this! All night the poor fellow lay awake, cudgling his brains, but for the life of him couldn't think of a single one that he had not already made and broken. With the dawn, however, came inspiration. His eye in a fine frenzy rolling, he roused his wife. "What is it, dear?" she cried in alarm. "Woman," quoth he, "I have it!" "It," she echoed. "Thank God. I thought it was them!" "Them!" he laughed. "Not much. I have it, I tell you; and here it is, a brand-new resolution—and I hope to die if I do not keep it this time: I solemnly promise you during the year to come not to drink or smoke or swear or gamble—any less than usual!"

How About This?

High finance is not my long suit and perhaps that is why I puzzled so long over the figures contained in the annual statement of the Mutual Savings Bank. Those figures were widely advertised, and yet I should think that the bank directors would have preferred to suppress them. From the annual statement it appears that the bank's authorized capitalization is \$1,000,000; that its paid-up capital is \$300,000; that it has a surplus of \$320,000, making a total paid-up capital of \$620,000. The bank building is itemized as an asset valued at \$892,000, thus showing that \$272,000 more than the paid-up capital of the bank, or, in other words, the money of the depositors to that amount, is invested in the bank building. It seems to me to be clearly the duty of the Bank Commissioners to look into this matter. Does not the law prohibit the investment of the money of savings bank depositors in real estate?

She Discovered Telegraph Hill

Elizabeth Ashe will spend about a year in Europe, and she well deserves this vacation. Miss Ashe conducts one of the most successful of the local settlement movements, her work being among the poor of North Beach. She interested many of her society friends in the settlement and they parted with considerable of their money in helping it along. Many of the season's buds tripped weekly to Telegraph Hill and visited the homes of Miss Betty's proteges, also sewing for the little ones. But two of the girls relate a rather unpleasant experience that befell them not long ago. As they stepped out of their carriage an inebriated woman, fancying she saw something mocking in their gaze, began to berate them in fishwife language. The two Lady Bountifuls were nearly frightened to death.



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The Popular Bud

Contrary to the prognostications of the wise guys of society, Genevieve Harvey has not been the most feted bud of this season. The palm for popularity has thus far been worn by Frances Stewart, who inherits her father's magnetism and musical gifts. Though Miss Stewart made her debut late in the season she has been entertained more than any other bud of the bunch. Neither Miss Harvey nor Miss Barron, both very wealthy girls, has been so frequently dined and tea-ed as Miss Stewart.

The Polite Rebuke

Henry Morse Stephens, the man who is making the University of California famous, has a delicate way of expressing the opinion that a piece of fiction has become a classic through age. He recently attended a large dinner and was bored almost to death by one of the guests who had a very large repertoire of anecdotes of ancient vintage. Professor Stephens was patient and seemingly resigned to his fate. Too polite to protest, he said nothing until the raconteur, emboldened by the tolerance of his audience, went a step too far. "My dear sir," said Professor Stephens, "I suppose that after archaeological research has been carried a little further that story will be found interred beneath the pyramids."

Martinez Doing a Portrait

Xavier Martinez has returned from his holiday trip to John McKenzie's ranch. He is busily engaged on a portrait of Mrs. Reginald Bassett (Alyse Hunt) whose marriage, it will be recalled, took place several months ago at the old San Carlos Mission, Monterey. Mrs. Bassett is a beautiful young woman with a wealth of golden hair, brown eyes and rich coloring. Those who have seen the canvas say that Martinez has done some of his best work in the portrait.

Simple Life vs. Society

Since her return from New York, Beatrice Fife has been leading the simple life. Miss Fife never cared for society. She did not make a formal debut and is seen less frequently each season at society's dances and teas. Some of her friends hint at an engagement to an army surgeon as the reason of Miss Fife's distaste for the whirl and its consequent dissipations, while others say she merely takes after her mother who also prefers the quiet life. Mrs. Fife's sister, Mrs. Athearn Folger, dotes on entertaining and spends her share of the Luning millions liberally. Mrs. Whittell, the other sister, has departed on a round-the-world trip with her daughter Florence.

The Joseph Sadoc Tobins are at the St. Francis for the rest of the winter.

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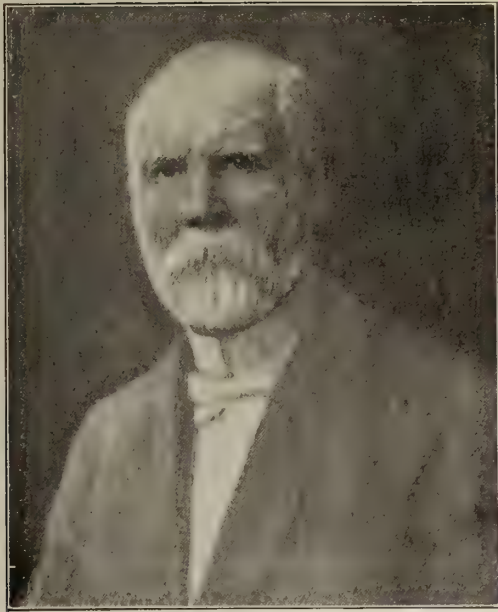
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From the miniature which attracted a great deal of attention at the last Hopkins Art Exhibition. It was painted by Marion Grace Norton, the young miniaturist. Miss Norton has rare talent for portrait work, and has come rapidly to the front in the local art world.

Baseball Jugglery

The juggling with the stock of the Baseball League which took place the other day was what might have been expected after the revelations of last season and the season before. It now remains to be seen whether the patrons of the game have been convinced that there has been a *bona fide* change of management. From the reports in the dailies it appears that Henry Harris is still the owner of a large block of stock, and I notice that the baseball reporters still refer reverently to Harris as a "magnate" who has made quite a record in connection with the promotion of the game on this coast. The fact is that he has been twice in at the death of the game for which he was in a large measure responsible in both instances. Interest in the game was killed off some years ago when the suspicions of the lovers of the sport were aroused by the theatrical contests at the close of each season. The championship was never determined until the last day or week of the season. "Magnate" Harris was a leading spirit of the league in those days. When the present league was organized about six years ago some of the directors who had no connection with the old league but who were aware of the cause of its collapse insisted upon the enactment of a rule prohibiting the strengthening of clubs with Eastern material at the close of the season. This rule was enforced for awhile and during its enforcement there was never a close finish. The business was not so profitable but it was at least free from taint. In the East the sport is kept absolutely clean but the clubs are not under the control of one big partnership. There is as much rivalry among the managers as there is among the clubs and it never savors of theatricism.

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The Cartoon Album

Now that the whole town has enjoyed a laugh at the expense of the "good things" who contributed twenty-five per to the album of cartoons, it may be interesting to learn that there is another side to the story. The woman by whom the subscriptions were solicited represented that the album was to be published for the benefit of the newspaper artists of San Francisco, nearly all of whom were personally known to most of the men who aided in making the enterprise a success. It was generally understood that the artists were financially interested in the scheme and they did make the cartoons. The names of the newspaper artists appear in the album. If they are jingling the money of the subscribers in their pockets and laughing at them upon the theory that they were bled through their vanity it strikes me that they have a perverted sense of humor.

The Picturesque Kuranaga

Perhaps the most picturesque personality in this state is Mr. Kuranaga. Mr. Kuranaga is a Japanese who some five years ago worked in a drug store for three dollars and a half a week. Today he is worth in the neighborhood of one million dollars. He holds the Japanese in this state and in this country in the hollow of his hands and his word is an absolute law to them. Mr. Kuranaga supplies labor to the Southern Pacific, from which business he gets a large income. He is the sole owner of several stores and the one at Pasadena is larger and better equipped than the largest store of its kind in Tokio. He is also the owner of *The New World*, a paper which has an enormous circulation, and he is going to publish an American edition as well. His office, which is in O'Farrell street, above Mason, is better furnished, better equipped for the comfort of the reporters and editors than any newspaper office in the city. Mr. Kuranaga married an American woman of great beauty and he has a very handsome little boy.

Spencer Eddy's Romance

Except Miss Lurline Spreckels herself, no one has been more frequently "engaged" to this and that distinguished personage, by the gossips of the associated press, than Spencer Eddy, whom we were this week told that the Californian girl is really and truly to marry. It was only a few short years ago that this conquering Chicagoan with the large, sad eyes was said to be a suitor for Ethel Barrymore's hand. Then shortly after that the Sunday supplements made a great sensation over an international romance in which Eddy figured. He was reported to have aroused the passion of a beautiful Russian Countess, sister of the Grand Duke Michael'smorganatic wife. According to this story, the Countess and the young American attached to the American Embassy at St. Petersburg were madly in love and the Czar did not approve of the attachment be-

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cause he wished to marry the Countess to a noble lord of his own realm. However all this occurred moons and moons ago, and Eddy has been reported engaged more than once since that Russian romance.

A Winsome Heiress

There is very little not known to newspaper readers about Lurline Spreckels. She is an attractive girl unspoiled by the adulation she has received. Though her mother, Mrs. "Gus" Spreckels, has large social aspirations which are in a fair way to make good, Lurline never cared for climbing. When she comes to her old home in San Francisco she enjoys herself just like any young girl, and entertains her old friends as well as the new ones. She is said to be Claus Spreckels's favorite grandchild, and she is also very much beloved by her cousins of the J. D. branch.

Cupid in the South

"One of the New Year engagement announcements," writes my Los Angeles correspondent, "is that of Hortense Childs and Major Reynolds, an army man of New York. Miss Childs is the daughter of Mrs. O. W. Childs, who is as well-known in San Francisco as here. She is a relative of Mrs. Frank Hicks, who is now visiting her sisters-in-law, Mrs. Walter Dean and the Hagers, in San Francisco. Mrs. Hicks has her little daughter with her, a lovely girl of about twelve who promises to become one of the stunning beauties of the southland. All the Childses, however—and there were three girls and two boys in the branch which claims Mrs. Hicks—are handsome. When Hortense Childs weds her Major their future home is to be in Alaska where he is stationed.

"The gossips are whispering of the broken engagement of Maude Reese Davies, daughter of the late millionaire lumberman J. M. Davies, and Brigadier-General Robert Wankowski of the Governor's staff. Their wedding was to have been solemnized within a short time, but while the trousseau was being planned and society and military circles were looking forward to the most fashionable wedding of the spring, the news was given out that the bride-to-be had returned the ring."

Praise for Irwin

In an article in *Everybody's Magazine* on New York reporters of today, Hartley Davis speaks highly of Will Irwin, the San Francisco reporter who has made a Gotham success. In speaking of the reverence in which the memories of certain old-time reporters is held, the author says: "It is doubtful if any of them could write a stronger, more brilliant, more finished story than Lindsay Denison . . . or Will Irwin . . ." Although Irwin is naturally of an absent-minded nature, apt to go stumbling and dreaming along the street, he becomes the keen, vigilant, tireless, enthusiastic reporter when necessity calls. The day after the *San Rafael* and *Sausalito* went down with some loss of life in a San Francisco bay fog, I met Irwin in a restaurant, where he was bolting a hasty meal. It was then noon. He had been without sleep since the morning before, and had worked hard all night, most of the time out on the bay in the fog with a staff of reporters under him. He did not know when he would have a chance to eat or sleep again, for the story still needed the closest attention, yet he was bub-

bling over with enthusiasm, boyishly happy in the work he was doing, and anxious for more like it. So it is no wonder he is a star man on the New York *Sun*.

Her Brother was Her Hero

President Roosevelt has expressed his unqualified approval of "The Man of the Hour," Octave Thanet's first novel, which deals with labor conditions in the Middle West. The President says the author "knows as much about factories and machine business as a man," which is not surprising, since her father was a mill owner and her brother supplied much of the material from which her hero, "Johnny-Ivan," was fashioned. This brother, now dead, as I happen to know, was a Harvard graduate who, at the end of his college career, returned home, donned overalls, and went into his father's factory to learn the trade from the ground up, asking no favors on the score of relationship, but taking his breakfast at six o'clock in the morning and working until knocking-off time on the same terms as the rest.

When Crane was Sore

In her interview with the star of "An American Lord" Frances Jolliffe says that she would like to know what happened to Crane in this city about eight or nine years ago, an experience he referred to in his chat, but did not explain. Miss Jolliffe's memory does not go back eight or nine years, she blithely informs us, and much less should it be expected to go back fourteen or fifteen years, which is nearer the number that have elapsed since Crane made his "bad break." He played an engagement in the old Bush street theatre in "The Senator" with Tim Frawley as the lipping lieutenant and Georgie Drew Barrymore as the widow. That was our first introduction to Frawley and Timothy made the hit of his career in that role. The critics gave Frawley and Mrs. Barrymore far more praise than was given the star, and though the engagement was a great financial success Crane was as mad as a wet hen. On his homeward journey he was interviewed by a Denver reporter to whom he said that San Francisco was a "jay town." Then the critics got mad and roasted Crane. Thereafter whenever a nummer was dissatisfied with the treatment received at the hands of San Francisco theatre-goers it was scornfully referred to as a jay town. Blanche Walsh called it that and so did our own Jim Corbett in the zenith of his career, when he wanted to be taken seriously as an actor. Crane has been timid about visiting San Francisco ever since.



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The True Story of The Toast

Since the printing of one of our preceding pages containing a paragraph anent the story of the snubbing of President Roosevelt by Miss Mabel Watkins, I have learned that the comment was based on inaccurate information, and so that there shall not be any misapprehension I now set forth the facts. The toast to which Miss Watkins failed to respond was not proposed during the course of a dinner, but in the intervals of a dance. Miss Watkins was sitting in an alcove of the room in which the toast was proposed, and being engaged in a conversation with some of her friends at the time was oblivious to what was taking place. She was greatly surprised when she learned that the story of the snubbing of the President had been circulated and her friends are indignant at the construction that was placed upon her innocent conduct, it having been suggested that she felt unfriendly toward Miss Alice Roosevelt, whom she probably met in the Philippines. She has never met Miss Roosevelt, and instead of being contemptuous of the President, she feels toward him the respect that every true American girl should have for the Chief Magistrate of the country. Her father, Mr. Watkins, was the treasurer, I believe, of the Reception Committee on the occasion of President Roosevelt's visit to this city.

I lost my fortune. As I live,
It gave me so much pain
That ev'ry cent I've got I'd give
To get it back again.

Markham Writes of Christ

Edwin Markham, having won about all the fame that he is entitled to as a poet, now writes to tell us that there was a greater poet. He pays tribute to Jesus as one of the world's greatest poets. Of course he does not claim credit for the discovery of Christ the poet, but he undertakes to make it clear that the Redeemer "unsouled himself in the poet's way because the poet's way is the natural and spontaneous utterance of the heart!" As usual, Mr. Markham is inaccurate. The poet's way is not what poet Markham says it is. The natural and spontaneous utterance of the heart is seldom poetry. When the poet utters poetry he does not do so spontaneously. He burns considerable midnight oil in the process. Mr. Markham, being a poet, ought to know. I think he does know and I suspect that he is intentionally inaccurate in the hope of provoking the inference that he is a poet of Christ's class. The Savior spoke in metaphor, in simile, in parable; he was the greatest of symbolists and what he uttered was uttered spontaneously, but he was something more than a poet.

An Engagement Announced

Mrs. Doris Heuer announces the engagement of her daughter Doris to Mr. Beach Dean, a prominent business

man of Oakland. No date has been set for the wedding, but it will probably take place in the summer. Miss Heuer is the youngest and only unmarried one of the Heuer sisters, of whom Alvina married Mr. Willson, the mining man. The Willsons have just gone to Idaho.

Maye Colburn figured among the guests at Raphael Weill's dinner in honor of Madame Gros, on Tuesday. Miss Colburn has had Miss Gros, as her guest this winter, and has given several affairs in her honor. The Weill dinner was notable for the number of brainy people who were present.

McCaleb's Sudden Departure

Tom McCaleb, club man and bon vivant, has not been seen in his favorite haunts for some weeks. His evanishment provoked a lot of speculation in club circles, for he said good-bye to none of his friends, but he sent word to them that he was going to New York. Those who are familiar with McCaleb's past have marveled at his contentment in the prosaic environment in which he has moved in this city for several years. He is a New Yorker who inherited a fortune of over a million, which he spent in travel in a very short time. Then he came to this city and became a member of the Pacific-Union Club, where he lived. He numbers among his intimate friends the richest men in New York society and he has retained his membership in the most exclusive clubs of Gotham. He is a cultured man, but extremely modest. It is not generally known in this city that he once had literary ambition, or that he was the author of a novel before he was twenty-one and that while in Paris he wrote a history of Louisiana. He took great interest in the movement for a City Beautiful and was secretary of the association by which Architect Burnham was employed.

Marie Dressler, Bonnie Maginn and Trixie Friganza are in the Weber burlesques this season.

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GEARY STREET, AT UNION SQUARE



Mrs. Eleanor Martin,
The Mrs. Astor of San Francisco.
(From one of her earlier and favorite photographs).

The Haggins Have Arrived

Early next month Miss Edith Lounsbery, granddaughter of the ex-Californian millionaire, James B. Haggin, will become the wife of Henry Perry. By this wedding it will be made evident that the Haggin social star has reached its zenith after many years of slow progress. When young Mrs. Haggin began her social campaign in New York the society reporters dashed off many humorous paragraphs at her expense. They seemed to regard her as an impossible climber, and yet she possessed the few qualifications for social success and there was nothing that could be urged against her except that she had married a man old enough to be her grandfather, a circumstance that pointed to nothing worse than a sordid temperament. It took a long time for society to thaw in her presence, but in time the mercury moved up and presently the young wife of old Moneybags found herself on intimate terms with some of the people on the edge. Last summer at Newport she took Miss Lounsbery under her wing, and now, I hear, she has secured Janet Fish for a bridesmaid. Miss Fish is the daughter of Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish and that lady will of course appear at the wedding. Miss Laura Swan is another of the bridesmaids and her acceptance insures the presence of the Elisha Dyers and possibly the Reggie Vanderbilts. P. Lorillard Ronalds is to be best man and Arthur Iselin will be one of the ushers, so it is clear that the Haggins are fairly in the swim. Mr. Haggin is now almost a centenarian.

The Farewelling of "Mrs. Peter"

Mrs. Eleanor Martin's grand levee in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Peter Martin, was truly a regal function. Nearly every one on the Alice Roosevelt list was invited and the consequence was another monster jam, but Mayor Schmitz was not among those present, though it would have added greatly to the success of the affair if he



Mrs. Isaac Requa.
Who Leads Society Over the Bay in Oakland.

had been on hand to deliver the farewell address, for in a few days Mrs. Peter will withdraw from our midst, and as everybody knows she is a distinguished personage to whom official honors might appropriately be extended. Mrs. Eleanor Martin chose two imposing matrons to pour tea—Mrs. Will Tevis and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt. The former is as buxom as ever, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding about her loss of flesh. Her amiable face radiated good cheer during the reception and she was surrounded three or four deep by her intimate friends. Mrs. Hewitt is one of the handsomest matrons in society. She has grown very chummy with Mrs. Peter Martin and she may visit Newport. Society has not seen a great deal of her since her marriage.

The Barron Ball

The Barron ball is to be the ball of the winter. It was an excellent stroke of policy to select Czar Ned to lead the cotillion, for by that selection notice is served that the affair is to be gilt-edged and a yard wide. Marguerite Barrow, the interesting daughter of Mrs. Edward Barron, is looked upon as the catch of the season. She is worth a million in her own right and she is a very attractive girl with a foreign air, acquired during a very long residence abroad. Mrs. Barron is giving a series of luncheons during January.

The Drapers

Colonial Draper's ball for his daughter Elsa at the Ingleside club-house was one of the season's most original and delightful events and pioneered the way for other club-house balls. There will shortly be given one at the Golf Club, which has a pretty ball-room with a perfect floor. Mrs. Draper and Miss Dorothy do not expect to return from the East until spring, but the Colonel has proved a most effective cicerone for Miss Elsa in her rightful chaperon's absence.



Photo by Genthe

Miss Lurline Spreckels.

Whose engagement with Spencer Eddy has just been announced.

A Washington Girl

Dorothy Dustan, whose engagement was announced last week, hails from Washington, D. C., and is a comparative newcomer in our swim. She is a great friend of the Shorbs. Recently she entertained for the stately Miss Mel-lus of Los Angeles, who will probably be one of her brides-maids.

Two weddings of importance will be celebrated on the twenty-fourth of this month, on which date Dorothy Dustan and Margaret Wilson will become brides. Miss Wilson's wedding will be an afternoon affair and Miss Dustan's will take place in the evening. The Huntington set will be in evidence at the former affair, and the Shorb-White and army sets will grace the latter.

The Huntington Wedding

It has not yet been decided, I understand, whether the Huntington-Metcalf wedding is to be a church or home affair. It is quite sure that it will not be a splurge for there are none of our plutocrats less ostentatious than the H. E. Huntingtons. When Clara Huntington married Mr. Perkins she had a large church wedding but with no spectacular features. I hear that Marian Huntington will be her sister's maid of honor. The Perkinses, by the way, are talking of making their home in San Francisco.

Helen Bailly has now become identified with the de Young set, and is also an intimate friend of Bessie and Bernice Wilson. Miss Bailly came out two years ago. She and her sister Mary, who recently returned from the Orient, live with their aunt, Mrs. John F. Swift, in the old family home in Valencia street. It is one of the oldest houses in the city but the family still cling to it in spite of its unfashionable location.



Mrs. Lou Mersfelder.

The artists of the Coppa clique have taken note of the fact that the Jules Mersfelders have found one studio too small for two, and they are wondering whether it is because of the expansion of genius, or because one is too critical of the other. Both are very clever artists. Jules Mersfelder took first prize at the St. Louis Exposition, and though he does not give any exhibitions of his paintings he sells a good many to our richest patrons of art. But there are critics who think that the young and handsome Mrs. Mersfelder is the greater artist. However it's all in the family though no longer confined to the same studio. Mrs. Mersfelder is still in the Montgomery street studio and Mr. Mersfelder has moved up town.

Their Latest Fad

The Mesdames Taylor and McNear, always modish and original in their costumes, are exploiting a new fad. They have appeared at several teas this season attired as a color scheme, at one time a study in blue, at another a symphony in pink. Their artistic grouping would delight the soul of a French painter.

Mrs. Milton Pray, who gave a large reception last Tuesday, is one of the prettiest of the young matrons. She was formerly a San Jose girl and is a great friend of the Shafter Howards, whom she visited at Newport last year. Mrs. Shorb-White and Mrs. Reginald Smith assisted Mrs. Pray in receiving her guests.

Mrs. Arthur Franklin Bridge, who has been traveling in China and Japan for the last four months, returned on the *Doric*. Mrs. Bridge was accompanied on the tour by her mother, Mrs. Thirza Smith.

No matter what your appetite may be, you will relish the Table D'Hote Dinner at Tait's Cafe—deliciously seasoned, sizzling hot, incomparably served—\$1, on Sunday with wine \$1.50. Music by Bernat Jaulus and his Orchestra of twelve soloists.

Fitch Between Sheets

I have been reading Clyde Fitch's "The Girl with the Green Eyes," for be it known, the most prolific of American playwrights has had the temerity to put a play between covers, the first that has been given this distinction, and therefore, I should infer, the one that he is willing to have judged on its literary merits. I have been of the opinion, for some years, that the time shall come when it will be possible to consider the best of our plays as literature, but not in my judgment until our best writers take to play-smithing and get their work behind the footlights. Fitch is not one of our best writers, nor is he one of our wise writers, of that I am convinced by seeing his playlet between covers. I saw it a few years ago over the footlights and it was diverting, but in the reading it is inane, vapid and boring. Mr. Fitch should be seen, not read. He is a successful dramatist because he knows how to tell a story pictorially. It requires genius to do that and Fitch has the genius for inventing physical action that allures. The words of his dialogue are scarcely more numerous than the words descriptive of the "business." He has mastered the greatest trick of his trade but he cannot write literature and he should keep out of the book market. His plays are not as well worth putting into the hands of the reader as are the plays of Shaw, Pinero, Wilde, Ibsen, Sudermann and Hauptmann. The Fitch play is not palatable on the printed page, but it will serve as a textbook in the art of dramatic construction. It will also serve to expose the feebleness of the American drama that pays, for with the printed stupidity in hand and the leisure to digest the lack of wit that feeds the public with situations that a single lucid speech would explode, you may realize just what nonsense we are tolerant of on the stage. It will give the aspiring dramatist the courage to write down to the fools in the cushioned chairs. As a reader you have the time to apply the knife of analysis to the characters, to search for the touch of real life that is not to be found, for the living word falling from the living mouth, and you find that the characters are a number of automata and you conclude that if one flesh-and-blood individual were to intrude upon the scene he would destroy the illusion with a syllable.

The Letters Of Ibsen

After reading Fitch it is refreshing to turn to the "Letters of Henrik Ibsen," a volume that recently came out, for in them even more truly than in his plays, is revealed the magnificent character of the Norseman. Argument may prevail indefinitely over the moral aspect of Ibsen's dramas, but of their inherent strength, their truth, and their masterful technique, both in plot and dialogue, there can be no question. It is no idle word that proclaims the wasting figure of the aged Norseman as the greatest in Europe, and now we are permitted to search his secret self, to look into the individuality that worked with splendid results through several decades that brought scant appreciation, and which were marked by bitterest criticism not only from his own countrymen, but from the great majority of intelligent observers in all Europe. In these letters Ibsen ranges almost every problem of life, and to probe them would call for infinitely more intimate knowledge than that concerned with the stage, and though he is a polemic, he is also a true technician. Unlike Shaw, he always sticks

to his plot. He is always the dramatist first and the preacher afterwards. And throughout his life he has been true to himself. In his letters he preaches the virtue of the course that he has pursued. Hear what he said when Clemens Petersen, the Danish critic, held that "Brand" was not poetry: "My book is poetry; and if it is not, then it will be. The conception of poetry shall be made to conform to the book." Ibsen drew from the art of all ages, and then he created an art of his own. Mark the man satisfied with himself in another letter to Petersen: "I cannot agree with you concerning certain parts of 'Peer Gynt.' Of course I bow before the laws of beauty, but I have no regard for its established customs. You name Michael Angelo. In my opinion no one has sinned more against the established conventions of beauty than he; but everything which he has created is beautiful nevertheless because it is full of character. Raphael's art has really never warmed me; his personages belong to a time before the fall of man; and, after all, the southerner has a different sense of the esthetic."

The Simple Life Lived Luxuriously

When so many capitalists began putting their money into apartment houses and a new one was started nearly every week, the croakers predicted direful results. They said there were not enough wealthy people in San Francisco to pay the large rents demanded in the first class apartment houses. But how their prediction failed to materialize! The high-priced, most luxurious of these ventures are the ones that are the most popular among the smart people. Take the Charlemagne in Geary street, near Van Ness avenue, for instance. It is one of the newest of the apartment houses, and immense sums were spent upon it, both inside and outside. The decorations are beautiful and artistic. There is a cafe which has the finest of appointments and service. Before the Charlemagne was finished many of the forty apartments had been engaged. This is but an instance proving how this comfortable manner of living the simple life luxuriously, away from household cares, has caught on among San Franciscans.

Exposure And Suppression

"The Literature of Exposure" is a phrase which has come much into vogue lately. The chief exponents of this so-called literature are Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, and Thomas W. Lawson. On the strength of their success articles dealing with scandals in private and public life are

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in great demand. George Alger tells us that "Exposure has become a peculiar art, which, like some other arts, seems to exist for its own sake, and that the literature of exposure grows out of an almost superstitious reverence for publicity. "From the testimony that is being given in New York in the suit of Colonel Mann of that unique society sheet, *Town Topics*, against the Colliers, growing out of the "Fads and Fancies" scandal, it appears that the literature of exposure is scarcely more profitable than the literature of suppression. From that testimony I should judge that New York society has an almost superstitious reverence for privacy, and yet from all that appears in the gush columns of the dailies about the social leaders of Gotham, the impression is irresistible that they have a craze for the literature of exposure. The temperament of the plutocracy is decidedly paradoxical.

It may not be true that one of our local politicians won a hundred dollar bet that he was unable to even begin the Lord's prayer, by instantly exclaiming, "Now I lay me down to sleep"; but it sounds as if it might be true, just the same.

Race Suicide In France

Those Frenchmen who think seriously on public questions are again disturbed by the showing made in the latest figures of the birth and death rates. There appears to be a steady decline in the actual number of births and a slight increase in the death rate. Last year the births and deaths of France were divided from each other only by the insignificant margin of 57,000. The population of France remains practically stationary, while her neighbors all about are showing an increase. Since the Franco-Prussian War the population of Germany has increased from about 35,000,000 to 60,000,000, while that of France remains at about 38,000,000. It is evident that France is once more in need of a propagation fund or a strenuous apostle to preach against race suicide. Some few voices have been lifted up in that gospel, but the French as a rule only laugh at them.

The Grimthorpe Contest

A good story was missed when Lord Grimthorpe was permitted to get away from town without telling of the big will contest in which he is about to figure. Grimthorpe was Ernest Becket before he succeeded to his uncle's title. He married a daughter of William Tracy Lee. The deceased Lord Grimthorpe was one of the most famous parliamentary lawyers, but, like most lawyers, left his own affairs in confusion. His estate approximates fifteen millions of our dollars and is not entailed. There are ten principal heirs and about three-score others, who all think they have claims they can substantiate. Lord Grimthorpe left over three hundred "wills"—letters, memoranda on separate bits of paper, instructions contradictory and incompatible, yet each having the force of a testamentary disposition.

To the list of big public utility corporation counsels may now be added the name of Garrett McEnerney. He has become chief counsel of the big gas and electric combine.

One of the more youthful among our local clergy is quoted as saying that "Nobody is a nullity as a nuptial potentiality." We hasten to offer a substitute for this epigram which we think is just as clever and somewhat clearer, to wit: Everybody must love Somebody, else there would be Nobody.

J. H. Cutter

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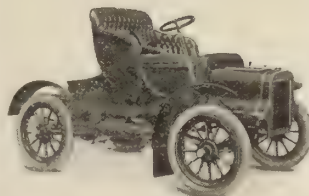


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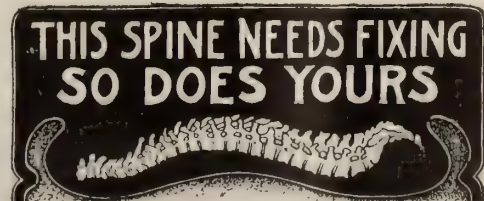
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Before the Gringo Came

"The glory of Spanish-California days before the Gringo came," writes my Los Angeles correspondent, "are recalled by the announcement of the engagement of Miss Victoria Carson, daughter of the George Carsons of Rancho San Pedro, with Hamilton G. Cotton of Pasadena and Los Angeles. The great-grandfather of the bride-elect was Cristobal Dominguez, a Spanish army officer who came to America in 1770 and who was rewarded for deeds of bravery with a land grant which comprised fifty thousand acres including the San Pedro ranch, Rattlesnake Island (now Terminal Island), land in Redondo, Gardena, Compton and Broadacres. Don Manuel Dominguez inherited this grant intact and about thirty thousand acres still remain in possession of the family. Rancho San Pedro was the scene of many brilliant social festivities and on its broad acres was fought one of the first battles between the invaders and the Spanish settlers. In 1829 Don Manuel was made a member of the Ayuntamiento of Los Angeles and a few months later was chosen delegate to the convention which nominated representatives to the Mexican Congress. In 1832 he was made first alcalde and judge of the first instance in Los Angeles and in 1849 he was a delegate to the convention which formulated the constitution of California. The land which he possessed went at his death to his daughters, Mrs. Victoria Carson, Mrs. John F. Francis, Mrs. G. del Amo, Mrs. C. E. Guyer, Mrs. Dolores Watson and Miss Guadalupe Dominguez. The wedding of Miss Carson and Mr. Cotton will take place shortly on the historic San Pedro rancho."

Mrs. Alice Prescott Smith has a new book ready to come out this spring. While in the East recently she put the finishing touches upon the manuscript, which was written during the summer at Los Gatos. The book treats of the Northwest Indians.

Andrew Bogart in England

A San Franciscan just back from abroad tells me that "Andy" Bogart has been engaged to sing the leading part in Andre Messager's new opera, "The Little Michus," now playing at Daly's theatre, London. Since making his operatic debut at the Tivoli here, Bogart has been gaining experience in the "provinces" of Great Britain. He sang throughout England the part of Edgar Verney, the artist hero in "The School Girl," one hundred times and always with tremendous success. It was while singing the leading part in Leslie Stuart's charming opera at King's theatre, Hammersmith, S. W., that the Californian was offered the leading singing part in "The Little Michus." W. H. Dawes, one of George Edwardes' manager-directors, heard Bogart sing at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, and was so

impressed with his work that he followed the singer to the King's theatre and immediately signed him for the Messager opera. The saying that good things run in threes came true in Bogart's case, for no sooner had he agreed to accept Dawes' offer when he was offered the leading roles in "The Gay Parisienne" and "The Orchid," and some other road company managers also put in a bid for his services.

Miss Kirwin's Complaint

Miss Lenora Kirwin is a very nice little actress but not a very amiable one, I should judge from her complaint against the Alcazar management. It is a very difficult matter, that of catering to the vanity of the members of a stock company, and the Alcazar management has never attempted it. That is what I like about it. The mummies are cast with a view to securing balance, smoothness, proportion and the best general effects. The individuality of the mummer is not exploited. Yet the Alcazar management has got on amazingly well with the members of the stock company. Miss Kirwin came to town to play ingenue roles under a contract for ten weeks. She has been playing sixteen weeks. She came from a very small stock company in a very small town and she found herself in pretty fast company. She had been playing in homespun dramas in which the ingenue roles were the leading parts. She did not get such parts at the Alcazar. She thought it unfortunate that she was always playing slaveys. Presently a play with a slavey role was staged and Miss Juliet Crosby was cast for the part. Miss Kirwin thought she should have it and failing to get it she made the complaint that Miss Crosby was jealous of her and that she had taken advantage of her pull derived from her husband, who is one of the proprietors of the theatre. Yet during the sixteen weeks of Miss Kirwin's engagement, Miss Crosby has been in only three plays, and at the very time that the complaint was made Miss Kirwin was cast for the ingenue role of Midge in "The Cowboy and the Lady" and Miss Crosby was cast for the minor role of Miss Carter. It happens, moreover, that Juliet Crosby is beloved by everybody connected with the theatre for her amiable temperament and for her readiness at all times to subordinate herself to others. From all that I have seen and heard of her I am constrained to think that she has the temperament of the true artist and from the facts as they appear I think it unfortunate that Miss Kirwin should have so hastily rushed into print with her grievance. That Juliet Crosby does not, as alleged, wish to play the fat ingenue roles, is evident from the fact that before giving Miss Kirwin her notice, Mr. Price engaged Effie Bond for leading ingenue. Miss Bond has been assigned to the part of Tweeney, the cockney maid in "The Admirable Crichton," the part played by Patti Brown in London.

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The Mizner Luck

Wilson Mizner, whom the dailies will have it is to marry the widow Yerkes, is one of the luckiest of the Mizner brothers, of whom "Addie" and Lansing are more socially prominent. Wilson used to be a great chum of "Ollie" Tobin and I believe that Ollie parted with considerable of his money in aiding his fidus Achates to pose as a wealthy horse owner in the East, about a year ago. Mizner ran his ponies in several races but his luck was not uppermost. However he and his chum enjoyed their experiences and learned a good deal about New York club life.

To Wed Next Month

Though Marie McKenna has decided upon an Easter week wedding, when she becomes the bride of Davenport Brown of Boston, her sister Hildegard's marriage with John Leggett Pultz will be pulled off early in February. My correspondent writes: "At first Miss Hildegard thought a double Easter wedding would be charming, but changed her mind. Miss Roosevelt's marriage with Mr. Longworth is also to be a February affair."

Refused the Richest Bachelor in America

I hear that Mrs. Ernest Wiltsee (Emily Lorillard Taylor) is contemplating a visit to her old home in San Francisco. The Wiltsees have been very much feted since their marriage, and have been enjoying the hospitalities of smart Philadelphia, Washington and New York. A correspondent writes me that Ernest Wiltsee's bride is more beautiful than ever, and her aunt, Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Sr., is as fond of her as she was in the days when she chaperoned Emily Taylor in society. Rumor says that in accepting the Denver mining man Miss Taylor refused a greater financial catch, none other than "Silent Jim" Smith.

The Climber in Uniform

The latest story about the army officer at the Presidio who spends much of his time improving his social status and familiarizing himself with the social connections of the so-called "best people" is to the effect that he has been trying to get into the Entre Nous Club. Now as everybody knows, that club is composed of young people who are not wealthy enough to get into the real swagger swim. They are very nice young people but Ned Greenway doesn't know them. They are not of the spectacular sets. The name of the club made an impression on the climber in soldier clothes and he wanted to know something about it. He was told that only the very swellest people could get an invitation to the Entre Nous dances, that the Entre Nous was the most swagger organization in the city. He quickly rushed off to Mrs. Ynez Shorb-White to ask her

to use her influence with Mrs. Eleanor Martin to persuade that all-powerful dowager to secure an invitation for him to the next dance of the club with the French name. I am told that there are some members of the Entre Nous Club who would stoutly object to the admission of an army officer who makes such a guy of himself as does the chap who is so eager to be close up to the "best people."

He Is a Journalist, Too

Ex-Senator Kearns of Utah, who owns gold mines, a big interest in a railroad, and several thousand acres of land, has also, I have learned, one newspaper and practically controls a second. The ex-Senator has had as his guest at his beautiful home near Santa Rosa Mr. Elliott Kelly, the president and general manager of the *Evening Telegram* of Salt Lake City. Mr. Kelly has not been in San Francisco solely on pleasure bent. He has been studying the mechanical departments of the three morning papers and the ex-Senator declares that before the year is very much older he will have a plant that will be equal to any in San Francisco. There is one thing about Kearns—he does nothing half way, and when he starts in to improve a property he will have the best to be had or he will drop it

The Genial Pomeroy

Among the new faces seen at social functions these days is that of E. M. Pomeroy, who is on the freight end of the Pennsylvania system. Mr. Pomeroy is not one of the highest salaried officials in all the great Pennsylvania system but he doesn't need a big salary. He lives modestly, he is a college man, having enjoyed the advantages of an institution called La Fayette, and he has a pleasing manner and a distinguished air, though not quite so distinguished as that of Mr. Ritchie of the Chicago and Northwestern, who is said to have the most extensive wardrobe in railroad circles, that of Mr. Harry Bucks not excepted. It is predicted that Mr. Pomeroy will make a hit in society.

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SPEND THE WEEK END

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AT HOTEL DEL MONTE

Bessie Bowie expects on her return from Paris this summer to give a concert for her friends, who were much disappointed that upon her last visit she gave them no chance to pass upon her merits. It is not Miss Bowie's ambition to become an opera singer, but a concert artist.

The public is given a cordial invitation to attend the annual meeting of the Sempervirens Club, of which Mrs. Lovell White is president. It is called for this Saturday afternoon, in the main parlor of the Palace. Rev. Eli McClish, president of the University of the Pacific at San Jose, will deliver the annual address and other speakers will discuss the forestry interests of the state.

In Pauline Hall's comic opera company presenting "Dorcas" are May Bouton, Josephine Bartlett, and Ethel Comstock.

Collins's nickname should be changed from "Technical George" to "In Again Out Again George."

My nurse, Bridget O'Flaherty, married a miner named Pat Dolan. Dolan struck it rich and died. It took the Widow Dolan twenty years to do it; but time and money together work wonders. Then I by letter: "Tell me, Bridget, between you and me and the wall, how it feels to be in the swim." Following Philip Sydney's advice, Bridget looked into her heart, and wrote: "Dear Sir: Like a fish out of water Is me an me daughter. Very sincerely, (Mrs.) Patricia De L'Ane."

In the Financial Field

Business on the Stock and Bond Exchange shows a slight improvement, though not enough to be called satisfactory. Trading in Bonds aggregates \$494500, in Shares 5413, distributed as follows: 1255 Lighting, 1310 Water, 818 Miscellaneous, 10 Banks and 2020 Sugars. There were no changes in lighting or water stocks. Alaska Packers was steady at the previous figures.

There is a fair demand for the stock at about 52, but the supply is quite equal to the demand. Sugar stocks showed more strength than for some time, caused by the good showing the plantations made at the commencement of the grinding season and also by the strength of the raw sugar market. It might be well to keep an eye on sugar stocks.

—The Financier.

The annual clearance sale at S. & G. Gump Co.'s, 113 Geary street, which will continue through the month of January, is attracting art lovers. All the beautiful and varied collection gathered abroad and in this country is included in the sale, and there is a discount on everything. No one should miss this opportunity of obtaining objets d'art and objets de vertu at the Gump sale.

There will be a Masked Carnival on Roller Skates at the Mechanic's Pavilion on the evening of January 16th. Extra seating capacity has been arranged for and each admission ticket will be provided with a number which will entitle the holder to a chance on a beautiful diamond ring. Handsome prizes will be awarded to the various character costumes.

A Disastrous Undertaking

He undertook—his name was Stokes—
Upon the strength of his own jokes

For to support a wife;
But she so hard was to uphold,
And they so feeble were and old,
He couldn't, to save his life;
The jokes fell flat.

She was so light,
He dropped her quite.
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The Stage

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It is a long time since we have seen Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu." It was believed to have been done to death by amateur thespians, but along comes our old friend Louis James in a fine revival of the fine old play, surrounded by a pretty strong company and giving a performance of considerable artistic merit. Bulwer Lytton was such an insufferable pedant that some of us are inclined to scoff at him, but one thing must be said to his credit—he was skilled in the technique of the dramatist's art. He wrote several good plays, viewed from the technical standpoint and "Richelieu" was one of them. There is much fustian in it and much exaggeration in character drawing, but it has a good story for a theme and it is well told. Louis James in the star role may not fill the popular conception visually, but he plays it with great earnestness and it is a pleasure to hear his sonorous, resonant voice in the musical speeches which he utters with a fine appreciation of the value of cadence. Indeed it is the fulness of this appreciation that rather mars the art of Mr. James. He lends too ready an ear to the music of his own voice, the consequence being that his reading has a sensual rather than an intellectual appeal. It is evident at times that in his striving for rhythmic effect he is not conscious of the text. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the scene where he threatens to launch the curse of Rome. Mr. James is distinctly of the old robustious school and he is entitled to rank as its leading exponent in this country today, especially when he includes such roles as Richelieu and Virginius in his repertoire. There are some roles in which he is without a peer, some are character roles and one is that of the fool in "Francesca da Rimini," but Mr. James prefers to be a star in the classic drama and in a measure he is justified. He has many admirers, some of whom were at the Columbia Monday night, and they constituted one of the most enthusiastic audiences that ever thronged that theatre. It was a most demonstrative audience and it insisted on numerous curtain calls. Mr. James surely had the cockles of his heart warmed Monday night.

Theodore Bonnet.

Inspiration of Crichton

J. M. Barrie, the English playwright, found the inspiration for "The Admirable Crichton"—to be given its first San Francisco production at the Alcazar next week—in one of William Ernest Henley's poems, which is number XXXVII in the "Echoes," two lines of which are quoted in the play by Mr. Waldron as Crichton. The poem in full is as follows:

"Or ever the knightly years were gone,
With the old world to the grave,
I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Christian Slave.

"I saw, I took, I cast you by,
I bent and broke your pride,
You loved me well, or I heard them lie,
But your longing was denied.
Surely I knew that by and by
You cursed your gods and died.

"And a myriad suns have set and shone
Since then upon the grave
Decreed by the King in Babylon
To her that had been his slave.

"The pride I trampled is now my scathe,
For it tramples me again,
The old resentment lasts like death,
For you love, yet you refrain.
I break my heart on your hard unfaith,
And I break my heart in vain.

"Yet not for an hour do I wish undone
The deed beyond the grave,
When I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Virgin Slave."

William A. Brady recently produced for one night only in Milwaukee "The Good for Naught," an Indian drama a la "Hiawatha." The play is in five acts, representing the seasons and a lily pool. Brady gave the one night production merely to protect his rights to the play which will not be sent out until next season. Either Lackaye or Mantell is to have the role of the hero.

Eleanor Robson will have four new plays next season, which she will present at one of the Broadway theatres. Rostand, Jerome, Fitch and McLellan all have plays for Miss Robson.

Bellew on the "Ethical Purpose"

Kyrle Bellew, the handsome stage counterfeit of that fascinating rascal Raffles, was discussing with some friends the other evening the question as to whether plays should have an ethical purpose. The theme was not a new one to the gathering any more than it might have been to the members of that certain society whose aim is the controversial consideration of such academic subjects, but the sincere and forceful contribution to the argument made by Mr. Bellew, as follows, rather startled the rest: "The question," said the eminent English actor, "whether a play should be written with an ethical purpose comes up with the discussion as to the position of the theatre in the social economy of today. When the Church and State are ready to accept the theatre as a public educator, an ethical purpose will be necessary to every play. But just so long as the theatre is regarded merely as a business, is ignored by the State and frowned upon by the Church, the commerce of the drama is likely to foster the purely amusement side of the question and to ignore ethics entirely. As a matter of fact, I am inclined to think that every play teaches a lesson of some sort, if one only will look into it deeply enough, though the so-called plays of certain socialistic writers of our time deliberately teach the wrong one, and are abhorrent and dangerous. All you have to do nowadays is to tell your public that your play is meant to teach them a lesson, and it is wonderful with what unanimity they will transfer their patronage to some meretricious amusement in some music hall."

The Orpheum's bill this evening is almost entirely new, Edwards Davis and his company being the holdovers. The English grand opera trio has scored a big success in a scene from "Il Trovatore." Lewis McCord returns with his old playlet, "Her Last Rehearsal," as good as ever. The German equilibrists, Mareena, Nevaro and Mareena, are very clever.

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Profits of Playwrighting

It pays to be a dramatist. Barrie has found the return so large that he has practically abandoned his story writing. Shaw has made so much money out of his comedies in the last few years that he can hardly consistently continue to air his Socialistic doctrines and preach the equal distribution of wealth. The Irishman is a pretty good joker in more than one sense. Once upon a time, when he was filled with an ambition to elevate the race, he refused to accept a salary of more than \$7,500 a year for his work as dramatic reviewer. But Shaw has changed since. His first tendency to moderation in Socialism was shown after he wedded a woman with a fortune of about \$150,000. Since Arnold Daly first staged "Candida" Shaw undoubtedly has received more than this amount in royalties. What has been Clyde Fitch's revenue in the last few years? What has been the remuneration of Augustus Thomas? A few months ago, before "The Bad Samaritan" failed, it was said with intimate knowledge of the facts that George Ade's earnings for the present season would be \$150,000. Of course, the retirement of "The Bad Samaritan" will cut down these figures; still Mr. Ade, getting more than \$100,000, will have enough to keep the wolf from the door. Ade seems to have become afflicted with a bad case of the globe-trotting habit. Last winter he chased away to Japan, and now he is headed for Egypt. He reached the Flowery Kingdom by a swing through the West Indies and Mexico, and now he plans to arrive in Cairo after a circuitous trip



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At the Columbia

through Southern Europe. Even if Ade obstinately refuses to get wedded, he must get a lot of satisfaction out of his wealth. Whenever he tires of foreign countries he races home to his farm in Indiana, where, he says, the corn grows inches higher than anywhere else in the Hoosier state. With all his success Ade remains as modest as ever. He could not be induced to make a speech at the banquet in honor of Mark Twain. He has never got further than his first-night talks, which have not in any instance set a new standard for dramatists.

Judith of Bethulia

In "Judith of Bethulia" Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has given us a very charming poetic drama, one that is full of good reading and that affords almost as much pleasure to the eye as to the ear, but he has not succeeded in making out of his material any more than there was in it. He was not any more faithful to the Biblical story than was necessary and yet his imagination failed to serve him to good purpose. Despite his infusion of the amorous passion into the breast of his heroine and his introduction of Achior as a lover of the rich and fanatical widow, he utterly failed to create the conflict without which there can be no drama. From the viewpoint of the modern audience the apocryphal episode is far from being an ideal story for dramatic representation. It is not easy to bring a modern audience into sympathetic touch with the female butcher of Bethulia whose faith in God's partiality to the



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SCENE FROM "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON" AT THE ALCAZAR

children of Israel was sublime but who committed a very cold-blooded murder in furtherance of a bit of military strategy far more reprehensible than that by which General Funston captured the Filipino chieftain. Poet Aldrich vests the drama with deep religious feeling and expresses in smooth verse the emotions of the persons who figure in the several episodes. Technically he does fairly well but he has not given us genuine drama. "Judith of Bethulia" is not the drama that grips, the drama that creates suspense and holds you while the figures on the stage work out their destiny before your eyes. Mr. Aldrich tries to justify Judith but fails. His play is not worth while. Nance O'Neil should cast it from her repertoire.

The Fitch Melodrama

Rattling good melodrama is Clyde Fitch's "The Cowboy and the Lady" which is on at the Alcazar this week. It is a play that more clearly than most others that have come from the Fitch pen exposes the method of the playwright, his faculty for telling his story in a series of tableaux. The big scene of the play is of course the climax which occurs when the dead body is discovered by North and Mrs. Weston, followed by the conclusion of each that the other committed the murder. Much that precedes this scene is diverting, a little of it is exciting and it is nearly all dragged in by the heels, but the magic of Fitch makes it plausible and the Alcazar mummies supplement the ingenuity of the playwright. Though Teddy North is not a role into which Charles Waldron fits by reason of temperamental adaptability he brings out pretty nearly all there is in the part. The same may be said of Miss Evelyn. Mr. Lee Baker catches the spirit of the half-breed and plays the part with reptilian ferocity. Miss Nera Rosa lends distinction as well as weight to the musician of the dance hall, and if Adele Belgarde were less theatric in delivery she would be a capital dance hall keeper for she is more realistic in appearance and action than in utterance.

"Foxy Quiller"

The character of Foxy Quiller proved such a happy conceit in "The Highwayman" that Librettist Smith decided to work that vein a little further and the musical comedy bearing the name of the amusing detective was the result. "Foxy Quiller" is the central figure of the musical hodgepodge at the Tivoli this week and in the hands of George Kunkel he is fully as mirth-provoking as Smith intended him to be. Kunkel is one of the best comedians that ever appealed to the risibles of Tivoli patrons. He is not of the slap-stick order of fun makers. He is the antithesis, for instance, of Teddy Webb. He hands out no diagrams with his jokes. He evokes not the guffaw, but he has a subtle wit, a refined method, and a persuasive manner. In the role of Foxy Quiller he is at his best. The Tivoli company gives a rattling good performance in this piece, which abounds in pretty music and comic situations. There are some very pretty solos, duets and ensemble music and it all goes with a dash and a swing that should delight lovers of this style of entertainment.

A Classic at the Alhambra

Not even in "Leah the Forsaken" is the contrast between the new and the old-style melodrama so forcibly presented as in "The Two Orphans," which the Alhambra has revived with sumptuous scenic effects this week. "The Two Orphans" is called a classic nowadays and as such is interesting as any antique would be. Viewed as a drama it lacks perspicuity. We are so used to the modern playwright's way of explaining things as he goes along that

COLUMBIA

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LEADING
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Beginning Monday, January 15.
Six nights—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Farewell testimonial engagement to Mlle. Helena

MODJESKA

Supported by unrivalled company. Direction of Mr. Jules Murry.

Monday, Tuesday and Saturday Nights—"Macbeth."
Wednesday Matinee and Friday Night—"Much Ado About Nothing."
Wednesday and Thursday Nights and Saturday Matinee—"May Stuart."
Sunday January 21—"The Yankee Consul"

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"THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"

By Author of The Little Minister

Evenings 25c to 75c; Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 15c to 50c
Jan. 22—The Berkeley Student Farce

"THE STRENUOUS LIFE"

(James Wobberts, Freshman)

By Richard Walton Tully of This City

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Phone "Grand Opera House"
Grand Opera House Co.
Lessee

Farewell Week Commencing Monday, Jan. 15th of the engagement of
America's Greatest Tragedienne

NANCE O'NEIL

In the following productions:

Monday Evening—"Elizabeth."
Tuesday Evening and Wednesday Matinee—"The Fires of St. John."
Wednesday and Thursday Evenings—"Monna Vanna."
Friday Evening—Grand Testimonial Tendered to MISS NANCE O'NEIL;
when she will play "MACRETH."
Saturday Matinee—"The Jewess."
Saturday Evening—"Magda" (Close of engagement)
Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1. Box seats, \$1.50
Beginning Sunday Matinee, January 21st—"VON VONSON."

Orpheum

O'Farrell between
Stockton and Powell
Streets

Week Commencing
Sunday, Mat. January 14.

VOLUMINOUS VAUDEVILLE

FRED LENNOX & COMPANY, Presenting "On His Uppers," by GEORGE ADE;
Rice and Cady; Herbert's Dogs; Le Brun's Grand Opera Trio; Five Pifoscoffs;
Marcena, Nevano and Marcena; Joseph Newman; Orpheum Motion Pictures and
Last Week of

LEWIS MCCORD AND COMPANY

Regular Matinees Every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.
PRICES—10c, 25c and 50c.

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Reproductions of the World's Masterpieces in their original Colors

TUES. EVE., JAN. 16, "DRESDEN"
THURS. EVE., JAN. 18, PARIS. NO. 1
SAT. EVE., JAN. 20, PARIS. NO. 2

LYRIC HALL

119 EDDY ST. ABOVE MASON
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Alhambra Theatre

Corner of Eddy and Jones Sts;
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BELASCO & MAYER, Props.

Matinee today and tonight. Last performances tomorrow afternoon and night of
D'Ennery's sterling romantic drama

"THE TWO ORPHANS"

Commencing Monday night, January 18, all week
Matinees Saturday and Sunday

The Phenomenal Child Actress

LITTLE OLLIE COOPER

In Her Latest Success

"THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER"

The play will be given in its entirety as produced at the Alcazar Theatre last month.
All of the Alhambra favorites in the cast.
Special Souvenir Matinees Saturday, Jan. 20, and Sunday, Jan. 21. A handsomely
mounted Photo of Little Ollie Cooper will be distributed.
Alhambra prices will prevail—Evenings 10c to 50c. Matinees 10c, 15c, 25c.

D'Ennery's way of clouding our perceptions by veiled hints in the dialogue distracts from the dramatic interest. But in this old tale of the orphaned Henriette and Louise I find much material that has been used by later dramatists to better advantage. The blind girl's experiences in the old boat house—have we not seen similar situations in "Sherlock Holmes" and earlier melodramas of less reputation? The Countess de Linieres, is she not Lady Deadlock under another title? There are six acts in the D'Ennery play, each necessitating a new setting and a long wait for the audience, but the acts themselves are so short as to seem choppy and unfinished. There is, however, a great deal of intense emotional interest in this play and it is brought out with considerable skill. The Alhambra mummers, strengthened by Miss Creighton as Henriette and Miss Kane as the Countess, revel in the archaic costumes and phraseology of the classic. Miss Ellsmere plays the blind girl with simplicity but with searching pathos. Mayall as the crippled Pierre is artistic. Shumer is picturesque in the garments of the brutal Jacques. Maggie Francis Leavy is the most villainous of hags as La Frochard. Boardman as Marquis de Presles dies effectively in the fete scene. Emery has the biggest chance of all as the noble Chevalier de Vaudrey, and is beribboned and bewigged in harmony with his role. Miss de Costa gives a drinking song in the fete scene, but truth compels me to admit that though the audience gave her a double encore for her effort, this charming soubrette's vocal talent is not on a par with her dramatic gifts. Nicholls, who is the new stage director of the company, allotted himself but a small role as the Count de Linieres. But he turned what might have been an interruption into a very graceful bit of stage business when one of Miss Kane's admirers sent some flowers to her over the footlights regardless of the possible spoiling of a scene.

Walter Belasco is making a great reputation locally as a character actor. His methods are much like those of George Osbourne, of whom he has evidently been a close student. In "The Heart of Maryland" Belasco gave a most artistic impersonation of the deaf old sexton.

Frances Starr, late ingenue at the Alcazar, is playing Octavia in Amelia Bingham's revival of Sardou's "Cleopatra," the Bernhardt version of the play, at Proctor's Fifth Avenue theatre in New York.

Holbrook Blinn, Jeffreys Lewis and Joseph Wheelock, Jr. are all in the New York cast of "The Clansman," which was given its premier in New York this week. "The Clansman" as a novel is revoltingly realistic; as a play it must be even more so. It is not a play for the matinee girl.

Fay Templeton is the prima donna of George M. Cohan's "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," at the New Amsterdam, New York.

The Stolle Travel Talks

The Camera Club and the women's culture clubs formed a goodly part of the large audience that assembled in Lyric hall on Tuesday evening to listen to the first of Fraulein Antonie Stolle's illustrated talks on European art treasures. The Fraulein is not a spellbinder but she is an entertaining talker and her explanations of the beautiful pictures she has gathered, and the places she has visited are explicit without being fatiguingly long. Rome's art treasures were the subject of Tuesday's lecture. "Florence" was discussed Thursday night, and today (Saturday) "Venice" will be treated. It is a liberal education to the

untraveled to attend these talks on art in Europe, and the traveled enjoy revisiting the old scenes and seeing the old pictures.

Taken On Trust

A New York man who is inclined to be cynical attended a matinee of "Die Walkure" and as he came out remarked: "There is no use of talking, these Wagnerites have to take a good deal of their opera on trust. Take this show I've just seen, for example. At the end of the second act Hunding is supposed to kill Sigmund upon a rocky cliff. The stage directions in the libretto say he does and the words of the story confirm this impression, but how many have really ever seen that act of justice committed? I never have. And I've given up any idea of ever seeing it. And then there was the magic fire scene at the end. You are supposed to see Brunnhilde lying on her fiery couch, but all of that bit of the beginning of her long sleep I've seen today is a cloud of steam that hid everything on the stage."

The splendid reproductions of the great paintings of Europe with explanatory talks by Fraulein Antonie Stolle will continue at Lyric hall this week. Tuesday night, January 16th, will be devoted to the galleries of Dresden and many examples of the works of Palma Vecchio, Corregio, Titian, Cranach, V. d. Werf, and many others will be shown. On Thursday night Paris, Versailles, and the Louvre will be the subject and at the Saturday matinee Paris, the Pantheon, the Luxembourg, and the modern oil paintings will be discussed. The seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programs may be obtained and special arrangements made for schools, clubs, etc.

This observation of an actress in "The World and His Wife" applies equally well to operatic aspirants: "Unless you have the beauty of a Venus, the hide of a rhinoceros, the constitution of a horse, the diplomacy of a Machiavelli, and unbounded influence and impudence, put out of your mind the thought of adopting the already miserably overcrowded stage as a career." A Voice should of course be added.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

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Second week begins Monday night
De Koven and Smith's Comic Opera Triumph

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Beautiful Scenery, Costumes and Accessories
SPLENDID CAST! PERFECT ENSEMBLE!

Regular Matinee Saturday
Usual Tivoli prices 25c, 50c, 75c

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THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 27

Seats \$3, \$2, \$1.50 and \$1; Box seats \$4. Ready next Thursday morning, Jan. 18, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s where complete programs may be obtained.
Mail orders should be accompanied by check or money order payable to Will L. Greenbaum.

COMING—REISENAUER, PIANIST

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JOAQUIN S. WANRELL, Basso; CARLO GENTILE,
Accompanist

Tickets 75c and 50c, including reserved seats. Tickets on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store; corner Sutter and Kearny streets on January 24, 25, 26



Next Week's Bills

Louis James will appear in "Virginius" at the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) night and on Monday comes Modjeska. This is Modjeska's farewell appearance. She will appear in three of her most famous roles. On Monday, Tuesday and Saturday nights "Macbeth" will be played, with Charles Hermann in the leading support. Wednesday matinee and Friday night will be devoted to "Much Ado About Nothing." "Mary Stuart" is to be played on Wednesday and Thursday nights and at the matinee on Saturday. The advance demand for the farewell engagement of Modjeska is indicative of a series of big audiences. "The Yankee Consul," with Harry Short and Vera Michclena at the head of a large company, will be the attraction on Sunday night, January 21st.

There is the keenest interest in the first San Francisco production of "The Admirable Crichton" by J. M. Barrie, author of "The Little Minister." The play caught the fancy of the London public and it thronged the Duke of York theatre during a run of over three hundred nights. Mr. Waldron will play the wonderful butler—Gillette's famous role—at the Alcazar, with Maher as the Earl, Miss Evelyn as the sentimental daughter and Effie Bond—a

favorite of the Whittlesey season—as the Cockney maid Tweeny. To follow comes the college farce "A Strenuous Life" ("James Wobberts, Freshman"), by Richard Walton Tully, author of "Juanita of San Juan." It is soon to have a New York production by Liebler.

The last week of Miss O'Neil's engagement at the Grand will be devoted to repertoire: Monday evening, "Elizabeth, Queen of England"; Tuesday evening and Wednesday matinee, "The Fires of St. John"; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna." Friday evening, a testimonial will be given to Miss O'Neil by many of the prominent citizens of San Francisco and by those who have enjoyed her artistic productions, the program to be "Macbeth." For the Saturday matinee, "The Jewess"; Saturday night, "Magda." This Saturday and Sunday evenings, Miss O'Neil will be seen for the last times in "Judith of Bethulia." Sunday matinee, January 21st, the Swedish dramatic comedy "Yon Yonson" will begin a week's engagement.

"Foxy Quiller" will begin the second week of its run at the Tivoli Monday night. It will probably fill the theatre for some time to come.

Owing to the demand of thousands who were unable to secure seats at the Alcazar last month, Belasco and Mayer will present at the Alhambra the child actress, little Ollie Cooper, in the dual role of "The Prince and the Pauper," by Mark Twain. The original scenery, costumes and effects will be used and all the Alhambra favorites will be in the cast. There will be souvenir matinees on Saturday and Sunday.

The only vaudeville sketch ever written by George Ade will receive its first presentation in this city at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon, when Fred Lennox, the famous comedian, and his company will give "On His Uppers." Rice and Cady, the "jovial German jolliers," will make their first vaudeville appearance in this city. Herbert's dogs do almost everything but talk and "Dink," the diving dog, will give a sensational finish to a remarkable act.

At the Chutes will be Earl and Wilson, eccentric musicians; Stewart, whistling monologist; Petronella D'Arville, virtuoso, and Bothwell Browne's Gaiety Girls, ten in number.

—The Playgoer.



We carry the finest line of Souvenir Goods suitable for prizes for card parties and Dances. Also Cloisonne, Satsuma, Bronzes, Ivory Carved Goods, Ebony Furniture, Silk Embroideries, Etc., for Wedding and Birthday Gifts.

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One of the Four New "Multiple" Switchboards Being Installed at an Immense Cost in San Francisco, Which Will Insure the Highest Efficiency of Service to Its Local Patrons.

This Company Spends More than \$2,000,000 for New Buildings and Switchboards

The Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company is now expending vast sums of money for improvements in its San Francisco system. Prominent among these is the installation of four new improved "Multiple" switchboards, which will result in bringing the local telephone service to as high a state of perfection as it is possible to attain.

The new switchboards mark a new era in the development of modern, up-to-date telephone construction. They have already been installed in the new East "Central" Exchange building, recently completed on Hyde street, near Sutter, which provides for 9,200 main lines, and also in the West "Central" Exchange building, at the corner of Pine and Steiner streets, to accommodate 10,100 main lines.

A fac-simile of the switchboard shown in the illustration will be installed in the new Main "Central" Exchange building, now being completed on Bush street, opposite the California Hotel, which will accommodate 22,300 main lines, and one is now being installed in the South "Central" Exchange building, on West Mission street, near Eleventh, having a capacity of 18,400 main lines. In the four "Centrals" described 300,000 messages will be handled daily by about 1,200 young women operators.

Under the new system, each operator has a designated number of telephone lines to answer, regulated according to the time of day and the number of switches made by the subscribers on her lines. This arrangement was impossible under the old system and insures prompt service and a noticeable saving of time in making the switches.

The cost of the general office building of the company on New Montgomery street, between Mission and Howard, to be used exclusively for its executive offices, brings the aggregate cost of the improvements made by the Telephone Company in this city alone to an amount considerably in excess of \$2,000,000.

The telephone service is being interrupted more or less while the new system is being installed, and the completion of each new "Central" office will show a vast betterment in the general telephone service of the city, but the various "Central" offices are so interdependent that the highest efficiency will be reached only when all of the projected improvements have been completed early in the present year. The people of San Francisco will then receive the best possible service, which cannot be excelled in any other city in the world.

The Mornin's Mornin'

[The author of this clever bit of character verse is unknown to us. We publish it by request.—Ed.]

This is the tale the Cassidy told
In his halls asheen with purple and gold;
—Told, as he sprawled in an easy-chair;
Chewing cigars at a dollar a pair.
—Told with a sigh and perchance a tear
As the rough soul showed through the cracked veneer:
—Told as he gazed on the walls thereby,
Where a Greuze and a Millet were hung on high,
With a rude little print in a frame between—
A picture of Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"I'm drinkin' me mornin's mornin'—but it doesn't taste the same;
Though the glass is iv finest crystal, an' the liquor slips down
like crame;

An' me Cockney footman brings it on a soort of a silver plate—
Sherry-an'-bitters it is, whishiskey is out iv date.

In me bran'-new brownshtone manshin—Fift' av'noo over th'
way.

Th' Cathaydral round th' corner, an' the lord Archbishop to tay,
Sure I ought to be sthiff wid grandeur; but me tastes are mighty
mean,

An' I'd rather a mornin's mornin' at Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"Oh! well do I mind th' shantty—th' rocks, an' th' field beyant,
The dirt floor yellow wid sawdust, an' th' walls on a three-inch
shlant.

(There's a twelve-story "flat" on the site now—'twas meself
that builded the same),

An' they called it 'The Mont-morincy'—though I wanted the
good old name.

Me dinner pail under me oxther, before the whistle blew,
I'd banish the drames from me eyelids wid a naggin', or maybe
two;

An' oh! it was the illigint whishiskey—its like I have never seen,
Since I went for me mornin's mornin' to Shanahan's old shebeen.

"I disremember th' makers—I couldn't tell you th' brand;
But it smiled like the goolden sunlight, an' it looked an' tasted
gr-rand.

When me throat was caked wid morthar, an' me head was
cracked wid a blast,

One drink o' Shanahan's 'dewdrops' an' all me troubles was past.
That's why, as I squat on the cushions, wid divil a hap' orth to do,
In a mornin'-coat lined wid velvit, an' a champagne lunch at two,
The mem'ry comes like a banshee, meself and me wealth between;
An' I long for a mornin's mornin' in Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"A mornin'-coat lined wid velvet—an' me old coat used to do
Alike for mornin' an' evenin' (an' sometimes I slep' in it, too):
An' 't was divil a sup iv sherry that Shanahan kept—no fear;
If you couldn't afford good whishiskey, he'd take you on trust
for beer.

The dacintest gang I knew there—McCarthy (sinathor since),
An' Murphy that mixed the morthar (sure the Pope has made
him a Prince).

You should see 'em, avic, o' Sundays, wid faces scraped an' clean,
When the Boss stood a mornin's mornin' round Shanahan's ould
shebeen.

"Whisht!—here comes his Grace's carriage; 't will be lunch-time
by-an'-by;

An' I dasn't drink another—though me throat is powerful dry;
For I've got to meet the Archbishop—I'm a laborer now no more;
—But ohone! those were fine times then, lad, an' to talk of 'em
makes me sore.

An' whisper—there's times, I tell you, when I'd swap this easy
chair,

An' the velvet coat, an' the footman, wid his Sassenach nose
in the air,

—And the lord Archbishop, himself, too, for a drink o' the days
that ha' been,

For the taste of a mornin's mornin' in Shanahan's ould shebeen."

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I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches
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edy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. En-
close stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 226 E. 9th St., Riv-
erside, Cal.

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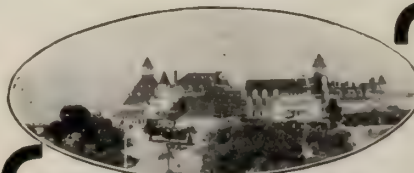
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The Spread of Graft

The righting of public abuses through the medium of the press is spreading, as witness the following extracts from some of our country contemporaries:

Our Postmaster, Jim Smith, was seen Friday night reading a postal card while he was sorting the mail. It may have been addressed to him, but there are those who suspect that he was taking an unfair advantage of some farmer by reading the quotations sent him from the city on the apple crop. Corruption in high places is spreading, and it seems that nobody can escape the taint. A word to the wise is sufficient—*Hawkeville Clarion*.

Abe Hess, who hauls freight between here and the railroad, was detected the other night paying money to a prominent merchant. Was it a rebate on freight hauled? We call the attention of the grand jury to the incident, and demand an investigation. Hess isn't much good to the community, anyway. He has never seen fit to advertise, and his subscription to the *Advocate* hasn't been paid for three years—*Slowville Advocate*.

Monopoly's blighting influence is felt in our midst. The price of oak cordwood has gone up twenty-five cents since last winter. Jed Harrow and Bill Simmons are the only ones who have any oak left, and it is said, on good authority, that they have continued to raise the price. Such combinations undermine the very foundations of our government. We have quite a lot of good pine wood, that we took on subscription, and will sell it at a living price—*Gulch City Bugle*.

Our town council, we discover, reeks with graft. This was discovered through its awarding the town printing to the *Howler*. We know that our bid was the lowest, because

the foreman of the *Howler* told us what its bid would be. We propose to have this matter sifted to the bottom, and to find out why an honest newspaper, which has always stood up for the best interests of the town, can't get what's coming to it.—*Jaytown Snort*.

Among the guests from San Francisco at Del Monte last week were Dr. Anna Lyle, Allan Kittle, G. L. Rathbone, Miss McKinstry, E. W. Runyon, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Pierce.

Among the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were L. J. Sinnard, Mrs. R. E. Mulcahy, Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Winslow, Mrs. J. W. Kayser, New York.

The services of William C. Carl, director of the Guilman Organ School of New York, have been secured by the Church Music Company of that city to edit several collections of organ morceaux. Mr. Carl is a great friend of Marcus M. Henry, the old-time impresario of this city, and sends him a Yuletide gift every year. This year it took the form of an edition de luxe in three volumes of Macaulay's Essays.

Early in February Manager Greenbaum will present Alfred Reisenauer, one of Liszt's favorite pupils, and one of the most brilliant pianists before the public. The success of this artist on his first tour of America two years ago was sensational and it was impossible to secure him for a coast tour, but this time Greenbaum was early in the field, and the result is that we will hear a great pianist of quite a different genre from any we have listened to since Rosenthal. The concerts will be given at Lyric hall, Wednesday and Friday nights, February 7th and 9th, and Saturday matinee, February 11th.

Helen Heath, one of the graduated pupils of the von Meyerinck School of Music, has been secured by Chorister Macurda of the First Baptist Church to sing at the evening services of that church.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

The Peerless Seasoning

Some appetites need to be tempted. Dishes which are ordinarily flat and tasteless, may be made just the reverse by proper seasoning. Soups, Fish, Roasts, Gravies, Salads, etc., are given a delicious flavor by adding

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Beware of Imitations! There is no other near as good.



Remember, Lea & Perrins' Sauce was in universal use a generation before any other so-called Worcestershire Sauce was ever heard of.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

Automobile Topics

Expensive to Express Autos

It is rather an unusual occurrence in the history of local automobiling for a concern to have three big motor cars shipped by express from the East direct to San Francisco for the sole purpose of having them on the ground at the earliest possible date. These are the arrangements the Middleton Motor-Car Company has effected at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars, and the day before yesterday the Electric Vehicle Company of Hartford, Conn., shipped by Wells, Fargo three of the new model 40-45 horse-power Columbias which are due here Tuesday of next week. Late deliveries have always been a great drawback to the automobile business in San Francisco and somehow the Eastern manufacturers do not seem to realize of what importance it is to get their wares out here as soon as possible. At this time the sales for the retail trade in the East are few and far between but in California the season is now at its height. It is a peculiar thing, but most people when they decide to take up the sport of motoring do not waste any time in purchasing their car and dealers who have not their new models early are naturally handicapped considerably. The new Columbias have been expectantly awaited by numerous prominent auto owners in this city and for that reason the Middletons decided to have these cars shipped out here by express, though rather an expensive undertaking.

A Race Meeting

A three-day's automobile race meeting will be held at Agricultural Park, Los Angeles, some time within the next sixty days. One attraction will be a free-for-all race and a match race between Whistling Billy, the White steamer with which Webb Jay won innumerable races the past season, and Frank A. Garbutt's specially constructed racer which has gone many a mile under a minute. The White racer lowered the mile record on a circular track, setting the mark at 48 3-5 seconds, and is said to be faster at present than ever. The next appearance of the White racer will be at the San Jose meet on January 20th. Bert Dingley of Vanderbilt Cup fame and who also was a representative of America in the 1905 Gordon-Bennett race in France, will be at the wheel of the steamer during the meets on the coast this winter. Dingley is one of the most expert of the auto-racing men in the country. He has had considerable experience with steam machines, a White being the first automobile he drove. Dingley says the speed of a gasoline car can be estimated approximately by the rated horse-power, but a steam car's speed is only limited by the amount of steam, and he figures there is no limit to the speed of a steamer, unless it be the ability of the boiler to stand pressure.

Charles D. Blaney of San Jose, who was the first autoist to drive a 1906 car to Los Angeles, is still touring in Southern California in his new White and last week enjoyed a very successful run down to Riverside. This run is a very popular one, especially so with tourists.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Franklin and Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Moses made the run from Oakland to Byron Hot Springs in their Winton, Saturday afternoon, remaining over Sunday.

To realize the enormous amount of capital invested in the automobile industry of this country look at Michigan, where nearly ten millions of dollars are invested in the various automobile factories.

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Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who purchased a model K Winton limousine car from the Winton Motor Carriage Company, writes: "I am using my car to and from St. Andrews' Golf Links, and wish to thank you for sending me such a satisfactory vehicle. The model K is O. K. You will have to get up early in the morning to beat your chassis for 1906." Now, the reason that Mr. Carnegie speaks particularly of his trips to the St. Andrews' Golf Links is that the hill approaching the links is so long and steep that it is regarded in New York as a terror to motorists. It has, however, no terrors for Mr. Carnegie and his Winton model K.

An Eastern correspondent writes that the Thomas Flyer is generally known in and around New York as the "Bankers' Special," owing to the fact that so many bankers use Thomas cars. A few who have purchased 1906 Thomas machines are: B. Dominick (100 Broadway, New York), Randolph Perkins (Jersey City, N. J.), H. Seligman (New York city), J. C. Rodgers, Jr. (10 St. Nicholas Pl., New York), and Mr. C. O. Burgoyne (Dayton, Fla.). J. C. Stubbs, of Chicago, of the Harriman lines of railroad, is the purchaser of a 1906 Thomas Flyer. Mr. Stubbs also owned a Thomas car last season.

Is the model K Winton a good car for California roads? This question was asked of Mr. Harry Rhodes, the veteran chauffeur. "If you could have been with me yesterday, you would not ask that question," said Mr. Rhodes. "We went from Berkeley, over the Fish Ranch Hill, to Walnut Creek. Had a party of four and did not change gears from the time we left Oakland until we arrived at Walnut Creek. Who can duplicate this? There is nothing more to say—the Winton Model K is a wonder on hard road work."

"Hearts and Masks"

This is a delicious bit of holiday comedy, in which mysterious strangers, gentlemen burglars, uninvited guests, and wedding bells are inextricably mixed. A certain swell club in the vicinity of New York was giving a masquerade party to which invitations accompanied by playing cards, were the credentials of admission. The cards were to be retained until the supper hour, when unmasking was to be in order and each was to claim his partner by the tokens held. Two persons, a gentleman and a lady, unknown to each other, but altogether irreproachable, had determined to attend the affair without the formality of an invitation. They were in every respect eligible and could have obtained their cards through the proper channels, had they so desired, but it was the spirit of adventure which was upon them, and they followed their errant fancies. Both had given to the door committee, as their "password," the same card, the ten of diamonds, and both intended, after a few hours of stolen pleasure, to escape before the unmasking. Long before that time events shaped themselves so that escape was impossible. Society had been suffering from the activities of an unknown thief, evidently a gentleman, since he succeeded in finding his way into exclusive affairs and helping himself to what pleased his fancy. Before the evening had become too old, some of the ladies began to miss necklaces and hair ornaments, and the steps which were immediately taken to identify the guests were such as to make it embarrassing, to say the least, to the superfluous claimants of the fatal card, who made their hurried escape into the cellar, where they had numerous encounters with animate and inanimate obstacles, and when they made their reappearance among the dancers, were in anything but gala attire. Naturally, they were immediately taken into custody, and while they were establishing their identity the real thief, who had been impersonating a noted detective, made off with his plunder. The story is a light, slight thing, not to be considered seriously, a bit of holiday tinsel and glitter from the pen of Harold McGrath, with illustrations by Harrison Fisher and decorations by Ralph Fletcher Seymour. It is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, and makes a very pretty volume, decked in blue, with a picture of the heroine to adorn the cover.

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Music

The Kopta Recital

A good audience gathered in Steinway hall on Friday evening, January fifth, the occasion being Wenzel Kopta's violin recital. The Beethoven Sonata which opened the program belonged to Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, but Mr. Kopta came into his own in the Bazzini Concerto. The number was one especially suited to the artist's style and temperament, being a combination of simple and beautiful melody with difficult technique. Mr. Kopta was his old self. Academicians may frown on some of his methods, but his fire and feeling never fail to win his audience. An encore being demanded, he responded with Dvorak's "Humoreske." Every player has his own interpretation of this, Mr. Kopta's being light and fanciful. Mr. Gyula Ormay sustained the piano part with his usual ease and skill, and also acted as accompanist in the succeeding numbers. Mr. Ormay is an accompanist who really accompanies. Mr. Kopta had four beautiful solos, particularly charming being the Saint-Saens "Romance," the Spies "Elfentanz," and the Tschaiakowsky "Canzonetta." The Lucia "Fantasia" was a show piece, but Mr. Kopta showed off well in it, and in the Paganini "Moise" for the G string. Mrs. Mansfeldt's solo number was the Chopin "Ballade" in G minor, one of the big things in piano literature, and Mrs. Mansfeldt is one of the few women players capable of doing justice to it. In answer to a recall she gave the lovely Schubert Impromptu in G major. It is to be hoped that the necessary two hundred subscribers will be found for the series of chamber music concerts contemplated by Mr. Kopta and his associates. The violinists are Wenzel Kopta and Hans Koenig, viola Andre Verdier, 'cellist Wenceslas Villapanda, and pianist Mrs. Mansfeldt, a strong combination. Programs of exceptional interest are promised.

A Nativity Play

One of the most interesting events of the Christmas season was the performance of an ancient Nativity Play by "Die Probe" on the evening of January second. For centuries past the peasants of the Bavarian Alps have thus represented the sacred mystery of Christ's incarnation, and anyone who witnessed its reproduction by the members of "Die Probe" can well understand how such a visual presentation as a strengthener of faith must be more potent than any sermon. The young women who took part must be commended for their earnestness, feeling, and absence of self-consciousness. An atmosphere of devotional simplicity was maintained throughout and was shared by the audience. Never once was a false note apparent. Madame von Meyerinck announced at the close of the play that its performance would be a yearly event. This is quite as it should be, and the annual nativity play will no doubt become before long one of the traditions of the Von Meyerinck School. All the various characters were well represented, though both dress and characterization must in many cases have been a matter of no small difficulty. Miss Wilkie as Mary resembled a virgin by Murillo; in fact, the whole first scene reminded one of some early painting of "Dieu parmi les pastoreaux." The dramatis personae were: Mary, Miss Wilkie; Joseph, Miss Bertaud; Two Shepherds, Miss Fedderson, Miss Onyon; Angels, Miss Kimball, Miss Plagemann, Miss Brierton, and Miss Horton; the Three Kings, Miss Spink, Miss Lewis, and Mrs. Elliot; Christ Child, Isabel Forcade. The play was preceded by a musical program as follows: Trio: "Before the Infant Jesus," Brambach, Misses Maguire, Rohde, Horton; Noel, Adams, Mr. Stapf and chorus, interpolated by the following original mediaeval compositions: "Ave Maris Stella," by the monk Herman Von Salzburg, Mrs. Decker-Cox; chorus of Angels, "Up ye Shepherds!," "In dulci Jubilo," Christmas song from the Fourteenth Century, Miss Onyon; "Susani, Susani," from the Fourteenth Century, Misses Fedderson, Onyon, and Bertaud; Lullaby of the Shepherds, "Jesulein, Schoen's Kindelein," "Joseph, lieber Joseph mein," Christmas song from the Fourteenth Century, in unison; song of the three holy kings, "Sei gegruesst," "Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen," Praetorius, Miss Spink; a Christmas song for the children from the Fourteenth Century, Miss Horton; "Ein alt Christ—Metten Liedlein," Miss Kimball. The accompaniments and interpolated music at the organ were played by Miss Edna Wilcox, at the piano by Miss Haley.

The Calve Concerts

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artists. There is little to tell the public about Emma Calve. She was not heard at her best when she appeared here with the Grau company in "Carmen," but no one can forget her wonderful Santuzza in "Cavalleria." Calve can always draw a packed house in the East, for she is one of the most popular of the grand opera stars. This is Calve's first concert tour and she has surrounded herself with some excellent artists. Mlle. Jeanette Vemorel is a young violinist of fine attainments. Beric Von Norden a tenor who has met with success in Europe. Mons. Bouxmann will be remembered as the best star with the French Opera Company from New Orleans which appeared here a few years ago. Mons. Fleury is one of the flautists of the grand opera in Paris and Mons. Decreux is the accompanist. Two concerts only will be given in this city, the dates being Thursday evening, January 25th, and Saturday afternoon, January 27th, at the newly fluted up Alhambra, which now has a heating system and is one of the most comfortable theatres in the city. At the first concert Calve will sing the "Stances from Sapho" by Gounod, the aria from David's "Perle de Brazil," with flute obligato and the Habanera from Carmen. The prices of admission will be \$3, \$2, \$1.50, and \$1. Box seats, 4. The box office opens next Thursday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Mail orders must be accompanied by check or money order made payable to Will L. Greenbaum.

The Minetti Orchestra

The first concert of the third season of the Minetti Orchestra will take place January 26th at Native Sons' hall. This orchestra

is composed of about one hundred amateurs. Mr. Minetti's careful rehearsing and artistic attention to detail have brought its work up to professional standard. It is the only organization of the kind on the coast that has attempted symphony work. The results in this direction have been most satisfactory. Mr. Minetti announces a very artistic program. As San Francisco has no professional symphony orchestra at present, no music lover should miss the coming concert. J. S. Wanrell, basso, is the soloist and Carlo Gentile accompanist. Tickets will be on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s on and after Wednesday the 24th.

Dr. H. J. Stewart announces a pupil concert in California Club hall, 1750 Clay street, next Wednesday evening, January seventeenth. It is invitational.

A Marriage Announcement

I have received cards announcing the marriage in Portland on December twentieth of Mrs. Anita Lewis and Edwin Scott Luther of Providence. The bride is well-known in this city, where she was better known in musical circles as Mrs. H. Lewis. She is a handsome brunette, a dramatic soprano. The bridegroom, I am told, is the only son of ex-Senator Henry C. Luther, who represented his state, Rhode Island, at the last convention of the G. A. R. held in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Luther will spend a year abroad before re-visiting the bride's old home here.

—The Music Critic.

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Thus it Befell at Monte Carlo

(Concluded from Page 7)

to foot she is clad in deep purple; her slippers are of purple leather with towering heels; her hat and veil are all of purple; so, too, her parasol and the lacy handkerchief she holds lightly in her purple-gloved hand. Her dress reveals her superb figure, clinging to all its ample curves, and is drawn tighter by her hand, which raises to an unnecessary height the pale, purple petticoats—all of Tyrean dye. Around the calf of her purple-stockinged leg, boldly displayed to the knee, is coiled a purple serpent set with gems; its head hangs loose, sparkling with a brilliant. This imposing and startling creature stalks up and down on the cranching gravel, out-flaunting the sun, haughty as some sultana, powerful as some Brunhilde—disdainful, self-possessed.

"It is —, an adventuress," says mylord. "She's out to see what she can find to tear and devour. I saw her last year at Wiesbaden—she wore orange then. Has been parading all the week without landing a victim."

Imperious, purple Juno, animal of artifice and pleasure, must that shining garter be of no avail, of no avail that shapely limb, those perfect proportions, that amorous girth of bust and hips. Are not larks caught by shining mirrors and men by shining eyes? What a task was it for your wanton wits to study up with crafty female art the artistic composition and effect of all that plumage, poor, disappointed, wily thing! No gudgeon for your bait? No silly bird to fascinate, no golden fool or calf to coil around, magnificent boa constrictor, even as that little sister serpent coils around that moulded calf of yours? No one to purchase your poison, my proud and purple peddler? Me you cannot tempt, or only to unconscious alliteration! But, your soldierly marching shall not be altogether in vain, for I will paint, with a blend of red and blue, a picture of you and permit you to parade for a few lines to and fro in the columns of a famous and classical weekly in the West. My fellow-citizenesses, I fear, will revile and hate you, but my fellow-citizens will, every one of them, envy me the close contemplation of that exquisite piece of jeweler's work, your snake-garter, all in a sunset city where Junos grow like the roses and gambling is done not in gilded casinos, but in roller-top desks and in a pandemonium, which, my purple puss, they call the Exchange. Away with you, and cease to blot out those fair peaks of the Maritime Alps, far purer than you, far taller and far more purple.

Shortly after, when I returned to Nice, I noticed opposite me in the railway-carriage, a sad-faced, weary man, brown-bearded like the Galilean, with a piteous despair in his blue eyes. He was attempting to explain something in Portuguese to another man who spoke a sort of *lingua franca*. Their conversation progressed slowly or not at all. Neither spoke nor could speak French. That blue eye, I thought, must surely have first opened in the Vaterland. Several times he looked at me with a timid, yearning gaze. I ventured to address him in German—ventured to ask if I could be of service. How eagerly he burst forth! how he held me with his hungry, imploring eye, quite as the Ancient Mariner held the Wedding Guest. Thus ran his story:

He was a native of a little town in the Grand Duchy of Hessen. For ten years he had been in Brazil, as overseer on a coffee plantation. He had earned much money and was going home to see the old "Muetterchen" (his mother-kin)—lest she die and a girl who had been waiting—lest

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she weary. Three steamers lay smoking at Rio de Janeiro, one bound for Bremen, one for Hamburg, one for Marseille. The glamor of the Riviera, of a land never yet seen by him, were irresistible temptations, so to Marseille he went, poor moth, and thence to Monte Carlo. Fresh from savage jungles and lonely tropical plantations, the infection of the place and the playing seized his brain as with madness. In a few days he flung away forty thousand francs. The evening before last he had loaned his last ten thousand francs to a countryman of his—a scoundrel from Dresden, "ein Hochstapler," a high-stepping, smooth-tongued rogue who offered to reimburse his losses. This morning he learned that the *Hochstapler* had flown with a woman—a notorious adventuress. No, he did not know her name, but everybody at Monte Carlo knew her—she dressed always in purple.

"O!" said I, "O! My friend, you are revenged! The *Hochstapler* has your money, but she has him. You were his victim, but he is hers and the money will be hers, too."

He lifted a Brazilian gold-piece of ten *millereis* (some ten dollars) which was attached to his watch-chain. "Perhaps this will buy me a revolver," he said, "but ere I do that, I am going to Nice to swear out a warrant against the swindler—if you will be so good as to go with me and speak for me. No doubt, he is far away by this time, over the Alpine frontier, in Germany or Italy, carousing with that woman, with my money."

"What will you do after that?" I asked.

"I am awaiting a little remittance from Brazil," said he. "When that is gone—then into the little cemetery I saw at Monte Carlo or back to Brazil to the swamps, the indians and the fever—all is one to me."

"But the old *Muetterchen*?" I exclaimed,—"and the girl?"

The soft blue eyes grew softer with brimming tears. "O, they shall never know; I could never face them—nor my friends at home!"

He then drew a golden picture of that grey-headed mother, how long she had awaited him in that small, idyllic, peaceful German town amid the vine-clad hills of his beloved Hessen. And of the sweet Hertha, faithful maid, his in spirit for the long years. They were awaiting him—every day—the "motherkin" would have his favorite dumplings ready and his spice-cakes—at this very moment he could see her sitting with Hertha in the pretty garden at their afternoon coffee. Caesar, his old dog was there, too, still alive. O, Misery! And he fell to cursing himself for his folly and again fingered that gold piece of ten thousand *reis*.

During this recital I found the scenery most enchanting and willfully forbore to look at the poor fool with his heart-rending babble of "motherkins," dumplings, sweet-hearts and spice-cakes.

Past Monaco, on its lofty cliff, past Villefranche, its harbor white with yachts and black with warships, past Beaulieu, akin to its name, past all the shining mansions by the sapphire sea, terraces frantic with bloom, palm and olive groves and orchards of orange and citron—the rushing express unrolled this faery pageant of the azure coast.

Then Nizza la Bella in the Bay of Angels—and to the police commission. Here all was duly explained, signed and certified and the lumbering international law set upon the heels of the mountain-vaulting rogue and his large, purple vampire.

All day I remained with that broken-spirited man and by evening, ere he went back to his room at Monte Carlo, I had persuaded him that it were wiser to send a telegram to the motherkin instead of a bullet through his head, that

the ten *millereis* piece made a very pretty pendant, indeed, and that the little money he was waiting for would be ample for a ticket to that blessed Hessian town.

It was carnival time at Nice; gigantic and grotesque monsters, masks and harlequins were set up in the square, the festive French were merrymaking with madcap lightness in corsos, and mascarades and illuminations. On the *Promenade des Anglais* along the sea was waged the annual *bataille de fleurs*; there were flower-covered carriages laden with women flinging posies at the spectators, who, in turn, pelted them, a saturnalia of blossoms, beauty and perfume—much like our *fiestas* in Los Angeles. The sad, introspective German was visibly cheered.

Little, grey-haired mother in that peaceful old Hessian town asleep in the valley, have you seen your son? Sweet Hertha, maid of a golden heart, faithful through ten long years, have you seen your lover? Are you all sitting in some green German bower, pleasantly amid German cheer and comfort—amid the aroma of coffee in the sunny afternoons, and the light laughter of your hearts? Ye heavenly dumplings, ye incomparable spice-cakes, are ye uneaten still?

Or are you, poor, simple lamb, despoiled of your golden fleece, back among the deep, vaporous swamps where the raw coffee sheds no aroma under brazen suns in the fiery fields of that plantation in Brazil, with dusky indians and toiling blacks? Or do you lie, perchance, with your meek blue eyes closed forever in that little cemetery of the suicides at Monte Carlo, in quiet company of so many another—dead under beautiful but alien skies—all of you brought by gold to the green baize and by lead to the green turf? Months have gone by and it were well if I might know.

Leaving this region of Paradise, so full of nether fire, I returned to Italy, passing through high, snow-covered mountains, raging with storms and torrents, till I came to a wide plain where lay the city of Turin on the river Po.



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Letters

"A Levantine Log Book"

Those who enjoyed the third series of travel letters contributed to "The Argonaut" by Jerome Hart, will be glad to find them preserved in permanent form in "A Levantine Log Book," fresh from the press of Longmans, Green & Co. Mr. Hart does not waste any of his own time nor his reader's patience in describing set pieces. He frankly admits his inability to "rave to order," as well as his dislike for crawling into holes in the ground for no other reason than that they are traditionally credited with being the precise spot where some miraculous occurrence took place. He has no great faith in "spots where," and seems to be of the opinion that even though they should be beyond question what they are represented they do not justify all the fuss made about them. He must be the despair of guides and couriers, and yet he is not to be classed among the venturesome idiots who delight in defying conventions and endangering the safety of themselves and their companions. In short, he is an experienced traveler with a definite idea of what is worth doing and seeing and a mind unclouded by the demands of tradition. Of the harem of the Sultan of Turkey, presumed by the Occidental to be inhabited by beautiful princesses and surpassingly lovely slaves, he says: "This 'harem' is inhabited principally by the wives and favorites of other Sultans. According to rumor, many of these ladies are extremely old; this rumor is probably true, as some of the inmates date back to periods before Sultan Abdul Aziz. Here is another illusion gone! According to the poets and the romancers the chief seraglio in the capital city of the Grand Turk would mean a collection of beautiful Circassians and voluptuous odalisques. In reality it seems to be a cross between a hospital and the Old Ladies' Home and the Grand Turk never goes there." Another of the delusions which Mr. Hart pokes pleasant fun at is that of "buying things abroad," going to headquarters for luxuries. Of the Smyrna figs, Curacao, Egyptian tobacco, castile soap, and many other commodities, he tells us that they are like the snakes of Ireland, non-existent, and of the merchandise of the bazaars, that it is cheaper in coin and a saving of time and temper to make purchases from a reliable dealer at home, and thus escape all the annoyance of customs examination and transportation charges, to say nothing of the worry over possible losses and thefts. The American abroad comes in for his share of attention, the variety that rushes from place to place intent on "doing Europe" in the briefest possible time, and his cousin who spends precious hours in the hotel writing room, concocting letters to far-away aunts, as well as the "duty travelers," who reluctantly put aside the things that interest them in order to "take in" what is expected of them.

A Guide to Dickens


Hallie Erminie Rives' condensation of Dickens' novels has just been published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, a sizable volume approximating five hundred pages, with an index of characters. These re-told tales were published in the Sunday edition of one of the local papers, and should, therefore, be familiar to San Franciscans. The book is commendable, as such things go. There are only minor liberties taken with the text and the tales are re-told in such form as they would naturally assume if one were amusing little people by the time-honored practice of telling stories, but, if children have reached that period of mental development when they are capable of appreciating Dickens, and these older authors, why not let them read the books as they were written? To be sure, a diligent reader would be able to skip through all the plots of the whole fifteen in a night or two, by this condensed process, whereas it would take that length of time to read a single one of the novels, but children have all their lives before them, and there is no especial need for haste. It is questionable whether the modern process of cracking all their nuts is good for their mental nutrition, and whether the child is too indolent to read a long story deserves any at all. If a copy of "Tales from Dickens" will whet the appetite and send the boys and girls to the book case for "A Tale of Two Cities" and "David Copperfield," it is an excellent thing, and every child should be provided with it. On the other hand, if it is going to be a substitute—if children are to go through their lives imagining that they have read Dickens when they have only read about him, it is going to prove more mischievous than the crib which enable lazy students to shirk the proper preparation of their lessons in Latin. There are some books which it is just as well for the young to know only in paraphrastic and Bowdlerized form, but there is nothing in Dickens which a healthy-minded child will be any the worse for reading as it was written. "Tales from Dickens" would make an excellent guide to Dickens.

—The Bookworm.

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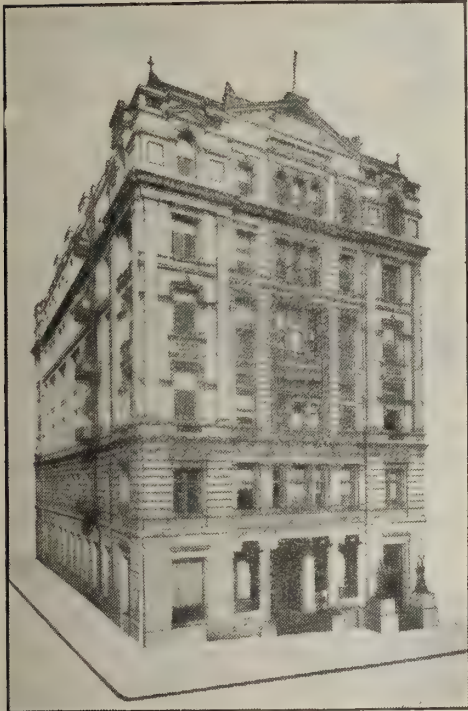
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EIGHTY-SEVENTH HALF YEARLY REPORT OF THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

AND
SWORN STATEMENT
OF THE CONDITION AND VALUE OF ITS
ASSETS AND LIABILITIES
AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS

DECEMBER 30th. 1905

Assets

Loans on Real Estate secured by first lien on properties wholly within the State of California	\$18,035,034.15
Loans secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds and Stocks of railroad and quasi-public corporations	1,745,780.40
Bonds of railroad, quasi-public and industrial corporations and of the school districts and municipalities of the State of California	14,549,024.58
Bank Premises	350,000.00
Other Real Estate in the State of California	450,335.05
Furniture and Fixtures	2,000.00
Cash (in Vault and in Bank)	1,351,417.56
Total Assets	\$36,483,591.74

Liabilities

Capital--Paid up	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,068,148.11
Due Depositors	34,263,852.71
Sundry Accounts in Adjustment	68,009.75
General Tax Account. Balance undischarged	83,581.14
Total Liabilities	\$36,483,591.74

San Francisco, January 2nd, 1906

San Francisco Savings Union

(Signed) E. B. POND, President.

(Signed) LOVELL WHITE, Cashier

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
City and County of San Francisco.

E. B. POND and LOVELL WHITE, being each separately, and duly sworn each for himself, says: that said E. B. POND is President, and said LOVELL WHITE is Cashier of the San Francisco Savings Union, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

(Signed) E. B. POND.

(Signed) LOVELL WHITE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 2d day of January, A. D.,

1906.

[Seal]

(Signed) JAMES M. ELLIS,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Officers

E. B. POND	- - - -	President
W. C. B. DeFREMERY		Vice-President
ROBERT WATT	-	Vice-President
LOVELL WHITE	- -	Cashier
R. M. WELCH	- -	Assistant Cashier

Directors

E. B. Pond
W. C. B. DeFremery
Jacob Barth
Wakefield Baker
Robert Watt
F. H. Beaver
William A. Magee
C. O. G. Miller
John F. Merrill

STATEMENT OF THE Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities OF The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

(A CORPORATION)

AND WHERE SAID ASSETS ARE SITUATED

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1905

ASSETS

1 Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	\$ 33,356,563.78
2 Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	372,900.00
3—Bonds of the United States, the actual value of which is.....	17,335,289.95
4—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is.....	10,524,375.66
The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own Vaults and are there situated.	
5—Interest on Miscellaneous Bonds accrued to January 1, 1906.....	190,901.07
6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$149,296.01), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$68,946.21), Alameda (\$81,442.02), and San Mateo (\$13,701.42), in this State, the actual value of which is.....	313,385.66
(b) The Land and Building in which said corporation keeps its said Office, the actual value of which is.....	529,786.67
The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.	
7—Proportion of Taxes for the Fiscal Year 1905-1906 chargeable to next year.....	55,227.15
8—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin, belonging to said Corporation, and in its possession, and situated at its said Office, actual value.....	1,957,328.00
Total Assets.....	\$ 64,635,757.94

LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is.....	\$ 61,176,127.03
The condition of said Deposits is that they are payable only out of said Assets and are fully secured thereby.	
2—Reserve Fund, Actual Value.....	\$ 3,459,630.91
Total Liabilities.....	\$ 64,635,757.94

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

By JAMES R. KELLY, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

By ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.

JAMES R. KELLY and ROBERT J. TOBIN, being each separately duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President, and that said ROBERT J. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of January, 1906.

GEO. T. KNOX, Notary Public

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TOWN TALK

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Saturday, January 20, 1906

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Charles S. Smith - - - Manager
Ralph A. Grover - Manager of Advertising

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No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Labor in State Politics

The State Building Trades Council at the behest of a labor boss has decided to enter the field of state politics and endeavor to secure control of the machinery of the state government. The State Building Trades Council does not express the sentiments of the great body of organized labor in California. It embraces but a small fraction of the labor unions of the state, but it is a powerful organization and its political support is much greater than it would appear from an estimate of the numerical strength of the organization, for when it rallies to the support of a candidate it proclaims his friendship for unionism and secures for him the votes of many wage-earners who are not of the building trades. In frankly entering the political field this organization is lending itself to the promotion of the interests of one P. H. McCarthy, a professional unionist, who successfully capitalized his labor pull some years ago and who has been something of a factor in San Francisco politics ever since. The Building Trades Council of San Francisco is McCarthy's private political machine. On the strength of his control of it he became a tax-eater under Jimmy Phelan's administration, and he has been hopping lively ever since trying to keep in touch with the political weather-cock. He was for Crocker against Schmitz and he was for Schmitz against Partridge and he had not the slightest difficulty in explaining to the satisfaction of his constituents the shifting of his affections. He is now prosperous enough to disdain petty public office and to pose as the untrammelled, unselfish friend of labor and his constituents have more confidence in him than ever. His influence now extends throughout the state and he purposes exercising it in the interest of Eugene Schmitz. In the circumstances it is evident that the Mayor is to be reckoned with in the coming gubernatorial campaign. He hopes, of course, to secure the nomination of the Republican party and if he should win that there would be no doubt of his election, for with the labor vote behind him the standard bearer of the Democracy would not be likely to cut much of a figure in the campaign.

The San Domingo Affair

Once more the President's enemies in the Senate are trying to injure his prestige by means of claptrap criticism of the San Domingo treaty. There have been many confused and contradictory reports of the dealings which the Administration has had with San Domingo and there has been a great deal of misrepresentation as to the attitude of the President toward the Dominican Government. The history of the case is of peculiar interest at this time showing as it does that the President acted at the suggestion of and in accordance with the request of the State officials of San Domingo. Yet he is being accused of acting in the interests of European Shylocks. The whole trouble grew out of the collection for an American company of certain money due. This transaction was so satisfactory to the Dominicans that, under pressure of foreign creditors and in the face of domestic peril, they appealed to President Roosevelt to repeat the service he had rendered. In response to that appeal he directed the American Minister to collect the revenues of San Domingo "pending the action of the United States upon the treaty to the end that in the meantime no change shall take place in the situation which would render useless its consummation or bring complications into its enforcement." This country had a vital interest in the complication that had arisen between San Domingo and the European creditors of that country, and if President Roosevelt had left matters to take their course until Congress met the difficulty and danger might have been greatly increased. He would have incurred severer criticism for failing to take precautionary measures than he has since received for taking them. The Senators who are now abusing him for the course he took are certainly cognizant of the facts, but they have started a campaign of abuse in the hope of discrediting him before the people and they are not sticking to the truth. Much of their denunciation proceeds from the assumption that he declared a "protectorate" over San Domingo but they know very well such talk is unwarranted. The United States did not press itself, not even its good offices on the Dominican Republic. It simply answered the republic's urgent call for aid, and it did so without incurring the slightest responsibility and without seeking to exercise the slightest authority. It was a common enough proceeding.

The President's Policy

If President Roosevelt were called upon to answer the charges that have been made against him in consequence of his action in the San Domingo matter it would be sufficient for him to say that he was upholding the Monroe doctrine. We know that his enemies say he has fathered a "new Monroeism," but we think it susceptible of demonstration that his policy is a logical corollary from the original doctrine. It is variously termed the "big stick" policy, the "overlordship" and the "international policeman" idea, and as originally set forth by the President it was in these words to Congress: "Chronic wrongdoing or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society may, in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrongdoing or impotence to the exercise of an international police power."

In San Domingo Roosevelt did not go to the extent of the policy enunciated in that pronouncement. He was not called upon to do so. The impotence of San Domingo was recognized by its own statesmen and they called for the assistance of the United States. But if they had not recognized the impotence of their country, and their foreign creditors took possession of the custom house at Monte Christi and then decided to hold the port forever, what would happen? This country would be at war unless we decided to abandon the Monroe doctrine. Is it not the better policy to anticipate such complications? The Roosevelt critics protest against "this debt-collecting business" solely on the ground that it will get us into trouble. More likely, does it seem to us, that it is a business that will keep us out of trouble and that it is a business which the Monroe doctrine makes desirable. The President's policy simply means that the Latin States to the south of us are to be protected in their independent sovereignty as long as they conduct themselves aright; that if any of them grossly misbehave, they must be corrected; and that if ever correction is to be administered, it must be by or with the consent of the United States. This is not a strange position for a nation to take. Again and again the European powers have set the example of compelling offending States to mend their ways. There is no apparent reason why American States should be exempt from the operation of the principle that finds favor in Europe. Disorderly States must behave or be disciplined. That has been the unwritten law of the world since the beginning of international life.

Objections to Legal Manslaughter

Now comes Dr. Charles Eliot Norton of Cambridge, man of letters and translator of Dante's "Divine Comedy," with the announcement that he is in sympathy with Anne S. Hall and Mrs. Maude Ballington Booth in their campaign for the killing off of the hopelessly insane, hopelessly diseased and suffering victims of fatal accidents. Advocates of scientific and legitimate homicide have for ages been trying to persuade the world of the soundness of their views and of the purely humane character of the basic principle of their doctrine, but they have not made much headway. The old maxim, While there is life there is hope, is perhaps largely responsible for the reluctance of the world to yield to the pleading of the champions of the beneficent lethal draught. Maxims have almost a supernatural hold on the human mind, and they appeal most potently to those by whom they are misapplied. Perhaps if greater and more universal confidence were reposed in the medical profession we should not have such strong prejudices against authorizing doctors to kill patients. We distrust not only their skill but their morals and we feel that if they were permitted to exercise discretion in the matter of saving or ending a life many lives would be shortened that might, under proper treatment, be prolonged to the infinite satisfaction of the one most deeply concerned. The gravest objection to humane manslaughter is based on the greater opportunity the legitimizing of such procedure would give to the murderously inclined. Perhaps, if we had greater confidence in doctors, we could in time be educated up to the doctrine advocated by Mrs. Booth and Dr. Norton, but there is no prospect of an early abatement of the distrust which is to be encountered side by side with the immense development and authority of modern medicine. It is unfortunate that there should be so much distrust, for a great deal of it is unreasonable. It is tantamount in many instances to revolt against the claims

and practices of the profession and yet every day medicine is acquiring more and more the air of an exact science. Until this popular distrust disappears the old, familiar principle that it is a duty to prolong every human life as long as possible, at whatever cost, will be generally accepted.

Latest Parisian Discussion

Discussion of the question, Is it possible to establish an effective system of morality without a belief in God? is on once more in France. It was presented to a number of the leading French "intellectuals" by the editor of the well-known Parisian magazine, *La Revue*, and it has been taken up with great interest because of the separation decreed between Church and State. The editor of *La Revue* is convinced that a mutual exchange of opinion, if it cannot lead to a reconciliation of opposing views, will at least facilitate a comprehension of them. He says that it is an accepted fact that religious faith is declining and he is curious to know whether the shipwreck of our ancient faiths, when it takes place, will drag down morality also. The editor of *La Revue* is evidently flagrantly ignorant of the religious history of his own country. If he were to read it carefully he would not be speculating on the effect of the "shipwreck of our ancient faiths." There have been times when religion was further on the decline in France than it is at present. It was attacked by philosophers who would not deign to enter into controversy with the puerile decadents who are arguing through the columns of *La Revue* that morality grows up unconsciously, being derived from collective habits and social instincts, and who assert reason to be the sole basis of morality. It has been said by atheistic French philosophers, long since departed, that religion was invented to uphold morality. Though they were taking the effect for the cause it is evident they had a pretty accurate conception of the importance of religion. From their knowledge of history they were convinced that the preservation of great moral ideas requires powerful institutions, a fact that was exemplified by the Chosen People in their struggles against the vices that beset them though they were armed with the defense with which an inspired legislator surrounded them. No religion of antiquity failed to lose its moral influence with the loss of its priests and its sacrifices. It seems to us quite clear that if man is but an accident there can be neither vice nor virtue and that morality is necessarily a sham. A system of philos-

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ophy without a religious foundation cannot be proof against the corruption of nations. It must depend on current ideas and ideas vary and change, new ones discrediting old ones, making it impossible to produce anything durable in the moral order. It will always require greater pressure to reduce to practice moral ideas that contradict the passions, than can be brought to bear by force of mere sentiment. Not even religion with its hope of future rewards and its threat of punishment can effectively discipline the passions. It purifies and strengthens the mind and it accomplishes all that philosophy does, but it fails to render man immune to temptation. Whatever success it achieves is due to the belief in God which it implants. How then can philosophy render a system of morality effective by excluding from it the faith which is the backbone of religious morals?

The Man On Foot

The old complaint that people will not walk is being revived, with gibes at women who take a car for every short distance, and even business men, who will ride to an interview at a few blocks from their stores and offices, sacrificing both coin and health, and afterward trying to make up for it by going through calisthenic exercises and practicing on patent contrivances in gymnasia. In the abstract it is easy to agree, but when one comes down to the concrete application of principles, there is a foundation of solid wisdom in the practice of city dwellers in avoiding walking. Time is money, and if one has but a limited time in which to reach a given point, there is none to spare in dodging dogs and go-carts, and skipping more or less nimbly over the tails of trailing skirts, whereas on a rainy day the perils are increased tenfold by the umbrellas held just high enough to endanger eyes and head gear. If there are streets to cross the procession of electric cars, garbage carts, ice and brewery wagons, delivery wagons recklessly driven by children, fast automobiles and bicycles must be taken into consideration. Even if one has to compass only half the width of a street in order to take a car, it is a journey not lightly to be undertaken, so that, if a business man entertains a reasonable hope of returning sound in wind and limb to his own premises, he is taking but a sensible precaution in riding. Even though he were to indulge in a cab, the money spent in the course of a year would be considerably less than what it would cost to pay the expenses of a doctor and perhaps a room at a hospital, not to mention the time lost through a single accident. Nominally, we have laws prohibiting excessive speed; theoretically, pedestrians have rights which those occupying vehicles are obliged to respect, but practically, if people have the hardihood to attempt to walk they do so at the risk of life and limb.

The Spirit of Vandalism

Though we have been brought up on the idea that an appreciation of art is inborn in the Southern European, it would appear that the modern spirit, akin to what is known here as "college spirit," is to be found abroad. We expect, naturally, to have our educated young gentlemen destroy statuary and daub public buildings with tar and paint, but the same practice is not uncommon in Paris. A few weeks ago two young men were apprehended in the park at Versailles, wantonly mutilating the statue of L'etoile. They were provided with sticks, and had smashed an arm when they were taken into custody. One of them proved to be the son of an officer in the army and the other was a civil

service employe, men who might reasonably have been expected to have behaved themselves decorously, but they seemed to have no idea of the enormity of their transgression. They were merely "amusing themselves." We hear a lot on the subject of beautifying cities, but it is just this spirit of vandalism which will stand in the way of every effort in that direction. It will be waste of money and material for municipalities to attempt civic decoration until the people are educated to co-operate, at least to the extent of ceasing to bang and batter everything that can be mutilated. Public parks and statues are all very well in their way, but private gardens are better, yet, what encouragement is there for the property owner to plant the little plot in front of his house, if it is to be trampled over by unruly children or destroyed by stray dogs? Improvement societies may talk against fences till the day of final judgment, but unless one erects a fence which is boy and dog proof, not so much as a blade of grass will be permitted to grow within hands' reach of the sidewalk. The late Adolph Sutro had in mind a scheme for erecting colossal statues on high points about the city, but one experiment in that line satisfied him, for the statue was turned into a target for practice with pistols, shot-guns and stones. It is all very well for connoisseurs to express their satisfaction at the extermination of monstrosities, but the fact remains that it is not artistic feeling, but sheer wantonness which prompts the destruction. The finest production of Praxiteles would fare no better than a Cogswell fountain were it within the reach of an untamed cub and a cobble stone; and the college presidents who close their eyes to the "pranks" of their hoodlum pupils and the parents who smile at the good marksmanship of little Johnny are equally to blame. The child who is permitted to destroy his playthings and tear his books out of a spirit of destruction is father to the youth who "amuses himself" by mutilating public monuments and to the man who rides roughshod over the rights of his fellows.

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The Nurse—Your patient is now convalescent.
The Doctor—Have you just been taking his temperature?
The Nurse—I didn't have to.
The Doctor—No?
The Nurse—No, he has been making love to me.
—*The Medical Student.*

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Flippant Today

BY HARRY COWELL.

Sad is the soul of things, the soul of the land no less than the soul of the sea, the soul of spring as well as the soul of winter. Life may laugh on the surface, but at the depths it weeps. Only the thoughtless are exempt from tears. Truth seldom smiles. Great love is little given to laughter. Beauty is rarely of other than serious mien. High seriousness, not to say sorrow, writes our sweetest songs, tells our sublimest tales, creates, in fine, most of our masterpieces of art. All large jesting, too, goes to show that life is no joke. Aristophanes nor Heine leaves us gay. Greek and Hebrew call laughter to testify that tears are eternal, make mockery serve sincerity.

Modern humor and pathos paddle together in the shoals, together plash and play, making alternate noise, a childish antiphonal of laughter and tears.

Trifling, flippancy, is the fault of the age. Today lives as fools and drunkards talk, with infelicitous fluency; lives the shallow dead-level life, as if no mountain were higher than a man's head, no ocean a fathom deep. The *comédie humaine*, bereft of the last vestige of dignity, has become continuous vaudeville. To offset the monotonous levity, we have solemn nonsense, flippancy as it were sobered down, grown gaunt and jaded, having lost its hair and teeth and hilarity. And as for me, I would rather see flippant youth juggle things sacred with its nimble tongue than see smug old age mouth them. Here and there, one is happy to say, is a serious-minded man, *terra firma*, so to speak, surrounded by sorry jest.

The flippancy of the times is to be found reflected with but little distortion, in the daily press. Facts in simple dress the public will have none of, but must needs see War, Murder, Sudden Death, Love, Marriage, Divorce, Theft, Arson, Bribery, and the rest, in Mardi Gras costume. You take up the morning paper. A grotesque column of musical criticism pokes you facetiously in the ribs; police court judges are reported as indulging in astonishing witticisms for your divertissement; an account of the proceedings of a scientific society is characterized by prodigious humor. Art, Law, Science, are made to wink the eye, to shoot out the tongue. So, for that matter, is Religion. It is all incredibly vulgar, ill-considered, beside the mark.

Nothing, to be sure, is more widely read than this unreadable journalism. Were it readable, it would remain practically unread. Who, in a flippant age, reads literature? Who does not read journalism? And the function of journalism at the present day, in keeping with the times, is to jolly. Fifty columns of reportorial flippancy to one column of editorial solemn nonsense, make up the popular newspaper. That is what the hour demands. Half-education, brimful of confidence, has today a hearing such as no serious time would dream of granting it.

Mind you, I for one do not want the world to wear a long face. Better that, however, than a broad grin. Nothing is so tiresome as the eternal clown. The eternal clown is enough to make a man forswear laughter forever. For a man to be forced to conclude that the genius of his age is a zany—could anything be more insufferable than that?

To a contemplative mind, those noble knights, the Don Quixotes of the church, tilting in all seriousness against the lately deposed princes of the powers of the air, are a solemn delight. Though almost everything else be levity, they at least are in dead earnest. Flippancy, of course, has no soul to save or damn. That is why it is

so touching to watch the work of these simple-minded soldiers of the cross.

Touching, too, in the extreme it is to see the knights of beauty and the knights of truth, the artists and the men of science, going seriously about their several labors of love, for all the world as if flippancy had a heart and a head.

How strange and not a little sad it is to observe these three, Art, Science, and Religion, each opposing its dead-in-earnestness to the flippancy of the age! It is enough to make them friends all three—what though Art, Religion's haughty rival, remembering the days of her hand-maidenhood, is still resentful against her former mistress; what though Science, Religion's immemorial enemy, flushed with recent victory, is now more scornful than ever; what though the spirit of Art and the spirit of Science constantly misunderstand one another. To have high seriousness in common is nowadays no slight bond.

Today, the desire to do great things and become deservedly famous seems sick unto death. Not to have a trivial aim in life is distinction. Society trifles. Top and bottom and middle, it trifles—froth and dregs and the bourgeois beer between. Sincerity and thoroughness are gone out of fashion; so much so that their presence in the heart, like the presence of homespun on the back, makes a man a laughing-stock in the sight of his neighbors. A rule of polite society forbids a man to say anything when he speaks. The ease with which the rule is observed is more eloquent than am I. A wise man made this plaint to me the other day, that no matter where he went, he was called upon to play the fool. I asked him to find comfort in the reflection that to play the fool was a thing fools could not do. It is a great mistake to think that a flippant age is one that is forever playing the fool. On the contrary, a flippant age is one that cannot by any possibility do so.

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Chinese Envoy—Ah! and what is his department of graft?

—The Reporter.

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Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

The revolutionists warn the Czar that if he leaves the palace he will be assassinated. There need be no guess-work as to whether he will leave.

If we could look into the future few of us would have the courage to make an enemy; so the gift of foresight has its drawbacks.

Science and philosophy continue to widen and deepen the problems of life without offering for them solutions or increasing our hope of ultimate enlightenment.

The best gowned is sometimes the least dressed of women.

The despatches say that Castro is near the end of his rope. If it was a literal instead of a figurative rope, with the Venezuelan's neck inside of it, the world would profit.

Rev. George D. Rogers, of Chicago, says that intelligent study of the army canteen question results in a judgment in favor of it. The trouble is that hysteria instead of intelligence has heretofore been applied to the problem.

Rhodes' Scholarships seem to be going a-begging these days. There are seventeen vacancies at the present writing, fifteen in the American and two in the Colonial allotment, because there are no qualified applicants for them. Athletics do not count for much in the list of qualifications, and the ability to do an opponent up and not get caught at it, which is a valuable asset on the football field, was not taken into consideration. With the vast number of colleges and universities that are scattered over the United States, and the increased attendance every year, it ought to be a humiliating admission that there are not fifteen qualified applicants for every vacancy, instead of fifteen vacancies because applicants are lacking.



Woman

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

Believe that yonder stony-hearted shore
Will spare the ship blown thither by the gale;
Believe there's mildness in the ocean's roar
And gentleness within the tempest's wail;
Believe that tigers, thirsting after blood,
Belie their stripes and let their victims go,
But ne'er believe when comes misfortune's flood
That woman will to woman mercy show.

Wolves fraternize when bent upon attack,
Their hunting cry holds no discordant note,
They face a common danger, back to back
Then, true to nature, tear each other's throat;
And not alone on heath and wooded strip
Does this, the law of fang, aggressive loom;
Wolves, wrapped in velvet, rend with thirsting lip
And wage their wars in every drawing-room.

To breed dissension is in woman born;
But some this primal instinct turn aside
Affecting charms more suited to adorn,
And 'neath conceits true inclinations hide.
To seem the thing she's not is woman's care,
No soul of them from this may stand exempt,
And none to be her own true self may dare
Lest she be named an object of contempt.

Debarred by nature from those rough pursuits
That outlets are to savagery, each turns
To rend the other, recking not the fruits
Of slander and the consequence it earns.
O, sooner will be found the drop of rain
When once 'tis lost within the river's flow
O, sooner shall the hilltop kiss the plain
Than woman shall to woman mercy show.

The Saunterer

Attitude of Californian Statesmen

There is considerable significance in the present attitude of Californian statesmen in Washington toward the President in certain matters in which he is vitally interested, and though the whole state has been curious as to what attitude they would assume, the correspondents of the dailies have failed to enlighten us. To get accurate information on the subject I sent several letters of inquiry to Washington, and I have received replies that will occasion a great deal of surprise. One Administration measure in which the President is very deeply interested is the bill providing for a reduction of the tariff on Philippine sugar. It is deemed important that the tariff be reduced in order that stimulus be given to the sugar industry in our Oriental possessions, but the beet sugar interests of California are eager to exclude Philippine sugar. The two Senators from this state and five of our Congressmen are opposed to the Administration measure. Three Congressmen are in accord with the Presidential policy. The three are McKinlay, Needham and Kahn. This news will astonish Californian politicians. Kahn is from San Francisco and the beet sugar interests are pretty strong right here. It would be interesting to know how the gentleman from the Fourth district was persuaded by Roosevelt to defy the sugar barons in his own home.

Opposed to Joint Statehood

Another important Administration measure is that which provides for the joint statehood of Arizona and New Mexico, and that bill is opposed by the two Californian Senators. The sympathies of California are with Arizona and it is but natural that our statesmen in Washington should oppose the plan to force that territory into a combination with New Mexico. Flint has been particularly active in opposing the Joint Statehood bill and he tried to get on the Committee on Territories in order to make his opposition as effective as possible, but the Administration divined his purpose and sidetracked him. This antagonistic attitude of our two Senators, I am told, is bound to have a bearing on the case of Franklin K. Lane, in the matter of his appointment to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Lane's chances are growing dimmer every day.

When Railroads Are at War

The opening of hostilities between the Western Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads over a stretch of Oakland water front was viewed with delight by many of the old-time politicians of the state who have long been out of the running and who hope to get back into harness. In all corners of the state are to be found political workers of the old school now in their anecdotage, fond of reminiscing of the good old days when Bill Stow and Steve Gage were looking after the general interests of the railroad and the particular interests of dear, old Stanford. Highly contemptuous are they of the younger men of the new school whose methods are less metallic than those that proved so effective in the long ago, and they are eager

to resume activities just to show how much smarter they are than the exponents of twentieth century politics. Not one of them is there who does not expect to break into the political bureau which is to be organized by the Western Pacific Company. The tip is out that Bert Worthington is coming back to take charge of the bureau, and they all know Bert. He was trained in that old school and he will naturally round up the old-timers and put them on the pay-roll of the Western Pacific. I hear that the company purposes taking a lively interest in politics this year. There are nine judges to be elected to the Appellate Court and three to the Supreme Court and as there is likely to be some important railroad litigation on the calendars in the near future, it is important that the corporations should see that only the very finest quality of judicial timber be selected. So far Governor Pardee, who fondly hopes to be renominated, has not shown his hand. In the water front fight he is merely seeing that the interests of the state are protected, and so far our diplomatic Executive has managed to remain strictly neutral—as between the companies. His intimate friend, Charley Snook, who secured through his influence the attorneyship of the Board of Regents, is the attorney for the Western Pacific, but that is a circumstance merely indicating that the officials of the corporation are shrewd tacticians.

Shortridge's Wager

They were lawyers and they were post-prandially reminiscing. One of the number was Sam Shortridge, as brilliant a raconteur as he is a lawyer. He contributed to the symposium the story of his wager with Bob Ferral one evening in the years ago when Judge Murphy was holding court in the room now occupied by the Fire Commissioners. He was defending a Chinaman charged with murder and it was a pretty clear case. Bob Ferral was special prosecutor and he introduced in evidence the dying statement of the deceased which made it a clearer case, but Sam fought like the colored troops and diffused as dense a cloud of doubt over the testimony of the prosecution as it was possible for him to create. When the jury retired Ferral was highly elated. He was sure he had won and he twitted Shortridge on the weakness of his case. The attorney for the defendant assumed an air of good-natured indifference blended with a mild affectation of confidence in the intelligence of the jury. Late in the afternoon the court adjourned for dinner and after dinner the news spread that the jury had agreed. While waiting for Judge Murphy to appear Shortridge strolled through the corridors and presently he wended his way into the open air down the stone stairway leading to City Hall avenue from the southern Larkin street wing. He passed beneath the window of the jury-room and he was suddenly startled by a stage-whisper. He looked up and saw one of the jurors leaning out the window with his hand to his mouth serving as a reflector. He was whispering "N. G.," which, in the parlance of the profession, means "not guilty." Shortridge was overjoyed at the news. He sauntered slowly back

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to the court-room and sat down and immediately Ferral began taunting him again.

"Don't be so confident," Shortridge advised. "You may be disappointed."

"Nothing to it," said Ferral.

"Something tells me that the defendant will be acquitted," rejoined the attorney for the defense.

"Would you like to bet on the verdict?"

It was like taking candy from the infant, but he did not like to wager money on a matter of life or death. "But," he suggested, "if you would like to bet a dinner for all the court officials, including his Honor—"

Indeed he would, the bet was made, the jury came in and found the defendant guilty as charged. Shortridge almost fell out of his chair in amazement. A little later he button-holed the whispering juror and demanded to know why he had deceived him. "Why," said the man, "I said 'N. G.,' meaning, no good from your standpoint."

Luther Brown's Luck

It often happens that we should be thankful for our most grievous disappointments. Luther Brown, the Los Angeles attorney, will appreciate the truth of this remark. Some months ago Luther Brown was bringing all his political pull to bear on United States District Attorney Devlin in the hope of securing a job in the latter's office at one hundred and fifty dollars a month. Devlin politely but firmly turned him down, the reason being that Brown had no claim on Federal pap in this judicial district, being a resident of Los Angeles where he has been occupied for years in keeping the fences of Representative MacLachlan in repair. He was a little sore over his failure to get the job because like most unbenighted residents of the citrus belt he longed to shift his residence to the salubrious city by the Golden Gate. So he pined in Los Angeles but tried to solace himself with frequent trips to the metropolis. One day between journeys he met a very charming young woman who was sojourning in Los Angeles, and after a brief courtship they were married. She is the daughter of millionaire Clarke of the Bullfrog Mine and her father gave her ten thousand dollars for pin money on her honeymoon trip to Washington, where she has been entertained by all the Californian statesmen who are friends of her husband. If Devlin had not declined to give Brown a job Brown would now be drawing down one-fifty per from Uncle Sam's treasury, and he would not know the joys of being son-in-law to a multi-millionaire and husband to a very charming young woman.

Scott in Dual Capacity

The election of Mr. Henry T. Scott to the presidency of the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company occasioned a deal of surprise in commercial circles, for several reasons, the main one being that he is so closely identified in business with the leading spirits in the new telephone company which is threatening the old one with opposition. I am told, however, that there is absolutely no significance in the election of Mr. Scott. He was chosen for his executive ability and on account of his financial stand-

ing. It is believed that Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, whose views have considerable weight in the company, favored the election of Mr. Scott. And now that Mr. Scott has had the honor and salary thrust upon him the probability is that he will resign from the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Alliance, to which he was elected a few weeks ago. In view of the fact that the new company purposes renewing its application for a franchise and that the Mayor and Supervisors are somewhat prejudiced against the Citizens' Alliance, it should be quite clear that Mr. Scott, in the dual capacity of President of the old company and executive committeeman of the anti-labor organization, is likely to exert an influence far from beneficent, so far as the corporation which he represents is concerned. However, Mr. Scott is too sagacious to need any tip from me as to the course he should pursue.

The Wardenship Contest

The Prison Directors are to meet at Folsom this Saturday and they will probably select a warden for San Quentin before adjourning. At this writing Detective Tom Gibson and Captain Edgar are the only two candidates under consideration. Each has two votes and needs a third. Sheriff Veale of Contra Costa county was never seriously considered as a candidate for the position. His activity in the warehouse strike at Martinez, a few years ago, brought him into prominence as an enemy of labor and consequently the prison commissioners have never given him a thought.

Defeat of the Reformers

The contest over the chairmanship of the Republican County Committee, which has been watched with a great deal of interest by politicians throughout the state, will probably be brought to a close next Tuesday. There is now no doubt that the machine will elect the chairman. Ever since Dan Ryan withdrew from the contest Fairfax Wheelan has been hunting high and low for a candidate but he couldn't find a reformer with the courage to take defeat gracefully. A little while ago he suggested E. F. Treadwell as a compromise chairman, but as the reformers felt that they had the situation well in hand they softly derided the proposition to compromise.

Graft on the Isthmus

A certain physician from New York, who shall be nameless here because that is his wish, told me last week that during his recent journey of inspection across the Isthmus of Panama what he saw was chiefly evidence of falsehood and theft which will sooner or later make the names of the cutters of the Canal obnoxious to the nostrils of their countrymen. Everybody in authority at Panama, Ancon, Empire and Colon, says this witness, is being paid to do something which he is not doing or trying to do; the laborers and artisans, from one side of the Isthmus to the

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other, are fed, housed and treated socially like pigs; disease and death grow more terribly triumphant than they have ever been before, even in that plague-spot of the world, from hour to hour. Former Chief Engineer Wallace is accused of having conducted the excavating operations begun in his administration with no more skill than would have been expected of a ribbon clerk. Chief Engineer Stevens, Wallace's successor, is painted as an incompetent demagogue and it is said nobody is appointed to any post, no matter how humble that post may be, until he has signified as a preliminary that he is willing to become a party to the game of graft now flourishing as soon as he receives his commission. It is prophesied that if, by a chance so feeble as to seem absurd, the Canal should be completed in ten years, it will have cost a hundred thousand lives and more money, by a thousand per cent, than it is worth. These are startling things to say, more startling things to believe. Yet we hear them from many sources and always in practically identical terms. Does it mean that the next generation of our plutocracy is to smell of Panama slime and embalming fluid, instead of beef blood, oil and anthracite? And are we really such a nation of nincompoops that we can do nothing but giggle and gape and grin, eternally, in the face of despoliation?

The Heroes of Contemporary Fiction

I have just completed a tally, kept for my own amusement, of the physical characteristics predominant in thirteen hundred heroes of as many short stories which appeared in the better grade of American magazines during 1905. The result is somewhat amazing, a little discouraging and more or less comic. In the first place, I find that of these thirteen hundred heroes twelve hundred and ninety-six were smooth shaven, tall and broad shouldered and possessed of a piercing gaze, with other common marks of identification which may be more easily listed in quotation; their hands were "strong and white," their hair was "thick and brown," their speech betrayed them at once as "college men," they all said something "between their set teeth." From this composite portrait it will be seen that the short, stubby, fat, moustached, bearded, blond, thin chested, ungrammatical chap is not the ideal hero of the modern school of authors, either as an entity or a symptomatic part. Four hundred of my magazine heroes had been the stroke oar of a winning crew at Harvard; two hundred had occupied that position under like auspices at Yale; so that the date of the first aquatics in those universities has been mistakenly recorded, or some of these heroes deceived their authors about their ages, while at least four hundred of the gentlemen under discussion must have been rank impostors. Only two of my thirteen hundred had noses that were not aquiline, in some degree, and only three of them were intelligent enough to converse with a heroine without misinterpreting her conversation. Six hundred and fifty-two of the lot owned automobiles of tremendous horse-power, with an income to match; seventy-six had spent part of their career in some very woolly ranch; twenty-seven were dead shots, three hundred and sixteen had been wounded in the Philippines, forty were doctors, eight hundred and four were rising giants in the world of finance, two were newspaper reporters, seventy-six were eloquent young clergymen, thirty-eight

were political crusaders, ninety-seven were authors of epoch-marking books, and there were only a baker's dozen who did not own a suit of evening clothes. Incidentally, I registered three hundred heroines who "swayed and would have fallen," five hundred and two who "drew" themselves to their "full height," and exactly two hundred who appeared sooner or later in that old favorite of mine, "some soft, clinging stuff." There were many more figures on my list of statistics, equally illuminative and equally irritating. But I will bore nobody with them, here. What I have already set down will be enough to supply an adequate answer to the oft-repeated query: "Why is the average short story?" Isn't it?

Maitland on the Stanford Mystery

It was at the Press Club. They were discussing the latest developments in the Stanford mystery, when Mr. William Maitland, the distinguished essayist and publicist, who writes for the *Contemporary Review* of London, solemnly and with an air of authority asserted that there were only two plausible hypotheses upon which to account for the death of Mrs. Stanford. When William opes his mouth at the Press Club to drop pearls of wisdom everybody sits up and takes notice. They call him "Dean" Maitland at the club and they have as much respect for his judgment as for his gray hairs. So when he uttered the sentiment on the subject of Mrs. Stanford's death it was instinctively felt that the black depths of the great mystery were to be illuminated. "Either," said "Dean" Maitland, "Dr. Jordan administered the poison to get rid of Mrs. Stanford or Mrs. Stanford took poison to get rid of Dr. Jordan."

His Philosophy

The passing of Dr. George Chismore means another break in the fast diminishing ranks of Raphael Weill's Sunday Breakfast Club. Dr. Chismore was well beloved by his brother Bohemians. He had a genial philosophy which he outlined somewhat in his invitation to one of the midsummer high jinks of the club, sired by himself. "Hearken unto the wisdom of the Owl," he wrote. "Time speeds. Old age comes apace. Troubles are many; pleasures few. Riches fly—too high for most of us. Fame is hard to achieve, harder still to retain. Ambition, a spur for our discomfort. Then 'who would fardels bear?' * * * Remember, my son, for thy consolation, there is no power can take away from us a good time we've had."

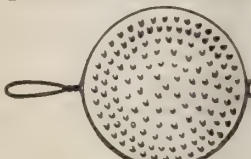


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The Eccentric Calve

The "Only Emma"—"Jeanne la folle," as Jean de Reszke affectionately christened her, because of her waywardness—is with us again and she will be heard next week in concert. Calve did not make much of an impression on her former visit. She was expected to set the town on fire in Bizet's masterpiece, for opera-goers had been told that she gave an audacious performance, but Calve was not in the best of humor or the best of fettle at that time and she didn't seem to care. She lived very quietly here and some of our rich young club men who had read about her jovial ways were very much disappointed that she did not give them a chance to entertain her. It was said that she was interested in spiritualism at the time and that she spent much time with a medium trying to put her into communication with departed friends. Calve has toned herself down in recent years but there was a time when she played the swaggering, licentious Seville gypsy with daring verisimilitude. I have seen her romp all over the stage, make eyes at the band and play the entire first act around a powder-puff. It was remarkable, the uses to which she put this innocent and useful adjunct of the feminine toilet. She dabbed her neck and bust with it at rhythmic intervals. What with sliding it continually over her face and the ultimate revolt of the puff, there was enough powder on her person "to free Ireland," as May Irwin would say. After all, it was Carmen as Calve. Hardly a detail was missing. When the singer careened about Jose, a whiff of musk, patchouli and vice seemed to float across the footlights. Calve is a very magnetic woman, and when she sends shivering over the orchestra some well-defined message—crotic, tragic or humorous—she is satisfied. She has vocal limitations but she is Calve and Paris adores her.

She Wanted to Be a Nun

From herself I have learned that she did not adopt music as a profession through inclination. Just before going on the stage she was thinking of becoming a nun. This may not be taken seriously by those who have come to regard the famous singer as a woman of very passionate temperament and frivolous nature, but that is because they do not differentiate Calve the artist from Calve the woman. She says that while she was debating as to whether she should enter a convent family misfortunes occurred which made it her duty to contribute to the support of her relatives. "My mother took me to Paris," she said, "and asked M. Puget to hear me, and when he saw how eager I was to succeed, he undertook my musical education. I studied with him for two years and then made my debut in Brussels as Marguerite. Before that I went to M. Gounod and asked him to hear me sing some of the difficult passages. When I had finished the great master said: 'You have a charming voice and you sing with feeling'—praise which I shall always remember. After spending a year in Brussels, I went back to Paris and studied under that greatest of mistresses, Madame Marchesi, at the end of which time I was asked to create the role of Bianci in 'Aben Hamet.'" She loves to talk of her girlhood days in the south of France, where she was born: "I loved to hear the legends of the country as they were told me by the old shepherds. I lived among the mountains and near to the skies and I loved nature. At ten I entered a convent at Montpelier and there I became imbued with the beauties of a religious life. I went back to that convent some years ago and in-

sisted on singing the mass. The Sisters did not know I was a professional singer and I was amused when the Sister Superior told me that I might well sing in opera." And this is the Calve of whom it was said, a few years ago, that her illness in Paris was due to her grief over a man who would not requite her love and who later devoted herself to the study of the Provencal poets and the history of the Courts of Love and upon which she has been writing for the magazines.

Queen Vic. Loved Her

The late Queen Victoria was so fond of Calve that she had a bust made of her and kept it in her own apartments. Some one asked the diva once how it happened that she was such a favorite of the Queen.

"I suppose it is because I am not acquainted with the Prince of Wales," she replied.

One time Victoria was talking with Tosti, the song writer, and asked him what he thought of her pet as a possible Marguerite in "Faust."

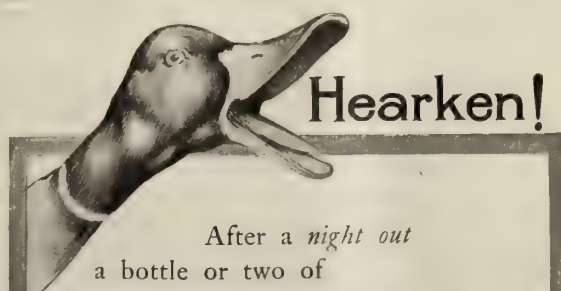
"Un peu trop d'embonpoint pour ce role," said the composer of "Good-bye."

"Mais cela n'empêche pas le sentiment," retorted Victoria, with a side glance at her own comfortable proportions.

Nearly all of Calve's famous jewels were the gifts of the Queen. Her magnificent collection includes a brooch of pearls and diamonds in the Queen's monogram surmounted by a crown studded with rubies, and another of Fame with jeweled pinions and "Victoria" in sapphires in a semi-cirle.

It Was a Fine Splurge

The Barron cotillion was, with possibly the exception of Mrs. Martin's vaudeville dinner dance in honor of Genevieve Harvey, the most swagger affair of the winter. It even surpassed the Hyde-Smith cotillion of two seasons ago and that is going some. The Barrons have oodles of money and when it comes to splurging they make most of our rich families look like pikers. Their cotillion favors were so expensive as to give the affair an ostentatious aspect, but



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that is because in San Francisco the elite are judicious spenders. It was the first ball of the season that the Blingumites attended in a body, a circumstance eloquent of the high social tone of the function. Laura McKinstry, who hasn't been on a ball-room floor for years, made her radiant appearance that night and plunged a bunch of old dowagers into a reminiscent mood. I heard them uttering such remarks as: "Let me see, what year did Laura come out, anyway?", "I forget just who were the buds of that year." Miss McKinstry was resplendent in black spangles. Ned Greenway who, Mrs. Shorb-White amiably admits, is the best cotillion leader in San Francisco, had the figures in charge. He gave a luncheon to those who danced in the first set and afterwards rehearsed them so that in the evening it went off in the most facile manner. Miss Marguerite Barron looked pensively sweet during the evening and her brother Ed, who is at present a great favorite with the girls, was very much in demand and carried himself with quite a distinguished air.

Exeunt, the Martins

Society had its parting glimpse of Mrs. Peter Martin on Thursday of this week. She has become quite reconciled to San Francisco as an occasional habitat. She says that it is a nice, quiet retreat to visit when one is in need of a rest. From her tone I should judge that to her it bears a striking resemblance to a sanatorium. I hear that she got very well acquainted with her sister-in-law this year and that each found several pleasing traits in the other. It has been generally remarked that Mr. Peter Martin was thoroughly metamorphosed by his marriage. There was a time when Peter was a harum-scarum chap whose ebullient spirits found vent in the most unusual and startling manifestations, but the finishing touches he received at Newport improved him wonderfully. His conduct was most exemplary this year, though he was rather severely criticised at Zinkand's, where he made his appearance with Jimmy Phelan, for walking the whole length of the place and half way back again with his hat on his head, seemingly oblivious of the fact that the cafe was thronged with women.

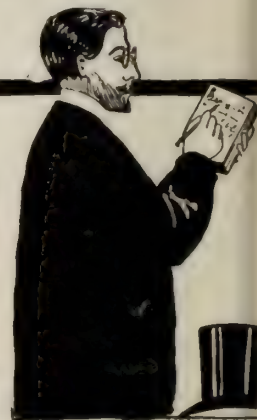
A Scrapbook from China

While it may be, and probably is, quite true that His Excellency Tuan Fang, Viceroy of Fukfen and Chebgiang and head of the Imperial Chinese Commission which last week arrived in this port aboard the *Siberia*, is deserving of considerable credit for his defense of the foreigners in Shensi, while he was acting-governor of that province, during the Boxer troubles, yet it might be just as well to temper the enthusiasm aroused by that reminiscence with a reminder that Tuan was not always labeled with the white badge of mercy and toleration. One of this viceroy's secretaries, and for obvious reasons I decline to state which one, informed me in the course of a long and intimate chat that Tuan was once one of the bitterest of the anti-foreign party in all China. To prove this he showed me a scrap-book in which he had preserved what might be termed a pictorial history of the Celestial Empire for the last twenty-five years. The collection consisted chiefly of cartoons from Chinese papers. And in one of these cartoons, taken from a publication which Tuan Fang is said to have owned and policed, was an inscription which read, in translation, as follows: "The bloody hogs calling themselves foreign missionaries fool both the heavens and the earth. They try to destroy

the dignity of our ancestry and our ancient religion. If they were riddled with bullets and cut up with swords, the punishment would not be too great. The dirty dogs! the wild beasts! the foul books! the hypocrites destroying the religion of angels for their savage doctrines! Every kind of people in every land and on every sea want to see them punished!" Of course, there are thousands of citizens of the Western civilization who think the missionaries have been a good deal to blame for messing our relations with the Son of Heaven and his pigtailed hordes, and, also of course, Tuan Fang has had plenty of time since 1892 to change his point of view. Perhaps his present attitude is a happy medium in opinion which will please all parties, both at home and abroad. But certainly it may be surmised that the Dowager Empress of China would not push Tuan Fang into such prominence in royal favor if he loved us better than she does, when she could have his head chopped off by whispering, and it is not at all likely that the bland Commissioner is as bland all the way through as he made Professor Jenks believe he was.

The Mandarin and the Flea

Admiral Goodrich is a man of wonderful presence of mind in an emergency, especially when it is important that he should have absolute control of his risibles. He held a conference with the visiting Chinese mandarins last Saturday and at their request gave them a lot of information about Annapolis. During the interview the Admiral was interrupted by an exclamation from one of the heathen dignitaries. It sounded something like "Ouch!" The inspiration was supplied by a flea (*Pulex irritans*, as Professor Jenk would say), which was feeding on the Mongolian's face. Admiral Goodrich never cracked a smile as the gentleman caught the offender and killed him on the spot.



The Doctor's Prescription

May have a number of high sounding names in it, but if it is a tonic you get the same ingredients with a good flavor in

RAINIER BEER

It makes rich, red blood and is liked by everyone, from baby to grandpa.

JOHN RAPP & SONS, Agts.
San Francisco

Distributors in every town on the coast.

Note the Package.—Old Fashioned Chocolate Creams are packed in sealed cartons, each piece wrapped separately. Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

The incident caused a change in the topic of conversation, from Annapolis to fleas, fleas in general but the Californian species in particular, and while Admiral Goodrich was telling of the important part played by them in the social life of California, the mandarin uttered another "Ouch!" and clapped his hand to his leg. It was another flea and Admiral Goodrich looked positively indignant while expressing his sympathy for the diplomat.

Modest Madame Wu

The visit of Tuan Fang, Tai Hung Chi and their suite recalls an amusing incident connected with Wu Ting-fang's presence in this city several years ago. It was after his appointment as Ambassador, when he and his party spent several days in San Francisco en route to Washington. The local Chinese Consulate, which was their headquarters, was besieged by newspaper men, and especially by newspaper photographers. These latter found that Wu would look unblinkingly into the eyes of a camera, but nothing could induce Madame Wu to be pictured. The photographers talked and argued, but it was represented to them, in the most polite manner imaginable, with all the suave diplomacy of which high-bred Chinese are capable, that Madame Wu was of a retiring disposition; that Chinese ladies of her rank and station led secluded lives, and that she would consider it a blow to her dignity to have a presentiment of her features gazed upon by the mob.

The photographers finally had to desist. But the *Call* man couldn't satisfy his chief that all his resources had been exhausted, and was told to go back and secure a picture of Madame Wu if he had to tie her to a table leg. With visions of dismissal in his mind, the photographer went back to the Consulate. He grew eloquent in his demands for a picture, and at last it was agreed that Madame Wu should pose for him, which she (apparently) did with charming grace. The *Call* had a great scoop, and it was not discovered until months later that Madame Wu had sent a lady of her suite to face the camera.

Strategic Photographer Tebbs

Charles Tebbs, connected with the *Examiner* while here, and now with the Hearst papers in New York, was a very successful getter of forbidden photographs. He performed a particularly clever feat on the occasion of the late President McKinley's visit to this city. Henry T. Scott's house, which had been placed at the disposal of the President, was besieged by photographers, but all of them were denied admittance. They might photograph the outside of the house, but the inside was forbidden them. Two or three days before the President's arrival a roughly dressed man with a tool box in his hand appeared at the house and announced that he had been sent to take measurements and make other arrangements for the installation of special tele-

phone and telegraph wires. Putting his tool-box on a table in the drawing-room, he began measuring. Occasionally he would fool around the tool-box, but never seemed to find what he wanted. He went through the same manoeuvres in the bedrooms and the dining-room. And when he went away Tebbs—for, as they say in the old sleuth stories, "It was indeed he"—carried away in the camera concealed within the tool-box as many photographs as he needed of the interior of the house.

Not to Take Place This Month

I hear that the Newhall-Houghttelling nuptials have been postponed, but will probably occur not later than autumn. Mr. Houghttelling had an attack of influenza, so the wedding could not come off this month as planned. He was very ill when Miss Newhall was visiting his folks in Chicago, and the family physician suggested that the California climate might prove an efficacious tonic. So he came West and is now visiting the Newhalls.

Notable Visitors in Los Angeles

"One of the notable visitors to Los Angeles," writes my correspondent in the South, "is Colonel Lorenzo Alexis de Clairmont, chief-of-staff and aid-de-camp to the President of Guatemala. Colonel de Clairmont is a native son of California and a soldier of fortune who has enjoyed an unusual share of success during his comparatively few years. Before going into Guatemala in 1892 he served the United States in the Philippine campaign and bears the scars of three severe wounds to testify to his valor on the battlefield. On leaving the islands he went South to recuperate and there won the personal favor of the President of the republic. With the Colonel on his Los Angeles visit are two interesting small boys, the sons of the president of the peninsula country, Senor Licenciado Don Manuel Estrada-Cabrera who, in addition to other distinctions, is known as one of the best lawyers in his part of the continent."

Dr. Harry Tevis, Gordon Blanding and Miss Susanne Blanding have gone to New York to find divertisement. Dr. Tevis is also looking up ideas for furnishing his country home that he bought from James Flood.

Westgate Apartments

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A FEW APARTMENTS ARE STILL AVAILABLE

EXCLUSIVELY for housekeeping. Five and six rooms, arranged strictly on the Eastern plan. Only four apartments to each floor, thereby affording privacy and exclusiveness.

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You can select from several different makes of pianos, many different styles, any wood you want. We have new pianos as low in price as \$200; higher grade instruments at \$275 to \$300 and \$350. A fine little piano for \$375, and with any piano you select here you have the privilege of exchanging for a Steinway later.

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Excellent bargains, many of the good old makes that have come to us in exchange. We guarantee every one of them. Take elevator to third floor.

If you cannot call we will be glad to quote prices and send full description by mail.

SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.

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Located for thirty-five years at Kearny and Sutter Streets, San Francisco. Oakland Store, Broadway and Thirteenth Street.

Club Women Against Club Life

From Indiana, via Associated Press reports, sweeps the awful warning that doomsday approaches for the woman's club, and the saddest part of it is that fair woman is hoist by her own petard, for it was through her enthusiasm in a club debate that her change of heart was experienced. The wives of Purdue University professors in the town of Lafayette have met in their Three O'Clock Club time out of mind, had their little swat at current events, perhaps gossiped a bit, and gone to their several homes well satisfied with their club meeting. But the other day some imp of mischief suggested a debate on the subject, "Resolved, That Club Life is Beneficial to the Home," and the negatives, with true feminine enthusiasm, became so imbued with the idea that it was *not* beneficial, and made such telling arguments to that effect, that the affirmatives were routed in great disorder; and those most active in club life became veritable turncoats, fairly tripping over their skirts in their haste to get over to the other side. Of course mere man will be mightily amused at the spectacle and will make all sorts of comments on the situation, which certainly assumes a comedy aspect when we think how woman has stubbornly held out against pulpit, press, husbands, fathers, only to gracefully hoist the white flag because she has talked her precious little self into it.

Prof. Charles Frederick Holder of Pasadena, who is an authority on Southern California's sports, climate and productions, has written a book which he calls "Life in the Open," which will be published in the spring. Holder has spent twenty years in the region he describes in his book. He has lived in the open, he knows the Sierra Madre, the Mesa country along the shore, and the near-lying islands of the Pacific.

Daughters Disagree

Even in the best regulated families sisters do not always entertain for one another that sisterly affection which is essential to perfect domestic harmony. The larger the family the more likely is discord to enter, so it is not surprising that in the society known as The Daughters of California Pioneers a little friction should have been engendered after five years of corporate existence. The itch for office is responsible for the trouble. The first president of the society was Mrs. A. G. Gurnett, the second, Mrs. Alice Morse and the third, Mrs. Morse's sister, Mrs. Sidney Smith Palmer. When Mrs. Palmer was nominated for president she induced Mrs. Henry Tricou to accept the vice-presidency, and it is now said that Mrs. Tricou accepted with the understanding that she would be the next president. Things did not come to pass as per agreement and now the ladies who do not approve all that has been done are expressing their sentiments very freely. They make it clear that in their opinion Mrs. Palmer and her sister Mrs. Morse are too covetous of office and honor and that they should be less active in the management of the society in order to give others a chance to bathe in the limelight, and they glibly recite the history of the society to prop up their position, but of course the answer to their argument is that the majority rules, and that if the society did not want Mrs. Palmer to hold office she would not have been re-elected.

Factional Strife

The disgruntled ones recite, among other things, that during her first term Mrs. Palmer had the constitution

amended with the consent of Mrs. Tricou extending her term of office two months. Mrs. Tricou was then regarded as the incoming president, but after the adoption of the amendment a sentiment in favor of a second term for Mrs. Palmer took root and grew very rapidly. It was probably because Mrs. Palmer had made a very fine executive officer that this sentiment flourished, but the friends of Mrs. Tricou complained that the friends of Mrs. Palmer were very unjust. They even said that, in view of all that had occurred, it would be indelicate to run Mrs. Palmer for a second term, but the president's adherents were evidently in the majority for the adherents of Mrs. Tricou, being sensible of their numerical weakness, planned a coup; they decided to withdraw from the club after election but to keep their purpose secret. On election day the opposing forces lined up for action. Just before the ballot Mrs. Tricou asked a question by which the information was elicited that at least twelve of the prospective opposition voters were delinquent. Then there was a scurrying in hot haste for the necessary funds and the delinquents managed to square themselves on the books, after which Mrs. Tricou, who had no doubt counted noses, withdrew from the contest along with several of her friends, and Mrs. Palmer was re-elected. At the next meeting of the society several members resigned. Nevertheless the society has continued to prosper and another annual election is approaching. Mrs. Ella Lees Leigh is now vice-president, a position to which she aspired the year Mrs. Tricou was elected, and the supposition is that she expected to reach the presidency in time, but the latest report is that the sentiment of the society is in favor of the election of Mrs. Alice Morse, sister of Mrs. Palmer, who was the second president of the organization. It is explained that good presidential material is hard to find and

Ex-Mayor James D. Phelan Says:

"The scheme will promote neighborliness based on common interests, and at the same time the grouping of the houses within the enclosure should insure privacy and protection. The plan seems ideal."

That is praise for

Presidio Terrace

spoken in an earnest vein by a man who knows from observation in this city and elsewhere the great advantages of the Terrace.

It is the first residence park established in San Francisco, and there is no suitable location for a second. From any point in the Terrace a magnificent panoramic view that includes the whole of Golden Gate park, is obtained. Its proximity to the Presidio reservation and fashionable Pacific Heights makes a home there doubly desirable.

Reasonable prices and convenient terms.

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that Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Morse have demonstrated their fitness. But the Tricou faction take an entirely different view of the matter.



The Countess of Warwick.

The noted Englishwoman who has become the pet of the wage-earners of London, and who addressed a large concourse in the open air last week, advising them as to their political rights and duties.

Her Fondness for Sensationalism

A local Britisher, who is familiar with the records and doings of the aristocracy of London has given me some interesting information about the Countess of Warwick who was briefly mentioned in the despatches the other day, anent her activity in British politics. "She has long been one of the leaders of London society," he said, "and she has been in the limelight before. Five years ago she created a big sensation by writing for one of the magazines an article entitled 'The Revolution of English Society,' which she said began with the death of the present King's father. It was then that the conquest of society by the rich began. Mammon laid siege to the fortress, the outworks fell one by one, and then the citadel surrendered. The golden key, she declared, unlocked the most exclusive doors, and she attributed to the corrupting influence of money the absence of those standards of good manners and mutual courtesy which at least superficially are recognized as distinguishing good society and good breeding. The great danger to the well-being of the community generally, she wrote, lies in the diminished sense of responsibility among the wealthy classes," and this, says my British friend, is an idea which evidently made an impression on President Roosevelt for he has since given expression to it many times. The Countess, by the way, is the most daring and unconventional woman in London society. When she was Lady Brooke her escapades startled society quite often, but she cared naught for the criticisms that her flirtations provoked.

Old Fashioned Chocolate Creams.—Old Fashioned Chocolate Creams are—try some, there's an indescribable charm. Only at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

An Episode

The Countess was formerly Lady Brooke and she was on very intimate terms with Albert Edward when he was Prince of Wales. Their friendship is supposed to have been severed after the disclosure of the Tranby Croft bacarat scandal, when it became known that the story reached the newspapers as a result of her discussion of the incident. Thereafter she was known as "the babbling Brooke." Many amusing stories have been told of her flirtations. One that went the rounds of the London drawing-rooms some years ago was in reference to an incident that occurred when the Prince and Princess of Wales were guests at Warwick Castle. During the night the Princess became restless and made a trip to the library in quest of a book. When passing Lady Brooke's boudoir, she noticed the door ajar and a light shining within. Lady Brooke was reclining on a couch and sitting by her side was the future King of England, seemingly filled with speechless admiration. For a long time thereafter, it was said, the Princess gave Lady Brooke the glassy eye.

Indifferent to Our Society

Although Edwina Hammond lives in San Francisco, she is better known in Los Angeles society than in our whirl. Last week she took a trip to the southern capital merely to attend a large ball. There are three Hammond girls who attend the Friday Night dances, and two boys who are much angled for by the mothers of marriageable daughters. Thus far, however, their efforts have not been crowned with success. The Hammonds are immensely wealthy Montana people, "papa" having made his money in lumber.

Two Literary Lions

Jerome K. Jerome and Charles Battell Loomis will give what Sidney Peixotto tells me will be "an evening of refined mirth" next Wednesday in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium for the benefit of the Columbia Park Boys' Club. The club is better known locally than Mr. Jerome is, that is in the flesh, but there is no doubt everybody will want to see and hear the man who wrote "Three Men in a Boat."

Mata-Hari

Artistic Hand-work from Java

- ☞ Made in accordance with the highly cultured civilization of the princesses of the courts of Java and Sumatra.
- ☞ These Javanese novelties are made on our own estates and are for sale only at our Oakland Store.
- ☞ They are highly artistic and exclusively Javanese. You are invited to see them.

From Holland

- ☞ The finest and purest Damask Table Sets, Batist and other Linens for Shirtwaists, etc., made by the most famous factories.
- ☞ Coats-of-Arms and Monograms woven to order.

Holland-Java Co.

538 Fourteenth Street, Oakland

Mr. Loomis is not an entire stranger either to our reading world, his whimsical books and humorous contributions to magazine literature being favorably known. The two humorists will give readings from their works and they have already promise of a large and cultured audience.

Our Napoleon of Finance

Gradually we are being made aware of the fact that in Walter J. Bartnett California has a very able man. Some days ago we learned that he had reorganized a banking institution in this city and this week we were informed through the press despatches that he had extended his influence to Wall street and was one of the principal factors in the reorganization of the Interboro Bank. George Gould has been quoted as saying that Mr. Bartnett is a very rich man and can easily afford to put through financial deals involving millions of dollars. This was news to a great many people in San Francisco. Mr. Bartnett has not been long in the public eye. He first attracted public attention as one of the promoters of the Western Pacific Railroad Company, and then he was not looked upon as a great financial genius. He was known to a small percentage of the citizens of this city as an attorney and attorneys are not noted for their financial genius. The recent doings of Mr. Bartnett in railroad and banking circles aroused my curiosity, and being a man of normal curiosity I concluded that there were others who would like to know something of the Bartnett personality. I had not been long prosecuting my inquiries before I learned that Bartnett was a man with a past as well as a man with a future, the one being full of human and the other full of speculative interest. Though he has not yet arrived at the age at which, according to Dr. Osler, a man's creative power becomes atrophied, the story of his achievements to date is one of the marvelous passages in the history of Californian industrial development. This comparatively obscure attorney, obscure because he has never figured in any spectacular litigation, and who is only thirty-nine years of age, has shown that he is possessed of many of the elements of greatness which have distinguished the world's most eminent financiers.

His College Days

The genius of Walter Bartnett manifested its possibilities when he arrived at Berkeley University in the eighties, a typical yokel in appearance, as verdant and awkward as the bashful youth in George Ade's "College Widow" who became a rollicking, cigarette-smoking blade at the end of his first term. Bartnett could boast of nothing but that he was an expert tiller of the soil and he often said that he could dig more potatoes in a given time than any man ever employed on his father's ranch near Martinez. Within a year young Bartnett forged to the front in scholastics and during the same period he showed a

wonderful aptitude for business affairs. His instinct for organization asserted itself from the beginning. He organized the Committee on Students' Affairs which has had charge of those affairs ever since. He took charge of the *Blue and Gold*, the junior publication which had been running into debt for years, enlarged it to five times its usual size and made five thousand dollars' profit.

Climbing the Ladder

Bartnett graduated from the University with the class of '87 and then he began teaching school in the Irving Institute in this city, using his salary to defray his expenses while going through the Hastings Law College. As soon as he was admitted to practice he entered the law office of Gunnison & Booth at a salary of fifteen dollars a month, and at the end of a few years he became a full-fledged member of the firm. As a practitioner he attracted some attention by his tact and shrewdness but he never had an opportunity to display his ability as a financier until the Blythe attorneys and heirs found themselves in a tangle when they wanted to raise money for fees and for distribution to the heirs. Bartnett undertook to finance a deal for them and he went to New York and raised the desired funds. His next big achievement was the reorganizing of the Tesla Coal Mining Company which had built a railroad from Stockton into Contra Costa county and which became the nucleus of the Western Pacific. About that time he became the attorney for the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and since his connection therewith the deposits have increased from two to seven millions and the stock from \$90 to \$160 a share.



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ASK FOR
BLACK AND WHITE
AND SCOTCH

WITH SODA **GOOD HOT OR COLD**

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO., INC., Pacific Coast Agents

His Softer Side

With Barnett's more recent activities the public are familiar. He bought out the Columbian Bank and re-organized it, making it a national banking institution, and followed that deal up with the absorption of the Interboro Bank of Wall street. Today Walter Barnett is a millionaire, but nobody knows the extent of his wealth. He is a man of phenomenal energy and industry. A few years ago he broke down under the strain put upon his nervous system and since then he has husbanded his energies, but his intimate friends say that he still works eighteen hours in every twenty-four. His offices cover a whole floor of the California Safe Deposit building, and there are eighteen men at his beck and call every one of whom is kept on the jump. Whenever he takes a train he has a coterie of stenographers with him taking dictation. And despite his incessant intercourse with Mammon and the materialistic impulse that keeps his mental faculties under forced draught, Walter Barnett is possessed of a large fund of that human sympathy that softens and refines. One of his old schoolmates, to whom I am indebted for the data of this biographical sketch, told me that when Barnett was a poor teacher in the days of his law studies he saw him buy a pair of shoes for an unfortunate friend, though at the time his own shoes were badly in need of repair. From the same source I learned that in all his rush of work Barnett gives an occasional thought and an occasional tip to his old schoolmates by which they are enabled to make a little easy money.

The Romance of His Life

There is another incident in the career of the Napoleon of Finance, one that has a touch of romance in it and it is, therefore, worthy of a paragraph by itself. In the days when Barnett was a struggling attorney he was employed in a divorce suit, that of Dr. Vaux, a physician. He championed the cause of the wife and won her case and a few years later he won her hand. Mrs. Vaux is a highly cultured woman who was educated in art abroad. She interested her husband in art and he has become quite a connoisseur. His old friends say that through his interest in art his tastes were developed and found expression in his personal appearance. For several years after he left college he looked like a farmer. He dressed like one and scorned a claw-hammer, but now he is a polished club man and seems to have a genius for clothes as well as for finance. A little while ago he purchased forty acres of land on a beautifully situated promontory between Sausalito and Tiburon and there he will probably establish a palatial home.

Israel's Cantor Has Resigned

Cantor Davis's classic features will no more adorn the services at the Temple Israel. The cantor, who for eleven years has sung at Israel's, is going abroad to study for two years in Milan, with view to becoming a concert singer. He made up his mind to this step just a fortnight before his re-election as Israel's cantor. He will start for Europe early in February.

Lederer's Find

George W. Lederer has been calling attention to his latest find, a Miss Florence Martin, a California song bird, scarcely half way through her teens, who can really act and really dance and really sing. She is tremendously pretty, and Mr. Lederer declares upon his honor as the discoverer of Edna May that she is the most promising material for prima donna honors that has ever come under his notice.

The Atlas
and
Manchester
Assurance Companies
HAVE MOVED
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ATLAS BUILDING
Nos. 416-18-20 Sacramento St.
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Roller Skating**The New
Society Craze**

Afternoons and Evenings

Matinee, 1:30 to 4:30

Evenings, 7:30 to 10:30

Mechanics Pavilion

J.H. Cutter
WHISKY

DELIGHTS THE PALATE OF A CONNOISSEUR

A Perfectly Pure Kentucky Whisky
Sherwood & Sherwood, Agents

Rise of John Martin

Another big electric plant located in Santa Cruz county was absorbed the other day by the San Francisco Gas and Electric corporation which is controlled by John Martin, Eugene de Sabla and Richard Hotaling. The head and front of this corporation is John Martin, a man of whom comparatively little is known considering the important part that he has played in recent years in the development of this state. His name appears in the newspapers pretty often because he is frequently doing things of great interest, but he is mentioned as though everybody knew all about him, whereas he is an absolute stranger to more than ninety-nine out of every hundred citizens in the state. John Martin is one of our brand-newest millionaires, a man of rare constructive ability with a genius for grasping opportunity. His opportunity came less than a decade ago, and ever since it has been all sunshine for him and he has been busy making hay. Ten years ago he was a book-keeper for Husband & Brooks, coal dealers on the water front. Fortunately for him they went into bankruptcy and he had to get out and hustle for a job. He soon made connections with an iron pipe factory and started out as a drummer. While traveling in the northern part of the state he was impressed with the potentialities for developing electric power and he decided to take advantage of them. His first step was to associate himself with an engineer, Mr. de Sabla, and his next step was to interest capital in his scheme. As a promoter he was a success from the start, and under his direction California has made greater progress than any state in the Union in the transmission of power by wire from her rivers and mountain cascades to her cities and manufacturing centres.

*John Martin*

The Electric Power Magnate who was a Drummer less than ten years ago, and who is now a Millionaire.

Our Electrical Energy

The long-distance transmission of electricity is more general in California than anywhere else in the world, but we have viewed the remarkable achievements of John Martin and his associates as though they were of commonplace character, having not the slightest inkling to the wonderful nerve and perseverance of the men who have set the pace for the whole world in this line of industry. A few years ago, when the Martin-de Sabla plant in Yuba City was in its infancy, it was suggested to C. E. Grunsky, who was then City Engineer, that perhaps this municipality would be able to get electric power from that source. He rejected the suggestion as unworthy of consideration but today we are getting electric power from a much greater distance. By harnessing rapids and mountain streams Martin has been able to run electric cars in Sacramento, Stockton, Oakland and other towns. There are over a thousand miles of lines in different parts of the state, and the electrical energy transmitted is about twice as great as the combined capacity of the completed plants at Niagara Falls. The longest transmission, I believe, is from de Sabla to San Francisco, two hundred and forty-two miles. By this plant a water-fall 1,560 feet high develops twelve thousand horsepower and the line pressure is fifty-five thousand volts. The Martin-de Sabla system has twelve plants, the first of which was erected at Folsom in 1895 and was considered a wonder. In many parts of the state now farm-houses are lighted by electricity and nearly every farmer has a telephone. The San Francisco Gas and Electric Company serves twenty-six counties and seventy-two cities and towns.

Hotaling Versus Shiels

Though the Bohemian Club's next annual election is some months distant the politicians of the club are already

active. There is to be a contest over the presidency, the friends of Dick Hotaling having decided to elect him to the high office. Last year Hotaling was a candidate for vice-president and he was beaten by Dr. Shiels by three or four votes. It has been understood during the months that have elapsed that Shiels would be the choice of the Administration for president to succeed Mr. Barton, but the officers of the club are not popular, and their wishes are not to be consulted by the disgruntled. Barton and his associates were elected to repair the prestige of the club, it being the sentiment of many members that the atmosphere of the club had been commercialized and that it was badly in need of the infusion of the true bohemian spirit, but there is now more dissatisfaction than ever. As uplifters Barton and his associates have failed to rise to the occasion, and so the anti-Administration element has resolved to seize the reins of government. They believe that with Dick Hotaling as their standard bearer they can beat Dr. Shiels, who by the way is now enjoying a trip to Tahiti blissfully ignorant of the situation. His friends gave him a farewell dinner the night before his departure and it was a gruesome affair. The hosts were ex-patients of the doctor and the table decorations and menu were reminiscent of numerous sessions in the operating room. Absorbent cotton, surgical plaster,

Gone to New York

Miss Olga Widrin, one of the most successful millinery artistes of San Francisco, left for New York this week to lay in her supply of spring millinery, which as usual will be of the choicest and most unique modes. During her absence her sister, Miss Mary Widrin, will have charge of her millinery business here at 958 Geary street.

ON DISPLAY at Engraving Department, complete line of Imported and Domestic Stationery; SCHUSSLER BROS., 119 Geary street.



Exterior of the Colgate Power House.

Showing the pipe lines connected with a flume running on the top of the hill through which the fall is obtained.



Interior of the Colgate Power House.

One of the numerous power houses of the Martin-de Sabla system.

capsules and other things familiar to the medical profession gave piquancy to the feast.

Inopportune Influenza

An attack of influenza caused the postponement of a big society tea last week. The victim was Mrs. David Crabtree who had invited one hundred friends to the Oolong revel. Unlike the average clergyman's wife, Mrs. Crabtree is one of the smartest gowned women in society.

San Franciscans as Decorators

Will Carrigan's change of business, I hear, was due to his friends' advice. When the Californian settled himself in New York as the representative of his firm here he furnished up a most luxurious apartment. So original were its artistic appointments that his intimates advised him to go into the decorating business professionally, and he took their advice. It is really remarkable how many San Franciscans have embarked upon this line of work in New York. John Harrold pioneered the way, and then "Bobby" McKee, who was launched here by Florence Roberts and Henry Miller, followed him, and "Addie" Mizner became a decorator in the metropolis and his services were engaged by many wealthy families. Less known in society are the two Leventritt boys, who began their career here, but are now catering to the decorative needs of wealthy Jewish New York residents.

When Senility Steals O'er Us

To the trim young woman who manicures all comers in the screened corner of a certain barber shop in Geary street, there hobbles every Saturday afternoon a silent old man who makes his living by selling lead pencils on the curbs in the shopping district. In the words of a recent popular song spasm, "nobody knows his number, and nobody knows his name," but a lot of people can tell you glibly that he is an impostor, because he pretends to be blind, in business hours, and isn't. Besides being old and silent and an impostor he is shabby, unshaved, unshorn, and apparently in dire need of a bath. Nor is there any reason to believe that he is finicky about his finger nails, oftener than once a week and on the day specified. Thus summed up, and further indented upon my attention by the fact that he twice kept me waiting for my own grooming by the manicure, I submit it was but natural I should have made inquiries regarding

his sanity. The brisk young woman with the file and buffer not only assured me on this point but went so far as to supply me with a hypothesis that served very well as an explanation of the phenomenon. The old and dingy pencil vendor, said she, was a type, an extreme type, if you like, but none the less a type of a constant class of her custom. These withered, wrinkled gentry, though dissimilar in many other outward symbols are all alike in being wrinkled and withered—and lonely. Their being lonely was the secret of the manicuring, according to the manicure; for she thought that they only sought her ministrations because there was no woman left in all the world with whom they might still hold hands on other terms; their sweethearts and wives and daughters and nieces and cousins and mothers and aunts being long since coffined. I liked this idea, and between us we elaborated it.

Holding Hands

And so the manicure and I reached the conclusion that perhaps when one is old and alien and left behind there may be the same sad pleasure in the touch of a gentle feminine hand that there is in the sudden, unexpected scent of country flowers in the city streets, or the moo of a cow after one has well nigh forgotten what a cow looks like, or the smell of the sea when one has lived in the mountains for years. And it is a cheap pleasure, for those who thus enjoy it, easily and certainly renewed at will. Then we parted, the manicure and I. But after I had left her shop, and while I was strolling toward my own, it occurred to me that here was a subject for a charming essay. This is not the essay, and I may never write it, yet I cannot forbear rounding out what has gone before by setting down my claim that nothing is so universally understood, under every flag, in every quarter of the globe, as holding hands. The Japanese maid may never guess the meaning in the offer of a kiss, nor she of Lapland or the cannibal isles. They and many others of differing latitudes may not know your spoken language of affection. But slip their hands in yours, one at a time, of course, and all is told and comprehended. Even a manicure would guess the exact shade of your meaning, unless you experimented at her glitteringly accoutred table in a busy hour. And she might guess it, even then.

With good viands, good wine, good service, good cheer, you can entertain your friends delightfully at Tait's Cafe in the James Flood Building. A satisfying luncheon served daily except Sunday for 35 cents.

Meteoritic Career of Curtis

From recent developments it appears that the Grand Jury, which tried so hard to secure evidence of graft on which to indict Mayor Schmitz and Abe Ruef, might have employed its time more profitably in investigating the conduct of the Sheriff's office under Peter Curtis of the immaculate Phelan-McNab machine. All the evidence is not yet in, but sufficient has been introduced to show that for maladministration of municipal office the greatest records of recent years were broken under Curtis. And Sheriff Curtis was a reformer; not only that, he is a very ardent churchman, and the politicians say that he worked his church pull for all it was worth. At the time of his nomination for Supervisor some years ago he was an humble deputy sheriff, a bailiff in Judge Wallace's court, a department made famous by the acquittal of an influential soldier who committed a cold-blooded murder. No casual observer ever discerned in Bailiff Curtis anything to justify the hope that he would distinguish himself as a municipal legislator. None of the political leaders looked upon him as available for the Board of Supervisors, for which, it will be remembered, some of the most distinguished citizens of San Francisco were chosen. Curtis had never done anything to vindicate his qualifications for public service in such high-class company, and though Mr. Phelan is justly renowned for his ability to discern virtues and imperfections that are hidden, he was not the Columbus entitled to the credit of discovering Curtis. The simple truth is that the humble bailiff was forced on the attention of the bosses. However, he made a good record as Supervisor, but then, as Mr. Shaw says, you never can tell—no Colonel O'Neill succeeded him as Supervisor. Mr. Curtis says that he has absolute confidence in his own integrity and in that he may be justified. It may turn out that he was deceived by his own deputies. Such things happen.

Customs' House Graft

I've just heard of a new graft scheme that is amusing in its ingenuity. When the old customs house was abandoned a few weeks ago, a lot of the furniture was sold at auction. Some of it was well worth buying. Outside of the historical interest attached to it—for it had been in use there for half a century—this furniture was of oak and mahogany. It was not of the veneered kind, either, but was of the solid wood, dark, time-stained, attractive to any buyer of old furniture. But, sad to relate, some of the most attractive pieces were incomplete. There were desks with the tops gone, tables minus legs. These went wonderfully cheap. And after the sale was over the man who bought them—a customs house employe—dug out from different corners of the building the missing parts. And great was his profit thereby.

Clarence Oddie, who was married last Tuesday evening to Miss Alice Treanor, is a brother of Tasker L. Oddie, the mining man who, with Millionaire Butler discovered the mines of Tonopah. Clarence Oddie shares in his brother's mining interests. He is a graduate of Cornell.

Too Much Christian Science

It has just leaked out that the breaking, some months ago, of the engagement of a well-known society girl noted for her mental accomplishments, was entirely due to Christian Science. Her betrothed had saturated himself with the doctrines of Mary Baker Eddy and he could talk of nothing else. Whenever he called on his betrothed he spouted Christian Science and expounded the all mind, no matter theory. He brought bulky volumes to the house and read from them by the hour, boring the girl to death. To escape him she broke the engagement.

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Alice's Wedding

My Washington correspondent writes:

Washington is all agog over the preparations for the wedding of Miss Alice. The day, the hour, and officiating clergyman were solemnly proclaimed to the public last week, but everybody had been taken into the confidence of the young people, and these details were common talk. It will be a noon wedding, on February 17th, in the East Room, probably solemnized under the crystal chandelier near the south side, for this is the chosen spot of brides, just as the north is dedicated to White House funeral services. After the wedding there will be a breakfast, and this problem is the biggest one which the President and his wife have ever faced. Miss Alice wants the function to be personal and private, but the daughter of the Chief Executive of the United States marrying in the White House has no private personal affairs. She belongs to the people, and may as well bow to the inevitable. Mr. Longworth, who sees a big political future, does not smile on the personal interpretation of his nuptials. It is safe to predict that the company who will drink to the health of the bride and the man of her choice will number several hundred. She has offered hostages to her girl friends, and, although she will have no maids, a group of pretty maidens and the young matrons who have been her intimates in days ago will be banked with the flowers against the south wall. This choice selection will include the Roosevelt cousins, Miss Christine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Emlen Roosevelt, Miss Lorraine, daughter of Mrs. J. West Roosevelt; Miss Corinne Robinson, who is the daughter of the President's sister, Mrs. Douglas Robinson; Mrs. Theodore Douglas Robinson, formerly Miss Helen Roosevelt, and at least six other near relatives. Then there will be Mrs. Preston Gibson, of Chicago, who kissed and made up with the President's daughter since the announcement of the engagement; Mrs. Mary McCauley Tuckerman, Mrs. Robert Goellet, Miss Mathilde Townsend, Miss Isabel May, the Misses Loring, Miss Carolyn Postlethwaite, the Misses Warder, the Misses Boardman, Miss Amy McMillan and Miss Alice Gordon Parker.

Mrs. Belmont Will Break In

My correspondent writes: "Mrs. Perry Belmont, who was formerly Mrs. Sloane, has joined the fashionable winter colony in Washington, and has decided on heroic measures to blaze her way into the 'smart set' of the National Capital, which thus far has not received her advent any too hospitably. She has arranged for a musicale here on January 25th, which, it is said, will outdo all previous efforts of the kind. She will bring several stars from the grand opera company at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, having arranged for a private car for the trip. Among the artists promised for her guests are Caruso, the famous tenor; Gerardy, the skilled 'cellist, and Madame Emma Eames, if possible for her to be away a sufficient length of time from New York. Mrs. Belmont already has received enough acceptances to insure the success of her musicale from a social viewpoint. Miss Alice Roosevelt and Nicholas Longworth, Mrs. Longworth, his mother, Secretary Taft and Mrs. Taft, Mrs. L. Z. Leiter and nearly all the members of the diplomatic corps will attend. Supper will be served by New York caterers and the floral display will come directly from the South. The music hall will present a sylvan scene, with giant palms and flowering tropical plants."

George Heazleton is merely waiting, I hear, until his wife's return from Washington to begin work on the addition to their already large house. In the wing to be added will be a music room and art gallery. The Heazeltons have a fine collection of pictures. Their home is after the Mission style of architecture and commands a view of the bay and all the nearby country.

Did Not Know the Artist

In mentioning the gift of Joseph Raphael's Salon painting, "The Town Crier and His Friends," to the Park Museum by Raphael Weill, one of the dailies got matters a bit mixed. Mr. Weill did not see the painting when he was in Paris, nor has he ever met the young Californian artist whose work it is. Of course it spoils a pretty story somewhat to recount the simple fact that it was from Miss Wolfsohn, of the college settlement in Seventh street that Mr. Weill learned of young Raphael's work. It was in her possession and he purchased it from her.

A Love at First Sight Affair

There was a little romance connected with the engagement of Helen Murison and Mr. Davis, I hear. Mr. Davis is an Englishman who saw Miss Murison for the first time at a large tea. He promptly fell in love with her, asked her name and skirmished around to get some one to introduce him. A few days later he proposed. The marriage is not, I believe, to take place for some months. Constance Murison, Helen's sister, will be married, however, in March. The Murisons are nieces of the translator of "The Soul of an Artist," which has attracted so much attention in the reading world.



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The Man of Genius

For several weeks I have been perspiring in the throes of a voluminous and redundant correspondence with a young man who once saw my name at the head of a newspaper column and thereupon saw fit to choose me as the mentor of his literary aspirations. We have had a pretty tough time of it, everything considered, because he was in deadly earnest and I was not. And his last letter, in which he asked me if I did not, despite my slings and arrows, really revere the man of genius, has had the effect of severing our relations. What I said in my reply to this question may possibly interest somebody else, not so much as information as incentive to argument, or a shaking of the pedestal of silly affectation. I have seen a good many geniuses, or alleged geniuses, in my day, and I have never seen one that I would have constantly consorted with for gold or precious stones. It is difficult to prove this to persons like my correspondent, the very sincerity of whose inquiry made my answer spell folly. His pipe, in the patter of the vulgarian, is lit; and forgetful of the wisdom of Ulysses he is leaning far over the bulwarks to exchange persiflage, though he doesn't know it is persiflage, with the sirens of pen and ink.

Elements of Genius

As I said a few lines back, my own acquaintance with genius has been fairly comprehensive, and consequently I agree with but few of the authorities who have carefully spilt zephyr in the effort to define it. Goethe, who said that genius is only related to time by its defects, was on the trail of the truth; Lombroso, who pointed toward insanity, was near the mark; and Hugo, when writing of something else, is the only one who seems to me to have dug up the roots. "Irritated convictions," said Hugo, "embittered enthusiasms, aroused indignations, martial instincts suppressed, youthful courage exalted and generous blindness; curiosity, a taste for change, thirst for something unexpected; vague hatreds, rancors, disappointments, every vanity which believes that destiny has been a bankrupt to it; straitened circumstances, empty dreams, ambitions surrounded with escarpments, every man who hopes for an issue from an overthrow; the greatest and the most infamous, beings who prowl about beyond the pale of everything while awaiting an opportunity, nameless men, gypsies, highway vagabonds, the men who sleep o' nights with no other roof but the cold clouds of heaven; those who daily ask their bread of chance, and not of toil; the unknown men of wretchedness and nothingness, every man who has in his soul a secret revolt against any act of the state, of life, or of destiny." My quotation is somewhat garbled, but it will serve its purpose. It limns exactly the characteristics of a hundred human wrecks that are strewn in my memory. It fits accurately enough the personalities behind a thousand great names of day before yesterday. The achievements of genius are mighty but its attributes are, to be considerably euphemistic, usually disagreeable. The achievement, the achievement is the thing, not the man. And only the ambition that stops pawing aspirations and settles down to work—any kind of work—may stand for a hope. The unfledged man of genius, particularly, empty handed and full mouthed, is only an object of pity, or a freak.

A Press Club Breakfast

The Press Club now has a coterie of Sunday breakfasters. They were rounded up by Captain William Barnes under whose direction the first gastronomic session was

pulled off last Sunday in the jinks room. It was a great love feast the charm of which was not altogether in the material refreshments, for there was a fine flow of wit stimulated by Toastmaster Barnes. Frank Keane was the cartoonist of the occasion and he turned out a very clever piece of work. Impresario Greenbaum and that picturesque artist, Nat Landsberger, supplied the instrumental music and Homer Henley and Vail Bakewell were the vocalists. Like all Press Club affairs the breakfast was delightfully free from formality and so well sustained was the spirit of jollity that the jinks room was not deserted until a late hour in the afternoon. It was decided to organize the breakfast coterie into a club and have sessions at regular intervals.

Cupid in Honolulu

From the Hawaiian capital my correspondent writes me of two engagement announcements that are of more than local interest. One is that of Alice Jones and Abram Lewis; the other, Fanny Young of Detroit and Judge Alexander Lindsay of the Circuit Court. "Mr. Lewis, Miss Jones's fiance," writes my correspondent, "is junior member of the law firm of Smith & Lewis. He is prominent socially as well as professionally, and is well known in club circles in San Francisco. Miss Jones is the second and youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Jones, of the missionary element. She has considerable literary talent, and about two years ago wrote a sketch for a minstrel show performance which was considered very clever. Judge Lindsay met his fiance when he was a law student at the University of Michigan. He is one of the most phenomenal linguists in the islands, with colloquial command of Hawaiian, Portuguese, Spanish, Chinese, Japanese, and a smattering of Korean. He acquired these accomplishments while on the superintending staff of plantations where people of the several nationalities worked.

"On Washington's birthday Honolulu is to have a fiesta, with a floral automobile parade. It is intended especially to have a large number of Hawaiian women riders wearing the old equestrienne garb now seldom seen, known as *pa-u*. The *pa-u* is a long and flowing but bifurcated riding habit, usually of very gay colors."

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The Sunday Breakfasters of the Press Club.

A Rush of Rollers to the Head

The papers have it that two hundred and fifty members of the Berkeley branch of the well-known firm of Co-Eds & Co. have gone into bankruptcy, all on account of not attending to business; in other words, five times fifty students of the University of California have failed, flunked, been plucked, cinched, retired to the farm, or what you will. Too much using of the feet, too little using of the head—there's the trouble. So say the learned professors. The boys and girls will dance and skate, but they will not study. To Co-Eds & Co., the blackboard intended for the exercise of the mind is a bete noire, the bright-colored polished board intended for the exercise of the body a thing of beauty and a joy forever. As a way out of the difficulty, I suggest that in the future the elective system be extended so as to permit each student to choose for himself whether he shall be examined top or toe, proficiency at either end admitting to equal standing. At present, however, as the poet says:

School's not parquet floors and fizz—
No, the devil of it is
That, unless you tend to biz,
Profs will queer you in the quiz.

Lively Times Coming at Coronado

During the latter part of the month the Pacific Squadron is to visit Coronado, and society down there is laundering its best bib and tucker in preparation for the arrival of the naval officers. The squadron includes battleships, cruisers and torpedo boats. A big ball is to be given at the hotel for the Admiral and officers of the fleet. Capt. F. H. Sherman of the U. S. gunboat *Princeton* arrived with his ship on Tuesday, also Lieutenant Commander John F. Marshall of the torpedo boat destroyer *Paul Jones*, and Mrs. Marshall. Later on are promised the Coronado golf championship tournament games and the tennis championship tournament, the polo races and tournament, for

all of which valuable trophies have been provided. The hotel has been the scene of much social activity this winter, and any number of prominent Easterners have been enjoying the surf bathing. Senator Edmunds of Vermont with his wife and daughter are at Coronado for the season. Mrs. Clement Studebaker and her daughter, Mrs. Carlisle, of South Bend, Ind., are among the Middle Western idle rich who are enjoying the San Diego climate. J. D. Spreckels and his son, J. D. Spreckels Jr., are down from San Francisco, and the latter's wife is joining them this week.

The Gros Family

Those who wondered why Raphael Weill should have given the most charming dinner of the season in honor of Madame Gros and her daughter were not probably aware that when in Paris Mr. Weill is always a frequent guest at the Gros home. The Gros family includes Dr. Edmond, the only son, who used to be called the Apollo of the Olympic Club's junior members. They are all very popular in the American colony of Paris, and Marguerite goes about a good deal in French society as well. Although not of the Saint Germain clique, Madame Gros moves in a very fashionable circle. She is related to several of the noble families of Southern France.

Her Trunks Were Slow

Miss Christine Roosevelt arrived on the day of the Barron ball to which she had been bidden to dance in the first set. There was some delay about her luggage and it looked for a time as if she would have to make her entrance to San Francisco society in one of Christine Pomero's frocks. However the trunks finally turned up much to the two Christines' relief. Miss Roosevelt is considered by those who have met her to be handsomer than her cousin, Miss Alice, but lacking the animation and bon camaraderie of her better known relative.

Some Demurred

The report in one of the dailies that the California Club joyously raised its dues to nine dollars a year, and that a small minority favored a raise to twelve, is, I have been informed, a little inaccurate. When the proposition to raise the dues was sprung it provoked a lively discussion during which several women asserted that they could not afford to pay more than fifty cents a month. They reminded the members that a raise of dues was not contemplated when the club building scheme was projected. When that scheme was under way some of the wealthy members loaned the club some money and they were hailed as benefactors. Now they want their money back and to reimburse them dues had to be raised. Those who said they couldn't stand the raise were told that they should resign from other clubs and devote all their energies to the California.

Clocks His Inspiration

If any San Francisco lion-huntress captures Jerome K. Jerome during his stay here, I must warn her not to distrust the author if she sees him standing rapt in apparent admiration before a clock. To clocks he looks not for inspiration, but to remind him that time is flying and that he must scribble on and hustle to the march of his ideas. He says that to clocks he owes his literary success. When working at his beautiful country-place at Wallingford Jerome travels from one room to another, and when genius is working most busily he is usually seen standing absorbed in thought before a clock.

The Singer Estate

The Singer will contest is again on in Paris, the despatches tell us. This time the Princess de Polignac, she who was Winaretta Singer, figures as plaintiff, with her brother-in-law and brothers, together with the young Duc de Cazes. The suit is to have set aside the will by which the Princess's mother, one of the widows of old Isaac Singer, bequeathed all of her estate to Paul Scheze. Scheze was Mrs. Singer's third husband. After she came in for the Singer fortune she married, it will be recalled, a Belgian violinist, Victor Rubseat. He immediately came out with a coronet and a title, Duke de Camposelici, which he said was a dukedom formerly in his family and revived by King Humbert as an acknowledgment of \$40,000 which he had donated to two hospitals at St. Lazare, Piedmont. Nobody placed much credence in the story and the dukedom was not taken seriously save by the Duc and Duchesse themselves. When the violinist died the wife dropped the coronet and title and married again. Princess Edmond de Polignac is the leader of the American colony in Paris, and a clever musician and artist. She was married before, also to a Prince, whom she divorced.

BURLINGAME RESIDENCE SITES.

No section of San Mateo county has become more popular as a residence locality than Burlingame. Every day new houses are going up. Schools, churches, paved streets, modern sewers, electric lights and a fine water plant make Burlingame an ideal place for homesteads. The electric road brings it within easy reach of the city, and business men find it delightfully convenient. The Easton Addition to Burlingame, subdivided by Selby, Rodgers & Co., proved so attractive to purchasers that this firm has now placed upon the market the adjacent tract, known as Easton Addition No. 2. It lies directly across El Camino Real, from Addition No. 1, and is only a short walk from the S. P. station and the electric line depot. The view of the bay from this point is unobstructed. As soon as the new Bay Shore cut-off is completed land in this part of Burlingame is sure to increase in value.

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GERMEA

FOR

BREAKFAST

In the Financial Field

Business in the local board showed a slight improvement. Transactions in Bonds show a total of \$497,000, in Shares 5,592, apportioned as follows: 340 Lighting, 1,190 Water, 1,689 Miscellaneous, 113 Banks, and 3,260 Sugars. Dealings in lighting stocks were confined to Mutual Electric, about the absorption of which by the old company there are insistent rumors. Spring Valley Water developed quite a little strength, presumably on favorable weather conditions. Sugar stocks showed a tendency to soften. Reports from the various plantations are highly gratifying and the offerings coming at this time can only be attributed to a senseless fear of the "Philippine Bill." The bill will in all likelihood pass but it can in no way influence the price of raw sugar. It might be well for holders of stocks to use their own better judgment in preference to that of biased advisors.

The statement of the San Francisco Savings Union for the past six months is a most creditable showing and a strong indication of the prosperous condition of this bank. The amount of deposits exceeds \$34,000,000 and the assets run over \$36,000,000 and are the largest ever reached in the history of this institution. For the six months ending December 31st, a dividend is paid depositors at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum on term deposits and 3 1-3 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits. This showing should be received with pleasure by those interested in the San Francisco Savings Union. It proves its progress and soundness.

—The Financier.

Atlas and Manchester Companies to Be More Advantageously Located.

The Atlas and Manchester Assurance Companies will remove today to the building at 416-18-20 Sacramento street between Sansome and Battery, recently purchased and fitted up by the Atlas Company for office purposes. The companies will occupy the entire building, and will be better equipped than ever before for handling the large business they have built up on the Pacific Coast. The Atlas has been doing business on the Coast for about thirty years. Some two years ago the Atlas took over the Manchester Assurance Company, adding largely to the volume of its business and giving added security to the policyholders of the Manchester by reason of the increased guarantee furnished by the Atlas funds, amounting to over \$25,000,000.

One of the largest and most prosperous liquor firms, importers, growers and distillers, of the Coast is Custer's Reserve Distilleries Co., the J. Herscher-Samuel Co., Inc., sole proprietors, 521-523 Market street. The firm's specialties are the famous Custer's Reserve rye and Bourbon whiskies, Mesa Grande, California wines and brandies, and pure California olive oil.

Among the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Pattison, Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Sill, Mr. Jno. A. Gill, L. H. Smith of Chefoo.

Arrivals at Hotel Del Monte last week included Mrs. J. Jameson, W. W. Poole, Ira Judson Coe, O. M. Longergan, M. Schweitzer, Mr. and Mrs. H. Baumgartner, Mrs. A. A. Tafft, C. Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Voorsanger, Miss C. H. Easterday, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. John C. Rice of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Hager of New London, Conn., Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Taylor of Battle Creek, Mich., Alberta Gallatin of New York. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle and Mark Jr. arrived in their automobile Tuesday and stopped over night on their way south. An automobile party enjoying a recent visit at Del Monte consisted of E. M. Hecht, Miss Edith Hecht, Miss Adelaide Hecht.

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The Stage

Barrie's Fantastic Comedy

It has been said of J. M. Barrie, playwright, that a proof of his value to the stage is that his plays would not have the faintest chance of being produced if they were written by any other man; that if they were written by any other man managers would pronounce them too silly, too thin and too conventional. It was probably this charge of conventionality that impelled Mr. Barrie to the writing of "The Admirable Crichton," a play which the Alcazar management thought neither too thin nor too silly and the unexpectedness of which is appealing to the patrons of the little O'Farrell street playhouse. The play is an exquisite invention, keeping you surprised and pleased all the time. The delightfulness of it cannot be communicated through criticism, so little does it depend on its framework and so much does it owe to its alluring embroideries. Mr. Barrie has a genius for making much out of little, and in this most unconventional of plays he reaches the apogee of his own excellence. The charm of Mr. Barrie in this instance seems to be due to the fact that he has so little to say. That little he communicates more through the eye than through the ear, and as every one knows that is the essence of sound dramaturgy. In "The Admirable Crichton" Mr. Barrie is eloquent in pantomime. So deft is he in the handling of externals, in illustrating with properties, that you could interpret his message if the dialogue were eliminated. The Barrie message is never one of highly intellectual or philosophic import. His purpose is merely to entertain by directing your attention to some trivial and obvious sociological fact. In this play he merely reminds us that birthright is accident and suggests that to the theory of the transmigration of souls is due the occasional unfitness of some persons for high station and the instinct of the lowly to rise at times above their environment. To illustrate he takes a household to sea and dumps the family on a deserted island. Within two years, through force of native ability, the butler becomes the Governor of the marooned colony and the lords and ladies gravitate to servility. Mr. Barrie handles this theme as though he were inspired by sheer poverty of material. He shows us the butler overcoming all sorts of obstacles. The butler's former masters and mistresses are utterly helpless and they have to be shown the way at every step. They submit themselves to the butler's directions, and so resourceful a genius is he, so skilled in fabricating utilities, that in time he supplies them with all the comforts of home. Even an electric light plant is not beyond his powers of invention. It is all very fantastic, but it is nice and pretty and even human and plausible, and the humor of it is irresistible. There is only one jarring note and that is the conquering of the affections of Lady Mary by the erstwhile obsequious butler who has become an autocrat and something of a tyrant. Despite his admirable mechanical genius and notwithstanding the reports of his physical courage, it is somewhat difficult to obliterate the impression made by the flunkey in the first act, a flunkey of the menial-snob type whose feelings were hurt because the servants were treated with undue graciousness. Not even the ingenuity of Mr. Barrie could arouse my sympathy for Lady Mary in her passion for the tyrannical ex-butler. My prejudice against Crichton was not assuaged by his assumption that he was a King in Babylon when she was a Christian slave. But in comedy the playwright has great license and Mr. Barrie more than offsets that one little flaw in his delightful fantasy. The Alcazar management was very fortunate in securing this play in advance of its presentation by a road company, for as a pro-

duction it reflects the highest credit on our stock theatre. The management has had no opportunity to study the details of the original production, and, though it involves an infinity of details there does not appear to be anything lacking. So complete are the settings and so refreshing is the atmosphere which has been contrived, one cannot but marvel that so much could have been achieved in the unpretentious little theatre where the company is in perpetual rehearsal, and where the performance of one week is the result of the hasty preparation of the week before. And still greater seems the achievement when one reflects that for such productions there is always special selection of mimes of suitable temperament and gifts for the several roles. In the Alcazar stock men and women have been found upon whose work it would be hard to improve. As Crichton Mr. Charles Waldron seems to have been to the Barrie butler born. As an actor Mr. Waldron seems, at times, a trifle stilted; he elocutes and attitudinizes. In



VERA MICHELENA

Prima donna of "The Yankee Consul" company at the Columbia

the role of the butler these imperfections become excellencies. Miss Evelyn, however, merges her identity into the role of Lady Mary and plays that part with its sharp contrasts ideally. John Maher takes to Ernest Wooley as though he had been playing insipid dudes all his life. Effie Bond is the yokel maid in manner and dialect. George Osbourne as the Earl of Loam is positively Barrieish, and down through the whole cast one cannot find a single under or over-drawn characterization. *Theodore Bonnet.*

Canines and Humor at the Orpheum

"Herbert's Dogs" reads the line on the Orpheum's program, and the audience settled itself in its seats prepared to yawn through one of those regulation canine circus exploitations. But Herbert's dogs aren't that kind. They are the cleverest things that ever happened in dogdom. The troupe includes French and Boston bull-terriers, greyhounds, poodles, black-and-tans and other breeds, with a Persian cat to top off the band. Their act opens with a papa-poodle, representing the New Man, trundling a perambulator in which are a quartet of French poodle puppies, the mamma, a New Woman, coming along in the rear. Then two big black poodles do a cakewalk in costume. Other doggies do an Amazon march. A fox terrier does a stunt within a whirling wheel. The greyhounds perform marvelous feats in high-jumping. An almost human Boston bull does a leap from a wire suspended from the ceiling. One little fellow—a poodle—is the star of the band, and Herbert's pet as well. He plays "dead soldier," prankishly jumps upon his master's shoulders, clowns for the high-jumping hounds, climbs ladders and, as a crowning feat, leaps from a ladder the height of the stage. Among the megrim-dispellers on this week's bill Kolb and Dill's successors, Rice and Cady, take first place. The German jolliers have some new witticisms on the popular topic of discussion, haut finance, and amuse without descending into over-much horseplay. Cady's little stunt with a beer-jug, showing how one may win by diplomacy what one wants when the direct route fails, is one of those things that is understood even by the slowest of wits. George Ade's idyl in slang, "On His Uppers," given by Fred Lennox and his company of two, is capital in a quiet way. There are no noisy situations, the playlet depending on its language alone for its power to draw a laugh. Lennox is a clever chap who brings out the Ade slang with intelligence but without over-emphasis. Miss Calvert, who "feeds" for the slang-slinger, is a buxom brunette with a radiant smile, and Mr. Paton, who enacts the woodeny butler, is an effective foil for the animated lovers. The five Piroscoffis are like many jugglers that have graced Orpheum bills, their act not being especially novel. However they are as clever as any in their line, and are so handsome that it is a pleasure to look at them. The leader is a woman, who wears a French dancing-costume, and the others, three men and a girl, are costumed as clowns, also in red. The feature of the Piroscoffis' juggling is its unvarying accuracy. They would be great on a baseball team. Mareena, Nevaro and Mareena, the equilibrists, are marvels of strength. Even Sandow is not their superior. I doubt if he could duplicate the exploits of the eldest, who has more power in one of his wrists than the average "strong man" has in two arms. And this Mareena seems to regard his great stunts as nothing unusual. He is ever-smiling, like a premiere de ballet. "Her Last Rehearsal," Lewis McCord's playlet, is in its last week. It is a capital sketch. Le Brun's grand opera trio sports stunning costumes and fair voices in scenes from "Il Trovatore," Joseph Newman sings comic songs without rousing great enthusiasm, and the motion pictures show us scenic Ceylon with elephants bathing and spouting water.

Ollie Cooper at the Alhambra

When Elsie Leslie played the dual role in "The Prince and the Pauper" some critics said of her that her duality consisted only in a change of costume. I have twice seen Ollie Cooper in the Mark Twain play, and have watched her every expression and marked her every tone. *Her* duality is certainly no mere costume change. When she plays Tom Canty she is the little street lad in every detail. When she is the Prince of Wales, she is every whit the royal child, haughty, self-possessed, king in embryo. It is a wonderfully clever interpretation. Ollie's sister Edith also appears in the play, as Tom Canty's sister, and later as the duplicate of the King, when the two lads are of necessity in the one scene. These Cooper children are to the stage born and bred. None of the usual affectations of a child star are in their acting. They are, for the time, the characters they play. Except for the change in company, the production at the Alhambra follows closely that recently given at the Alcazar. Mayall as the bluff soldier of fortune, Miles Hendon, shares honors with the child star. He brings out delightfully the humor and manly courage, the Don Caesar de Bazan-like bravado of the role. Another admirable character sketch is Webster's Mad Anthony.

Nance O'Neil is going from us without giving us her Nancy Sikes, which all things considering I regard the most thoroughly magnetic role in her repertoire. Now that Dickens revivals are the thing, it seems strange that Miss O'Neil should not revive "Oliver Twist," always one



EFFIE BOND
The Alcazar's new Ingenue

of her biggest drawing cards. McKee Rankin has no equal as Bill Sikes. Even his peculiar physique fits the role. The management might well have cut out one "Elizabeth" night and given us "Oliver Twist" instead.

The Mountain Won't Go to Mahomet

That Washington is content to worry along in future without the dramatic assistance of Mr. Richard Mansfield is shown conclusively by the fiasco attending the eminent actor's bid for Washington patronage during his present Baltimore engagement. When Mr. Mansfield attempted, two seasons ago, to bullyrag a small audience in Washington for the sins of the taste of the community which politely declined to flock to see "Ivan the Terrible," he was met with a well-merited but quite unexpected storm of hisses, which caused him to end his tirade precipitately and back off the stage in chagrin. In return for his salutary lesson in manners, he announced his intention of cutting Washington for ever and ever off his book of blessed cities, and he has not appeared in the Capital since. At present he is airing his repertoire in Baltimore, and advertising in the Washington papers that he regrets his inability to visit that city, but invites theatre-goers to drop in at the performances in the Monumental City. When Edwin Booth wiped Washington off his itinerary, after the tragic end of his ill-starred brother, John Wilkes Booth, no theatre in the neighboring cities was large enough to hold the crowds that followed him from the Capital to Baltimore and Philadelphia. Between the princely Booth and the cocky Mansfield was almost as great a difference in gift as in courtesy, and the latter is finding to his financial anguish that he cannot scold audiences into following him across the Maryland border.

Alberta Gallatin, who did "Ghosts" for us a season or so back at the Columbia, is in town.

Fritzi Scheff is said to have made a real hit in "Mlle. Modiste."

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EIGHT ALLISONS; Les Brunin; The Vernon Troupe; Estelle Wordette and Company; Seville Mandeville; Rice and Cady; Herbert's Dogs; Orpheum Motion Pictures and last week of

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NOTE—Owing to the appearance of Madame Calve at this theatre on Thursday night, Jan. 25 and Saturday afternoon, Jan. 27, there will be no performances of Jekyll and Hyde on these dates.

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Modjeska Redivivus

I regret for several reasons that Madame Modjeska's financial reverses necessitated her return to the stage for a farewell tour. Madame Modjeska had become one of the classics of the American stage and as such she was venerated. Her performances had gone into tradition and served admirably to justify our enthusiasm in retrospective comment. When she returned she gave our children the opportunity to measure our critical judgment. Madame Modjeska never impressed me with her histrionic ability. She had wonderful command over all the tricks of her craft, and she could do some roles very well, but in many her method was obvious. Her reading of Shakespeare was never satisfying.

McIntyre and Heath, so long stars of the vaudeville circuit, are appearing in the East in a musical comedy called "The Ham Tree."

"There and Back," a farce by George Arliss, who played here with Mrs. Fiske, will be done at the Alcazar. It had a successful New York run at the Princeton, with Charles E. Evans of "Parlor Match" memory in the principal role.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will produce a dramatic version of Vincent Brown's (Mrs. Baillie-Saunders) novel, "A Magdalen's Husband."

On Sunday night the 28th Arthur Becker's Lustspiel Ensemble will appear in Schoenthal and Kadelburg's comedy, "Die berühmte Frau" ("The Great Unknown").

A Dangerous Trip

A lady with second sight who sits of evenings at the Mechanics' Pavilion watching the world go round, tells me that she catches an occasional glimpse of a small boy gliding in and out among the skaters with inimitable agility and grace, cutting all sorts of capers, playing every imaginable prank, tripping the wisest-footed, sending the sturdiest sprawling. At times, she says, he carries on at such a rate that it is a wonder the management does not forbid him the floor. Who the young scamp is she does not say, but hints that he is the son of a famous beauty.

Sarah Understood Their Slang

Sarah Bernhardt appeared at a reception at Mrs. James Harriman's, in New York, last week, and astonished all who met her by her mastery of the English tongue. Everybody has taken it for granted that the famous Frenchwoman had never thought it necessary to learn the language of other peoples, and the way she has clung to French on the stage had strengthened this impression. But she can use and understand even the little idioms of English, and at this reception she showed a knowledge of American slang that made many persons believe she was reading a great deal of one brand of literature.

Reisenauer the Pianist Coming

The first great pianist to visit us this year will be Alfred Reisenauer, a veritable giant of the keyboard. This artist is said to be one of the most brilliant interpreters of Liszt the world has ever known. He studied with the great master for many years and knows him and his moods in every way and interprets them accordingly.

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ESTELLE WORDETTTE

Who will present her comedietta, "A Honeymoon in the Catskills," at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon

Next Week's Bills

"The Yankee Consul" will be at the Columbia. It is the joint work of Henry M. Blossom and Alfred G. Robyns. The book and lyrics are the results of Mr. Blossom's efforts, while Mr. Robyns is responsible for the music. Among the song hits are: "Ain't it Funny what a Difference just a Few Hours Make," "In the Olden Days," "In Old New York," "Hola," "My San Domingo Maid," "The Mosquito and the Midge," "When the Hammers go Rap, Rap, Rap," "We were Taught to Walk Demurely" and "Cupid Has Won My Heart." Vera Michelena is the prima donna of the company and Reuben Fax, one of the best-known comedians on the stage, is the co-star.

Shaking hands with an old friend is almost as good as announcing the return of "Yon Yonson." "Yon" comes to the Grand Opera House for one week only beginning tomorrow (Sunday) matinee. The public is very fond of this original, kind-hearted Swede. The fact that the comedy has been seen on the stage for the past fifteen years is demonstration of the fact. "Yon Yonson" is this year Earl K. Mitchell, a Swedish-American actor who first won his spurs in the Royal Opera House in Stockholm and later appeared on Broadway. "Way Down East," with its real blizzard, comes next.

"The Admirable Crichton" has scored such a success at the Alcazar that it will be kept on for another week. Its success defers Richard Walton Tully's college farce "A Strenuous Life" until Jan. 29th. Upon the opening night the University of California Club will rally in full force. "Old Heidelberg" will follow.

At the Alhambra, which is making a record for fine productions, Herschel Mayall will give his strong impersonation of the dual role of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Mayall makes the change from one character to the other in full sight of the audience. His creation is the result of years of study.

The eight Allison, European acrobats and tumblers, will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. This is their initial American tour and they are a direct importation of the Orpheum Circuit Company. Les Brunin, "Billiardistes modernes," the Parisian novelty performers, who created a sensation at the London Coliseum last year, will also be new to America. They come via Australia. The Vernon troupe of xylophonists will play popular and classical selections. The vivacious comedienne, Estelle Wordette, assisted by the actor-singer, Jules Kusell, will present "A Honeymoon in the Catskills." Seville Mandeville, a dainty doll of a girl promises to create a sensation with her rendition of excerpts from "Leah the Forsaken," "Romeo and Juliet," and other standard plays.

Emil Wahlund and Mlle. Teklo, muscular marvels, will make their first appearance at the Chutes. Black and Leslie, comedy sketch artists, will also be new here. Patsy Doyle, Irish comedian and trick dancer, will enliven proceedings.

The success of "Foxy Quiller" at the Tivoli has determined the management to continue it all next week. "Foxy Quiller" will be succeeded by Offenbach's comic opera, "The Brigands."

One of the successes of the New York dramatic season is "The Lion and the Mouse," by Charles Klein, who wrote "The Music Master." It is said to be a clean, virile drama with the moral in the proper place—where the greater part of the public cannot discover it. Richard Bennett, Grace Elliston and Edmund Breese have the principal roles.

Harry B. Smith did the dramatizing of the Williamsons' first success, "The Lightning Conductor," for Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon.



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Nellie Stewart, the Australian Actress, at the Majestic.

Monday night Miss Nellie Stewart, Australia's leading and most popular actress, will begin a special engagement at the Majestic, supported by Geo. Musgrove's selected company of English players. Musgrove is the manager of half a dozen theatres in Australia and of the Shaftsbury in London and the company he has surrounded Miss Stewart with is composed of the best people selected from his various dramatic companies. In this country we would call it an "all star" cast. Miss Stewart's opening play will be the comedy-drama, "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," by Paul Kester. The company includes Mr. Harcourt Beatty, said to be one of the finest leading men on the English stage. Every bit of scenery and stage property is brought with the company. The original music for the play, composed by Mr. Raymond Roze, leader of the orchestra at Her Majesty's theatre, London, will be played by an orchestra of twenty directed by Herr. Slapoffsky. Notwithstanding the expense of the engagement, the prices will range from \$1.50 down to fifty cents. Seats are now on sale at the box office of the Majestic. During this engagement there will be no Sunday night performances and matinees will be given on Thursdays and Saturdays only.

The Kisses of Bernhard

Margaret Anglin, San Francisco's favorite actress, has conquered New York, so Nance O'Neil has reason to be hopeful. Miss Anglin has just finished a very successful season in New York and is about to take to the road and the critics are saying that New York now con-

cedes and for the first time that Margaret is justified in starring, but only, it should be added, as an emotional actress. So after all those critics of San Francisco who foolishly rejoice whenever their judgment is endorsed by the men of wider experience on the Gotham journals, have no reason to felicitate themselves in this instance. San Francisco critics and theatre-goers acclaimed Margaret



as a great actress when she was playing badly roles in comedy dramas to which she was unsuited. Those who had seen greater actresses in the same roles were the better able to observe her shortcomings and they could not enthuse over her because her limitations were glaring. It was not until her last season in this city that Margaret Anglin exhibited fully her powers as an emotional actress. And now that the critics of New York are enthusing over her, it might be well to remind them that they are not always confident of the accuracy of their own judgment. A few weeks ago Bernhardt saw Margaret Anglin and praised her highly.

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THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

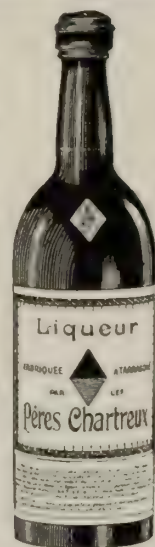
She imprinted kisses on both cheeks and pronounced the American actress a woman of great ability and still greater promise, and the kisses of Bernhardt went a long way toward persuading the critics that in Margaret Anglin we have a great star. Indeed the kisses of Bernhardt will go a long way toward improving Margaret's reputation all over the land. Those kisses were worth a great deal of money to Miss Anglin. The performance, by the way, that appealed to Bernhardt, was in "Zira," the great scene of which won my highest encomiums when it was first given at the California. Indeed it was in that scene that Margaret Anglin first struck twelve for me. Eastern critics pronounced her work in that scene an exhibition of hysteria. According to William Bullock, capital has been made out of the comparative failure of Miss Anglin to maintain her compelling power when, the wild outburst over, she sinks to the floor, crushed in spirit and overcome by a sense of her humiliation. Perhaps there may be hysteria in the actress's violence, but how else could she consistently act the scene? The more one ponders the predicament in which Zira finds herself the more the thought impresses itself that Miss Anglin has the right idea. The woman is in despair. She is driven to the wall. She must face the crisis, and it does not seem possible she can come out of it in safety. She is face to face with a woman she has wronged, but who, nevertheless, does not command sympathy, and who drives Zira to frenzy by her cold, calculating calmness. If for no other reason than the frigid self-possession of her opponent, Zira must throw herself into passionate display. Contrast demands it. The situation would fall flat were both women to preserve a placid demeanor; one of them must give way to the emotion completely possessing her, and by the two extremes of temperament revealed the balance of the situation is preserved. Bullocks says that Margaret Anglin is just developing. He compares her work in "Zira" with her Camille, which, he says, was ridiculous. The players worthy of sober attention are those who convince us that they are full of possibilities. Miss Anglin is one of the few of these who have come to us in the last few years. Scores of companies come and go in Broadway, and in how many of them do we find players who excite curiosity as to their future? Some performers there are who in former years drew interest to themselves, but who we now find standing still, and who naturally drop from reckoning. One of the things that acts as a bracer against the wearing monotony of the continued succession of mediocre plays and mediocre companies is the occasional appearance of a personality that no adverse circumstances can control. Miss Anglin has been one of these. She has arrived through her own persistent effort. She has no one to thank but herself. She has triumphed by reason of herself alone. She has had her failures—so many of them, in truth, that

only a year ago she was dismissed by a promoter with the comment that she could never enter into the esteem of metropolitan audiences.

It is generally conceded that Ethel Barrymore's fiance, Captain Harry Graham, has succeeded to at least a portion of the Elijah mantle of W. S. Gilbert. Captain Graham's "Misrepresentative Men" is a volume that bids fair to become as popular as the "Bab Ballads."—*The Playgoer*.

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OF
CORDIALS**

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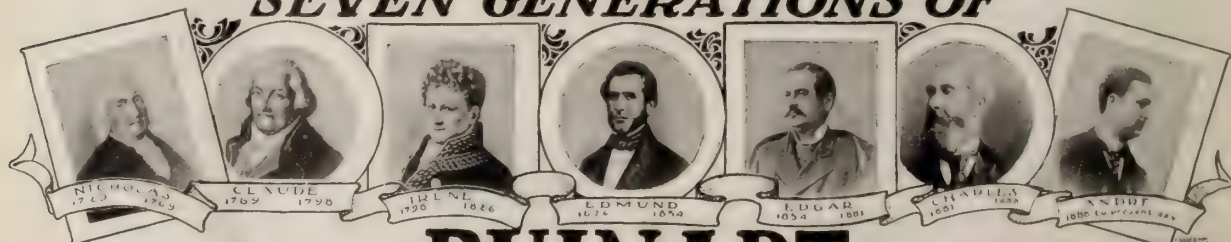
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Prayer

BY LEO TOLSTOY.

Translated by V. Tcherikoff.

Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him—Matt. vi. 8.

"No, no and no! It cannot be. . . . Doctor! Can't you really do anything? Why are you all silent?"

Thus spoke a young mother coming out with sharp resolute steps from the nursery where her three-year-old boy—her first and only one—was dying from water on the brain.

Her husband and the doctor, who had been talking with lowered voice, became silent. The husband timidly approached her, tenderly touched her disheveled head with his hand and gave a deep sigh. The doctor stood with bent head, indicating by his silence and stillness the hopelessness of the case.

"It can't be helped," said the husband—"it can't be helped, dear. . . ."

"Oh, don't say that, don't say that!" she rebukingly exclaimed, as if resentfully, and quickly turned and went back to the nursery.

The husband wished to detain her.

"Katia! Don't go. . . ."

Without answering she glanced at him with her big tired eyes, and entered the nursery.

The boy was lying on the nurse's arm with a white pillow put under his head. His eyes were open, but he was not looking with them. From his compressed little mouth there bubbled foam. The nurse with a severe solemn countenance was gazing somewhere beyond his face and did not move when the mother entered. When the mother came quite close to her and slipped her hand under the pillow, to take the child, the nurse softly said: "He is passing!" and turned away from the mother. But the mother did not heed her, and with a deft accustomed movement took the child into her arms. The boy's long curly hair became entangled. She put it straight and looked into his face.

"No, I cannot," she whispered, and with a quick but careful movement returned him to the nurse and went out of the room.

It was the second week the child was ailing. Throughout the whole illness the mother several times a day had passed from despair to hope. During all this time she had hardly slept an hour and a half a day. All this while, several times a day, she repeatedly retired into her bedroom, placed herself in front of the big ikon of the Saviour in its gold setting, and prayed God to save her boy. The dark-faced Saviour held in his dark little hand a gilded book on which was written in black: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Standing before this ikon, she used to pray, putting all the power of her soul into her prayer, and although in the depth of her being, even during her prayer, she felt she would not move the mountain, and that God would act not according to her, but according to Himself, she still prayed, recited the usual prayers and her own she improvised and expressed aloud with especial fervor.

Now that she understood the child had died, she felt that something had happened in her head—as if something had detached itself and was whirling round and round, and upon entering her bedroom she looked around at her things with astonishment, as if she did not recognize the place. Then she lay down on the bed, falling with her head not on the pillow, but on her husband's folded dressing-gown, and she lost consciousness.

And lo! in her sleep she sees her Kostia, strong and merry; with his curly hair and little thin white neck, sitting on his small armchair, dangling his tiny legs with their fat

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calves, and with pouting lips carefully seating his doll of a boy on a cardboard horse with one leg a-missing and a hole in its back.

"How well it is that he is alive," she thinks, "and how cruel that he died. Why should he? Could God to whom I have prayed so much allow him to die? Of what use is this to God? Was he in anyone's way? Does not God know that all my life is in him and that I cannot live without him? And suddenly to take and torment this poor dear innocent being and shatter my life, and to answer all my supplications by letting his eyes become fixed, his body outstretched cold and stiff." And again she sees him. He draws near. Such a little creature passing through such a high door, swinging his arms like grown-up people. And he looks and smiles. . . . "The darling! And he it is that God wished to torment and kill! Why then pray to Him if He can commit such horrors?"

And suddenly Matryosha, the nurse's young helper, begins to say something very strange. The mother knows it is Matryosha and yet she is at the same time both Matryosha and an angel. "But if she is an angel, why has she no wings on her back?" thinks the mother. However, she recalls to mind that some one—she does not remember who, but some one trustworthy—has told her that now sometimes angels are without wings. And the angel Matryosha says: "You are wrong, ma'am, to be offended with God. He can't possibly listen to every one. People often ask such things that if they were granted to one, another must be hurt. Now at this moment, all over Russia prayers are being uttered, and by what sort of men? The greatest bishops, monks in cathedrals, in churches over the relics of saints—all are praying that God should grant victory over the Japanese. But can this be right? One should not pray for this, besides He cannot satisfy every one. The Japanese are also praying that they should conquer. But He, our Father, is only one. What is He to do? What is He to do, ma'am?" says Matryosha.

"Yes, this is so. It is the old story. Even Voltaire said the same. All know this and all say it. I am not speaking of this. But why can't He grant a request when I ask not for something harmful, but only that my dear boy should not be allowed to die? I cannot live without him," said the mother, and she feels him embracing her with his plump little arms, and with her body she feels his warm little body. "It is well that did not happen," she thinks.

"And this is not all, ma'am," Matryosha goes on, importuning her, as inconsequently as usual—"this is not all. It may happen that only one asks and yet God cannot possibly do what He desires. We know this well. I know it because I convey the messages," says Matryosha the angel, in exactly the same voice in which yesterday when her mistress sent her to the master she said to the nurse: "I know that the master is at home, because I conveyed the message."

"How often have I had to convey," says Matryosha, "that here is a good man—for the most part a young man desirous of help that he may not commit evil deeds, may not get drunk, may not be licentious, but is anxious that vice should be pulled out of him like a splint."

"How well Matryosha is speaking," thinks the mistress.

"But he cannot possibly do this, for each must exert himself. Only exertion profits. You yourself, ma'am, gave me the tale about the black hen to read. There it is related how in return for his having saved her life, a black

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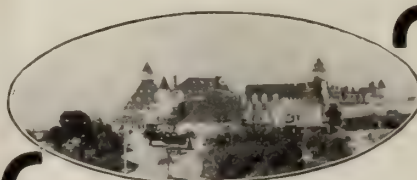
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hen gave a boy such a magic hempseed that while it lay in his trouser-pocket he knew all his lessons without learning them, and how owing to this same seed he quite gave up learning and lost his memory. He, the Father, cannot take evil out of men. And they should not ask Him to do this, but should themselves pull it out, wash it out, root it out from themselves."

"From where has she got this manner of speech?" thinks the mistress, and says:

"Still, Matryosha, you are not answering my question."

"Give me time, and I will say everything," says Matryosha. "It also happens that I convey the message that a family is ruined and not by its own fault, that all are weeping and sharing a room instead of living in a comfortable house, that they even have not tea, and that they pray for help of some kind. And again He cannot possibly do as they wish for He knows that it is for their good. They do not see it but He, the Father, knows that if they lived in ease they would be jolly well spoilt!"

"That is true," thinks the lady, "but why does she express herself in such a vulgar way about God? 'Jolly well' . . . That's not at all right. I will certainly tell her so when the proper opportunity offers."

"But it is not about that I am asking," again repeats the mother. "I ask why and wherefore did this God of yours wish to take my boy away from me?" And the mother sees her Kostia alive before her and listens to his peculiar dear childish laugh, sonorous as a bell. "Why did they take him from me? If God could have done this He is a cruel and evil God and He is altogether unnecessary and I don't want to know Him."

But what is this! Matryosha is no longer Matryosha at all, but is some kind of a completely different, new, strange, indistinct being, and this being speaks not with its

mouth aloud but in some special way right within the mother's heart.

"You piteous, blind and arrogant creature," says the being, "you see your Kostia such as he was a week ago with his long curling hair and his ingenuous affectionate and sensible talk. But was he always such? There was a time when you rejoiced at his pronouncing 'Mama and Baba' and distinguishing who is who; and before that you were delighted at his standing up and at his softly running with tottering steps to the chair; and yet earlier you were all delighted at his crawling about the room like a little animal; and yet before you rejoiced that he recognized persons, that he held up his little bald head with its palpitating crown, and yet earlier you were delighted that he took the breast and pressed it with his toothless gums. And even before that you rejoiced that he, all red and not yet separated from you, screamed, pitifully opening his lungs. And still a year earlier, where was he when he did not exist at all? You all think that you are stationary and that you and those you love should always remain such as they are now. But you are not stationary for one minute, you all flow like a river, all fly like a stone downwards towards death, which sooner or later awaits all of you. Then how do you not understand that if out of nothing he became what he was, then he could not have stopped and could not have remained for one minute such as he was when he died; but as out of nothing he became a suckling, out of a suckling—a child, so from a child he would have become a school-boy, a youth, a young man, an adult, middle-aged and old. You do not know what he would have been had he remained alive. But I do know."

Behold! the mother sees in the private room of a restaurant glaringly lighted with electricity (once her husband) (Continued on Page 37)

About the Word "Worcestershire."

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Automobile Topics

No Better Steel

The three new Columbia automobiles which I stated in last Saturday's issue were coming across the country by express at a great cost, have arrived here and as was expected created unusual attention among the auto enthusiasts in general. The 1906 model 40-45 horsepower Columbia contains such features as a new style of lathe made crankshaft, as well as new material in the gear sets and many of the bearings. It also has a new carbureter and a Mercedes type of hood. The expense of making the crankshafts in the Columbia cars is six times greater than that of any previously made in this country. The Electric Vehicle Company early realized the necessity of superior steel for important parts, such as crankshafts, transmissions, square and lay shafts, etc. In previous years they have used steel casting 50 per cent more than the common machine steel which most makers have used, but this steel, though much better than the average, was not good enough. They called in expert talent on metallurgy and experimented with alloys until they secured a steel better than any previously made in the world. It has an elastic limit of 135,000 pounds to the square inch, which means that it will endure this strain and when the strain relaxes, return to its original condition unharmed. It has a tensile strength of 225,000 pounds to the square inch, which means that it will withstand a pulling strain equal to this upon every inch of its surface before breaking. These figures represent strain which no commercial steel—European or American—has previously borne. If there were any better steel than this procurable they would have it, for the building of automobiles has come to the point where cars differ in quality rather than in design. The Electric Vehicle Company aim that their designs shall be superior to all others. Columbia cars have always led in this respect; but the manufacturers of "The Greatest American Built Car" are now putting their greatest effort into quality, a fact that naturally centres their attention around steel.

Something for Utility

There is a class of automobiles, between the runabout and the touring car, which is steadily growing in favor not only among purchasers, but the manufacturers as well. This is the machine that can do the work of a touring car and yet be a little more substantial, a little more refined and better adapted for heavy duty than the ordinary runabout; something that the man around town can use for business as a runabout and for pleasure as a touring car; that the farmer can haul home his groceries in and yet, when Sunday comes, take his family to church. In other words, an all-around utility car. Such a machine is the two-cylinder, two-cycle Oldsmobile, a car of generous proportions, ample horse-power, great strength and light weight.

Round and About

Dr. F. K. Ainsworth, Chief Surgeon of the Southern Pacific, for the past two seasons has owned the latest models of the White steam touring car and this year again has ordered a White.

J. H. Hoffman, of Gold Center, Nevada, is in town for a few days. He has made another record run from Goldfield to Tonopah in his new model K Winton. He reports that the K purchased by F. A. Keith is giving the best of satisfaction. Mr. Hoffman says that owning an automobile in Nevada at the present time is better than having an ordinary mine. People are offering fabulous prices to run into the new mining camp at Manhattan.

1906 Agencies

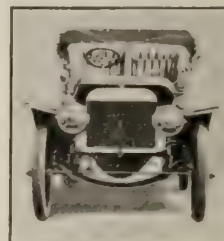


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George H. Partridge, one of the pioneer automobilists of Minneapolis, has purchased a 1906 White steamer and had it shipped to California, where he and his family will spend the winter.

Howard Hinkle of Cincinnati, Ohio, a friend of E. O. McCormick of the Southern Pacific, has shipped his model K Winton limousine to San Francisco and will tour this state. Mr. Hinkle is the forerunner of a number of Eastern automobilists who recognize the fact that California is the greatest place in the world for automobile touring, and it is expected that at least one hundred large touring cars will arrive in this state within the next few months. There are at the present time eight new model K Wintons en route for Los Angeles and San Francisco from different parts of the East.

The Riverside run continues to be one of the most popular in Southern California. One of the best trips that has been reported in some time was achieved recently by G. M. Adair in a White steamer with Frank C. O'Kelly and family along. Five in the load and the time is said to have been three hours for this run, inclusive of three stops en route.

—*The Chauffeur.*

Prayer

(Concluded from Page 33)

band had taken her to such a place) a table with the remains of supper, and she sees a stout, wrinkled, repulsive old man with curled-up moustaches, trying to make himself look young. He is seated deeply in a soft arm-chair and with drunken eyes voraciously staring at a depraved, painted woman with a fat bare neck, and in a drunken voice he keeps shouting out some indecent jest, evidently pleased at the approving laughter of another similar couple.

"It is not true, it is not he, it is not my Kostia!" exclaims the mother with horror, looking at the nasty old man, so horrible, precisely because in his gaze—in his lips—there is something peculiar reminding her of Kostia. It is well this is a dream, thinks she. Here is the true Kostia. And she sees the white little naked Kostia with his plump breast sitting in his bath roaring with laughter and kicking up his legs, she not only sees but feels him suddenly catching hold of her arm uncovered up to the elbow and kissing it and finally biting it not knowing what more he can do with the arm so dear to him.

"Yes, this is Kostia and not that dreadful old man," she says to herself. And with these words she awakes and with horror recognises the reality from which there is no awakening.

She goes into the nursery. The nurse has already washed and dressed Kostia. With wax-like and shrunken little nose, with hollows by the nostrils, and with hair flattened down from the forehead he is lying on some elevation. Candles are burning around, and on a little table behind his head are standing white, lilac, and pink hyacinths. The nurse gets up from the chair and raising her brows and pursing her lips looks at the immovable stone-like little face turned upwards. From another door opposite the mother, Matryosha enters with her good-natured simple face and tear-marked eyes.

"How is it she told me not to grieve and yet she has herself been crying," thinks the mother and she again turns her eyes to the body. For one moment she is struck and

repelled by a dreadful resemblance between the little dead face and the face of the old man she saw in her dream, but she casts off this thought and crossing herself touches the cold little wax forehead with her warm lips, then she kisses the folded cold hands and suddenly the smell of the hyacinths appears to tell her something new about his being no longer and never more to be, and she is choked with sobs and once more kisses him on the forehead and for the first time she weeps, she weeps not with hopeless, but with submissive and contrite tears. It hurts her but she is no longer rebellions, does not complain, but knows that what has happened should have happened and is therefore good.

"It is a sin, lady, to weep," says the nurse and approaching the little corpse she wipes with a folded handkerchief the mother's tears which had fallen on Kostia's waxen forehead.—"Tears will oppress his little soul. He is happy.—A sinless little angel. Had he lived who knows what might have happened?"

"That is so. That is so, but still it hurts, it hurts!" says the mother.

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Music

The Minetti Orchestra

The first concert, third season of the Minetti Orchestra will be given in Native Sons' hall next Friday evening, January 26th, for the benefit of the library fund. These talented amateurs may be favorably compared with any of the professional organizations, Mr. Minetti having been untiring in his efforts to bring about this result. The members of the orchestra who have been most zealous in forwarding the success of the coming concert, not only as players but in every way, are Mrs. C. C. Powers, Miss Edna Cadwalader, Miss M. Hall, Miss May Ludlow, Miss Grace Muller, Miss Mignon Schoken, George Newbauer, J. M. Wilson and others. The program will include the "William Tell" and "Masaniello" overtures, Chopin's Funeral March, and compositions by Gluck, Schumann, Boccherini and others. Joaquin Wanrell, the basso, will sing the recitative and cavatina from "Nabucco," a selection from "Pagliacci" and Alvarez' "La Partida."

The Westington Recital

A very difficult program, which was a test of endurance as well as of the other qualities required from a pianist, was played by Joseph Beringer's pupil, Miss Frances Westington, at her recital last Friday evening. Miss Westington has a wonderful technique and is a graceful and forceful player. Her numbers were the Chopin Fantaisie Brillante, F minor, and Prelude op. 28, Rubinstein's Nocturne op. 44, La Piccola (Leschetitsky), a Roinecke Rigodon and Gavotte and Pastorale (from the opera "Auf hohen Befehl"), variations on the theme "Weinen-Klagen" (Bach-Liszt), paraphrase on Strauss waltz by Schuett, and Liszt's eighth Hungarian rhapsody. As an encore Schytte's "Ghosts" was given. Miss Estelle Seldner, mezzo-contralto, pupil of Madame Beringer, sang in excellent voice Dudley Buck's "Sunset," a recitative and aria from "The Prophet," romance and aria from "Faust," and recitative and aria from "La Favorita," as an encore giving "You'll be Comin' Back, my Darlin'."

The Stewart Recital

The program rendered at the recital given by Dr. H. J. Stewart's pupils on Wednesday evening, in the California Club Auditorium, was: Trio—Greeting, Mendelssohn, Mrs. Carolyn Crew Raser, Louise Feldheim, Leola S. Stone; aria, "Dich, theure Halle" (Tannhauser), Wagner, Mabel A. Peterson; song, Madrigal, Victor Harris, Estelle M. Jewell; songs, Haymaking, Needham, A Song of Sunshine, Goring-Thomas, Mrs. A. J. Harrington; aria, "My Heart is Weary" (Nedeschda), Goring-Thomas, Ruby Roylance; song, Enchantment, Mascheroni, Mrs. M. Mercer; aria, "Amour! viens aider" (Samson et Dalila), Saint-Saens, Louise Feldheim; songs, Der Traum, Rubinstein, Bettler-Liebe, Bungert, Der Fruhling Naht, Rachmaninoff, Camille Frank; piano solo, Prelude-Choral and Fugue, Cesar Franck, Mrs. Josephine Crew Aylwin; aria, Ballatella (Pagliacci), Leoncavallo, Florence Darby; aria, "Ah! rendimi" (Mitrane), Rossi (1645), Leola S. Stone; song, The Hills of Skye, Victor Harris, Rose Broderick; aria, "L'insana parola" (Aida), Verdi, Viola Samter; aria, "Addio, terra Nativa" (L'Africaine), Meyerbeer, Mrs. Carolyn Crew Raser; aria, Rage, thou angry storm (The Gipsy's Warning), Benedict, Oliver Le Noir; trio, "If My Songs Had Airy Pinions," Hahn, Miss Darby, Miss Roylance, Miss Stone.

Madame Fabri-Mueller's seventy-fifth birthday, on January 26th, will be made the occasion of a benefit entertainment given by her many friends among the city's musical people. The program, being the 150th anniversary of Mozart's birthday, will consist largely of selections from that composer's works, by Mr. Huber, Miss McMann, Walter Campbell, Mrs. Birmingham, Signor Albany, the Rahlmann sisters and others. Beside the music will be given a playlet by Bertha Creighton and one in German, and some solo dances by Matildita's pupils.

Susan Strong has made a great success, I read, in England. She is soon coming to the United States, her native land, for a concert season. Miss Strong is a pupil of Korbay, the Hungarian composer and teacher.

Hother Wismer has his violin studio now at 2945 Fillmore street, between Green and Union. On Tuesdays and Fridays he is at 1750 Sutter street.

Dr. Noble lectured before Die Probe at the Von Meyerinck School on Monday night, the subject of the discourse being "A Half Hour in India."

The Eurydice Club will give its second concert, third season, in the Hamilton Auditorium, Oakland, next Thursday evening. The Eurydice Club is directed by Grace Davis Northrup.



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The Calve Concerts

Next Thursday night at the Alhambra Emma Calve will make her debut among us as a concert singer. This is the great artist's first concert tour and the leading critics of the East all agree that the wonderful charm and individuality of her work is fully as evident on the concert platform as on the operatic stage. At the opening concert the artist will sing Gounod's Stanzas from "Sappho," the brilliant aria from "Perle de Brazille" with flute obligato and the Habanera from "Carmen." At the Saturday matinee she will sing other fine works which will be duly announced. With Calve are Mlle. Vermorell, violiniste, Mr. Beric Von Norden, tenor, Mons. Bouxman, basso, Mons. Fleury, flutist, and Mons. Decreus, pianist. All these artists will have splendid numbers and complete programs may be had at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s where seats are now on sale. Prices are \$3.00, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00. There will be only the two concerts, next Thursday night, Jan. 22, and Saturday afternoon, Jan. 25.

The Stolle Paintings and Art Talks

This Saturday afternoon Frl. Antonie Stolle will give her wonderful reproductions of the paintings in the "Pantheon and Luxembourg" in Paris. Lyric hall will be crowded with our best people for this series of "art talks" certainly has proved to be one of the finest and most interesting courses of lectures ever

given in this city. Manager Greenbaum is planning some extra events covering galleries not included in the regular course.

At the Corona Club

A most enjoyable afternoon of song was offered to the members of the Corona Club and their guests on Thursday afternoon last, the program being in the hands of Mrs. Marriner-Campbell and her pupils. Those who appeared on the program were Mrs. Klippel Schafter, Miss Edna Meade, Miss Rebecca del Valle, Miss Lewis, 'cellist, and Miss Julia Rapier Sharp, accompanist. The well chosen selections, rendered expressively by well-trained young voices, formed a combination not to be forgotten. Particularly notable among Mrs. Schafter's numbers was the Von Felitz song cycle "Schone Gretlein." Miss Edna Meade was charming in her two numbers, Gumbert's "Spirit of Spring" and Linley's old but beautiful "I Heard a Wee Bird Singing." Miss Del Valle's fine voice and broad style were well adapted to her two Handel numbers, "My Mother bids me bind my Hair" and the recitative and aria from "Rinaldo." Frederick Norton's arch little "Meadow Marjorie" was another of Mrs. Schafter's successes, and I must not forget to mention the Pergolesi "Nina" by Miss Del Valle, nor the 'cello solo of Miss Lewis, "Schlechtes Wetter," so appropriate to the day.

—The Music Critic.

Musical Announcements

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Heart and Home Department

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N. B.—Letters unaccompanied by stamps cannot be answered privately therefore the bleeding hearts which desire private consolation must lay their disappointment to their own carelessness.

Heart and Home Editor: I am in love with a widower with six children and I find I like the eldest boy better than his papa. But pa has the money. What shall I do—marry the lad?

No. Get yoked to papa P. D. Q. It is easy to get rid of him by the gas or divorce route and then if you disdain the proprieties you can marry the boy and have your alimony or jointure to live on.

Heart and Home Editor: I am fifty but my adorer thinks I am thirty. Must I tell him my real age when we marry?

I wouldn't. Remember Sahpo. She and Ninon and Cleopatra did not think it necessary and it's up to you to retain your admirer's love. Hide the family Bible when he calls.

Heart and Home Editor: My husband loved me dearly until our cook left but since I have done the cooking he has seemed to grow cold toward me. I hate to go to boarding. What shall I do?

Patronize a delicatessen store and keep the fact dark. He will think you have taken lessons in cooking to please him.
—*The Jasher.*

In a Book of Travels

BY ELWAN HOFFMAN.

O what to me is this wide world
Who keep within a narrow bound,
From all adventure backward hurled
Upon dull Duty's changeless round?

Bare paths I walk with measured pace—
Paths trodden flat long years ago,
And what may be, of light or grace,
Beyond them, I may never know!

I am the slave of what betides,
And do the bidding of its will,
Though yonder—see! a great ship rides,
And God! E'en now its white sails fill!

January, 1906.

BURLINGAME RESIDENCE SITES.

No section of San Mateo county has become more popular as a residence locality than Burlingame. Every day new houses are going up. Schools, churches, paved streets, modern sewers, electric lights and a fine water plant make Burlingame an ideal place for homesteads. The electric road brings it within easy reach of the city, and business men find it delightfully convenient. The Easton Addition to Burlingame, subdivided by Selby, Rodgers & Co., proved so attractive to purchasers that this firm has now placed upon the market the adjacent tract, known as Easton Addition No. 2. It lies directly across El Camino Real, from Addition No. 1, and is only a short walk from the S. P. station and the electric line depot. The view of the bay from this point is unobstructed. As soon as the new Bay Shore cut-off is completed land in this part of Burlingame is sure to increase in value.

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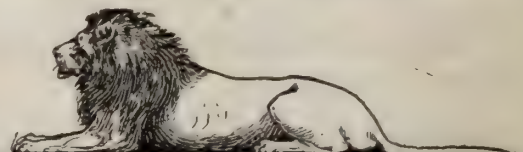
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Letters

Crawford's Prima Donna

To the growing list of "musical novels" must be added F. Marion Crawford's "Fair Margaret." The sub-title, "A Portrait," makes it evident that the author wishes to direct our attention to his heroine, Margaret Donne, otherwise he might, have, with propriety, said "portraits," for, though Margaret and her lover, Edmund Lushington, are billed in the principal roles, they divide interest more than evenly with Madame Bonnani and Constantine Logotheti, the one a reigning prima donna and the other a middle-aged Oriental Greek. Margaret's assets in life were a fair share of good looks and a magnificent voice, which she was cultivating in Paris with a view to making her operatic debut in case that a very shadowy interest in a vast fortune should fail to materialize. Margaret's grandfather had been an American millionaire, and when he failed he had made over to another his interest in a certain patent the value of which was not then apparent. The negotiations were more a matter of honor than of specific contract, and now that the consignee was waxing rich from the proceeds of the invention a suit had been brought to regain Margaret's equity, but the probability of its being successful was small. In spite of her lack of fortune, however, Margaret's path to the stage is by no means smooth, for her friends are opposed to an artistic career, and though no one is in a position to give her any positive commands, no one gives her the slightest encouragement. Through the influence of her singing teacher, the young lady is accorded the privilege of a hearing by an old but still reigning prima donna, Madame Bonnani, and this woman, recognizing not only the perfection of her voice, but the physique and the capacity for work, becomes her enthusiastic sup-



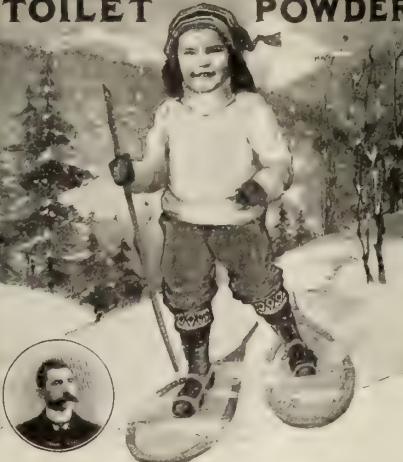
Cover Design of "Masks and Faces" by George Barr McCutcheon.

porter and arranges for her successful debut. Madame Bonnani is as unconventional as Margaret is unsophisticated. She receives the young girl clothed in a bath robe of Turkish toweling, with her hair tousled and uncombed, in a room where every article of furniture is occupied by a handbox or some article of clothing, and provides a seat by sweeping the obstructions to the floor. She is a woman "about whom dreadful stories are told," and Margaret, whose ideas of operatic life are of the vaguest, has no intention of letting herself be drawn into contact with the woman apart from the artist. But the Bonnani is so generous, so impulsive, so utterly devoid of professional jealousy, that she is swept off her feet. Bonnani was peasant born, and in spite of all her advantages she remains to the last a peasant. She makes no concealment of her origin, and indeed, does not seem to have picked up even surface refinements, for she eats noisily, gluttonously, dresses execrably, and applies her paint and powder in profusion at all times. Margaret has visions of herself queening it on the stage, yet keeping her private and social life apart, but the Bonnani regards it as an insult to her to pose as a lady, and wears her conspicuous garments and her make-up as badges of her high calling. It must be admitted that the "dreadful stories" are true,

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and that the imperious song bird has had an eventful and varied experience, her conquests ranging from the young English artist who married her before she was seventeen and cut himself off from his family in consequence, to royalty itself, but there is more than one virtue, and she possessed a liberal share of the others. At first Margaret's lover, Edmund Lushington, eminent critic and successful author, gives the impression of being an uncomfortably priggish sort of young man, but as the story progresses and relationships are developed and motives disclosed his peculiarities are satisfactorily explained. Lushington has a deep-seated dislike to a stage career for a lady, based on his knowledge of the other side of the footlights. Margaret has another lover whom she met at Madame Bonnani's, and though morality and high purpose are decidedly with Lushington, it must be owned that Logotheti is infinitely more interesting. He is enormously wealthy, well educated, and of artistic temperament, but in spite of his education and surroundings, a thorough Oriental. Margaret, though ready to carry on a flirtation, is honest enough to make it clear to Logotheti from the first that she does not consider him seriously, but, dainty as a cat in his feeding, and luxurious in his surroundings, he has not the slightest objection to resorting to stratagem or force to secure his ends. Margaret's association with Logotheti leads her into some remarkable adventures. The glimpses of artistic Paris are interesting, even apart from the story, and young girls who imagine that they have but to sing in order to bring the world to their feet will find food for reflection in the revelation of the wheels within wheels, and the manipulation of wires that are essential to success. The next step in the making of a prima donna is eagerly awaited. Published by the Macmillan Company.

Hints to Farmers

In "A Self-Supporting Home" Mrs. Kate V. Saint Maur has undertaken to tell the world at large how to conduct a small farm on paying principles, not only to live well but to make money at the same time, and though the raising of prize poultry, ducks, geese, pheasants, guineas, pigeons, rabbits, turkeys and cats for profit, the keeping of bees, a cow, and a horse for use, and a pig for economy, as well as raising vegetables, and a good share of the provender for the stock, and flowers for ornament, may seem to savor of "too many irons in the fire," any one of the projects ought to be practicable if one has a bit of space and a good deal of energy and ambition combined with a liking for out door work. To be sure, there would not be many minutes left in the day for writing club papers or attending teas or going shopping, and a couple of lively babies who would come down with the measles just as the incubator began to hatch a few hundred young chicks, or have spasms of whooping cough when some other branch of the out-door family was calling loudly for special attention, would make inroad on the program, yet Mrs. Saint Maur, despite her optimistic views, is decidedly practical, and the picture she paints of the abundant space, the increasing income, and the satisfaction in the work, as compared with a struggling existence in a city apartment, where every attempt at hospitality made an appreciable hole in a none too elastic income, is decidedly favorable. Any one who feels inclined to farm will find "A Self-Supporting Home" not only entertaining reading but a practical guide book, even down to the matter of whitewashing chicken coops. Published by the Macmillan Company.

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In "Yolanda" Charles Majors has written a pleasing comedy of love in high places, and of hairbreadth escapes, with a happy ending. "Yolanda" would lend itself admirably to dramatization, and it is not unlikely that before many weeks it will be announced as a coming theatrical attraction. Published by the Macmillan Company.

—The Bookworm.

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV.

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No. 700

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Coghlan Instructs Congress

Rear Admiral Coghlan has been talking again and as usual he has been saying something of value. Coghlan is the man who alienated the friendship of the Kaiser on a memorable occasion by reading an amusing piece of doggerel. His latest post-prandial utterances were of special interest to Congress which he boldly censured for "standing in the way of the navy's greatest development." He said that Congress "needs instruction at times," a sentiment on which there should be no serious disagreement. The instruction that Admiral Coghlan thinks Congress needs is in the matter of the type of ship that should be built for the navy. He gave expression to the unanimous opinion of all disinterested experts when he said that the speedy battleship is the only good kind of fighting ship. "All others," he said, "are no earthly good." But owing to the stark stupidity of Congress and the activity of exploiters of fads for profit it is necessary to harp incessantly on the subject of the importance of the battleship. Under the head of fads Admiral Coghlan designates monitors which have a disagreeable habit of rolling about twenty times a minute, making it impossible for the man behind the gun to hit anything; also, scout cruisers, which are merely "beautiful to look at." He admits that submarines may some day become practicable, but he says that as their usefulness has not been proved it is fatuous to spend millions on them. So far the experience of France and England has shown that submarines are dangerous only to their crews. No ship ever has been sunk in battle by one.

A Popular Delusion

A cousin of Rudyard Kipling was killed in a mining accident recently, and the telegraphic reports have made the most of their opportunities, the inference being that it is some reflection on the author that his relative should have been obliged to work with his hands. Just particularly why the relatives of authors, artists and musicians should be exempt from the Scriptural injunction to eat their bread in the sweat of their brows is one of the unsolved riddles, but the fact remains that, let one member of a family distinguish himself, and the general rule of procedure is for all the rest to drop their hands and pose.

Scarcely a week passes that there is not a subscription paper circulated to provide a pension for the ninth cousin or sixth remove in descent of some composer or painter on no other ground than the accident of relationship. There is just as much common sense underlying the idea as there is that weeds should be propagated because of their aristocratic botanical connections. If a cousin of Kipling were designed by nature or education for no higher station than that of a coal miner, he was fulfilling his destiny to better purpose in mining coal than he would have been attempting to write romances which would have no other relationship to literature than that of a similarity of surname with that of one already established. If William Kipling was but temporarily down on his luck and doing the thing nearest to his hand it was more to his credit than if he had been despatching begging letters or borrowing money. Neither authors nor cousins of authors are exempt from ordinary casualties, and since we are all inevitably sentenced to death, it should not matter so greatly how or when the sentence is to be carried out. Rudyard Kipling himself would have been killed if he had been standing where a ton of coal must fall on him, and since he did not station his cousin on the fatal spot, nor conspire with the attraction of gravitation to cause the calamity, why should he be held to account? When it comes to that, we are all equally related to Noah, but that is no excuse for a general stand-and-deliver. The world could better afford to dispense with writers than with coal miners today, and there are rather too many brawny fists puddling in ink-wells when their proper occupation would be with the miner's sledge. Being related to the bearer of a distinguished name is not a recognized occupation yet, and a Kipling who is a coal miner is in reality no worse off than if his name had happened to be Smith. The importance of kinship is one of the amusing delusions of the human family. The delusion is responsible for much injustice in the world, a fact that is exemplified in will contests. A case in point is that of the attempt to set aside the will of a woman who bequeathed some of her property to a local attorney who had been her friend, and who, perhaps, through good advice enabled her to accumulate much money. Upon her death numerous cousins in whom she had no interest and for whom she had no affection rushed in to claim the estate. Almost invariably in such cases the claimants try to establish their claim by proving something to the discredit of the deceased. We appreciate the justice of discouraging parents from disinheriting children, but we can conceive of no good reason for encouraging distant cousins to sit around and wait for the death of a rich relative, who, perhaps, is prompted by gratitude to enrich a very dear friend.

Napoleon's Divorce

Napoleon has been a long time dead, but Catholic Church authorities have not yet settled entirely to their satisfaction the question affecting the validity of his marriage with Josephine. It is very unfortunate that the question should still be a fruitful topic of discussion, especially now that the Church is so uncompromising in its attitude toward divorced persons. We have heard the explanation that Napoleon obtained churchly sanction to his divorce through the connivance of clergymen who were more loyal to civil than to religious authority, and we feel that the Church should rather rely on that explanation than attempt to lead us logically to the conviction that

he was canonically free to marry Marie Louise. No reasonable person feels that the Church should be held responsible for the doings of its ecclesiastics of all ages, and in view of the intimate relationship between the Church and State of France it is not hard to conceive of the corruption of the representatives of the Vatican who depended in a measure for honors and position on the favor of the politicians of the nation. The latest discussion of the Bonaparte divorce was provoked by the reprinting in a Catholic magazine of a chapter from the Rev. Reuben Parsons' book, "Some Lies and Errors of History." Father Parsons threw the blame for the divorce on the matrimonial tribunal of Paris, composed of clergymen and the metropolitan court which approved the declaration of nullity. He charges that the court was incompetent and that it pronounced a false judgment. The *Catholic Fortnightly Review* now tells us that these charges are not well founded, that Father Parsons is in error in holding that the Sovereign Pontiff had exclusive jurisdiction in matters affecting the marital differences of kings, that the judgment of the court was just. This Catholic journal tells us incidentally that Pius VII "was glad he was not bothered with this delicate question, fraught with such grave considerations and dangers." We are told that as the Pope was Napoleon's prisoner the Emperor had reason to fear that the Sovereign would not be entirely unbiased, and that by assuming original jurisdiction the municipal court protected Napoleon's right of appeal. These are singular utterances, emanating as they do from a Catholic Church organ. If Pius VII "was glad that he was not bothered with this delicate question, fraught with such grave considerations," then he was a very cowardly Pope. The question was not less important than the one involved in the case of Jerome Bonaparte, but in view of what took place after Napoleon failed to persuade the Pope to grant his brother a divorce, we may feel justified in accepting the suggestion of our Catholic contemporary regarding the diffidence of Pius. It will be remembered that Napoleon punished the Pope for sticking too religiously to the letter of Church law by taking possession of Rome and confiscating Papal territory. It is quite probable therefore that the Pope was glad to escape bother when he was confronted with the prospect of further reprisals. In view of what Napoleon did to the Pope for refusing Jerome Bonaparte a divorce, what would he have done if he had been denied a divorce from Josephine? In his own case the sanction of the Church was imperative, for the father of Marie Louise agreed to the marriage of his daughter and the Emperor with the proviso that the ceremony be performed in the Catholic Church. Far better would it be for the defenders of the ecclesiastics of that period to assume that the Pope was in ignorance of what was taking place in Paris, than to suggest that he knew and didn't care. Napoleon's divorce was granted on the ground that his marriage was not performed in accordance with canonical law, the conditions prescribed requiring witnesses and there having been no witnesses. According to the *Catholic Review* Napoleon insisted on being married to Josephine without witnesses, intending to take advantage of the circumstance later on in order to procure a divorce. This is, in our opinion, a far-fetched surmise. Moreover it is one that a church organ should hesitate to indulge, implying as it does that the Church would give ear to an unclean-handed petitioner who came into court to sue for the fruition of his own deliberate fraud. Napoleon was married to Josephine by a Cardinal of the Church on the eve of his coronation. That was before he had trouble with the Vatican, and the Pope had notified him that he would not participate in the State ceremony unless the

Emperor first received the nuptial blessing. The Pope was surprised when he learned through Josephine that she had not been married in the Church, and if the Pope was not aware of the fact that they had been married by civil ceremony only the probability is that wide publicity had not been given to the matter and that when Napoleon demanded that the religious ceremony be performed without witnesses, it was not that he contemplated a fraud but that he desired to insure secrecy. Napoleon was married by a Cardinal of the Church, who declined to perform the ceremony without witnesses unless the Pope would grant him the necessary dispensation. The Pope did grant the dispensation but the *Fortnightly Review* argues that he could not have granted it with a full knowledge of the situation. The fact remains, however, that Cardinal Fesch, the officiating clergyman, was qualified to perform the marriage without a dispensation, and when the Pope granted him a dispensation it must have been for the purpose of obviating the necessity of doing something that the canonical law required to be done, and nobody has suggested that there was any condition omitted save that of witnesses to the ceremony. There is very little in the record of the Catholic Church that is inconsistent with its professions, but there is a little and the case of Napoleon constitutes a great part of it. The Church has always been strict even with Kings, except, we are told, by Chateaubriand, "among some minor nations of Illyria, who were formerly subject to the Venetian government, and who follow the Greek rite."

Affairs in Russia

It is hard to sift the facts from exaggerations and distortions in the reports from Russia of the progress of the revolutionary movement. Since the emancipation of the Russian press from censorship the news has been pretty badly tintured with misrepresentation. Long ago we were told that the beginning of the end of Russia's political and economic existence as a great European Power had arrived. That was when the army and navy were said to be in revolt and the whole country was up in arms. This week we were told that the peasants of Southern Russia had joined the revolutionary movement, and yet for months the impression was widespread, among those who were relying on telegraphic reports, that the peasantry were in revolt. For months we have been seeing comparisons drawn between the scenes in Russia and those at the beginning of the French Revolution. We have been unable to discern any

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similarity between the two upheavals. The French nation, supported by the army, was disgusted with the reigning dynasty and with the nobility and the upper classes who were sapping the life-blood of the people. The French revolutionists organized in the farming districts and marched to the capital to the strains of the Marseillaise. Unlike the peasantry of France, those of Russia have had no grudge against the nobility. They are too ignorant to appreciate the injustice they have suffered and besides the nobility has favored the peasants of late, and the condition of the peasantry has been greatly improved. The Russian disturbances originated from a strike of Government factory hands. Their cause was espoused by the trades unions, and the Social Democrats at once made use of the opportunity, as they do on all such occasions, and rushed into the affray for their own political ends. The army has never been in revolt. The loyalty of the soldiers has stood the test. Wherever an armed rising has taken place it has been suppressed. Strikes are still in progress but the strikers are not receiving encouragement in any of the large centres.

The Gaelic Revival

Another spokesman of the "Celtic Renaissance" has come over the sea to stimulate interest on this side of the water in the resurrection of a tongue that has been silent for centuries. It has been said that there are two things characteristic of the Irishman—absence from the land of his heart's desire and the constant backward longing for the places of his youth. This backward longing is the keynote of the Gaelic revival for which we have great sympathy. There is much in Erse literature of value to the cultured, for those who care to study; it is a sanctuary from the sordidness of the present, it is a keeper of the soothing, delightful mysteries which can never wholly die. The "Celtic Renaissance" is a good thing for the cultured of all nations, but it is not advancing Ireland among the nations of the earth. It is going to sweeten English literature with a little Irish idyllism and it is going to educate a few commercial, money-grubbing Irishmen in San Francisco up to an appreciation of the mystical, dreamy, highly artistic and bloodless poetry of William Butler Yeats, but it is caviare to the Irish themselves at a time when they need roast beef. The people of Ireland are more in need of a wholesome system of primary education than of instruction in the glories of a defunct literature. Some time ago Thomas O'Donnell, M. P., took up the subject of the truly lamentable condition of Irish popular education and this was the opening paragraph of his denunciatory article: "Your English readers can scarcely conceive it possible that, even in Ireland, suffering as it is has been for years under the very worst form of misgovernment, a system of education so antiquated, so entirely out of touch with the needs of the nation, and so absolutely removed from the control either of the people or Parliament, should be permitted to exist." Mr. O'Donnell tells us that the salaries of teachers range from \$280 to \$385 a year, and adds: "Surely it is waste of time to expect educated men, with ambition, ideals or character to enter a service where the salary and prospects are so miserable as in the Irish teaching profession." To qualify for admission to the department as a teacher a knowledge of horse-racing is more important than expert knowledge of systems of education. Mr. Dale, an English inspector, sent over last year to inquire into Irish education, wrote the strongest possible condemnation of the system and its results. However, Mr.

Douglas Hyde tells us that the Irish are learning their mother tongue. For sentimental reasons it is well that they should; also, perhaps, for patriotic reasons. Mr. Douglas Hyde is a man sincerely devoted to the interests of the Irish people, and what he is doing he believes to be for their welfare. But when we read of the shortcomings of Ireland's educational system we feel that the influential men of the country should devote their energies toward securing urgent reforms before seeking to propagate culture.

The Vice of Reading

A writer in one of the morning papers concludes, on the strength of what he has observed on the street cars, that women do not read the newspapers and men read practically nothing else. He sees nearly every man, on his way down town, buried in a paper, while the women on the same car either "waste their time" or read magazines and novels, therefore, etc. It is not necessarily a waste of time not to be always staring at print. The injury which is done to eyesight in trying to decipher newspapers in the street cars, with their jolting and swaying and the poor light at night, is a matter worth some consideration. To be eventually unable to read at all is a not altogether desirable outcome of the mania for "saving time." It is just as profitable to do a little quiet thinking for one's self as it is to be always cramming with the thoughts of others. There is an enormous amount of frivolity, error, and inconsequential gossip printed every day which no one is any the better off for having waded through. Except in matters where expert opinion is called for, there is no reason why ordinary men and women should depend on others for their ideas. The vice of reading is to be deplored as much as any other vice. A little judicious reading does no harm but when it is carried to excess it causes mental and physical deterioration.

A Pertinent Question

"Turn back," pleaded the maiden, "O, Time in thy flight, and make me young again just for tonight."

Time looked at the maiden quizzically, for she was of doubtful age, but the old gent was in good humor on this occasion, so he addressed her amiably.

"Sure!" he said; "about how far must I turn?"

She gave him a withering look and deigned not to reply.

—The Raconteur.

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Out of Court

By J. C. B. Hebbard, Judge of Superior Court.

Lord Chief Justice Russell, of England, when quizzed about his eminent success upon the bench, answered, in effect, that he had three rules to which he always adhered; that when a case was submitted to him for decision he first marshaled the evidence and determined the facts; then he decided which litigant ought, in justice, to win the case, and then he endeavored to find law enough to support him in a judgment accordingly. Good common sense, my brothers, and law is supposed to be founded upon common sense, only there is so much law these days that the boundary lines of common sense are bent and broken, and legislatures creep through the barbed-wire fences thereof into the sands and marshes of other territory.

I am not writing of judges, only I want to say right here that I never knew of a judge who was dishonest, save one, nor a judge who did not strive to do his duty according to his conscience and the constitution and the laws, under whose dictation he must act only, for beyond these monitors and impeachment proceedings, he has no master.

I quote Lord Russell only as a text, which may be more intimately connected with my sermon than most texts opening most sermons. My screed is of the attorneys and counselors, solicitors, proctors, barristers and advocates, if you please—the lawyers at this bar—and “if your Honor please, and you, gentlemen of the jury,” I have within my notes and the records of the court, and within the precincts of my memory, full and complete proofs of the allegations of my complaint, to which I now overrule all demurrers, general and special, and hold myself personally responsible to all whose corns I tread upon—of course, one at a time—Saturdays preferred, when court is not in session.

At this bar there are three classes of lawyers: those who know and do; those who did know and have forgotten; those who never did and probably never can know—and the last class holds about sixty per cent of the practicing attorneys here.

The common honesty of the profession of law is as good, if not better, than that of the other learned professions. There is less professional jealousy among lawyers than among doctors; there is more sincerity of the belief of the lawyer in his work than the preacher in his. Lawyers do not leave their offices for the pulpit; preachers leave the pulpit for the law and the stage and the journalist's desk.

Is this not so?

I am impelled to write this thing. I want to tell the lawyers how upon the bench, like a man up a tree, I see things.

To the first class of lawyers mentioned, those who know and do, my fulsome praise is theirs. Within the first of the three lines, which I have been compelled to draw,

they stand first; intelligent, bright, clever, earnest, loyal; knowing equity as well as law: with them a stipulation oral is as binding as one written, and no decision adverse to their own cause is withheld from the judge within whose court they plead.

All that they claim and desire in the trial court is a fair show and a clean record, appreciating the fact that there is a higher tribunal to which they may appeal, if in their good judgment they think that the *nisi-pris* judge is wrong—and he sometimes is. To this class of lawyers I remove my hat! Your further eulogy will come from the clients you serve so faithfully.

And now the second class—those who did know but have forgotten.

Gentlemen and Esquires of the old school, I salute you! We have known each other over a quarter of a century. Then the bar of California held place with any jurisdiction, and you a place within that place, and most of you have change of venue to the final jurisdiction: those who are yet left, in years, and some in sore distress for worldly goods, and ill in mind and body—I, too, salute you! Your briefs are nearly all in.

And then class third—the class who never knew and probably never can know.

Gentlemen, how do you keep your clients?

You know I know you all.

You, Sirs, who never have your cases prepared!

You, Sirs, who rush in to take defaults!

You, Sirs, who must be fined for contempt ere you obey the mandates of the court!

You, Sirs, who take exceptions to every single question asked by opposing counsel!

You, Sirs, whose demurrers are so frivolous that they are professionally indecent!

You, Sirs, whose papers are never clean!

You, Sirs, who rather than lose your fees would consummate divorces!

You, Sirs, who lose your cases by blind cross-examination of witnesses!

You, Sirs, who, quoting cases from a higher court, will read the argument of losing counsel therein, and try to make the court believe it the decision of the court!

You, Sirs, who cite sections of the code the legislature never passed!

You, Sirs, who bring your clients into court, and have no case, and lose, and then depart with muttered curses at the judge who caught you—you, Sirs!

You, Sirs, who know no law, nor equity!

I tell you, mend your ways, and burn the midnight oil a wick or two between the times you are catching fees!

And if you don't like the taste of this advice, swallow it whole and purge yourselves!

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Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow has made it clear that he is nothing if not a fictionist.

Although Chauncey Depew has resigned from a number of companies, he doesn't seem a bit resigned to the deal fate has given him.

It is again rumored that Sir Thomas is making arrangements to lift the cup. The trouble with Sir Thomas is that he makes his arrangements with a yacht instead of with a derrick.

The latest reports from Mindanao in reference to the election of Mr. William Jennings Bryan, by the inhabitants of Datto, to an honorary dattoship, show that there was nothing remarkable in the occurrence, since Mr. Bryan had no opponent.

Among the articles said to have been stolen from the Branch County Jail was an altar cloth. It is clearly the duty of the detectives to search the churches.

While in Seattle, and just before coming to San Francisco to sing, Calve discovered a marvelous girl contralto. And most likely, just before leaving San Francisco

to fill her next date, Calve will discover another wonderful girl contralto. A good press-agent can always provide them.

The greatness of our ancestors is often in inverse ratio to the conceit of their descendants.

The element of chance that enters into our indiscretions supplies much of the excitement of life, for you can't always tell whether you are going to be indiscreet until you've experimented.

Congress appears to have resolved itself into an anvil chorus to chant the anti-Roosevelt dirge.

Miss Everild Durand, niece of the British Ambassador, is a typical English woman—she sees things in America that don't please her and shows her ill-breeding by offensively talking about them. But her kick is one of the oddest yet. She notices that corpulent women wear filmy material in the evening and that slender, weazened women put on heavy velvets and satin. And why not? The corpulent woman usually has no hollows to conceal whereas the skinny woman has. But fancy an Englishwoman criticising costuming in America!



Yesterday and Today

BY HARRY COWELL.

I gave thee, gladly gave thee, all—

No, not my worst; I gave my best—

I gave my smiles, I gave my tears,

And what of golden, youthful years

Was youngest, goldenest.

But life, a laugh, and love, a jest,

To thee; and in thy thoughtless hands,

The plaything of the moment, I.

Now, ghostlike, comest thou—ah, why?—

From dim lethean lands.

Thou com'st as one that understands

Right well to love, right well to live.

Thy famished heart would fain atone;

Begs bread of me. Alas! a stone

Is all I have to give.

As water wastes from out a sieve,

So wasted all my life away,

And left me death. And now the most

A ghost may give unto a ghost

I give to thee today.

The Misunderstood

BY HARRY COWELL.

"To be great," Emerson says, "is to be misunderstood." True, but not the whole truth. To be misunderstood is not necessarily to be great; that is to say, the small, too, are misunderstood.

To be misunderstood is to be buried alive. Misunderstanding is a living grave, and the small and the great are there. For many centuries, his large world misunderstands Jesus, and for a brief lifetime, his little world, John Jones.

Desires are born and after many days, or few, as the case may be, they die. In the heart of every man are dead desires innumerable. One desire at least there is that is deathless, because never satisfied, the desire of being understood. I have seen it in the wistful eyes of very young children and in those of men dying of old age.

This desire, so common, so long-lived, speaks, if I mistake not, a good word for the race of wind-blown reeds that think. It says, or seems to say, that in a man's own judgment, his best self is his real self. That any one deeming his worst self his true self should desire to be understood, is incredible. Would the meaning of the old plaint, "Nobody really understands me!" be much changed were it made to read, "I should be better thought of, loved more, were I better understood"?

The great are misunderstood in a large way, publicly, so to speak, and the not-great in a small way, as it were, in private. The former have greatness to support them in their calamity; the latter have not. Whether the thought that their being misunderstood is a public loss tends to make the great disconsolate or to console them, it is not for me to say. Speak from personal experience I cannot; and in a matter of this kind the voice of observation is all too readily mistaken for that of envy. Confession being out of the question, discreet silence.

Just now, too, I feel like letting the great rest. I am weary of well-doing, tired of talking of geniuses and the large things of life. Socrates, I know, is a name to conjure with. Well, what of it? I shall work magic with Smith. (Such is my mood.) It sounds well to say that Death, being great, is misunderstood, and likewise Love; but the truth that little things fare no better than these is one in far sorer need of being emphasized.

Smith is not great, but he is misunderstood. This to him is a loss. He grieves over it. It makes his small life sad.

Until a man is understood, he is alone. Solitude is his portion. Never yet was any one completely understood. All lives are more or less lonely. "I know him through and through," is an idle boast. God knows you do not. Men you may understand, but not a man great or small. Of such and such a one it is said, "He is as simple as a child. You can see his soul at work." Grant him a childlike simplicity. Little children in cradles, little flowers in crannied walls, neither poet nor mother knows one of you all in all. To no mundane sight is soul visible. Human flesh is fearfully opaque. True, at the double windows of its strange house, the soul is now and then to be seen; but ever heavily veiled. In the Isles of the Blest, whither sooner or later the great dark angel, the much misunderstood, leads those that here love their fellow men, do souls, I wonder, live in glass houses, and cease from throwing stones? For the noble-hearted, 'tis heaven to be understood.

She that bore Smith misunderstood him. As a child, he dreamed by day, thinking long thoughts, and was scolded for inattention, pretending not to hear, sulking and skulking in corners. He had imagination, and romanced; but the truth he loved with all his little heart. When six

years of age, he got his first whipping and first felt the darkness of the tomb. He was not big enough to know that his mother had not flogged him, but a boy that had broken a window pane and lied about it. She thought him such a boy. That hurt him.

The adult sees the scorn of men that misunderstand him passing him by and striking a man of straw most contemptible. He keeps a serene mind. The scorn was not meant for him. "A case of mistaken identity," he says to himself philosophically, "and," he adds, "the purblind are to be pitied."

Smith, at sixty, is simple as a child of six. Men fancy they can see his soul at work. Adult, philosopher, he is not. Few are his day-dreams and fitful; his thoughts are short. Fifty and four years have battered into him the infamous lie that dreams butter no parsnips. At sixteen, despite school, Smith still thought. One Sabbath sundown his mother came upon him as he sat on the bank of a tiny stream which flowed through the home meadows. "There you sit doing nothing—just like you!" said she. "But I am thinking, mother, thinking." "While you think, others make money," said the Widow Smith. She had not made money; she had married it. The next day, lashed by his mother's tongue, Smith went out alone into the workaday world to do as others do. Did I tell you that Smith is a millionaire? No. Well, he is; and when of evenings he sits down in his supreme loneliness to his short thoughts, he hears a voice saying, "While you think, others make money!" and starts as if caught in crime. Now when he reads in one of the newspapers some such witticism as this: "At midnight our star reporter saw Millionaire Smith on his knees by an open window, worshipping the full moon, which to miser's eyes, as all the world knows, is a great gold piece set in the heavens," the darkness grows denser than ever, the walls of the tomb, as it were, closing in upon him. He is not misunderstood of Love. For Love misunderstands us, takes us for other and better than we are, and so wings by us and loses itself in the dim inane of ideals. What man knows not this bitter-sweet misunderstanding? Where is he that has not woke up in appalling darkness as from a nightmare, and cried aloud: "As She understands me, I am loved; as I understand myself, I am not!"? Smith. This form of misunderstanding never caused him a tear.

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Our Belligerent Sugar King

The sugar planters of the Hawaiian Islands, we are told, have decided to give Claus Spreckels the battle of his life. He has been making too much money at their expense, it is said, and they purpose ignoring him and handling the sugar from the cane to the cupboard. I have not been apprised as to whether the Sugar King intends to submit to the revolt of the planters; he is now a pretty old man and he has had some very tough and debilitating financial scraps in recent years, and as the Hawaiian sugar men are not looking for trouble but are merely insisting on their right to carry on their business in their own way without molestation, it is possible that he will not interfere. Claus Spreckels is a man of wonderful nerve and tenacity and he has yet to experience the pangs of defeat. The story of his achievements in the past fifty years is one of the most interesting passages in the history of American industrial development. He was keeping a little grocery store in this city when he was first struck with the potentialities of the sugar business. He bought a small refinery and handled the raw sugar from the islands of the Pacific. After a few years of profitable business he sold out, apparently abandoning the field to others. He went straight to Magdenbourg, Germany, where, as he knew, the most advanced methods in sugar refining were practiced, and hired out in laborer's clothes to work as a laborer in one of the sugar houses. In six months he learned all he wanted to know, threw up his job, bought the most complete outfit of sugar machinery he could find and returned to this city, where, in 1868, he put up a refinery equal in every respect to the finest on the Atlantic coast. As a result of his practical experience he introduced improvements on the German method by which he shortened the time of getting a run of sugar through the refinery from three weeks to twenty-four hours. He also introduced the modern cube and crushed sugars which were sold in California long before they were known in the East.

Spreckels and the King

In time Spreckels decided to grow his own sugar. He had been getting raw sugar from the Philippines, but deeming it advisable to import from Hawaii he visited the islands and there found that he could grow cane sugar cheaper than he could buy it. The cane planters already established there had secured all the best land but Claus Spreckels was not in the least discouraged by that circumstance. He managed to get the ear of King Kalakaua and from him secured a grant of ten thousand acres on the island of Maui, much to the amusement of the planters, for sugar cane needs plenty of water and the Spreckels tract was as dry as the heart of a desert. But Spreckels knew something about irrigation. He built a canal twenty-one miles in length and it wasn't long before he was doing all the laughing. Under irrigation his crops were larger and surer than any others in all Hawaii. Eventually his plantation was fifteen miles long and covered forty thousand acres. About that time he had trouble with the owners of the existing line of steamers between Honolulu and San Francisco, so he built his own ships and carried his own sugar to this city. Spreckels had become very friendly with the King and he practically owned the islands. The King gave him a title and decorated him and he built the finest private residence in Honolulu.

His Fight with the Trust

In the course of time some other chaps got close to the King by paying the royal debts and made trouble for

Spreckels, but he succeeded in fixing things up just about the time the Sugar Trust got after him. That was about the year 1887. His exceedingly profitable business in sugar hurt the feelings of the trust, and they ordered him to come in, threatening that if he refused they would buck him with ruinous prices in his own territory. He replied by boarding a train for Philadelphia where, upon arriving, he proceeded to build a refinery through which he was enabled to fight the trust magnates in their own territory and keep them so busy that they had no time to trouble him in the West. The trust stood his competition for a few years, then paid him \$8,000,000 for property that had cost him \$3,000,000 and divided the country with him as to sugar sales. With his more recent financial battles nearly everybody in this city is familiar. He has had several and he has been victorious every time except in some minor skirmishes with his own children.

Mrs. Atherton's Tribute

Our distinguished townswoman, Gertrude Atherton, for whose literary genius I have profound respect, has, like her esteemed friend Poultney Bigelow, been writing for the press. To be more accurate, she has been writing for my esteemed contemporary, *The Argonaut*, the editor of which, like all bright editors, has a keen sense of humor. "I think it fitting," wrote Mrs. Atherton, "that I add my tribute to the memory of the late William Sharp, whose real fame has only come to him with death." After reading the "tribute," the editor facetiously wrote for a caption, "Gertrude Atherton," and for a sub-head, in smaller type, "Her Earnest Tribute to William Sharp." It was deliciously naive of the editor, thus to express in the heading the exact import of the article despite the misleading preface. Mrs. Atherton probably intended to write a tribute to the memory of William Sharp, but, it appears her pen wandered, and she wrote mainly of Mrs. Atherton, quite unconsciously, perhaps, but nevertheless of Mrs. Atherton. I am not calling attention to the vagaries of Mrs. Atherton's pen in a spirit of rebuke, for I have absolute confidence in the sincerity of her intentions, and I write more in sorrow than in anger. I like Mrs. Atherton. She has a facile pen and a worthy ambition, and I feel that she could write much of interest about William Sharp whose friendship she enjoyed, a rare and delightful blessing. I felt that a tribute from her pen to the memory of William Sharp would be worth reading, but she grievously disappointed.

How She Did It

On second thought it occurred to me that Mrs. Atherton's letter was, after all, in the nature of a tribute to William Sharp's memory, a tribute by indirection. She

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JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM, MGR.

wrote exactly eighty-four lines, the first four of which were devoted to the expression of her kindly purpose and the succeeding five to the explanation that she would merely illustrate the kindness of Mr. Sharp, which she proceeded to do in fifty-three lines, the first twenty-six of which were in the nature of an historical narrative dealing with her early struggles as a writer. She related that her first two books were roundly abused throughout the length and breadth of the United States by men prominent in journalism who are now quite forgotten, a circumstance of great significance since Mrs. Atherton is still remembered. In disgust this great woman "shook the dust of the country" from her feet, "vowing never to return." Thus did she purpose punishing her country for failing to appreciate her genius. But scarcely had she set foot in Paris when she received a letter from William Sharp praising her youthful effusions as warmly as her own countrymen had berated them and promising her a definite future if she would persist. Later he rounded up all literary London to meet Mrs. Atherton and did many other things to merit a tribute to his memory. As Mrs. Atherton tells us nothing more about the great poet except that he had heart disease and that he took up the cudgels in her defense during a visit to this country, it is obvious that she knows of no higher tribute to pay to his memory than that which might be expressed in these words: "He had the genius to discover my genius." So William Sharp was something more than a mere poet. He had something of the divine power for he could promise a lady novelist "a definite future" if she would not desist. Great is our indebtedness to Fiona MacLeod. Great is the indebtedness of literature to Mr. Sharp. I hope that those forgotten journalists by whom Mrs. Atherton's early books were berated, feel in their obscurity the sting of the slashing rebuke administered through the medium of a tribute to the memory of a dead poet.

1. Farical Examination

A few weeks ago I related that the State Medical Examiners do not draw the line at execrable orthography, a fact that was made clear by the granting of a diploma to a man who answered correctly the requisite number of questions, but whose spelling rendered his answers almost unintelligible. Some additional light has been thrown on the methods of the examiners by Dr. A. Hausmann, who has written to me in protest. "The examination," he says, "is a ridiculous farce, the amusing features of which are marred by the serious consequences of failure—the loss of a twenty dollar fee and denial to practice one's profession." Among the candidates at the recent examination were several physicians who had practiced for years in other states and they all failed, a circumstance which Dr. Hausmann thinks, indicates that a doctor's ability diminishes with experience. Dr. Hausmann practiced medicine, he says, for twenty-five years in St. Louis; he had charge of the Quarantine Hospital during a yellow fever epidemic and was surgeon for a large industrial company for years. "I came to San Francisco," he says, "with the illusion that the science of medicine was the same here as in other states and depended on ability to aid the sick and injured. But the examination proved that I was in error. Although the law

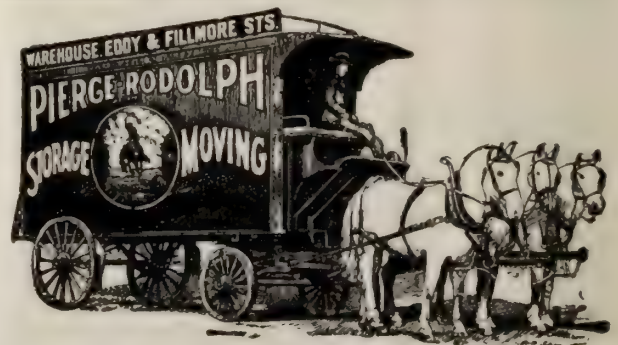
says that it shall be practical, most of the questions are entirely irrelevant and evidently selected for the purpose of tripping the candidate."

The Doctor's Suggestion

Dr. Hausmann further states that few of the questions related to subjects with which physicians should be familiar. One of the questions propounded was: "What is the ordinary dose of ethyl alcohol for therapeutical purposes and the percentage of alcohol in whisky, brandy, and sherry?" "Not being from Kentucky, and never having kept a saloon," says Dr. Hausmann, "I could not answer the questions correctly. One question was asked concerning the symptoms of a disease to which I could find no reference in two text-books. I found it referred to in a third book, the author of which stated that he had encountered three cases in post-mortem examinations. One candidate was asked what are the functions of the spleen. The candidate became embarrassed, stammered and said, 'I know it this morning, but I cannot remember it now.' 'Unfortunate man,' cried the professor; 'you are the only man who ever knew the functions of the spleen and you went off and forgot.' There were many other questions of similar character, my correspondent informs me, and he suggested that the State of California should be enclosed by a wire fence with sign boards at all gates bearing the inscription: "No trespass; reserved for Native Sons."

The Peculiar Heathen

I am almost tempted to quote Bret Harte's overworked line, "For ways"—but I will refrain. Yet it applies to the case of Ng Poon Chew, a reverend Celestial who is editor of *Tsung Tsai Yat Po*, a local Chinese daily. Besides being a missionary and an editor, Chew is also an ardent advocate of the boycott that has been waged in China against American goods. Also, he is anti-exclusion, and not long ago went to Washington to lobby for as great modification of the present exclusion act as can be secured. His paper has been clamorous in its hieroglyphic way in support of the boycott and in damnation of the exclusion act. So, altogether, Chew hasn't pursued a course that should endear him to our merchants—especially the importers. Yet when Chew got out a New Year number of his *Etc Po*, he had the consummate nerve to go among these same merchants and importers and ask them for advertising. And the remarkable thing is that they cheerfully furnished him with the sinews of war against themselves in the shape of liberal contracts at good prices. So Chew, with the help of



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the merchants' money, continues merrily to hammer at the merchants' business interests. Really, it's hard to refrain from quoting that line of Bret Harte's.

The Social Pull From California

From my Washington correspondent I learn that great pulls are being brought to bear on the President for invitations to the wedding of Alice Roosevelt and Nick Longworth. He writes: "From all quarters of the country come appeals for invitations, not direct of course, but in a round-about way, and one of the strongest, I hear, is from California, where Miss Alice was treated right royally. The list of invited will probably reach five hundred, but those who are eagerly looking forward to being invited number twice five thousand. 'Invite the whole nation and then you can't slight anybody,' was the advice a distinguished diplomat gave the President, but as that was impossible it was suggested that only the families of the bride and bridegroom be asked. The wisdom of that course was discussed, but it was agreed that it would not be advisable to exclude certain dignitaries of state. By the way, the Metcalfs gave a dinner in honor of Miss Roosevelt the other day, and it revived recollections of the change of program that caused so much gossip when Miss Alice visited California. It will be remembered that it was first reported that the President's daughter was to be entertained by Mrs. Metcalf in Oakland, but for some reason that plan was not carried out. The social gossip of Washington these days deals almost exclusively with the coming nuptials. Some of the gossips are wondering whether Miss Alice will send wedding cards to her old chum, Countess Marguerite Cassini, who is now in Madrid. It is said she owes her present happiness largely to the former hostess of the Russian Embassy. Mr. Longworth openly and frankly admired the Countess and his first attentions to Miss Roosevelt were only as the Countess's friend."

Longworth's Aristocratic Connections

From advices sent me out of the heart of Parisian gossip I learn that not only will Miss Roosevelt gain extremely aristocratic French connections by her marriage with Congressman Longworth, but that when the newly wedded Longworths set foot in France during the unraveling of their itinerary overseas they will be welcomed with a warmth of exclusive hospitality which ought to gratify everybody concerned. Longworth's sister, it will be remembered, is the Comtesse de Chambrun, niece of the late Comte de Chambrun, who founded the Institute of Social Sciences, which is housed in the Rue Las Cases, near Sainte Clotilde. Mme. de Brazza, another of the late Comte's nieces, has a beautiful and picturesque home in the Department of the Lozere, in which the future Mrs. Longworth has been cordially besought to make as long a stay as she possibly can. It was the late husband of Mme. de Brazza who used to send a gift of fifty francs to the Charity Bureau in each commune of the Department of the Lozere, which is one of the poorest in France, every time Madame presented him with a new baby, and for this kindly whim he is still held in affectionate remembrance. That the Chambruns, root and branch, have really been considerable somebodies for a very long time may perhaps be best realized in the fact that the ancestral residence, an austere, semi-Italian, Port Royalist structure, now given over to educational purposes, sheltered in the seventeenth century


persons of no less consequence than Anne of Gonzaga, Prince Palatine, Sophia the Electress of Hanover, and the Queen Dowager of Poland.

His Aunt's Husband

It was in this house, too, that the late Comtesse de Chambrun, owner of nearly all the shares of the Baccarat glass-works at Guise, gave her famous series of spiritual Lenten concerts and produced, before a special public and at enormous expense, the works of Wagner, "before the letter." Besides all these traditions, which are now to become more or less her own, young Mrs. Longworth will probably be pleased to find that another relative of her husband once cut an appreciable swath in Europe and was greatly beloved there. The relative I mean was the late William J. Flagg, of Cincinnati, who married Mr. Longworth's aunt. Flagg was a capitalist, with a true American genius for making money, but he had a hobby for viticulture, which gave him a place on wine juries at two Universal Exhibitions held at Paris and brought him into touch with the owners of every notable wine estate on the continent. It is said of him that he brought away from Hungary, Rhineland, Burgundy *clos*, and Gironde *chateaux* some delicious impressions—impressions by no means confined to the vintages. And again it is recorded of him that while at Johannesburg he had several conversational tilts with the Princess Metternich, she playing the wit and he the humorist.

When Longworth Threatened the Duke

It was at the marriage of Congressman Longworth's sister to the Comte de Chambrun, by the way, that the Duke of Manchester, who afterward made Miss Zimmerman his duchess, cut up such didoes that he had to be humiliated by a threat of fistic chastisement, the bride's brother being the potential chastiser. In the details of this episode it is set forth that Manchester, who had behaved himself as a nice, vapid boy should during the ceremony, took umbrage when he found himself seated farther down the table at the wedding breakfast than he thought his dignity and rank permitted. The duke's breeding did not



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enable him to endure this real or fancied slight in silence and philosophy, and he rose up on his hind legs with sundry vocal sarcasms which helped to decrease his already waning popularity. The Longworths let the wail of their noble guest pass for what it was worth, not being familiar with that brand of gentility which goes in for rows with its food. But when Nick Longworth strolled into his club, that same afternoon, and came upon Manchester relating to a contemptuous circle a highly colored version of the insult put upon him, there was a bad quarter of an hour for the titled one. Mr. Longworth is said to have quietly, though unmistakably, informed His Grace that he was a sorry specimen of the genus cad and that he might expect an energetic drubbing if he did not render an instant apology. Of course, the apology was made, and the Duke, once more humiliated, disdainfully stalked away. And that is why a good many people are wondering what is going to happen when Mr. and Mrs. Longworth go to England, as they have planned to do, and find themselves eternally in the Duke of Manchester's immediate swim.

Another Love Affair

My correspondent writes also of the love affair of Miss Mathilde Townsend and Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of the Secretary of the Navy. "Miss Townsend," he writes, "is the daughter of Mrs. Richard Townsend and is reckoned the greatest of Washington's prospective heiresses, besides being accorded the palm of being the most beautiful and attractive girl in the society of the Capital. Bonaparte is the last of the American branch of the family. He has no brothers and the Secretary of the Navy is childless. His father was Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, elder brother of Charles J. Bonaparte. His mother inherited two fortunes, one from her father, who was one of the New York Appletons, and the other from her first husband, one of the Newport Edgars. Bonaparte's only sister, Louise, married Count von Moltke, a scion of the famous German house, and through that connection gained admittance to the courts of Berlin and Brussels, where he spent much time. But he is a thorough and patriotic American, and he is now taking a course in law with the intention of going in for legislative honors later on. He will probably marry Miss Townsend in the spring. A touch of romance is imparted to the love affair through the circumstance that a remote kinsman of Bonaparte, the young Duke d'Albe, nephew of Empress Eugenie, became infatuated with Miss Townsend on her visit to Carlsbad last summer and danced attendance on her for months. Bonaparte got hot over it and left Paris in high dudgeon. He was restored to favor when Miss Townsend returned to Washington in November."

The Corsican's Descendants

Apropos the Washington Bonapartes I am reminded that Prince Louis Napoleon is again in France, having resigned from the Russian army. As a General in the Russian service he occupied the most important position a Bonapartist has been able to secure since the downfall of the Second French Empire. Those Frenchmen who still cherish the hope that a Bonaparte may some day rule over France—and they are more numerous than is generally suspected—are moving heaven and earth to influence French public opinion in his favor. What they especially desire is that he should be given an appointment in the French army where he could make a reputation which would count

for much were no opportunity for a bold coup to turn up. By priority of birth Prince Louis's elder brother, Prince Victor, has the first claim to the shadowy Napoleonic inheritance, but he has never done anything to stimulate French interest in his affairs. Exiled from France, he lives a sombre and secluded life at Brussels amid a veritable mausoleum of Napoleonic mementoes. Besides he alienated many followers by a morganatic marriage. Prince Louis and Prince Victor are the sons of the poor "Plon-Plon," and though the house of Bonaparte took its rise from the son of a second-rate Consican lawyer, they can boast many kingly forefathers through their mother, Princess Clotilde of Savoy, and their father's mother, a princess of Wurtemberg.

Some Loomis Stories

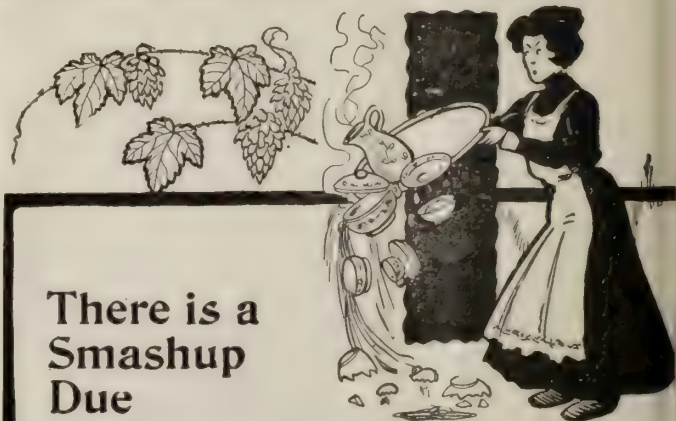
Charles Battell Loomis, whose solemnity of countenance is a replica of Don Quixote's, has a double in Ernest Haskell, the illustrator. Loomis tells a story of how one day he was visiting Henry Meyer, and Haskell dropped into the studio. Meyer looked at them both very intently, and then said:

"How much you fellows look alike. Oh, I beg your pardon—both of your pardons, I mean."

Loomis is an adept at slang slinging, and has the Chimmie Fadden-George Ade dialect down fine. In one of his yarns a bookish bootblack is the hero. He is chatting with the author and in the conversation recommends a book he is reading.

"So you advise me to borrow the book?" asks Loomis, in the tale.

"Borrow it?" exclaims the bootblack. "No, *buy* it, boss—*buy* it. I can't afford to buy, an' so I gets dem given



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to me, or else goes down to der free liberry for dem; but a feller like youse, wit' plenty of money, owes it to human-
nerty to buy an' try to get even wit' Carnegie fer killin'
der goose dat was layin' eggs fer de aut'ors."

Depew and Suicide

Though opinions concerning the morality or even the expediency of suicide have always differed as widely as those concerning anything else, I suppose no one identified with our American brand of civilization will deny that the idea of going out in that manner is generally abhorrent. Yet I have been amazed of late to hear many persons of ordinarily merciful temperaments deplore the fact that Senator Depew, fallen from his high estate and weltering in humiliation, did not take poison or a bullet and so, like Cato, end conjecture. It has been pointed out to me, perhaps a score of times, that Depew, old, discredited, derided, lacking opportunity for rehabilitation and suffering from aphasia, would show more dignity and conscience by an exit into his coffin, now, than he can possibly exhibit in doddering for years to come along the more conventional approach to the same crating. Frankly, I do not like this prescription. With Aristotle I believe that "to die in order to avoid the pains of poverty, love or anything is disagreeable, is not the part of a brave man, but of a coward"; with Garfield that "suicide is not a remedy"; with Napoleon that "suicide originates in that sort of fear we call poltroonery." It seems to me that Depew cannot be listed in the ranks of fear, no matter where else he may have been found, and, while his continued presence among us may not add to our comfort or pride, I submit that he deserves our common chance to live down as much of his trouble as he naturally can. This is not ancient Rome, and we have no permissible precedents for the bowstring, silken cord or hara-kiri. We have laws and we have jails for the punishment of just such offenses as those of which Depew has been proved guilty. He has been no more derelict in his own duty than we have in ours.

Scheffauer at Charing Cross

From several readers of Town Talk I have received letters of inquiry concerning Herman Scheffauer's Monte Carlo letter. Each wanted to know whether Mr. Scheffauer wrote of what had happened or was merely romancing. I am glad to be able to answer them, Mr. Scheffauer having written me on the subject. It appears that he, too, had been asked the same questions. "I assured them," he says, "as I now wish to assure you (if only to equip you with the information) that all was true, true to the life I saw and the life I lived. There is no invention, no fiction in it. I write from my diary, from my maps, from my memory, even consulting the photographs I took. I saw things, believe me, and things happened to me, whereof I would not dare to write!" Scheffauer also writes of an exciting and thrilling experience in London. "I came within forty feet and one minute," he says, "of being killed by the collapse of the roof in the Charing Cross Railway Station, having just gone in there to await a friend from Canterbury. Suddenly there was a roar and thunder as if all the locomotives had blown up at once, and down came two sections of the immense arches of steel, iron, glass and wood as well as

the brick walls, directly before me! The station, fortunately, was quite empty at the time, yet some ten employes were injured and six killed. I saw what I thought was a woman's arm projecting from the debris, covered with a long glove. We all toiled to get her out. But it wasn't a woman. It was one of the men who had been painting the roof. He wore gloves to protect his arms from the paint. Never shall I forget that appalling crash, those shrieks and dreadful scenes!"

In the Heart of Literary London

Scheffauer, by the way, is now an associate of London's literary celebrities, and he has written me some interesting gossip concerning them. Thus: "The other night at a New Year's reception at Edmund Gosse's I had a long talk with Henry James. Curious and edifying was it to hear him express in that same attention-and-thought-compelling style he uses in writing, his views on our American civilization, East and West. This great master has become more English than American, and is able to regard his countrymen with the clarity of a stranger's vision. I've joined an informal little club, 'The New Bohemians'! (of all names!) which meets once a week in a tavern, 'The Prince's Head,' in the Strand. Stephen Phillips, R. K. Chesterton, Hillaire Belloc and others belong. I think our own Bohemian Club must have been like this one in old and palmy days. We have poetry and punch, art and ale. All smoke, except myself—long church-warden pipes. I do not smoke, but I manage to drink some of the ale, the stout or the bitter—poor stuff! and contribute to the entertainment. I often see Miss Alice E. Ives, a talented playwright from New York, several of whose plays are being considered by London managers. She is a great friend of Lady Cooke, a dainty, sprightly little dame with many of the charming and beautiful characteristics of Madame Recamier. She is very wealthy and is going to inaugurate a *salon* in her magnificent home, for the intellectual elite," etc., etc.

Scheffauer's friends in this city will be pleased to learn that he is doing literary work in London which is

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attracting a great deal of attention. He recently published a poem entitled "The Leper" which provoked much serious discussion among pamphleteers and sociologists. It was printed in the *Clarion*, a great and widely-read Socialist paper conducted by the brilliant Robert Blatchford, the most progressive man in England and author of many well-known works. Scheffauer mentioned the poem in one of his letters to me, saying that he wrote it one night after he had encountered "a monstrous fiend-like creature on Tottenham Court Road—the apparition of a prostitute." I reprint from the *Clarion*:

Her cheek was pale, her form was gaunt;
It seemed so strangely thin;
Thin as the shrouded ghosts that haunt
Scenes of their earthly sin.

She clutched my arm; with mordant words
Assailed my quailing ear—
Her face was like a starved bird's—
Such speech do devils hear.

Her hands were clinging claws that burned
Through skin and flesh and bone,
While Sorrow seared those eyes she turned
Like dead stars on my own.

That voice rose whirling to my brain
And sought to shatter it;
I know to demons its refrain
Is torment in the pit.

She seemed of equal age with me,
Yet blithe and fresh was I,
And she was like some blasted tree,
Still standing though it die.

She stood enwrapped with charnel air
And pestilence's breath;
Harmattan winds had whipped her bare
And given her to Death.

I looked upon a world of woes
And peered through horror's land;
Within mine eyes the waters rose;
A coin fell from my hand.

I shook and drew my arm away
And passed into the night—
From deeper night that knew no day,
From agony and blight.

I felt the curse of living things,—
Man, law, the heavens and Earth;
I felt the thrice-curst fate that brings
Woe to the babe at birth.

And those remorseless rods that fall
From palaces and domes
On worms that perish as they crawl
Athwart a nation's homes.

One blessing mounted from the thought
And o'er my spirit fell;
That figure dread had dashed to naught
The realms of After-hell.

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I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 226 E. 9th St., Riverside, Cal.

When Hearst's Young Men Relax

One of the new features of interest o' Friday nights at Zinkand's, hereafter, will be the group of diners at what is already known as "The Examiner" table. At this board one may see, if he has any interest in seeing, most of the men who rank as stars on the *Examiner's* starry staff. Ashton Stevens, Edward H. Hamilton, Dent Robert, John P. Barrett, Frederick Myrtle, Karl von Herrmann and "Uncle Bill" Naughton inaugurated this foregathering last week, with William Dargee of the Oakland *Tribune* and Horace Egbert as their guests. Arrangements were subsequently made with the Zinkand management by the terms of which the same round table will be reserved every Friday, during the dining hours, for the same company. One of the rules, if not the only rule, which I understand has been agreed upon as governing the conversation of this galaxy is that which forbids all talk of the "shop," and the list of topics discussed at the first dinner shows how little necessity there is likely to be for breaking this rule. They talked, says my friend the listener, of the Dowager Empress of China, of the revolution in Ecuador, of the origin of forks, of Nance O'Neil, of Joe Gans, of Bernard Shaw, of Oscar Wilde, of bull fights, of English politics, of Lord Sholto Douglas, of Henry Watterson, of Abe Hummell, of Barrett's baby, of the latest shapes in millinery, of automobiles, of Stevens as a prohibitionist, of Naughton's poetry, of Myrtle's sense of humor, of skating rinks, of salad dressings, of von Herrmann's Latin Quarter neck-gear, of the passing of open-work stockings, of the universality of the future, of Stilton cheese, of Hamilton's adventures twice 'round the clock, of magistrates, of what Dargee did during his recent journey to New York, of onions as a fruit and of the scandal in the County Jail. No wonder that the orchestra, even in fortissimo, was heard but intermittently! No wonder that the people at neighboring tables forgot to eat!

Are You an Also-Ran?

The Francisca Club, of which Mrs. Downey Harvey is the moving spirit, is being deluged with applications for admission to membership. When all is said and done

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not to be a member of the Franciscan Club is to be among the also-rans, no matter how many other clubs you are in. Indeed, if you cannot get into the club there is only one way to square yourself on the social record, and that is to withdraw from all others and affect a prejudice against club life. The initiation fee is to be fixed this week and, I hear, it will be in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars. The dues are also to be steep. A card-room for bridge players is to be a feature, but bridge for stakes is to be barred. It is doubtful, however, that such a rule could be strictly enforced, for some of the members would as soon take tea not *a la Russe* as play bridge for points.



Herman Scheffauer

(Latest photograph of Town Talk's European correspondent.)

Features of the Assembly Ball

The Assembly dance last week was the jolliest affair pulled off by the club this winter. There was a go to the ball that was lacking in the dances of other nights. During the past two or three seasons the swaggerest of society people have not taken kindly to the Assemblies. Many of them joined this year but not, it appears, to contribute to the success of the dances. The ball last week was made interesting by the appearance of Mrs. Peter Martin with two swagger Eastern friends, Mrs. Distan and Miss Thompson, who are identified with the Biddle set of Philadelphia. Mrs. Martin was gowned in blue, her most becoming color. Beatrice Fife in a black jet gown and Georgie Spieker were the beauties of the ball. Consul Kosakvitch contributed a little foreign color to the event but refrained from dancing. So far as he was concerned the function was a talkfest.

Our Dancing Clubs

Now that Ned Greenway has given his last dance of the season society people are wondering whether he intends abdicating. I can state authoritatively that Mr. Greenway has not the slightest intention of withdrawing from the field. Both Greenway and Mrs. White will resume business at the old stand, the latter with the backing as heretofore of the only Mrs. Martin. As to the fate of the Assemblies, however, there is grave doubt. There is a

rumor that the club under whose auspices they are given will give up the ghost with the opening of Lent. The Saturday Evening Club will assume, next season, the dignity of a grown-up institution and the Gaiety will hold another series of dances with Christine Pomeroy at the helm. She has been a most successful Executive and will consequently be re-elected.

Can Dance This Year

Last year there was some kicking among a certain set because so many men wouldn't dance. They preferred to stand about Edith Berry's chair and listen to her clever conversation. Miss Berry, who was only just growing strong after a long siege of invalidism, was permitted by her physician to attend the "small and earlies," but only as a looker-on. She had a good time, for she always held a little court. This season she is allowed to dance, much to the delight of the girls who used to stand about waiting for partners while Miss Berry held her court.

Training For a Nurse

Edith Berry's cousin, Ethel Patton, is still determined to be a nurse, I hear, and is training at the Presbyterian hospital in Philadelphia. She conceived an extreme distaste for society all at once, and made up her mind to follow the example of other society girls and train for a nurse.

The Martin levee last week was almost a stampede, so many people taking advantage of the first clear day in a long time to pay their homage to Queen Eleanor. Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Mrs. Horace Hill poured tea and they were kept busy for it was a hungry throng and it kept close to the banquet table.

A Popular Visitor

Mrs. Peter Martin probably feels very much like a queen-dowager this week, for since the arrival of Christine Roosevelt the latter has received all the social attentions of the smart setters. One of the entertainments at which Miss Roosevelt was the lionne, and to which the bavardes merely got an inkling, was the tea given by Dorothy Eells last week. All the Gaiety set were represented, as they were also at the tea Lucie Coleman gave for Miss Roosevelt.

Gillett for Governor

Local politicians are sitting up and taking notice of the fact that a Gillett gubernatorial boomlet has been launched in northern California. It hasn't struck this city yet but it may ride the next storm that blows from the north into our midst. Gillett is from Humboldt and he is now in Congress, and he has many friends throughout the state. At this distance he looks like pretty good gubernatorial timber, for he is not a rich man and he has many

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of the characteristics that are believed to be requisite for effective campaigning in this year of our Lord. With labor-union sentiment so strong in the state as it now is, it is felt that millionaires had better keep out of the running; also ambitious gents who have given offense to Labor, either with pick-handles or mere verbal argument. The putting forth of Gillett as the candidate of the North is significant of a few things, among them the improbability of George Knight's getting into the fight. I have not heard that the distinguished attorney was waiting for the lightning to strike, but he is always looked upon as a good man for exalted office, and a dangerous man when there are any well-laid plans that might be upset. The North has some claims on the gubernatorial job that are not to be lightly considered. The South recently captured a seat in the Senate and central California has the Governor. Moreover the North has not sent a man to the Executive chair at Sacramento since 1875 when Irwin of Siskiyou was elected, and that was thirty years ago. So look out for the man from the North!

McKinlay's Boomerang

Congressman McKinlay did himself no good politically when he stirred up the wrath of the thousands of voters at the Mare Island Navy Yard by insisting upon the enforcement of Civil Service regulations in order to bar Mayor Roney of Vallejo from re-election. In revenging himself on Roney for espousing the cause of ex-Congressman Bell, McKinlay turned a large majority of the voters of Vallejo against him. There are only about eight hundred voters in Vallejo who do not work for the Government and they are nearly all saloon-keepers or shop-keepers who live off the Government employes. Admiral McCalla, I hear, is in sympathy with Roney. He says that as Vallejo is a navy yard town, populated principally by employes of the navy yard, there is no sense in enforcing regulations which would deny the majority the right to govern. The rule invoked by McKinlay was made to prevent certain abuses, but if enforced in Vallejo its effect will be to violate the spirit of our constitution and put the government of the town in the hands of the saloon-keepers.

Pardee Again Procrastinating

At this writing (Tuesday) there is a vacancy on the Supreme Bench. It has existed for over a month. Chief Justice Beatty has been complaining of the congestion of business. The filling of the vacancy has been a matter of urgent necessity since the day it occurred. Does anybody doubt why Governor Pardee is procrastinating in this as in all his political employments?

Daly and the Colonel

The wind-up of the fight over the chairmanship of the Republican County Committee was full of excitement and brought much woe to the heart of Mr. Fairfax Wheelan. Though that gentleman has been figuring as the Apostle of Reform and the leader of the reform forces in a struggle for freedom from boss rule, he represented, in reality, a combine of practical politicians formed for the purpose of substituting a new machine for the old. Behind Wheelan was the combined influence of Governor Pardee and Colonel Dan Burns. John Daly, the candidate of the Pardee-Burns-Wheelan forces, is nothing if not a machine politician, and to the Colonel from Mexico he expects to go

when he dies. The Colonel, who is suspected of having hypnotic powers, is the only man in the state who could lure Daly away from the machine. When the vote was taken on the chairmanship some months ago Daly was conveniently absent from the meeting, but since then the Colonel braced him up to go down to defeat.

Argument of the Reformers

Great was the pressure brought to bear on the members of the committee to induce them to vote for Daly. I was told of one committeeman who was in a very indignant mood a week ago, because, as he said, he had been offered money to abandon the machine. As he finally did vote for Daly the politicians are curious to know how his indignation was assuaged. The principal argument used in behalf of Daly was that the recent development of large corporate interests in this state justified the politicians in wresting control of the party from the Southern Pacific Company. It was pointed out that the Western Pacific Company, the Electric Power combine and the new telephone company were very likely to hold out inducements to the politicians to desert the Harriman corporation, and that they should be free to do business with the new public utility institutions. Among the sympathizers with the Daly faction, I hear, was that doughty chieftain, Major Frank McLaughlin, who has not taken much interest in politics since the memorable session of the Legislature in which Colonel Burns was a candidate for United States Senator. I was under the impression that the Colonel and the Major fell out during that session, but they now appear to be as friendly as ever.

The Major's Good Fortune

Major McLaughlin's friends will rejoice to hear that he has succeeded in floating his Big Bend project. I have been told that he has induced Edwin Hawley of New York to finance the enterprise. Hawley is a man who made millions under the direction of the late C. P. Huntington. Major McLaughlin became interested in what is known as Big Bend many years ago, and he has spent a lot of time and money trying to convince financiers of the greatness of its potentialities. Big Bend is located in Butte county. It is a bend in the Feather river. Major McLaughlin originally proposed the building of a tunnel to divert the waters of the river so that the bed through the bend could be dredged for gold. An English syndicate was organized to finance the scheme but abandoned it, the reason being that there were so many immense boulders in the river that dredging would be impracticable. Then the fertile-brained Major hit upon a plan to harness the river in that neighborhood for the purpose of generating electric power. The feasibility of this scheme is acknowledged by engineers. McLaughlin succeeded in interesting Charley Fair in the project and the latter agreed to finance

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it. By his death McLaughlin was left without a backer. Discouraged, but not despondent, McLaughlin resumed the work of promotion, and as a promoter he has few equals, for he is a man of wonderful magnetism and he usually knows what he is talking about. He is one of the most popular men in the state, for in flush times he is a prince of good fellows, and now that he is on the road to fortune there are many to rejoice with him.

The "Coo-ee" Cry

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" shouted the admirers of Nellie Stewart at the Majestic last Monday night, and it was said that it is by that cry that Australian theatre-goers always express their approval. I have met several Australians, natives of the country, who never heard the cry until last Monday night. From them I learned that Australians express their approval of theatrical performances just as we do. There is a club of Australians in this city called the "Coo-ee" Club. It derived its name from the cry adopted in Australia by the early settlers and used by persons who were lost in the brush. It was the members of this club that made so much noise at the Majestic. Nellie Stewart, by the way, is the daughter of Richard Stewart, an old-time English actor. About a quarter of a century ago she toured this country and Australia in a play called "Rainbow Revels," with her father and her two sisters, Doccy and Maggie. She was the youngest member of the family.

The Most Popular Tea Hostess

Plain ordinary afternoon at homes with no attraction beyond that of meeting the people on one's calling list and exchanging bored greetings are not in high favor these days. In New York they are almost, I know, as out-of-date as they are in London. To draw a crowd, the hostess must offer some sort of attraction, if it be only a lion or lionne to be stared at. The really successful tea-giver is she who provides a fine musical program for her guests. Those who like music can listen if they wish and those who prefer the sound of their own voices to Chopin or Chaminade can chat. Mrs. Downey Harvey, so says everybody this season, gives the most enjoyable at homes of anybody in the smart set. For her tea of this week she secured the services of Mrs. Cecilia Decker Cox as vocalist. Not very many, by the way, know that Mrs. Harvey herself is a fine singer. She has a charming voice which has been carefully trained and she sings French and German songs with the genuine foreign emphasis.

Sullivan's Fontenoy Tablet

The tablet erected by Frank J. Sullivan in memory of the gallantry of the Irish at Fontenoy has given rise to a peculiar perversion of history in the minds of the inhabitants of the surrounding country. Captain H. de Malheray recently visited the battlefield, and later wrote to *La Revue* of his mortification on discovering that the victory was credited by the peasantry to the English. When he protested he was met with the response, "But it is inscribed on the tablet set up to commemorate the battle." The French officer then discovered that it is the wording of the inscription in English, and the only one on the field which has caused the strange error. Very few of the people differentiate between the English and the Irish, and still fewer know that the Irish fought on the side of the French. So that a victory, won by the French and claimed by the Irish, is credited to the English. The inscription which has caused the confusion was put in place about two years ago. It reads:

"In Memory of the Heroic Irish Soldiers
Who Changed Defeat into Victory at
Fontenoy, May XI., 1745.
God Save Ireland."

The landladies keep Collins and his family moving on. If justice is done, Collins will soon have a few years' free room and board in a place where he will be perfectly welcome.

Playwright Barrie's latest play, "Peter Pan," is having a long run in New York with Maude Adams in the principal role, it has been revived in London by Cissie Loftus, and it has just received a rousing welcome in Germany.

Frederick Belasco and Mrs. Belasco leave next week on a pleasure trip to Mexico, which will probably be extended to Florida and Havana.

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Dust to Dust.

The lower part of the figure is suggested in form only, being in the crude clay finish.

(By Haig Patigian.)

Our Young Sculptor

Haig Patigian has finished his statue of McKinley, which is to be erected in an interior town, and now he is doing other things. Patigian is in possession of the studio in Fourteenth street which was many years ago the art gallery of Woodward's Gardens. Douglas Tilden was the first sculptor to take possession of it. It was there he modeled the group for the Mervyn Donahue monument to the memory of his uncle. Tilden made a lot of money during the years when he was without a rival in San Francisco, but since Bobby Aitken came into the field the mute sculptor has not been often heard from. Aitken occupied the old Tilden studio for awhile and then went to Paris where he is now pursuing his art studies. He and Patigian are great friends and before leaving for Paris Aitken turned his studio over to the newcomer who, a few years ago, was an illustrator on the local dailies. Haig Patigian was born an artist and what he knows about art seemed to come to him intuitively. He took up sculpturing less than two years ago just as the average man would undertake some simple, commonplace task, and from the beginning he has shown wonderful skill in his modeling. He is a man of rare poetic temperament and the range of his art is wide, extending from the *petite anecdote* to the profound aspects of life, as illustrated by his frieze for the Holluschickie Club and his figure of "Dust to Dust." Like Rodin, he has his own vocabulary of symbolism and gives expression to ideas in sculpture which were formerly more common to poetry, and though there is an abundance of the sensuous in his work it scarcely predominates over the intellectual.

His Artistic House

Charlie Dickman is doing some panels for Fred Greenwood's new house, and some of the other artists are to aid

in the decorations. The house is not to be of the costliest kind, but it is sure to be one of the most artistic. Of course just because Mr. Greenwood is planning a home for himself the tabbies are hinting at a prospective chatelaine. Mr. Greenwood was supposed to be nursing a broken heart but he looks so cheerful since he returned from his last foreign trip that presumably the cardiac wound has healed up.

The marriage of Elizabeth Huntington will be a home affair of the simplest description, I hear. The date has not yet been set. Only about fifty are to be invited, this number covering relatives and intimate friends. Marian Huntington will be her sister's maid-of-honor, and Tom Bishop will support the bridegroom. Soon after the wedding Mrs. Huntington and Marian will leave for an Oriental trip.

While in Los Angeles, as the guest of the T. E. Gibbons's, Mrs. Gilbert Perkins was entertained by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Howard Huntington and others. The Perkinses met Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons when they were traveling in Japan.

The Countess and the Planer

My Los Angeles correspondent writes of the romantic elopement of Countess Opal Piontowski with Herbert Peet. The Countess is but sixteen years of age, and Peet is the youngest son of Mrs. Jeannie Peet, of whose interesting family I wrote a few weeks ago. He is a half brother of Jack London's socialistic chum, Cloudsley Johns. Young Peet is an actor. He appeared at Morosco's in Los Angeles, creating the role of Tommie Thompson in "The Judge and the Jury," which success led to a better offer from Seattle. The elopement was planned to fall in with the youthful actor's change of residence. The Countess is a very charming young girl, my correspondent informs me. She is passionately fond of music. When Paderevski played in Los Angeles she created a mild sensation by stealing to the platform after the concert was over and caressing the keys on which the fingers of the great Pole had lingered. Her mother is a widow, still extremely youthful, and rumor says that Cloudsley Johns cherishes a sentimental passion in that quarter.

Jean Reid's Prospective Match

From some friends of Jean Reid, granddaughter of D. O. Mills, I learn that the announcement of her engagement may come over the wire any day. If the match be made that is said to be contemplated then another American heiress will enter the British nobility, for Lord

DELOY, whose Salmagundi was, last season, engaged by fifty of the most prominent hostesses of San Francisco, and for functions at the Bohemian, California, Concordia, Family, Sorosis, and Unitarian Clubs, and at Hotels Del Monte, Palace, St. Francis, etc., etc., has **Three Complete Surprises for 1906.**

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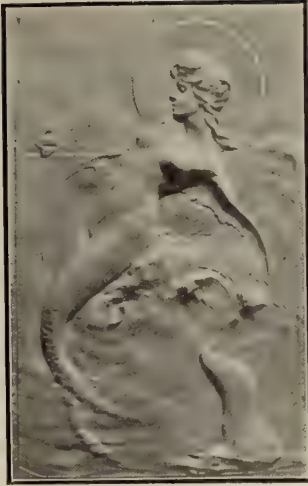
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The Flirt of the Deep.

A Frieze for the Holluschickie (Bachelor Seal) Club.
(By Haig Patigian.)

Brooke is the man who figures as the prospective bridegroom. Mrs. Reid would, of course, be delighted with the match. So would all the Reids. Mrs. Reid and Miss Jean are now, I believe, on the briny bound for England, and they will not come over for the Roosevelt-Longworth wedding. At least, it was their intention, as expressed in a letter written some weeks ago, to sail for England on the twenty-seventh.

The Spinners' Club is not to be absorbed by the Sequoia. The Spinners were invited to merge with the Sequoians and share the club rooms of the larger organization, but after a lively discussion of the proposition decided to preserve their identity.

He Wouldn't See Her Home

The Presidio hop last week was a very jolly and a swagger affair, but its wind-up was marred, I am told, by an untoward incident. A young officer who was thirsty during the dance got himself into a very stubborn humor and when it was over refused to escort his partner to her home. I am told that he has been sent into Coventry by his brother officers, and that there is some likelihood of his being court-martialed for his ungallant conduct. The medical gentleman, of whose anxiety concerning the Entre Nous Club I wrote some weeks ago, was not at the dance, so it was presumed that he was attending an Entre Nous affair. There were two charming girls at the hop whose engagements to officers in the service are shortly to be announced. Mr. Edward Torney, the popular son of Colonel Torney, the commanding officer of the General Hospital, was pronounced, that night, the best dancer in the city. He recently arrived from New York and is now engaged in business in this city. He is a handsome fellow, an excellent horseman, has already made a host of friends and will contribute much to the gayety of the social life of the Presidio.

Officers of the Pacific Mail Co., officers of the *Siberia* and many employes of the ship and the company attended

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Slave Girl.

The property of Mrs. William Gerstle; presented by her husband.
(By Haig Patigian.)

the funeral of Captain J. Tremaine Smith. The services were conducted by the San Francisco Lodge of Elks, of which deceased was a member, at its hall. Miss Leslie Smith appreciated very much the kind words that were said of her late father, and the genuine tributes of respect paid his memory by his friends of the lodge.

The Borels will remain abroad until next fall. They are now at their Neufchatel chateau but will soon go to Paris, where the prospective brides in the family will buy their trousseaux.

Members of the German General Benevolent Society, of which Mrs. M. Ferleisen is secretary, held their annual business meeting on Wednesday, the meeting being followed by a reception at which a delightful program was rendered.

The artists are getting their pictures ready for the spring exhibition at the Hopkins which opens on March fifteenth. A prize of one hundred dollars is offered for the best picture in oils in the composition of which human figures are of salient interest, and one hundred dollars for the best landscape in oils. Works for exhibition will be received not later than Wednesday, February twenty-eighth.

The Father of "Little Lord Fauntleroy"

Dr. Swan Burnett, who was the first husband of Frances Hodgson Burnett Townsend, and the father of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," died in Washington, D. C., this week. Dr. Burnett was a very fine Southern gentleman, highly educated and distinguished as an oculist, and yet it was his fate to be known as "the husband of Mrs. Burnett." Fannie Hodgson was a poor girl in Tennessee before meeting Dr. Burnett, and I have heard that she picked blackberries for the market to get money to pay the postage on the first manuscript she sent to a magazine—*Peterson's*, I think it was. Dr. Burnett being of high social position

Under the management of H. W. Lake (whom every epicure knows), the cuisine and service of Tait's Cafe cannot be surpassed. Bernat Jaulus directs an orchestra of twelve soloists during dinner and after the theatre.

was considered a great catch and he gave his young wife a great social boost. But they did not live happily and when Mr. Burnett applied for a divorce she said that her husband gave her no money and that she contributed to the support of the family. It was "Little Lord Fauntleroy" who was the real cause of the Burnett divorce, however. Lionel, the hero of the infantile classic, was a delicate lad with the seeds of consumption in his system. The disease progressed rapidly but Mrs. Burnett believed that the Riviera climate would save the child. Her husband, wiser than she, and knowing Lionel could live but a short time in any climate, argued that the better plan would be to keep him at home in Washington, mitigating by comfortable surroundings what could not be overcome. Mrs. Burnett would not listen, insisted on having her way, declared that Lionel was *her* child and that a mother must know best, set the doctor's professional training at naught and flew to southern Europe. She arrived there with the boy, I am told, just in time for him to die on land instead of at sea. Dr. Burnett thought her wild, angry letters were merely the result of a transport of grief that would pass, but when she dragged the whole affair into the courts, he felt that he must speak. Townsend, the actor, Mrs. Burnett's second husband, is also now of the past. She divorced him long ago. Dr. Burnett took unto himself a second wife.

Another Shortridge

A long-legged bird winged his flight into the S. M. Shortridge domicile the other night and was given the glad-hand by the distinguished lawyer. Before that visit there was but a single son and heir in the Shortridge family and now there are two, and the Shortridges are much elated.

The Attorney and the Lady

It is rather a queer coincidence that while the Southern Pacific Company has been mixed up with injunctions pro and con over rights of way, one of its attorneys, J. E. Foulds, has had private troubles of a similar nature. Foulds has a beautiful place over in Berkeley, and between his grounds and those of his neighbor, a lady property-owner, is a row of trees. These trees are the pride of Foulds' heart—also the vexation of his spirit; for the lady in the case does not enjoy their presence. They interfere with the view, or shade her lawn, or keep the sun out of her dining-room, or something of that sort. At any rate, she endeavored to rid herself of them, and to that end had the ax yielded. Before she had got too far in this career of destruction, Foulds secured an injunction to prevent the destruction of the trees, claiming jurisdiction over them. The lady was not inclined to submit gracefully to interference, and sought the aid of the law, with exhibits in the shape of photographs showing the ax of vandalism

being wielded. From that time on the air was full of injunction, and the neighbors of the interested parties sat around on the steps of evenings and gossiped over what would be the outcome. The trees still stand, but I hear that the lady has discovered a phase in the last injunction gotten out at Foulds' instance which gives her legal right to accomplish her end. As I hear it, Foulds inadvertently let a phrase slip into the records of the case to the effect that the trees were directly on the line between the two pieces of property. And now, I hear, the lady intends to sharpen her ax and hew off her half of the trees.

Her Eloquent Reticence

The reporters declare that Mrs. Adelaide Lloyd Smith, in trouble over twenty-one hundred dollars she is alleged to have borrowed under false pretenses from a restaurant-keeper, is the smoothest article they have ever interviewed. "Why," said one sleuth of the press, "she can say more and tell less than any woman I ever saw. She looks at you with those innocent eyes of hers, and babbles, and babbles, and babbles. And every word she says is far and away from the question she has been asked. And when she finally ceases, and is asked the question again, she talks some more. Very interesting talk it is, uttered in a charming manner, the while the smiles and dimples chase each other all over her face; but like her first installment of conversation, it has nothing to do with the case." I had the same experience with her three years ago, when she was arrested on the charge of selling bogus stocks. It's no wonder she hypnotizes men into buying whatever she has to sell. A negro fortune-teller, Madame Davidson, is mixed up in the case. Madame Christin, the restaurant-keeper who claims to be a victim of Mrs. Smith, says that the latter coached the fortune-teller, who in turn told the victim to let Mrs. Smith have the money. Both the fortune-teller and Mrs. Smith deny this. But the latter says that only a few days before she was arrested Madame Davidson said she saw her surrounded by policemen. "If I had only heeded her," says Mrs. Smith plaintively, but does not tell what the "if" implies.

A Protest from Berkeley

From cultured Berkeley comes a frenzied protest against further exploitation of Elmer Harris in these columns. But it is a cowardly protest, for the author lacks the courage of his convictions. He writes anonymously, and therefore his hysterical utterances are not to be published.

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The Japan Society

Henry P. Bowie is president of the Japan Society which is holding its first meeting this week, and Leigh Irvine is the recording secretary. Mrs. McCalla, Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, Mrs. McEnerney, Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mrs. Joe Tobin and Miss Ethyl Hager are among the society women enrolled as members. For the last five years interest in Japanese art has been gradually awakening here. I remember when the Bohemian Club gave the first exhibition here of Japanese color prints, what a bored crowd attended and tried to work themselves into enthusiasm over the delicate, intricate works of art which they did not understand. But that exhibition was the means of arousing interest in the work of Japanese artists. The Japan Society is the outcome of Mr. Bowie's enthusiasm for things Japanese. He is a student of Japanese art. Professor Moses, who is an officer of the society, is also learned in the art of Japan.

The Army Snob

Close on the heels of Secretary Bonaparte's championship of the enlisted men in the navy comes the court martial and punishment of Lieutenant Taylor of the artillery for his impertinent snobishness toward a soldier. Sergeant Butler, attired in full uniform, attended one of the New York theatres, and was given a seat which happened to be directly in front of one occupied by the officer of higher rank. The lieutenant, therefore, took it upon himself to safeguard military discipline, and requested Sergeant Butler to arrange with the usher to find him another place, giving as a plausible reason that the choice seat was wanted for one of a family party. The soldier was obliging, but, on discovering that the facts had been misrepresented, that there was no family party, and that the only reason why Lieutenant Taylor asked him to make the exchange was the conceit which regulates the seating of the lackeys in English servant's dining-rooms, where the valets and maids are known by the titles of their employers, promptly made complaint. Investigation established the facts. The lieutenant confessed that he had manufactured an untruth in order to remove his subordinate, and that as long as the vacated seat was occupied by someone in civilian dress it made no difference whatever to him whether the man were convict or capitalist. In consequence, the fastidious officer, who cannot be called a gentleman, has the pleasure of contemplating two brother officers, instead of one sergeant, before him, for he was sentenced to a reduction of twelve places in his numerical rank. It is not likely that he will receive much sympathy in his predicament, for his interference was both unnecessary and absurd.

Importance of Discipline

There must be a certain distance maintained always between employers and employed, the superior and the inferior, if discipline is to be upheld. The foreman who hobbles with his men, the housekeeper who gossips with her servants, the teacher who permits pupils to assume an equality, the officer who forgets his rank, are all foredoomed to failure. The gang of navvies digging a ditch or grading a road, and the rank and file of a company of soldiers can size up their commanders to a dot, and it never raises foreman or captain in their regard that he does not know his place and keep his rank. But miladi, out for a spin in her auto, has no right to give orders to her cook casually met in the park enjoying her afternoon outing, and the contractor who should attempt to oust his journeyman from a street car after working hours would be apt to

feel the weight of a brawny fist. "A man's a man for a' that." Familiarity cannot be one-sided. "If a man maketh me keep my distance, the consolation is he hath to keep his own at the same time," said Jonathan Swift. One of the favorite topics of the times is the discussion of how to raise the personnel of the army and navy, how to induce superior men to enter the ranks. One way would be to assure them that they would retain human rights in spite of their uniforms, and that as long as they behaved themselves with decency they were welcome anywhere that any other man might go and entitled to the best that their money could buy. Perhaps the action of Lieutenant Taylor in practically calling for the ejection of Sergeant Butler from the theatre may throw some light on the reason why so many soldiers drift into Barbary Coast deadfalls and similar man-traps.

A Disastrous Year

Marine insurance men are wondering whether the year 1906 is to prove as disastrous as 1905. Since the first of January there have been several wrecks on this coast, that of the *Valencia* being the worst. The insurance men are getting pretty well disgusted with the policy of steamship companies which, they say, is responsible for many of the disasters. It is because of the policy of the companies to "make time" that the ship captains hug the shore when they should be steering for the open sea. Louis Rosenthal of the Swiss Marine Company, one of the best informed insurance men on this coast, expressed himself rather forcefully on this subject the other day. He said it was an outrage for captains of passenger vessels to hug the shore in a fog and that there is no excuse for such disasters as that which befell the *Valencia*. During the year 1905 the Marine insurance companies doing business in California paid out in losses ninety-five per cent. of the money received in premiums. The smallest loser was the Swiss Marine, which received in premiums \$174,467, and paid out \$91,416. Some of the companies lost heavily. The British and Foreign (Lt'd) received \$116,124 in premiums and paid out \$169,543. The premiums of the Austrian Phoenix amounted to \$50,080, and the losses to \$56,453. The La Fonciere Company received \$37,817 in premiums and paid out \$50,370. The Maritime Company collected \$39,949, and paid out \$43,417.

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Photo by Taber

La Charmeuse

(From the painting by Joseph Greenbaum)

This is one of the many studies Mr. Greenbaum has made during the last few months from the same model, a very charming young French girl who has a wonderful gift for posing. Very few understand how difficult it is to be a successful model. Beauty and grace are not the only requisites. There must be freedom from self-consciousness and the power to throw oneself into the character of the painting's subject, very much as an actress takes up a role for study. The original of "La Charmeuse" was born in Paris and is artistic to her finger-tips. Mr. Greenbaum tells me that she paints quite well herself, and really shows wonderful talent in that direction.

Some Famous Artists' Studios

"I have been a model for three years," she told me. "One of the first artists I posed for was Mr. Gibson and through him I became acquainted with many other artists. Then I posed for Muller Ury, Richard Hall, Ioanowich, A. A. Anderson, M. Mathews, Herzog, Vermorken, Christy, Hamilton King and others. I must say I liked Muller Ury's studio best. It is a beautiful place filled with wonderful antiques, mostly heirlooms. One can see at once that Muller Ury is an artist in every sense of the word. Then there is Anderson's studio, rather a grand place, but I used to feel that it was more a meeting place for society than a place to work in. I enjoyed posing for Mrs. Leslie Cotton. She is not only a beautiful woman and a great artist but she is kind and considerate to the models. You know women artists are not always that. I often think it would be well if they would copy Mrs. Cotton a little bit in that respect. In general it is easier to pose for men than women."

The Southern California Polo and Pony Racing Association will hold a meeting on Saturday, March fourth and Monday, March sixth at Coronado. Entries for the

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meet will close Monday, February nineteenth. The events will include a selling pony race, Galloway race, polo pony race, pony race for the A. B. Spreckels cup, horse races and pony hurdle races. The officers of the association are: R. L. Bettner, president, T. H. Dudley, R. Cameron Rogers and W. Clayton, vice-presidents, B. N. Smith, Jr., honorary secretary and treasurer. The racing committee consists of G. L. Waring, L. W. Redington, J. A. Edmonds, H. L. Titus and R. L. Bettner; official measurer, Dr. J. A. Edmonds.

Scaring Us to Death

The school board of Elizabeth, New Jersey, has made a rule excluding consumptive pupils from attendance, and there is likelihood of some exciting discussion, if nothing worse, over the right to shut them out. Since the tuberculosis scare has been propagated the precautions which have been taken by those who have been affected by the fear have amounted to downright inhumanity. Fathers of families have been dismissed from employment on the mere suspicion, and people whose only ailment has been lack of sufficient nourishing food have been refused the opportunity to earn even that little. One state governor expressed his opinion that any convict confined in a penitentiary should be immediately liberated if he showed signs of consumption, lest the disease spread to the other law-breakers. He was oblivious of the fact that people outside of prisons are not immune from contagion. There has been both talk and attempted legislation to bar invalids from localities supposed to be favorable to them, and magazine articles have been published by the mile, with descriptions and statistics calculated to give impressionable people "the horrors." Our own school authorities, too, took a hand, and not only attempted to shut out those pupils and teachers who were actually afflicted, but those whose relatives were sufferers, or even those who lived under the same roof with a consumptive. As to the advisability of excluding consumptive children from class rooms, common sense ought to dictate to parents and guardians the wisdom of keeping invalids from mental labor and giving their bodies a chance to gain strength. There is no use in wasting time to acquire fancy frills and fads if there is no prospect of being physically able to make use of them. But all these precautions against death in every form are simple cowardice, since, as Dr. Holmes says. "We are all sentenced to capital punishment for the crime of living." In running from one form of death we but hasten to another, and to be dead ought to be a comfortable condition when compared with the constant fear of it. This constant harping on the "white plague," of descriptions of the symptoms, and reiteration of the means by which the disease may be acquired, enlarged representations of the microbes and of the structure of diseased lungs and all the rest of it, are bringing on a condition of pure funk which cannot but result in scaring to death about as many as are doomed otherwise. We have all to die by some means or other, sooner or later, but there is no occasion to hurry the process by brooding over it.

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A Loss to the Artistic World

BY L. D. VENTURA.

Scepticism is as often the consequence of exaggerated sensational advertisement as of natural disbelief and weariness. We are accustomed to be led by so-called public opinion, and by so doing little by little we forfeit the right to our own opinion, fearing to displease our neighbors, and hence suffer in our daily intercourse. As a result, too, public morals, civic interests and art suffer.

The phenomenon of ingratitude is also conducive to scepticism. Having enjoyed the delightful influence of forty years of the dramatic career of Joseph Jefferson and forty years of the noble career as an actress and philanthropist of Louise Eldridge (Aunt Louisa) it was to be expected that, for decency's sake, for forty days at least the stage would be in mourning. But it appears that the actor is forgotten when the curtain is rung down on his last gasp. Henry Irving passed from memory the day his relics were sold at Christie's.



John Melone

It was not surprising therefore that when John Melone died the incident was given but brief mention in the despatches. It was stated erroneously that he was seventy-eight years old, and correctly that he had supported Booth and Barrett. He died on the seventeenth of this January in a New York hospital of a stroke of apoplexy. John Melone was never heralded by the press-agent. The press-agent paid no tribute to his memory. To the press-agent the dead actor is a dead letter. I am proud to pay John Melone a tribute for he exercised great force in the world of art, and his life was a flight to the ideal. He was an embodiment of the principle that when we serve we should do our best. He was true to his ideals and for that he failed. John Melone was educated at Santa Clara College. He was a credit to the Jesuit Fathers to whom he was indebted for his classical education. He was an Ellenist, a Latin scholar, spoke half a dozen living languages and was a lawyer of no small importance. About eighteen years ago he was District Attorney of Santa Clara county. He saw his horizon in a better field. The law was not congenial. He knew Homer, Shakespeare, St. Thomas, Browning and the Bible by heart and like Gustave Madenā, who became an actor during the period of Italian servitude

to facilitate his fight for liberty, Melone felt that he could realize his ideals in the drama. Edwin Booth, T. Salvini, Laurence Barrett and Modjeska understood him and held him in high esteem. The managers boycotted him; their views differed. Consequently he spent his life in retirement. In late years he was seldom seen except in Shakespearean revivals. The magazines bought his poetry and his scholarly essays. Melone would have been an ideal man on the executive staff of a National Theatre, for he was a living encyclopedia of the history of the stage and of costumes. In his latter years he was librarian of the Players' Club. He was the founder and secretary of the Actors' Society of America.

Modjeska was a great friend and admirer of Melone. When her husband, Count Bozenta, heard from me of his death, he begged that his wife be kept in ignorance of it. "What a fine Macduff did he play in our last engagement!" said the Count. I feel constrained to pay a feeble tribute in this paper to the memory of a noble and dear character. I am not superstitious but I feel there is an over-current between those who go and those who survive. I have heard that William Greer Harrison was holding in his hand one day a memento picture, and that it fell and was broken. It was a picture of Irving. The incident occurred the day of Irving's death. On the seventeenth I took a bundle of old papers from a shelf; a letter from John Melone written in 1896 fell from the package. It contained this paragraph:

"I have just been through the great happiness of making a Retreat under the direction of Rev. Walter Elliott at the church of St. Paul, and I feel stronger than ever to endure the cares of this hard life."

I burned the other papers and kept the letter, wondering whether I would ever again see my friend John Melone. The next day his death was announced. Of a stroke of apoplexy? perhaps. Of a broken heart? rather.

A New Version

The queen of hearts she made some tarts,
Upon a summer day;
The knave of hearts he found those tarts,
And stole them all away;
Not to refresh the inner knave
(He would not die as yet),
But to throw at vicious dogs which might
Perchance his path beset.

—*The Epicure.*

A Horrible Example

Bildad—I understand you have been making love to my wife.

Tapleigh—Er—er—

Bildad—I want to give you a warning!

Tapleigh—Er—er—

Bildad—Look at me, and see what you'll come to if you persist. Good day.

—*The Repenter.*

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Mozart Celebration

The 150th anniversary of Mozart's birth will be celebrated under the auspices of the German-American League comprising about one hundred societies on January twenty-ninth at Native Sons' hall. The musical and literary program will be of the highest character and a fitting tribute to the genius of the immortal master. After a short introductory address in German by the President, Mr. Alfred Roncovieri, will deliver the eulogy in English. The Kopta String Quartet will render the E minor quartet; Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt will play the A major piano concerto, with quintet accompaniment; Mrs. Heath, soprano; Mrs. Birmingham, alto; MacKenzie Gordon, tenor; Dr. S. Schalkhammer, baritone; and Basil Tetson, basso, will sing solos, duets, trios, and quartets from Mozart's operas.

The first shipment of Peerless cars 1906 has just been received by the Auto Livery Company, and their customers are more than pleased at their splendid appearance and wonderful performances. Among the first to receive their cars were Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Henry Calahan, Percy Pettigrew and T. I. Bergin.

The Pacific Motor Car Company received last week three of the new 1906 Stevens-Duryea cars. They are also making prompt deliveries on Packard cars. During this short spell of fine weather, Dr. A. E. W. Westphal may be seen out in his new 1906 Packard touring car which he recently purchased. Harry Stetson, who is just recovering from a long siege of illness, is impatient to get out in his new Packard.

In the Financial Field


The volume of business during the week shows quite an improvement and at times transactions were quite interesting. Dealings in Bonds aggregate \$410,000, in Shares 8,607, apportioned as follows: 1,080 Lighting, 1,485 Water, 3,387 Miscellaneous, 325 Banks and 2,330 Sugars. The bond market was extremely strong, all offerings being eagerly taken up. Mutual Electric, which at present represents the lighting group, continues to attract attention, the price steadily advancing to \$19. Spring Valley Water sold at 40 1-4 ex-dividend of 63 cents. Contra Costa showed considerable weakness, declining to 44. Alaska Packers made another low record mark to 47 1-2, the statement of the company's condition having created an unfavorable impression.

The Oceanic Steamship Company held its annual meeting last Monday. The condition of the company had long been known to be unfavorable though not so black as it really turned out to be. Outside of the bonded indebtedness the books show a floating debt of \$40 per share. On the expectation of an assessment the stock dropped to \$10 per share. So far no assessment has been levied and the quotation advanced to \$2 1-2. Sugar stocks showed a little more activity at previous figures.

The first ore received from the Manhattan District, Nevada, is on display at Zadig & Co.'s office, 306 Montgomery street. The ore was found in the original Discovery April Fool claim belonging to the Seyler, Hemphrey Company.

—The Financier.

The restaurant at Swain's, 209 Post street, is a very popular place for ladies to lunch when down town. The place is quiet and clean while the cooking and service cannot be excelled in the city. Besides the place is eminently respectable.


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The Stage

Our Australian Visitors

It is no small achievement, that of the comic opera soubrette who vindicates her ability as a dramatic actress. That is what Nellie Stewart, late of Australia, has attempted and with no small measure of success. The title role of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" is not always dramatic; it is really a high comedy role, but Miss Stewart does a good deal of gasping in it and at times is positively emotional. There are moments when she is soubrettish and in those moments she is at her best. Hers is a radiant performance, however, and it has blitheness, tender coquetry and a human note. To sound this human note in this unhuman play is in itself no small achievement. "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" is distinctly an actorish play, and as a rule actors are very poor dramatists. The notable exceptions were Shakespeare and Moliere. The average actor, who turns playwright, writes for theatrical effect and gets in as many climaxes as possible without reference to coherency, plausibility or continuity, all of which are characteristic of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." I do not know whether the author of the Majestic play is an actor. I only know that he has handled some historical material as though he belonged to the actor's trade. It is one of those studiously sweet plays, pretty as a baby's little red wagon, and just about as significant. In trying to cleave the empyrean the author got lost in the clouds. That seems to be a habit with the modern dramatist who scurries into the obscurity of the past to exploit the intrigues, the follies and fopperies of the centuries ago. He repeats the same old fantastic tricks whether he be trifling with Napoleon, sympathizing with Madame Du Barry or parading Bonnie Prince Charlie. His main purpose is to achieve decorative effect and get in as many splashes of color as possible. So he arrays his players in silk breeches, curls and wigs and sets them strutting across the stage, fondling beribboned canes or taking snuff from pretty boxes. The plot isn't a matter of much importance. The audience will amiably account for motives and even for apparent stupidity. Sweet Nell had plenty of opportunity to tell King Charles the truth about Sir Roger Fairfax and she might easily have saved the latter from much annoyance, but if she had done so the play would have ended prematurely, complications would not have arisen and she would not have had the opportunity to impersonate Lord Jeffreys in the way that deceived his servant but could not possibly have deceived anybody in real life. The success of this fantastic incident shows how far the audience in its eagerness for illusion will go with the charlatanical playwright. The work of the dramatist throughout is execrable but it is accepted as though it were most finished art. It smells of the actor's, not the dramatist's workshop and the odor is not pleasant. The best scene, or rather scenes, in the play occur in the second act, the episodes of which are similar to those in Madame Du Barry's boudoir as contrived by Belasco. Either Belasco was inspired by "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," or Paul Kester was inspired by "Du Barry." The material was handled much more cleverly by Belasco than by Kester. In "Du Barry" the main episode was logical and consistent; the man hidden by the woman was the woman's lover and he was intent upon killing the King. In the play that comes to us via Australia, the man is not the woman's lover, he was introduced into the boudoir clearly for theatrical effect and he was not intent upon killing the King, a fact that could easily have been

communicated to the King by the actress who enjoyed the King's confidence, and who should have had no difficulty in convincing him that the man was the betrothed of a very worthy woman. It will not do to object that such minutiae belong only to the province of captiousness. Logic is the essence of the dramatic art, and the drama that is not logical is rot and it is the bounden duty of the critic to point out the shallowness of presumptuous pretension. At the same time it is the duty of the critic in the capacity of a reporter to report the effect of the play on the audience. I can truthfully say that I never witnessed such evidence of enthusiasm as was given at the Majestic Monday night. Though the play is such stuff as schoolgirls' dreams are made of the audience rose to it with delight. In the audience were many persons who once lived in Australia where Nellie Stewart has long been idolized. The Australians are a warm-hearted people. In Australia it was not unusual for the people to remove the horses from Nellie Stewart's carriage and draw her through the streets amid the acclamations of the multitude. Monday night I was prepared to see the audience do something hysterical by way of testimony to its approval of her performance. The company supporting Miss Stewart is composed of men and women of much the same temperament as that of the playwright. Each and every person in the filmy contrivance might have stepped from a spangled valentine or the cover of a bon-bon box. Yet they are very much in earnest. The repartee in the boudoir scene sputters with the pale flashing of a wax taper but it is recited with as much glowing satisfaction as if it were a sample of the finest epigrammatic utterances of an Oscar Wilde. Lines written to stir the emotions but provocative of yawns are flung at the audience with never a failure of grateful response. The King, all kingly airs and satin fallals, moves through the play with rhythmic precision, every move a pose, and every pose a copy of one of the Old Masters. Mr. Harcourt Beatty is the King, and he looks the part. He is skilled in grimacing, his enunciation is perfect and his manner stilted. Mr. Alfred Gran, the Lord Jeffreys of the cast, is what might be termed "a sterling actor of the old school." He struts superbly and he has a laugh specially prepared for striking terror to the soul. He does a great deal of laughing, especially in soliloquy, and the play abounds in soliloquies and asides. Mr. Gran would be more effective in the play if he were not so very much like Mr. Dudley Clinton in the latter's capital impersonation of Percival, the provincial actor. I suspect Clinton of doing a bit of mimicry in this role of Percival and taking Mr. Gran's Jeffreys as his model. Some of the less thespianic actors in the company are Mr. James Lindsay, Mr. Sydney Stirling and Mr. Lawrence. I am inclined to think



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EDITH EVELYN AT THE ALCAZAR

that in a modern drawing-room drama this company would appear to greater advantage and that a great deal of what seems to be staginess in the men is due to the character of the play. They are all apparently men of experience and intelligence but are endued with the notion that exaggerated drama should be played with exaggeration, and their sense of tempo keeps them at the pace set by Mr. Kester.

Theodore Bonnet.

Crylon or Crayton?

"The Admirable Crichton"—proper name properly pronounced Cry-ton—has proved something of a puzzler to most people and the Alcazar box-office inquiries develop some queer dislocations of the English language. "Crichton" is favored by the many, and there are some equally original pronunciations, but the limit for weirdness was reached when a well-known woman leader of fashion proudly ordered a box for "Admiral Crayton." Authors as a rule prefer titles concerning which no one can go wrong, but some of the most successful plays have hard names calculated to bewilder people. When Mr. Price of the Alcazar produced "Mlle Fifi" at the Manhattan in New York, six years ago, he tells me there were many curiously eccentric pronunciations heard, the majority being insistent upon "Fi-Fi" rather than "Fee-fee." But the funniest of them all was given by an old farmer from up-the-state, who planked down his money and asked for seats to see "Millie Fife." A fragrant rose by any other name loses none of its sweetness, and "Crichton" is having the most phenomenal success ever known at the Alcazar. That it is to be withdrawn after Sunday night, despite the fact

that crowds are unable to secure seats, indicates that the management is consistent in its policy to afford ever shifting entertainment to its patrons.

Jekyll and Hyde Again

To its record of successes the Alhambra has added a very strong production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," with Mayall in the dual role. The uncanny Stevenson play always attracts large audiences, whether it is Mansfield or Emmet Corrigan who is the star. Mayall, I am told, has made a study for years of the part of the man with two natures. He is not giving his conception of it this week for the first time. I saw him as Jekyll-Hyde before, and he could scarcely have improved upon his performance. It is in the third act that he does his most remarkable lightening change. Aside from the dual nature man there are no important parts in the play, but Shumer, Webster, Corrigan, Boardman and the others fill their roles with understanding.

Next Week's Bills

"Sweet Nell of Old Drury" with Nellie Stewart as the star will continue at the Majestic. Seats are on sale for two weeks in advance and there will be Thursday matinees at popular prices ranging from one dollar down to twenty-five cents.

William A. Brady's production of Blair Parker's pastoral play "Way Down East" opens at the Grand Opera



SNYDER AND BUCKLEY

The musical comedians who will re-appear at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon



Greta Risley

Louise Tozier

Harry Bulger

Helen Hale

Magda Dahl

*Some of the principals in Henry W. Savage's musical
fantasy "Woodland" at the Columbia Theatre.*

House tomorrow (Sunday) matinee. The cast which will interpret it will be practically the same as before. The immense size of the Grand stage affords splendid opportunity for stage effect and the famous snow storm will be presented with a realism heretofore impossible. Horses, cows, sheep, goats and all the animals in farm life will be introduced. The city swell will gallop on his splendid blood mare, the village doctor will appear in his old-fashioned gig, the village constable will drive in his sulky, and the village lads and lassies will indulge in sleigh-riding. Popular prices will prevail during this engagement.

Richard Walton Tully's funny college farce "A Strenuous Life" will be at the Alcazar next week. Under its original title, "James Wobberts, Freshman," it was acted as the Junior farce of the University of California five years ago. Quite recently Mr. Tully re-wrote the farce and under its new title it has been accepted for early New York production by Liebler and Company, by special arrangement with whom the Alcazar has secured prior production. Several hundred loyal members of the University of California Club will rally in force at the opening performance Monday night. An elaborate revival of "Old Heidelberg," given on February fifth, with entire new effects of scenery, costume and music will be followed by the first American production of "Alma Mater," a kindred play of German student life.

Belasco and Mayer have decided to present a special adaptation of "Michael Strogoff," the popular Verne play, at the Alhambra next week. It is promised as the most dazzling, sensational, spectacular production of the play ever seen here. George O. Nicholls' invention, "The Burning of Kolyvan," will be produced under his personal direction for the first time in this city, and fifty girls will go through the movements of a specially created March of the Amazons. Hadji Le Cheriff's troupe of Royal Arabian acrobats will give an exhibition of gun juggling, grotesque dancing and acrobatic feats.

At the Orpheum will be Charles Baron's burlesque menagerie and trained cats, including "Leodini," the jail-breaking dog, and Snyder and Buckley, whose act "Blatz wants a drink" created a gale of laughter season before last. Harry Buckley will render a solo on "King Louis," the largest contra bass bassoon in America, and for sixteen

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"A STRENUOUS LIFE"

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By Richard Walton Tully, of This City

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BARON'S BURLESQUE MENAGERIE; Snyder and Buckley; Mirz Von Wenzl; The Three Mitchells; Vernon Troupe; Les Brunis; Estelle Wordette and Company; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of the

8—ALLISONS—8

Regular Matinees Every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
PRICES—10c, 25c and 50c.

years in the late P. S. Gilmore's band. Mirzl von Wenzl, a Tyrolean singer, will make her first appearance in San Francisco. The three Mitchells, colored entertainers, will return.

At the Chutes the newcomers will include Herr Schmidt, the "Human Pillar," who supports on his shoulders a regular "cycle whirl" of enormous weight, in which Arthur Kilroy, the daring cyclist, rides and performs startling feats while going at top speed on the rim of the track. Fuller, Rose and Company, comedy sketch artists of renown, will make their first appearance here, as will also Hague and Herbert, singing and dancing Irish comedians.

Offenbach's sparkling opera bouffe "The Brigands," which has not been given in this city in several years, will be revived at the Tivoli tomorrow (Sunday) night on a superb scale with new scenery and costumes and a carefully selected cast. Offenbach's operas are again the vogue and at the present time are being revived in Paris with great success. The coming production should be cordially welcomed. The entire Tivoli company will appear in the cast.

Henry W. Savage will present here for the first time, at the Columbia theatre beginning next Monday night, the forest idyl "Woodland." "Woodland" is Audubon set to music and framed in a scenic investiture of ferns, moss-covered boulders and birchen foliage. There will be some three score of young women in the ensembles. Harry Bulger has the principal comedy role and among the principals in the cast are Louis Cassavant, George Beane, well remembered for his work in the Hoyt companies, Helen Hale, Ida Mülle, Louise Tozier, Magda Dahl, Bertyne Mortimer, Greta Risley, and Walter Lawrence. The song gems of "Woodland" are numerous. German comedy will hold sway at the Columbia this Sunday night, the Arthur Becker Ensemble giving a production of one of the cleverest comedies of the day, "Die berühmte Frau."

At the Orpheum

The eight acrobatic and tumbling Allison's are the starry headliners on this week's bill at the Orpheum. The xylophonists are clever musicians. Jules Kusell and Estelle Wordette are capital in their farce, "A Honeymoon in the Catskills." Kusell has a fine voice and sings "There's Nobody Just Like You" to the gallery's delight. Les Brunins juggle with billiard balls and Seville Mandeville, an infant tragedienne, shows herself a Nance O'Neil in embryo in a scene from "Leah the Forsaken." Seville is such a tiny creature that it is all the more wonderful when she declaims with such wealth of emotion the powerful church scene in the old tragedy. Just now she is billed as "the world's youngest tragedienne," but she may become one of "the world's greatest" when she is a few years older.

Sutro in Demand

Alfred Sutro, the playwright, whose "The Walls of Jericho" made a tremendous success both in London and New York, told a Californian friend recently that he had been writing plays for ten years but that it was not until he started on "The Walls of Jericho" that he perfected himself in his craft. Sutro is being cultivated more zealously by American managers than any other playwright just at present, not even excepting James M. Barrie, or any of our home-grown playwrights. He has proved both his artistic and his commercial worth, and these are qualities which, when in combination, particularly excite the rivalry of promoters. Mr. Sutro has a knack of plain speaking. He says that dramatists are overpaid, and he takes pains to make his surprising statement emphatic. This is the first word on record along this line, save those

spoken by managers put in sack-cloth and ashes for their weekly distribution checks. Truly, there are few professions more remunerative than that of playwriting. George Ade has caught his money-making gait again, since he settled down and re-wrote half of "Just Out of College." The comedy has been a tremendous success in Boston, and the proceeds of a week or two should be enough to free the Hoosier from the grasp of the rapacious crew he will fall in with on his Egyptian travels. Alfred Sutro, by the way, is the son of a country doctor and was educated in the City of London School and Brussels. His father intended him for commercial life and he developed an exceptional faculty for business.

The Yankee Consul

Judging from the success of "The Yankee Consul" at the Columbia musical comedy is still a very popular form of entertainment. Musical comedies are highly suggestive of the "all-coons" refrain, but there is a charm in them for many people; that is obvious because many people derive much pleasure from them. "The Yankee Consul" is very much like other musical comedies I have met. It has all the conventional elements of the conventional melodious farce and it discloses not a single new feature. The men that sing in their throats are with the company, and the familiar bunch of short-skirted femininity, and the sprightly danseuse and the character lady, and the so-called prima donna, and above all, the odd comedian. In other words, the "Yankee Consul" company has the usual supply of musical comedy talent. Harry Short is the comedian and he does and says many funny things with an air of nonchalance that is his principal stock of trade. The prima donna is Vera Michelena, a San Francisco girl, who has improved very much since her last visit. She sings better and is more sprightly and spirited. If there is anything lacking in the company, it is magnetism. All the principals seem to have the tired feeling which Mr. Short affects.

John B. Maher, in "The Admirable Crichton," at the Alcazar, has shown admirable fortitude by being funny under difficulties this week. He was severely burned last Sunday and at one time blood poisoning was feared.

Mrs. Langtry in South Africa

For some reason or other, Mrs. Langtry seems unable to find a successful new play with which to replace "The Degenerates." This is probably why she has just started on a lengthy tour in South Africa, instead of trying conclusions in either England or this generous country. Since she scored so greatly in the Sydney Grundy play the "Jersey Lily" has produced half a dozen new pieces, including one on Marie Antoinette by the author of "Zaza," but one

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ALBERT GRAN
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and all have been failures. As for "The Degenerates," the actress has worn it threadbare in England, America, and the Antipodes, and so audiences at "the Cape" are being given a chance to see it. Mrs. Langtry arrived at Durban a few days ago, and was received by the Mayor and cheered

by a large crowd. The next night "The Degenerates" was played to a packed house, which applauded both play and actress, and it seems likely that the famous beauty will return to England with her coffers satisfactorily replenished.

Maxine Was Indignant

Iceberg-like as she usually is, Maxine Elliott lost her frigidity the other day and resolved herself into a human Mont Pelee when she was questioned about reports of a disagreement between her husband, Nat Goodwin, and herself. There was good cause for the actress's anger. For several years she and Goodwin had been denying as vigorously as they could that they were on anything except the most loving of terms; yet the rumor of troubles was heard again, and sent persons scurrying to Miss Elliott to learn what basis there was for it. No basis whatever, of course—unless one excepts the purchase of a few articles of jewelry in St. Louis in the Christmas holidays, the leasing of Miss Elliott's property in New York city and the announcement that Goodwin would return hurriedly from Europe. Miss Elliott was in her dressing room in the Euclid Avenue Opera House in Cleveland when the revamped reports were repeated to her. "Never have I so much as contemplated a separation from Mr. Goodwin," she cried. "Yet I have been called upon every week of the year for the last five years to deny these asinine reports. Do you wonder I am angry? I leased my property in New York for the simple reason that I do not expect to spend much time there because of my professional engagements. I will join Mr. Goodwin there next week, on his arrival from England. He was there only for a short time and simply for the purpose of buying a play. I bought a few little articles of jewelry in St. Louis for the members of my company, as I always try to do every Christmas. Yet out of that comes such a column of stupidity as the reports have mentioned. No; there is nothing to it; please tell the people that if ever the unhappy day should come—which it never will—when I am to separate from my husband I will inform the entire press. Until then I wish that my private affairs be let alone."



Scene from "Way Down East" beginning tomorrow (Sunday) matinee at the Grand Opera House



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How I Climbed Into Fashionable Society

Being the Confessions of
Mrs. Bradford Cottonwood

Mrs. Bradford Cottonwood, whose real name is for obvious reasons withheld, has consented to write for *The Bulletin* a complete history of her "climb" into what is known as the fashionable set in San Francisco. It is a humiliating confession and reveals wounds and scars that would sour any sensitive woman even though after a twenty years' battle she were to acquire what is known as "position." There will be a snap to the story and it will deal exclusively with the local set, and in it will be related only what has actually occurred.

In her confession she will tell of a few secrets that bear upon the following subjects:

The methods employed by the ambitious mother to force an entrance for her daughter into SOCIETY; why mothers insist upon a forgetting of old friends; the reason some girls manage to hang onto the fringe; why girls are willing to take old dresses with new snubs; why the men are allies and the women enemies; why the PARVENU element made use of Mrs. Bradford Cottonwood in her upward climb; how she received her first cotillion card and why; why the gentlemen of oyster fame gave the Czar of Society a priceless diamond; why the Czar paid for the broken dishes and didn't send the bill to the breaker; how Mrs. Gainsby worked for a card to the CZAR'S dances; why she was snubbed one season and taken up the next; how Mrs. Gainsby managed to get Belle Upton into her house and thereby broke the ice; why girls find love a MESALLIANCE and money a convenience; why women permit unpardonable rudeness on the part of the men; how some people keep up and cheat the tradesman; why women are slaves when they sell themselves to SOCIETY; how women conceal their gambling under the name BRIDGE; how married women carry on flirtations with the aid of a girl friend; why some people splurge in winter and hibernate in summer. In short, the confessions by their remarkable candor give a startling and vivid picture of the game as it is really played.

Mrs. Cottonwood's own foreword is as follows:

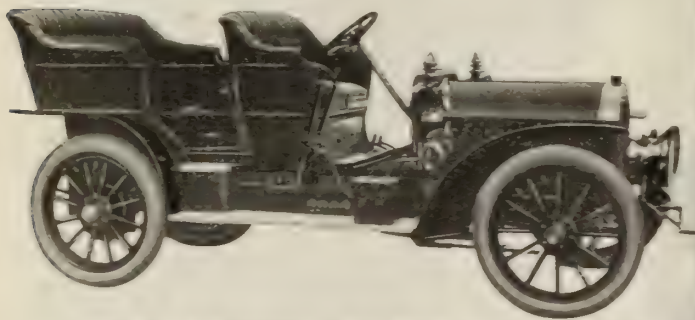
"I have consented to make an open confession in *The Bulletin* of the means I employed to reach the topmost rung of the social ladder. I am going to reopen old wounds and reveal scars that will never disappear, for the benefit of those who are CLIMBING. I have decided to relate the bitter experiences and show the heart aches that fall to the lot of every ambitious woman with social aspirations. And if any girl, after reading my confession, is as determined—as I was determined in my youth—to penetrate the Holy of Holies of the SMART SET, let her ask herself the following questions: Am I brave enough to face the battle ahead? have I sufficient self-command to be equal to the systematic snubbing that is the welcome accorded the new comer? and last, but not least, let her ask herself: Is the Triumph worth the STRUGGLE?"

The first chapter of Mrs. Cottonwood's Confessions will appear in *The Bulletin* Monday, January 29th. It will run daily for 30 days.

Automobile Topics

Auto Racing at Coronado

The automobile races open at Coronado today, the endurance run occurring on Thursday. Today's events will be as follows: Five miles, for cars with tonneau, costing less than \$1550, Eastern list—1st prize, one pair Gray & Davis bullet lamps, 2nd prize, dashboard clock; 2 miles, for runabouts, costing less than \$1500, no restrictions—1st prize, one silver cup, 2nd prize, one dashboard odometer; 5 miles, free for all, no restrictions, 1st prize one cup, 2nd prize, one auto cle; 5 mile race for touring cars, in full road condition, carrying four passengers of average weight of 140 pounds, any power or cost—1st prize, one silver cup, 2nd prize, one Jones speedometer; 1 mile exhibition against world's record by White Flyer "Whistling Billy"; 3 mile consolation race for drivers who have won on first or second—1st prize, gold medal, 2nd prize, silver medal, 3rd prize, bronze medal.



Columbia 40-45 Horsepower Car which was the hit of the New York Automobile Show

John D. Spreckels and J. D. Spreckels Jr. have been in Coronado the past two weeks and have taken several runs about San Diego in their White steamers. Mr. Spreckels always keeps several of his Whites in the southern city to use whenever in that section of the state. Quite a number of private owners of White steam touring cars have entered their machines in the Los Angeles-San Diego endurance run, and if history repeats itself, the steamers will lead the van.

Americans Leading Now

We have passed that point where we look to the foreign manufacturers for ideas. After having decided that the engine in front under a bonnet was the thing, we came to the front with a rush and the foreigners had better look to their laurels—as a matter of fact, it is to be expected that we will soon be exporting heavily to the very countries which formerly claimed prestige. When a concern like the makers of the Oldsmobile enters the field of high-powered cars with their facilities for making duplicate parts in great quantities, it is evident, even to the most pessimistic, that America is at last where she belongs in the motoring world. The *Automobile Topics* published daily at New York during the show, has the following to say of the Olds Motor Works: "In neither show is there greater novelty and at the same time established merit than is to be found in the Oldsmobile line. This year finds the long famed Olds runabout flanked by two other tried and proved types, one having the four-cylinder, four-cycle vertical motor and the other the regular two-cycle motor. The four-cylinder cars, model S, are of advanced construction in this type, with sliding gear transmission, having three

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speeds forward and a reverse operated through a gate quadrant of the selective type. The two-cycle model has all the features of model S, the change being solely in the motor with two cylinders."

Rural Free Delivery

Speaking of the automobile and rural free delivery as factors in the good roads movement brings to light the fact that already the attention of the rural free delivery carrier has been turned to the use of the automobile in his work. It has been demonstrated that the standard automobile that about is the machine best adapted to this class of work, and a number of them are already in commission in various parts of the country.

The Pioneer Automobile Company wishes to make a correction concerning the two-cycle Oldsmobile. It has been stated that the wheel base of this new car is 96 inches. It should be 102 inches.

Round and About

A 1906 White steam touring car, finished in a beautiful shade of blue, has been delivered to Captain John Barneson of San Mateo. The Captain is not a new hand at the motor car game, having owned a big French car of the soline type, but he considers the White steamer the equal of any cars of foreign manufacture.

W. W. Bottimore of Sacramento county purchased a Winton touring car from the Pioneer Automobile Company and will ship it to Stockton whence he will run it to his big ranch at Conley. Mr. Bottimore has owned a number of machines and says that the prospects for sales in Sacramento county are the best he has ever seen. The mechanics are compelled to use a car now in order to be in style at all.

Pointers on Tires

Here are some valuable pointers for every user of automobile tires: Avoid sudden applications of the brake. Air costs nothing. Tires are expensive. Don't let weight rest on deflated tires, even over night. Running a tire flat, even a short distance, is sure to be costly. If one side of a tire shows more wear than another, turn it around. The surest way to have satisfactory tire results is to buy judiciously. Keep grease and oils away from your tires and tubes always. They destroy rubber. Keep rims in good order, straight and true. Rust is destructive. Paint preserves.

In the Winter

Automobiles have not come down, as popular fancy has claimed they would, but it is a fact that the quality and reliability of the modern car are a revelation to those who remember the runs which used to be given where every one entered who had a machine and a straggling few finished. A Winton model K made a run to Los Angeles and return and the owner did not think it unusual, and the trip was made in the dead of winter, when the roads were at their very worst. Such a trip as this three years ago would have attracted the attention of the whole motoring world.

—The Chauffeur.

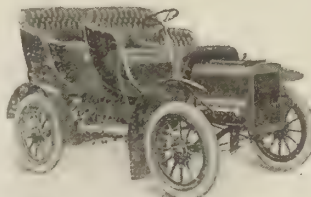
Arrivals at Byron Hot Springs for the past week included Mr. and Mrs. William Wehner and Miss Wehner of San Jose, Mrs. F. A. Fletcher and James A. Wilson of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morrow of Alameda.

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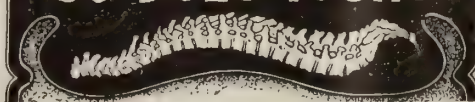
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Music

The Calve Matinee

At the matinee concert this Saturday by Calve and her concert company, the great diva will sing the Mad Scene from "Hamlet" by Ambroise Thomas, an aria from Massenet's "Salome" and a group of French songs including a number from "Carmen."

Gadski will be the next great singer presented under the Greenbaum management. The tour of this great artist is one of the most successful ever undertaken by any artist in this country.

This Friday evening will occur the concert of the Minetti Orchestra, Giulio Minetti, director. The orchestra will be assisted by Joaquin S. Wanrell, basso, and Carlo Gentile, accompanist. Tickets 75 and 50 cents, including reserved seats.



ALFRED REISENAUER,

The eminent German pianist, a pupil of Liszt and one of the really great pianists of the present day, will give three concerts at Lyric hall under the direction of Will Greenbaum. This is Reisenauer's second tour of America but his first visit to California. Wherever he has appeared his wonderful playing has created a sensation and his appearances in this city are looked forward to with eagerness by our music lovers. The first concert will be Wednesday night, February 7th, and the program will include the rarely played Sonata in F sharp major op. 78 by Beethoven, and Schubert's "Wanderer Fantasie." The second concert will be on Friday night, Feb. 9th, when the special features will be the Sonata in F sharp minor op. 11 by Schumann, two "Bagatellen" by Beethoven seldom played in public and an important Chopin group. At the Saturday matinee the Haendel variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith," Chopin's minor Sonata and other interesting works complete the very attractive program. The complete programs may be obtained at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s where the sale of seats opens next Friday morning, Feb. 2nd. The prices of seats will be \$1.50, \$1.00 and 75 cents. Manager Greenbaum assures us that Reisenauer will rank with the finest musical attractions ever in this city.

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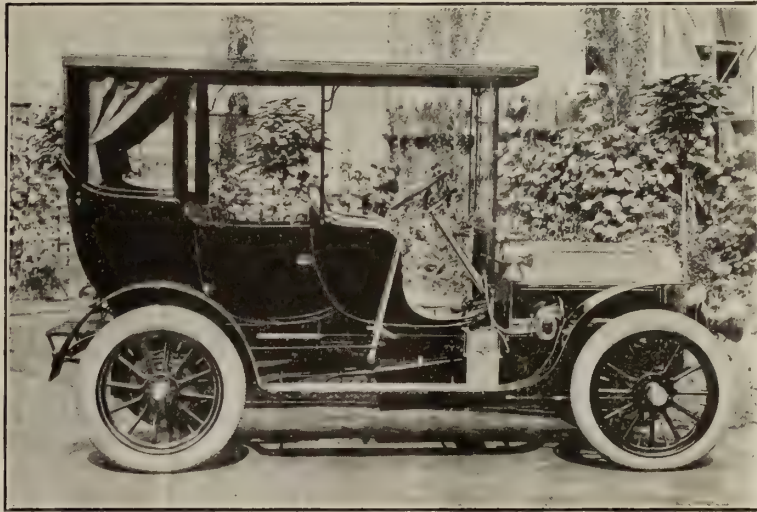
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THE PIERCE GREAT ARROW

Testimonial From One Who Is Competent to Speak. Twelve Thousand Miles and No Break As Yet.

Mr. J. P. Coleman, chief engineer of the Westinghouse Electrical Co., probably one of the best known corporations in the United States in the mechanical line, has written a letter to a cousin of his on this coast who is contemplating buying an automobile. This cousin is a lady well known on this coast and had in mind a certain well known make of car, and the letter was written to her after she had solicited his advice as a mechanical engineer, on what was best to buy.

We herewith give several extracts from the rather long letter which he wrote in reply.

"Concerning automobiles, the car I have is the Pierce Great Arrow, made by the Geo. N. Pierce Co. of Buffalo, N. Y., makers also of the Pierce Cycles. This firm easily builds the best car made in America, and that is not only my opinion but that of a number of men I know of, who run other cars. It is also the opinion of all the men in the garage where I keep my car here (i. e., New York), and as I have just completed my twelve thousandth mile without a breakage of any sort, or of the car's being out of commission a single minute in fifteen months, its record speaks for itself.

There are faster cars built here, but none better, and not a single one so simple and safe in its control.

I might go on for hours condemning cars of all makes and lauding the Pierce, without avail in trying to sell a woman a car, because some "friend" usually has told her of a party who owns a "hunkey-dunk" or a "loo-loo-bird" that is "simply beautiful" in finish and has been several thousand miles already (in the parks) and convinces her that these cars are the only ones to select from, so I will say no more than this, and will stand by it, not only as one familiar with mechanics, but as one experienced in handling a heavy car over all sorts of roads.

First, The Pierce Cars are all the makers claim for them, and are clearly the most serviceable cars built in America.

Second, They are not cheap. They cannot be cheap and yet be entitled to first rank in American car production.

Third, They have bevel gear drive to the rear axle, a feature most important in Touring—no chains to clog and break.

Fourth, They have two sets of brakes upon the rear wheels.

Fifth, They have three speeds forward and one back up.

Sixth, They have gasoline capacity for nearly 200 miles without refilling.

Seventh, They have water-cooled engine cylinders, and so do most all good cars.

Eighth, THE PIERCE ENGINE IS THE ONLY ENGINE BUILT ON THIS SIDE THAT HAS AN IDEAL CIRCULATION FOR ITS LUBRICATION. The engine in my car develops more Horse Power today than when I bought it, and shows no wear that can be detected. The valves are all interchangeable and positively operated. Each cylinder is an exact duplicate of every other cylinder, and all are interchangeable.

Most four cylinder cars have cylinders cast in pairs, and damage to one cylinder throws out the two of them.

No commercial car built anywhere will have the special equipment she wishes.

Such cars have been constructed, but at fearful price, and all I know of are of foreign make.

Do not buy a foreign car at any price, not but what they are all good, but are so complicated of control, lubrication, etc., as to require unusual skill in handling and maintaining, and duplicating broken parts is attended with much delay and, after a year or so, with much confusion and uncertainty even here in New York.

The proper thing for her to do is to secure from the Geo. N. Pierce Co. one of their 40-45 H. P. cars without body, and have the body made up after designs submitted her for approval, when they are made fully aware of her requirements."

This letter speaks for itself. All first-class mechanical engineers in the United States today, without any exception, whatever, have placed the same indorsement upon the productions of the Geo. N. Pierce factory.

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The Music Teachers' Association of California has elected the following board to serve for 1906: President, T. D. Herzog; vice-president, Louis Felix Raymond; treasurer, Mrs. P. O. Peterson; secretary, Mme. Ellen Coursen-Roeckel; directors, H. W. Patrick, Charles H. Blank and Paul Steindorff.

The sixty-fifth concert of the McKenzie Musical Society took place on Wednesday night with the following program: Overture, orchestra; "Hearts and Flowers," McKenzie Musical Society; baritone solo, Arthur T. Kernan; brindisi, "Libiamo," Traviata, Verdi. Vivian Kormel, Sidney Hunn and Society; "Sing, Sweet Bird," Gans, Louise Murphy; "Ave Maria," Bach-Gounod, Gertrude Hemminga and Society; Japanese Love Song, Thomas, Vivian Kormel and Society; Grand Valse, Torry, Anna Stockinger; "Maria Dolores" (in Spanish), Yradier, Ladies' quartet, Gertrude Hemminga, Minnie Sawtelle, Alice Hawkes and Eva Beard; "Anchor's Weigh'd," Braham, Jesse S. Stride; "My Irish Molly, O," Schwartz, "Stars and Stripes," Sousa, McKenzie Musical Society.

A Peculiar Complication

The copyright laws of Germany provide that the rights of authors and composers continue in force for thirty years after the death of the producers. A curious complication growing out of this provision concerns Bizet's opera of "Carmen," for Bizet died in 1875, and his royalties ceased on the first day of the present year. Meilhac, one of the librettists, is also dead, but Halevy still lives. The question was brought up before one of the German courts for adjudication and the decision handed down is that the music of "Carmen" is public property, and may be played anywhere, in whole or in part, without rendering tribute, but that the words may not be sung without the payment of royalty.

—*The Music Critic.*

A Slander

Mr. Busyman—Your late employer informed me that you were not very faithful.

Typewriter—The wretch! I never thought of flirting with another man.

—*The Clerk.*

Some Short Stories

"Captains All," which takes its name from the initial story of the half score which make up the volume, is fully equal to the former productions of the author, W. W. Jacobs. There is nothing so gruesome as "The Monkey's Paw," but "Over the Side" will not be readily forgotten. It is only a few brief pages chronicling an episode of sea life, the sudden death of a sailor, and the superstitious horror of his mates when a mysterious man appeared over the side one night soon after, coming no one knew whence, but whom they at first mistook for a reincarnation of Jem Dadd. The man was evidently the only survivor of some disaster, a foreigner whose language no one could understand and who died before he could make his story understood, one of the untold tragedies of the sea. Several of the stories tell of Jack ashore, his haps and mishaps, all more or less humorous, from the point of view of the narrator. "The Four Pigeons" tells of a clever little scheme by which a poacher feathered his nest, at the expense of the owner of the preserve, and the villagers who engaged themselves as beaters, to say nothing of the reputation of the shooting party. "The White Cat" is a most laughable story of an inheritance which was contingent on the life of a pussy, the especial pride and pet of an old man who was possessed of considerable property which, in the natural course, would be inherited by his nephew. Much as has been written on the subject of the lack of demand for collections of short stories, the volumes made up or continue to appear, evidence that both publishers and authors find them a good commercial proposition, which they would not, did readers fail to do their part. Mr. Jacobs has been turning his attention to dramatizations recently. Some of the stories in this present volume would make first-rate one-act comedies. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Candid Confession

Brown—I'm surprised to see you eating breakfast so early.

Jones—Well, you see when I eat later my wife eats with me and I have no chance to read the paper.

—*The Butler.*

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HW417



The Search Warrant

BY A. H. W.

Basfontaine lies just in the very prettiest of those pretty clustering valleys which dot the latter part of the route between Brussels and Spa.

My friend Hickson and I had spent a week cycling around Belgium, and between the extreme heat and the up and down switchback riding—into, and out of, what might have been always the same identical village in the same identical valley—we began to think we were traveling in a circle, and that Basfontaine, with its mineral springs, had been missed by some mistaken divergence on the road. It was therefore with infinite joy that one hot midday we found ourselves unmistakably face to face with the features of special interest that conferred on Basfontaine its pre-eminence.

There was the handsome suspension-bridge—three times too large for the modest little river that it spanned—the tiny Kursaal half hidden in trees, and a miniature, but quite modern railway station. On beyond the Hotel des Bains occupied three parts of a square, with the *Etablissement* as one of the wings, containing the *Eaux Thermales*—the hot water springs.

We entered the village at the end farthest removed from the railway station, passing near a building which we at first took for an old chateau, until we noticed, conspicuously painted across the front, "Hotel des Voyageurs." The house stood back from the road by the length of a paved court-yard, where chairs and tables were invitingly placed under the shade of a few slim acacias.

"The very spot," cried Hickson, vaulting from his machine; "here we will rest and refresh before exploring farther."

A smiling black-eyed *patronne*, of truly Flemish proportions, served us almost immediately with a delicious *dejeuner* of *filet aux pommes*, and *omelette fines herbes*, with good light claret, followed by admirable coffee.

"Why not stay here?" suggested Hickson, as we exchanged confidences on the excellence of the *cuisine*.

"We might look round first," I answered; "but there is no harm in inquiring," and I sent the maid to again request Madame's presence.

"Do you take visitors *en pension*?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, Monsieur, if any come; but we are not very fortunate in that way, for Basfontaine only attracts two kinds of people now—those who come on Sundays and Saints' days from the big towns, and those who are here for treatment. The invalids go to the Hotel des Bains, as it forms one with the *etablissement*. It was not always so," she added, with a sigh; "formerly, when the Casino was open, we had visitors of all kinds staying with us, and every hotel had guests. But now our pretty village is only a dull refuge for dyspeptics. On fete days, however, I have my *revanche*. My cooking is renowned through the whole country side."

"We have proved its merit," I answered; "and if, in consequence, we thought of staying here, could you put us up?"

"Certainly," she exclaimed, in a tone of delighted surprise; "*donnez vous le peine d'entrer*."

We followed our hostess up a wide flight of stairs to the first floor, which was just a long corridor with rows of doors on one side only. These opened on rooms all fur-

nished with great simplicity, and only differing from those in less pretentious hotels by the additions of squares of carpets and a few easy chairs.

"But if *ces messieurs* thought of staying here," said Madame, "they ought to have a sitting-room. *Tenez, voila une suite*." She threw open another door, and showed a pleasant little apartment with centre table, a couple of lounges, and *bergere* chairs, a handsome old carved cabinet, and some passable engravings. On either side a door opened upon a bedroom of the usual pattern. All rooms faced the glorious view of rippling water, smiling vale, and quaint jumble of houses and hostelrys, while the great irregular wooded hills sloped down as if from the sky on every side.

I explained that the footing on which our tour was conducted did not allow for private sitting-rooms, and Madame met me with the assurance that she was offering the room in addition as her house was empty, and she did not think the gentry would like to dine always in the public rooms, especially on holidays. This was tempting, but, as Hickson thought of taking a fortnight's cure of the waters, we considered it best to prospect round a bit before making up our minds.

Walking was an agreeable change after so much riding; and winding through shady forests one reached glorious panoramas on the summits of the surrounding hills. We spent some of our time smoking and reading in Madame's ill-kept, but gaily planted little garden at the back of the house, and on Sundays and fete days—these latter occurring at least once a week—the crowds of merry-makers below our windows were an endless source of amusement. From the earliest dawn little excursion trains ran in and out of the station; parties of cyclists—men and women—turned up from all sides, for Basfontaine is not much more than a dozen miles from Liege, one of the largest and most commercial cities in Belgium.

Madame's good *cuisine* made us lazy in the evenings; we seldom went out after late dinner, preferring to throw open our windows and see the brilliant stars come out one by one to rest on the top of our pinewood curtain.

It must have been the second or third night of our stay that, sitting with the lamp between us, I looked up from my book, hearing what seemed like a stealthy footstep overhead, and caught Hickson's eye, showing he was attracted by the same sound.

"That's queer," I said; "I thought we were alone in this part of the house. Madame and her maids live over the kitchens."

The following night, almost immediately after we had



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retired to rest, we both heard light footsteps pass our separate doors.

Then I questioned Madame.

"Why does Monsieur ask?" she said.

I told her the circumstance.

"Oh, that is only the *monsieur et sa dame* who live on the upper floor. Did I not tell you about them? The lady is delicate, and won't go out in the daytime. Her husband is devoted to her. I serve them in private, the same as I do *ces messieurs*."

"But do they never come down stairs?"

"Yes, sometimes, just to take a walk in the evening."

"And how long have they been here?"

"About three weeks."

"Three weeks! Is not that strange?"

"Oh, I don't know. It is probably only a caprice. The lady has 'nerves.'"

This solution seemed so perfectly valid to Madame, she accepted it so simply, that, the noises being accounted for, we ceased to notice them.

A few nights later, being tempted to an evening walk, we stopped on our return to watch from the corridor windows a streak of moonlight upon Madame's gaudy flower beds. We were both silent in contemplation, when we heard footsteps descending the stairs behind us, and turning to re-enter our rooms we passed close to the mysterious lodgers. The woman was in advance, but the man, on perceiving us, stooped down immediately and busied himself with tying a bootlace, or some such pretext. After that we never heard anything pass our doors till long after our sitting-room light was extinguished.

We speculated occasionally on the peculiarities of our retiring neighbors, but Englishmen are proverbially incurious about matters which do not personally affect them, and our interest was very casual.

The time for our approaching meeting with friends at Spa was approaching. Hickson's conscientious tribute to the mildly ferruginous springs was near its close, when one evening we strolled out to look at the wreckage left by a particularly lively *fete*, and wandered far afield. When we got back to the hotel, "Come into the banquet hall deserted," I said to Hickson, leading the way to the vast empty coffee-room, "and let us re-people it in imagination with those laughing crowds of today whose places are now empty space."

"And who never again, at any time, or under any circumstances, can be exactly what they were only a few hours ago," replied Hickson, who had been indulging in a morbid mood. "To realise this gives solemnity even to the memory of their brainless cackle."

We smoked in silence for a long time, each absorbed in his own thoughts. Then I found myself without a match, and rose to go across the passage to the kitchens to borrow one from our hostess. At the door, under the brilliant light of the archway lamp, I came face to face with our fellow-lodger, returning from his walk with the lady who had "nerves." I knew him at once. A couple of months before his portrait had been in every illustrated paper, upon the wall of every police-station, his name on every lip. He was none other than the assassin of Prince Nobulof, the detested Prime Minister of one of our most potent allies. The hue and cry after him had been European, and only the apparently authenticated death of the murderer dissipated the excitement in men's minds.

I was a long time fetching that match.

My brain was in a whirl. Ideas and speculations jostled each other in confusion. Did Madame know? I wondered. Should I go at once and tell Hickson, or think out

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my discovery first. He came to look for me emerging from the dark recesses of the coffee-room.

"Hullo, old chap," he cried, "what's up? You look as if you'd seen a ghost. Have you by chance proposed and been accepted by Madame, or have you managed to get a preliminary peep at the bill? You know we must not be late in starting tomorrow. We've a good spin before us, and our traps will be already awaiting us at the Hotel de l'Europe."

"True," I said; "but I've such a thundering headache that I am good for nothing. Will you, like a good fellow, do all the talking and orders, and I'll try to rest?"

"All right," he answered. "I think they're beginning to understand something of my lingo by this time."

The few minutes' delay gave me a respite for thought. I flung myself on my bed.

Presently Hickson came in.

"What a row those duffers are making upstairs," he grumbled; "it looks as though they were on the move as well as ourselves."

What a solution! Yes, that was it, no doubt. Poor wretches; they probably feared betrayal and were preparing to fly.

The question of my responsibility tormented me. I could not admit that any obligation of honor or conscience required me to reveal the secret I had surprised, but I bitterly regretted its discovery, and resented the false position it had placed me in towards myself, no less than towards the man in hiding. Indeed, at moments the latter feeling predominated so completely that I saw myself writing on a slip of paper a line to reassure him—"I am an Englishman, and no spy"—and pushing it under the door of the room overhead. Then I remembered the crime and revolted from the mere appearance of condonement.

Decidedly the wisest plan was to wake up Hickson and talk the matter over with him quietly—and immediately. Two heads are better than one. With this intention I put out a languid hand to feel round for a box of matches, and in desultory groping must have fallen asleep.

I was awakened by a loud knocking at the outer gate. I sprang up to see the glorious early morning sun streaming aslant the valley as Hickson rushed into my room half-dressed and in wild bewilderment.

"The courtyard is full of soldiers," he cried. "Hush, they are speaking." He cautiously opened both windows behind the closed *persiennes*, and we listened.

"You cannot see Madame Cluez," Linette, the servant, was saying from a window over the archway. "The *patronne* is still in bed."

"Let her dress and come down, then. We can wait."

The speaker was a dapper-looking *sous-officier* in full uniform.

"*Mais pourquoi, monsieur?* Why? What is your business?"

"*Affaires du gouvernement.* We will tell your mistress all about it, never fear. Meantime," he added, turning to his men, "surround the house on every side."

I had barely time to throw on some clothes before Madame Cluez's cheery voice was heard. "Now then, Linette, unlock the doors. *Mais entrez, monsieur.* What can I do for you?"

"I will not detain you long Madame. Please to inform me what lodgers you have staying in the house."

"Ah, Monsieur, I am not very fortunate for the moment; only two English travelers, and they are leaving today."

"Is that all? No one else? Are you sure?"

"Monsieur can see the gentlemen if he doubts me. I

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am sure they would not object to answer any questions, and will tell Monsieur the same as I do," she added, raising her voice a little and speaking slowly.

So Madame knew; her words confirmed my suspicion, and her courage rose to the point of risking our interrogation. As she spoke my strained hearing caught the sound of a door stealthily opened overhead. There were other listeners beside ourselves.

"Sergeant," said the man who had originally spoken, "go up with the maid to these gentlemen's rooms, and ask them if they will do me the honor to descend that I may interrogate them."

In the clatter of up-coming steps I had only time to whisper, "Hickson, don't speak. Leave all to me. Follow my cue. Will explain afterwards."

There was a momentary gleam of appeal in the eyes of Linette as she introduced the sergeant, whom we silently followed down to the roomy porch.

"Excuse me for disturbing you, *messieurs*," said the commander, "but oblige by informing me if you have had any companions during your stay in this house."

"We have been quite alone," I answered, in such very elementary French that Hickson stared.

"You are not aware of any other lodgers?"

But here my knowledge of the language apparently forsook me, and Madame came to the rescue.

"Monsieur asks if you have met any other *voyageurs* here."

I shook my head.

"And yet you have been here a week?" queried the officer.

"Two weeks," I replied.

"Then, Monsieur," the commandant said, "allow me to inform you that along with yourselves this house has been sheltering a notorious criminal. Our intelligence is precise. Weeks ago we discovered the reputed death of the culprit to be a hoax, and have traced him here step by step. Keep the issues well guarded, my men, while I proceed to search the house."

"What!!!" shrieked Madame Cluez.

"Certainly, *patronne*. It is not likely I should have come without that authority. Would you like to examine my search warrant?" He drew a document from his pocket and handed it to her. "There may be many things going on in this big house without the knowledge of Madame," he added, with a vulgar leer.

But the diversion gave our hostess time to pull herself together, and to realize that, as far as she was concerned, the game was up. She would be lost if any connivance on her part were suspected.

"It is perfectly correct," she said, handing back the paper with a nod of grave approval, and her voice was without a tremor. "*Montez, monsieur*, wherever you like; only I beg of you to bid your men be very careful of the sick lady upstairs."

"Sick lady! What sick lady?"

"There is a sick lady on the top floor."

"What's the meaning of that? Is she alone?"

"No; her husband takes care of her, oh! so kindly. She is too ill to come down stairs; but they are quiet people, and give no trouble—just poor people from over the Italian frontier on their way to Paris. They showed me their papers; they are quite *en regle*. Monsieur will see when he goes up."

The man darted a look of sudden suspicion on her; but her candid face would have disarmed a lawyer.

"Ha, ha! we shall see," he cried. Then drawing his

sword—for the Belgian police are a semi-military force—he shouted in a loud voice, "Forward," and dashed up the stairs, followed by his men.

As he uttered the word a loud report, immediately followed by a second one, rang through the empty house with a hollow reverberation.

It broke up the strong tension into which we all seemed struck. With one accord the whole assembled party turned and followed in the wake of the *gendarmier*, and reached the top room to find the man who was wanted drawing his last breath—a smoking revolver in his hand, and his faithful companion dead by his side—her brave "nerves" stilled for ever.



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Letters

"The Fair Maid of Graystones"

Though the preliminary announcements spoke of "The Fair Maid of Graystones" as a romance of the time of Cromwell, intending readers must not be misled into expecting the usual tale of blood and warfare in which Cavaliers and Roundheads battle more fiercely for the love of one girl than they do for their respective causes, and duels and strange oaths alternate in every page. The romance is set back into the time of the civil war, but beyond giving to private individuals a chance to settle their own quarrels without recourse to courts and law, the troubles of King Charles and the Parliamentarians keep well in the background and the interest centres around a matter of mistaken identity and a lost will which prevents the settling of an estate. Young Jock Hetherington, scion of a good family, but son of a younger son, soldier of fortune, and private amongst the Cavalier forces, is the hero of the romance. After the siege of Colchester, he with his fellow prisoners were confined temporarily in St. Andrew's



ILLUSTRATION IN "A LITTLE PRINCESS"

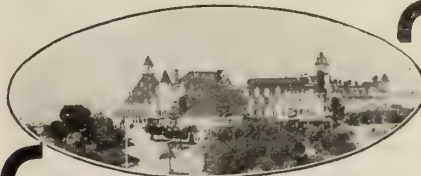
church, where Jock is introduced to us in the midst of a bout of fisticuffs with one of the guards whom he has taken upon himself to chastise because of some unnecessary brutality. The lad, weakened by the starvation diet during the siege, was likely to have had the worst of the encounter, but having delivered a blow which felled his antagonist, he was surprised to see the burly individual succumb, his skull having been fractured by striking the edge of a stone step. The man's fellows had no mind to see this deed go unpunished, and Hetherington had every reason to consider himself no more than a dead man, since it was useless for his own comrades to attempt to aid him in this extremity. Just as he was about to be taken into the crypt, whether to be beaten to death or left to starve it mattered little, a troop rode up to the door and demand was made, in the name of the general, for John Hetherington, one time a captain in the king's army. This Captain Hetherington, Jock's cousin, some eight years older and of evil reputation, lay then in the same church mortally wounded and in the stupor which precedes death. Reasoning, on the spur of the moment, that no situation could be worse than the one in which he found himself, that whatever crime his cousin could be wanted for, he would not be held to answer when

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the mistake in person was discovered, and that in any case, a few moments of time would be saved, the lad stepped forward and proclaimed himself "John Hetherington," and there was none who bore him the ill will to protest. He answered the verbal description well enough to any one not personally acquainted with the man who was wanted and thus escaped from the frying pan to find himself exposed to its alternative. It was Jock's course to give all his attention to the matter immediately at hand, and to cross his bridges as he came to them, so he went with his new guards, asking no questions and giving no information, but answering as ambiguously and non-committally as he could, striving to gather for himself the purport of this expedition. Arrived at his journey's end, he found himself ushered into the great hall of a mansion where were gathered what was evidently a family council, and much to his surprise, he discovered that his identity was not immediately apparent. On the contrary, it was taken for granted that he was Captain Hetherington, and demand was made of him for a certain box containing valuable family papers, which he was accused of having appropriated. It was from this point that the complications begin and they are developed in a manner far above the average novel of the day. It is a well-written novel, interesting and with "go" in it enough to keep even the jaded reader absorbed. Miss Beulah Marie Dix is not now to be considered a novice, this being her sixth book, but there are comparatively few writers who have held their own so well. Any one who likes a story where things happen and characters act, not like wooden marionettes but like flesh and blood people, will find this story to the point. It is one of the relatively few books worth losing a few hours' sleep to read. Published by the Macmillan company.

"Princess Priscilla's Fortnight"

Once there was a German princess, a very admirable princess, beautiful and graceful and intelligent. She was in every respect all that a princess should be, always doing what she should, and never, in any circumstances, what she should not, and never needing prompting or reminding. She was the last person in the world to be suspected of harboring heretical opinions, but the old proverb says "Still waters run deep," and this very perfect lady, away down in the depths of her heart, had an idea that it would be delightful to escape from all the etiquette and ceremony, and live quite simply, some place where she could do good and make every one live her for herself. The court librarian, Herr Fritzing, who had been her teacher in English, was the only one who knew of these dreams, and though he secretly thought the princess was right, he knew it would never do to encourage her, but as usual, "when a woman will, she will," and the end of much discussion was that this precious pair eloped from the palace and betook themselves to a little English village, to begin life over again on simple terms. This is the material out of which the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" has constructed her new novel. Naturally, this visionary pair discovered that the simple life was by no means so simple as it is pictured, and they made all sorts of mistakes, and entered into endless complications out of which there was no escape unless by acknowledging defeat. "Princess Priscilla's Fortnight" is, like "The Benefactress," a satire on a popular fad. It is so easy to theorize about philanthropy and plan ideal lives in simple surroundings, where life will glide along on greased wheels; where one can play Lady Bountiful, and still never exhaust her purse; where every one will understand intuitively, and where one is always the princess in disguise. And it is so very easy to prick the balloon—such a tiny little hole will let the gas out—and then it is such a comfort to get back to realities, if one can. We have had so many sermons on the delights and advantages of the simple life that it is a relief to come at last upon a little sane sense, albeit in the form of a parable. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

—The Bookworm.



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Slandering the President.

The work of breaking down the popularity of President Roosevelt goes merrily on in Washington, and the journalists and statesmen engaged in the conspiracy are making history through which some of them may achieve immortality of a kind that Sir Hudson Lowe earned at St. Helena. These political conspirators remind us of the infamous wretches who brought about the downfall of Parnell, not by convicting the Irish patriot of disloyalty to the people of Ireland but by exposing his intrigue with a married woman. The associated assassins of character in the anti-Roosevelt cabal can find nothing upon which to hinge a charge of immorality against the President, but they hope to lower him in popular esteem by subjecting him to ridicule on the score of his vanity and by creating the impression that he is a bounder, a poseur and a purely selfish politician of unbounded ambition. The President being merely a man has the usual supply of human imperfections and he does things at times that a friendly biographer would not elaborate upon, things that inspire unfriendly critics to viciously unfair comment dexterously founded on ingenious misrepresentation. But in view of the manifest eagerness of his political enemies to find blow-holes in his armor, and of the avidity with which they seize upon trifles susceptible of distortion for the campaign of slander, it is reasonable to infer from the weakness of the evidence so far presented by the prosecution, that on the whole the defendant is a man of exceptionally fine character, so fine indeed, that he almost lives up to the absurd conception of the idealists. About the worst that one writer can say of him is that he purposes going to South Africa at the end of his term to shoot elephants, and the funny part of it is that all that writer can say in behalf of the elephants is that their span of life covers one hundred years. What a pretty occupation is that of the journalists and statesmen of Washington who have undertaken to delude the people of the country into withdrawing their support from a leader engaged in the performance of a great public service! Unable to shake the confidence of the people in his integrity as a statesman and in his sincerity of purpose, they are driven to the expedient of magnifying his foibles and even of holding him responsible for the indiscretions of his household servants. In consequence we are being treated these days to large doses of puerile gossip in disparagement of the President and calculated to provoke the scorn of a fickle public. Meanwhile the President is pursuing the even tenor of his way without

falling in the esteem of the American people notwithstanding the untiring and ingenious efforts of his detractors to bring conviction to the public mind of the unworthiness of their idol. If we were asked to account for the failure of the campaign of detraction we should say it was because the people are aware of the President's vanity and of his other shortcomings and that they respect him for his virtues and resent aspersions that are cast upon him in the interest of enemies of the Republic.

Mann and His Contributors

It appears that Colonel W. D. Mann, editor of the New York society journal, *Town Topics*, fell into the error through which Oscar Wilde covered himself with disgrace. It is the error against which the wise lawyer warns the intemperate client who insists on bringing suit against the man by whom he has been disparaged. Colonel Mann was denounced in *Collier's* as a disgrace to journalism and he caused the arrest of the proprietor and the editor, thereby forcing them in their own defense to prove the truth of the aspersion. Colonel Mann is now worse off than he was before instituting criminal proceedings against Editor Hapgood and Mr. Collier. By their acquittal he was convicted of the charge they preferred, just as Oscar Wilde was convicted of the charge made against him by the Marquis of Queensberry when the latter was acquitted of slander for which he was arrested at the instance of the noted literary artist. From the slander proceedings followed the arrest and imprisonment of Wilde and from the libel case instituted by Mann has followed his arrest and prosecution for perjury. It was clearly shown during the recent trial that Colonel Mann has long been a pirate on the high social seas. But the Colonel with all his faults is hardly to be ranked in wickedness with the men and women of Newport who, after accepting the hospitality of friends and gaining their confidence, abused both in slanderous paragraphs written for the Mann journal. Considering the general character of that paper, the obvious fondness of the editor for burrowing in the sewers of society for evidence of its sin and shame, it has always been a matter of wonder to us that Colonel Mann was able to persuade reputable writers to assist him in the furtherance of his discreditable schemes. Yet he secured the very best talent in the literary market. Mrs. Burton Harrison was not ashamed to write of society under her own name in *Town Topics*. Edgar Saltus was a contributor, so were Douglass Story and Lloyd Osbourne. Ouida wrote a Christmas story for the paper some years ago. Julian Hawthorne, who is now employed by William R. Hearst, accepted money from Colonel Mann for a story. It is somewhat difficult in our opinion to differentiate between the crime of publishing a paper that revels in domestic scandals and the sins of women, and the crime of imparting tone and dignity to it by selling to it the use of a name that is honored and respected.

Birds of a Feather

There were many disclosures of rare interest and peculiar significance during the Hapgood-Collier trial, and the case served to illuminate something more than the methods of the editor with the split whiskers. Though not so important as the Armstrong investigation it partook of much of the atmosphere, tone and color of the sensational insurance

drama, dealing as it did with many of the distinguished personalities who figured in the round-up before the legislative committee. John A. McCall of the New York Life, who has been able to mingle with the swells of society on the strength of his success as a plunderer of widows and orphans, was one of the "coons" at whom the Mann blunderbuss was aimed. Perry Belmont was another and both were very gracious toward the gentleman from the South. It appeared from the testimony that the colonel was on very friendly terms with the late William C. Whitney, with John Jacob Astor, with William K. Vanderbilt, Levi P. Morton and other eminent citizens who have long been conspicuous in the social whirl of Newport. Not less remarkable than the success of the Colonel as a looter of the plutocracy were the friendships that he enjoyed and the complaisance of those whose indiscretions he saw fit to ventilate. Some of the leaders of society were pleased to be gushed over in the columns of his paper. Though the unfavored were besmirched, the favored were pleased because they were belauded. But when Colonel Mann fell into the trap set for him by the Colliers then there was a great rush to the front of society people eager to tell all they knew. The operation which the law calls blackmail would be far less common if there were not so many fools in the world ready to play the part of "coons." The man on blackmail bent is engaged in hazardous business and as soon as he begins operations he is as much in need of protection as his proposed victim. It is a popular delusion that blackmailers are usually connected with newspapers, and for that reason the names of newspapers are often successfully used in furtherance of blackmail enterprises by persons who have no journalistic connections. Less than a month ago a woman falsely representing herself to be a journalist was trapped in this city while trying to blackmail two young people, but she was not arrested owing to the dread of notoriety on the part of her intended victims. The law itself is the most common of all mediums for the perpetration of blackmail. The average breach-of-promise suit is brought with intent to blackmail. Lawyers sometimes force a compromise in litigation by threatening to introduce certain immaterial but unsavory evidence. That is blackmail. The doctor who extorts an exorbitant fee for his services when the man by whom he was employed dare not have the fact made known, is a blackmailer. The police officer who helps himself to an apple out of the wagon of a peddler is as much of a blackmailer as the one who compels fallen women to purchase his connivance at their illegal activities. So there are Manns galore in the world, all birds of the same feather and with no great shade of distinction in temperament.

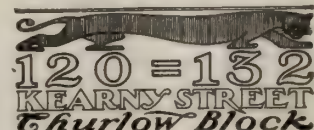
Maxine's Indignation

We have been told that Maxine Elliott, a very successful actress, distinguished for her beauty, grew very indignant, one evening recently, when a reporter called upon her to verify a report that she contemplated securing a divorce from her husband, Mr. Nat Goodwin, America's foremost comedian. The actress stormed during the interview, and argued that she was justified in losing her temper, so frequently had that groundless report been revived. It is of course very unfortunate that a husband and his wife, who are on friendly terms and in whose domestic life absolute harmony reigns, should be pursued by reporters intent upon finding out whether either of them is going to apply for a divorce. It is not to the credit of American journalism that reporters are assigned to the unpleasant

duty of prying into the private affairs of husbands and wives, but we are not going to discuss, at this time, the ethics of the newspaper profession. We prefer to consider the matter of Maxine's indignation at being annoyed by groundless reports of domestic infelicity, and to rebut the proposition that she was justified in losing her temper. From the circumstance of her having discussed her marital affairs with a reporter for publication, the inference is obvious that she concedes the right of the public to be informed on the subject. Otherwise she should have told the reporter that it was none of his business. Conceding, then, that it was their business, let us consider the matter of the groundlessness of the report so frequently revived. A few years ago Maxine Elliott and Nat Goodwin drifted apart professionally. It was not necessary for them to do so as they are rich and while together on the stage have made a great deal of money, whereas, since drifting apart, the wife has been successful and the husband has been a continuous failure financially. Nevertheless they have not resumed their professional partnership. Last year, at the close of a season, when both were at leisure and there was nothing to prevent them from coming together, the wife went to England and the husband increased the distance between them by coming to San Francisco. On the whole they have given a pretty good imitation of a husband and wife affected by what the law calls "incompatibility of temperament." Similar phenomena are frequently to be observed in society, and are usually accepted as indicative of dissolving marital bonds. It does not invariably follow, when a woman goes to Europe for a year leaving her husband at home to attend to business, that serious differences have arisen, but when the marital ties are strong the wife does not separate from her husband for a year or two except when change of climate is imperative. Perhaps it was necessary that Maxine Elliott should go to London for her complexion just at the time that Nat Goodwin was advised that the high altitude of Lake Tahoe was essential to his health, and perhaps when the comedian found himself at leisure some weeks ago it was absolutely necessary for him to go to England to buy a play, but the readers of the dailies, who are interested in the private and professional doings of stage celebrities, had not been advised as to the innermost thoughts of the actor and his wife, and so familiar have they become with divorce proceedings that,



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all things considered, it was not odd for them to speculate on the imminence of a suit for divorce. So we cannot agree with the beautiful actress that she was justified in losing her temper because of the frequent revival of a groundless report. And while sympathizing with her in her indignation we respectfully suggest that reporters would not bother about her domestic affairs if they knew she would not discuss them.

Pensions and Superannuates

A canvass of the government bureaus at Washington has resulted in the discovery of no less than six hundred and seventy-six clerks and employes over seventy years of age who are under the protection of civil service rules. In some of the departments there are upwards of a hundred and fifty of these superannuates drawing salaries for work they are unable to perform. Seventy-six are anchored in the government printing office. These are the employes whom it is now proposed to retire on pension. Six hundred and seventy-six in the national capital will probably mean something more than ten times that number in the whole country. There are still a million army pensioners, and one-fifth of all who enlisted in the little brush with Spain have already made their application. There is no doubt that many of these people would be in sore straits without their salaries or pensions, but the same can be said of all working people, and the same result will follow the lack of thrift no matter what the employment may have been. Pensioning and tipping are foreign vices which should be suppressed like opium smoking and absinthe drinking. It is one thing to relieve an old servant whose last days are embittered by want; it is another matter to implant the idea that because one is once firmly established in a lucrative position he need take no thought of the morrow.

Incompetency of Parents

That was a pitiful wail uttered vicariously by the Reverend Rader for the poor mother whose darling son had fallen into evil ways as a direct result of too much high school fraternity. Said son is so perverse that he discounts salary warrants in advance and gambles away his earnings, and it is "ochone and wirra-sjhrue," and please denounce the public schools for us, for, in spite of a good home and Christian influences, all this has come to pass. It is time that parents began to acknowledge their own complicity in all these evils. Boys and girls who attend high schools are minors and under the guardianship of their parents. It is for fathers and mothers to forbid them to join secret societies and refuse to supply them with pocket money sufficient to enable them to acquire habits of extravagance. School authorities everywhere in the United States are opposed to these fraternities in preparatory schools, but let them interpose objection and the children need only report at home that they are "persecuted" and immediately the parents are up in arms. Indignant fathers and mothers attend mass-meetings called by the impudent youngsters, applaud their hot-headed speeches and assist them in carrying out their rebellious policies. The school strike is as much a matter of course today as the labor strike. Even in the primary grades children who first come under school influences are practically spoiled material. Parents, who have found their pampered darlings too much for their own management, first blame the schools for not having done what they themselves have failed in, and next shift the responsibility farther afield. They take their little rascals to private institutions with the demand that the children shall be "made" honest, truthful, good-tempered, thoughtful, in fact, they call for a list of the virtues just as

they order their groceries. Boys do not learn to be extravagant, disrespectful and unreliable by attending high schools; but disobedient, ill-trained boys are sent to school and encouraged in their vices. The boy who is properly brought up will have no more temptation to discount his monthly pay check than to rob a bank. The trouble with these incompetent parents who go weeping and wailing to preachers and papers is that they never take the trouble to know anything about their children. As long as they are not annoyed themselves they are satisfied that everything is as it should be. They mistake the satisfaction of a full stomach and a full pocket for principle, and the lack of sufficient temptation as an indication that theirs are not to be tempted. Instead of these wild denunciations of the world as it is these good people should be a little more chary of admitting to the public that they have made such a botch of the one duty, above all others, especially assigned to them. Teachers and preachers can do nothing unless the parents either co-operate with them or else step to one side and do not interfere. Let the state begin with the new-born infants and assume the whole responsibility for their training, or, let the parents do their share in asserting and upholding authority. It is a disgraceful admission for parents to make, that children, still of school age and dependent entirely on them, are incorrigible.

Substituting the Utilitarian for the Artistic

It has been proposed and seriously considered in Great Britain, that, hereafter, monuments erected to the memory of public men shall take the form of lighthouses and beacons along the dangerous coasts. The suggestion is a wise one which could be adopted with profit elsewhere than in the United Kingdom. Whenever there is to be a memorial erected there is always more or less friction and consequent heat engendered. If a public subscription is called for there are interminable delays, usually disappointments in the collection of funds, jealousies over the form which the memorial is to take and still more over the awarding of the prize. There is endless criticism of the design and execution, and moreover, most of the public monuments are so badly placed as to destroy their effect as works of art, if indeed, they possess any such merit. But there can never be too many safeguards to ships, nor any objection to marking reefs and shoals. The memorial erected for William Black, the novelist, was a lighthouse on one of the Shetland Islands, a region which was made famous in his novels.

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Smiles, and the Sale Thereof

BY HARRY COWELL.

"Even love is sold."—Shelley. The life of man is brief and tends to tears. Let us, if we can, add to its smiles, and so to its days; to its smiles rather than to its laughter. We weep too much; we laugh too much; we smile too little.

Life tends to tears. Nature is cruel. To be kind comes only of art, of art eons-long. Invariably, pain presides at our birth, and not infrequently at our death. Cruelty seems to be of the very essence of the constitution of things, ineradicable. To live by the light of Asia is not possible, much less practicable. Consistent kindness to all living creatures, least and greatest alike, would be fatal. To harm oneself is to be unkind. We are born under a curse. The kindest must needs do hurt. Life is pain and war. The dead alone are painless and at peace. This side the grave, cruelty in some form or other (from vilest nude to that which passes for kindness impenetrably disguised), is not to be escaped. But that human beings, taught of Christ these many years, should make gratuitous additions to it, seems incredible; Life is so brief and of itself tends so to tears. Do and suffer deeds cruel in effect, we must, or die; and yet, were Nature alone wantonly unkind—man never—our world would be wreathed in smiles, as the saying is. Human life wants to smile, and if only we would let it, 'twere in vain that Nature say it nay.

It is well with him that makes life smile. Poetic justice apart—things being as they are, the best of us wearing without a blush the great mother's makeshift morals—and despite the fact that in the vast heart of humanity are many stony places, acres on acres of ungrateful barren soil, he that in the spring sows kindness broadcast sees the gladdest fall and has least dread of winter.

To be sure, the genial smile that is nothing more or less than good-will towards men visible on lip, in eye, is as thoughtless of harvest as is the sun. To smile for wage is not to smile at all. Love is not sold; nor can be. A lie that looks ever so like the sweet truth is sold, but not the truth itself. For so much, the daughters of delusion—and for that matter, the sons—sell the outward semblances of love, to the dear reality as dead-sea fruit to Eve's apple of apples. Hearts are not for hire. What we sell, what we give for the sake of gain, is not friendship, is not love.

The woman that for a price yields herself, body but not soul, to Tom, Dick, and Harry, is called by an ugly name, and shunned by day. After following for years the oldest and least honorable of professions—that of Mrs. Warren—what a woman has to give to any man is said to bear an insufferable resemblance to what she sells to all men.

How far, I often wonder, has this yielding of oneself for gain to go before that name fits? I have myself seen a woman who would have thought it heavenly condescension to speak of Mrs. Warren as sister ("poor lost sister"), smile a man out of his seat in a crowded theatre; out of his place in the line leading to the box-office where tickets for a Patti concert were on sale. She even went so far as to whisper a few words to him, words sweetened as it were with sex let loose at will, or, more correctly perhaps, words sex-italicized. Be that as it may, for gain she gave of herself to a stranger, made use of her sex to win her end.

"A small thing," you say, "such as one sees every day." Such as one sees every day. Indubitably. But not a small thing, if quality be considered, not quantity. To win larger and larger ends, women will give more and more

of themselves, make greater and greater use of sex. The number of women that would go naked if stripped of everything sex-bought, is simply appalling. By an adroit use of sex, a selling of so much of themselves to men in power, women pass university examinations, get into print, obtain employment, win preferment, immeasurably modify labor, art, law, finance, change not a little the destinies of nations. By what name shall we distinguish these from women good and bad? A thousand and one petty privileges women enjoy—privileges not given gallantly and graciously accepted, but bought of men for so much of self; ever so little, it may be, and yet, to all seeming, something sacred is sold. What shall we call this trade?

The politician that sells smiles for votes—is he of the ancient profession, or not? the business man that gives a sickly smile as it were a green trading-stamp?

A smile is given either for love's sake or for lucre's; is begotten of good-will or the desire of gain. In the end, the sham smile robs the true of its sweet; leaves one in the sorry plight of the professional seller of smiles, with no smile worth giving.

Sad and vulgar, as it seems to me, is this selling of one's smiles. Too bad it is that what little joy of living cruelty leaves us, vulgarity devours—tends to devour. Many, after all, are far from cruel. Few are fine. Say what we will, Nature is no lady, but a light-o'-love, at heart coarse and mercenary. The smile for gain, the smirk of the clerk, is old as lying and as natural, as widespread as want. The dismal science is intimately related to what may be called the gray profession. The lucrative smile is not found on the lips of the fine. My word for it, when a fine man smiles upon you, the good-will of his soul is yours. The smile starts in the soul. A fine woman, believe me, is loath to sell the least atom of herself, and that how great soever the end in view.

Love (including friendship, good-will, and the like) manifests itself in many well-known ways. Certain familiar signs we are in the habit of taking for the thing itself. Now, for private ends to proffer me looks, words, deeds, seeming to signify love, but in truth signifying nothing of the kind, savors to my simple taste of the unsavory profession. Who pretends to interest in me and mine, in thee and thine, lest his business go to the dogs, his projects mis-

(Continued on Page 40)

Roller Skating

The New Society Craze

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Evenings, 7:30 to 10:30

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Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

"Desires Congress Shall Control Hot Air Plants," says a daily paper news heading. Well, who doubts that it does control one?

Mayor Schmitz was arrested for fast motoring in Los Angeles. He did not know it was such a slow town.

Senator Warren of Wyoming, according to a press despatch, is about to "plunge into matrimony" with a grass widow. Warren is a great plunger. It was he who plunged into the swimming tank of a Pacific steamer on a dare from Alice Roosevelt.

An Oakland woman, a member of the Holy Jumpers sect, wants a divorce because when she went through her Jumper devotions her husband made a noise like a gander. Probably he thought that the proper behavior in the presence of a goose.

The McNulty case juror who changed his mind showed himself different from most jurors in that he had a mind to change.

The white man who was dismissed from the superintendency of the Talladega College because the colored students objected to him, must feel himself "po' white trash" indeed.

The St. Louis Sunday-school pupils who are given

trading-stamps for faithful attendance are early learning the lesson that the modern way to heaven lies along financial paths.

Only three men have been shot during the past week by drawing guns out of boats by the muzzle. Hunting will soon become too safe to be exciting.

It's a wonder Dowie doesn't work one of his miracles upon his followers and thus get back to favor.

"Is a telephone talk a legal contract?" asks a contemporary. That depends altogether upon whether the telephone company's franchise was legally acquired. Any odor of bribery clinging to the wires would invalidate the contract.

Senator Depew is said to have aphasia. He probably contracted it under cross-examination in the Armstrong investigation.

Men are often reminded by a woman's tears that they have a conscience.

Dr. Wolle, late of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, has made a good beginning as symphony leader of the University of California orchestra; he has chosen Mr. Giulio Minetti as his concert master. The selection of a competent concert master is the first duty of an orchestral leader. His second is to inspire his orchestra.



SOCIETY ON ROLLERS

Mrs. Arthur Brander, Mrs. Harry Holbrook and Miss Helen de Young

Modern Chivalry

BY JUDGE J. C. B. HEBBARD.

Once upon a time it was intimated to me by a prominent member of one of the prominent women's clubs of the town that I would be asked to lecture, address or orate before the club some P. M. upon the subject "Modern Chivalry." And so I betook me to the sands of the ocean, west of the Great Highway, and, like Demosthenes of old, *sans* pebbles, began to think of the subject, and the manner of the delivery of my beautiful thoughts thereon when word-painted by me, and, muttering and shooting now one arm to Heaven, and anon the other to earth, and then again both out in sympathetic reachings to my imaginary audience of angels, I came very nearly being arrested for insanity, and would have been, at the instance of a foot-bather there, but for a third-degree word whispered in the policeman's ear.

The word I must not divulge in the original—suffice it to say that it is Arabic, from the "Thousand Nights and One" and means, liberally translated, "get next!"

And then I plotted—I mean platted out my costume, and outlined a successful interview with my tailor.

I remember I was to wear a Prince Albert coat, immaculate white double-breasted vest, discreetly striped trousers and a negligently tied cravat of black crepe, together with a beautiful pair, (which I had) of patent-leather shoes.

The world looked very rosy to me that afternoon and the future bright; the sun went down in all the colors of the spectrum, somewhere out West beyond the Farallones, and I went home.

But the official summons never came.

Now, I'm going to write the things I thought on "Modern Chivalry," and I'm in pajamas instead of the proper costume of the afternoon; my audience—my books and pictures, my ticking clock and my other *lares et penates* and so:

My Dear Ladies:

Chivalry, no matter of what age, commands that I do thank you heartily, for the almost priceless favor of being permitted to stand, the one man here today, among so many of the beings that to me are the most beautiful things of God's creation, the sun and the moon and the stars, the birds and the trees, the blue oceans and the singing of the gentle zephyrs of Heaven, not excepted.

You have asked me to speak of "Modern Chivalry"—I tell you there is none, and so my speech is ended ere it is yet begun. But I'll talk on anent the subject a little, if so it pleases you.

In olden days men whipped their wives, and such the law permitted, and I must say, of course not meaning you, it would be well today if some were soundly spanked, and yet my chivalry would not have it so; the man whose hand is raised 'gainst woman should have it severed at the wrist, so that he might forever after gaze upon the mutilation, and weep for his lost member.

More, he should be beaten with the knout, in some most public place, until his blood did spurt from every wound upon his coward's back.

That's one idea have I of "Modern Chivalry."

There is no world but that which woman makes; 'tis hers to make it.

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And with this fact in view, a fact all men admit, 'tis passing strange there are so few of knights today.

No Lancelots, nor even Don Quixotes, and no man goes to get his lady's glove beneath the lion's paw.

A Paul to his Virginia? yes, just now and then, when he is young, and love comes to him in the flush of youth, and she responds in kind, but later on the "fluff" of life is tasted, and often both go other ways.

There are few knights today, but many "mashers."

How many steamers sink, and men do trample women, yes, and children, too, to get to shore and live!

How many buildings burn and men rush out the nearest exit, forgetting that the women are not safe!

But there are some exceptions; in their line of duty, and in their nobleness and their manhood, I do proclaim the bravery of the officers of those sinking ships, and the firemen who often go to death in burning buildings—these men are chivalrous today.

But why go on, my lady?

The lack of chivalry today is your own fault.

You do not know yourselves, or do not want to know.

For you the world has turned these many years; for you all wars been fought; for you all suicides have been. Duels, the stiletto in the back, broken friendships, libel, slander—all for you, my lady!

Think you tonight of the words of Hamlet to the first grave-digger, as he, pointing to old Yorick's skull, doth say:

"Now get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; let her laugh at that!"

The lack of "Modern Chivalry" is up to you!

The silken chains that bind are yours to forge and lock.

Ladies, I thank you.

And so, good afternoon!

With the ANGELUS Piano Player

the business man who has no time for learning music may come home and enjoy the piano, and play whatever music he likes.

With the Angelus, the children learn to know good music; their ears are educated to the perfect rendition. They gain in musical knowledge, through learning the Angelus.

The Phrasing Lever

gives to the player perfect control—instantaneous response to the slightest touch. No other Piano Player has such a device or its equivalent, and lacking it, remains mechanical, and not comparable to the Angelus.

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Located for thirty-five years at Kearny and Sutter Streets, San Francisco. Oakland Store, Broadway and Thirteenth Street.

At San Juan Capistrano*

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

The story runs thus: 'Twas a Sabbath morn
 So still that no leaf of the tasseled corn
 Which weighted the stalks in the neighb'ring field
 By rustle or tremor a breeze revealed;
 A pastoral scene that was fair to view,
 With cattle in clover-flecked fields of dew,
 And the sun just touching with burnished gold
 San Juan Capistrano, the mission old.

With them that kneel down 'neath its arches, dim,
 In the love of their hearts to remember Him
 Is she, who, low-bowed in her place of prayer,
 Seems shunned by the faithful who gather there:
 Bright feminine eyes on her fair face rest,
 On her rounded arm and her swelling breast,
 And each seems inclined to deny assent
 To beauty that sins and is penitent.

Out yonder a silence shrouds copse and hill
 And fastens the valley within its thrill;
 A ponderous terror that creeps along
 And hushes the notes of the thrushes' song,
 A sullen, intangible, grewsome thing,
 That shadow, unseen, of a monster-wing,
 That gathers the steeps in its mystic clutch
 And palsies the air with mesmeric touch.

The animate hearken; the silence speaks;
 Back flashes the answer in fear-blanced cheeks,
 And horrors, half dreamed of, suspended lie
 In the heat of the breath and the wid'ning eye;
 A rumble, a rending, a power compressed
 That tortures the hills with its deep unrest,
 A shiver, a pause, then the temblor's hurled
 In the white of its wrath on a helpless world.

The mystery gathers within the dell
 And hushes the sound of the mission bell,
 It razes the stones with its lev'ling rod
 And crushes the cries that are raised to God.
 No soul, in the chapel, that felt its breath
 But rushed to the doors to a frenzied death,
 Save her who was shunned; lest her faint heart fail
 She had knelt, in her faith, at the altar rail.
 1906.

**When the proud old mission at Capistrano was
 tumbled by an earthquake the arch over the altar was the
 only one that stood.*

1906.



A Sublime Potable that Has Passed

BY MAJOR BEN. C. TRUMAN.

Time was when a glass of Madeira was considered the top-laurel of any ordinarily-polite repast; and one hundred years ago there were few gentlemen of means in England, New York, Albany, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Savannah, Charleston, New Orleans, and the West Indies who did not keep a supply of choice old Madeira from a few bottles to one or more pipes. It could not be called a beverage, strictly speaking, although it was used as a table wine more frequently than in any other way when decanted at all.

No other wine improves so much by age as Madeira; and the expert will note a difference every five or ten years, even if the wine is from eighty to a hundred years old. When forty years from the press it possesses all the attributes a perfect wine, combining lusciousness of body, brilliancy of color, wonderful stimulative properties, indescribable alcoholic charm, and incomparable bouquet, flavor, and savor.

Although the island that produces this nectarean drink delivers it in dainty quantities compared to those delicious streams of ruby and amber and topaz that gush from the vinelands of France, Italy, Germany, Portugal, and Spain, there was a time when the consumption of Madeira in the West Indies and the United States exceeded that of all other wines. It has never been imitated, to any

great extent; and its adulterations were too remote to deceive.

Its price, however, which has been increased many times during the last fifty years; its scarcity, owing to the almost complete destruction of the vines—once by fire, and again by the devastation of *Oidium*; the introduction into our country of the red and white table wines of Germany and France, and the production of acceptable dry wines in New York, Ohio, Missouri, and California, have so lessened its demand that there is little or none in use except the imitations, which are sold at some bars, and which may still be found alongside of such other ostentatious counterfeits as sherries and ports on hotel and restaurant wine lists.

At present the Madeira vines are in good condition. The vintage commences on or about the last of August or first of September, and continues from thirty-five to forty-five days. The picking, hauling, and pressing are carried out with that fervid care and ceremonious attention to detail characteristic of most of the famous wine districts of France, Germany, Hungary, Portugal and Spain. The operation of extraction is still performed by scantily-clothed men, who tread out the peerless juice with their naked feet. After fermentation the wine is put into rooms

(Continued on Page 33)

The Spectator

Pardee's Change of Policy

In elevating Judge Max Sloss to the Supreme Bench and appointing John Hosmer to the Superior Court Governor Pardee took a fine swat at his critics. I am one of them and I confess myself somewhat confounded. Heretofore, in making appointments, the Governor has shown great zeal for his own political interests, and it seemed that he selected men with a view only to the strengthening of his position, but in this instance he appears to have considered the interests of the people, and consequently he has reflected great credit on his Administration. Perhaps the criticism evoked by other appointments that betrayed the fine Italian hand of the job-chaser prompted the wholesome change of policy, and if so then the Governor should be grateful to his critics. It has long been a pet theory of mine that the governor who could repress the inclination to manoeuvre for renomination and who would be a servant of the people rather than a political strategist, would become so firmly entrenched in public esteem that it would be impossible for the bosses to retire him to private life. Almost invariably the wisdom of that course appeals to the Executive toward the close of his administration, when he sees the futility of "doing politics," and then it is too late to make amends.

Gunning for Gubernatorial Candidates.

The politicians construe the appointment of Judge Sloss into a smash at organized labor, that distinguished jurist having rendered one or two decisions by which the aggressions of the labor unions were curbed. The supposition is that Pardee has come to the conclusion that as it would be utterly impossible for him to break into the ranks of organized labor it would be advisable to identify himself with the Citizens' Alliance. It is conceded that Schmitz has the first call on the labor vote and Schmitz is pretty busy these days inflating his own boom. The political forecasters are of the opinion that Hearst will get behind Schmitz and make him the standard-bearer of a reorganized Democracy that will embrace exponents of all the fads and fancies of which the multi-journalist is the prophet. This opinion is derided by long-headed and short-haired Democrats who venture the suggestion that it would be extremely hazardous for Hearst to attempt to make the Democracy accept a man for leader who has long boasted of his Republican sentiments. Yet it is obvious that Schmitz's constituency is of the Democracy. Among the men mentioned as probable Democratic standard-bearers is ex-Congressman Bell who has made his peace with Hearst, but the tip comes from the inside that Hearst would prefer above all others John J. Barrett, the attorney. It would be hard to find a stronger candidate, but I doubt that sufficient pressure could be brought to bear to induce Barrett to accept the nomination. He is now associated with Garret McEnerney in the practice of law and he is looming up as one of the big figures of the San Francisco bar. I have heard that he has been "sound-ed" by men close to Hearst and that he said he would not consider it an act of friendship to lure him into the fight. But the Hearst people want him for the job. He has been identified with the Schmitz Administration, and in a way that has redounded to his credit, and it is believed that were he a candidate he could command the support of the Schmitz constituency as well as that of the business and professional elements.

Take no chances about the wines for dinner, but order **Repsold's**. Inspection invited. 410 Pine street, San Francisco.

When Teddy Met Bowers

Collector of Customs Bowers, of San Diego, retired from office the other day but not until after he had thrown out an anchor and made desperate efforts to hold the job. There is a good story being told about how he tried to prevent F. W. Barnes from getting the appointment. When he heard that Barnes had been recommended by Senators Flint and Perkins he proceeded to round up all his political friends in Washington by wire, and he has quite a number of friends there, for he was once a Congressman. A little later he resolved to put himself in evidence, feeling that by the force of his own magnetism he could dissuade Mr. Roosevelt from ignoring the Senatorial petition. The resolution was fatal. Years ago when Bowers was in Congress and Roosevelt was a Civil Service Commissioner the man from San Diego sought to obstruct many of Teddy's pet measures. The President had forgotten all about him. It had never occurred to him that the Collector of Customs at San Diego was the Congressman who was so actively engaged in fighting civil service in the years ago, but when Bowers put in an appearance at the White House he was quickly recognized, and as soon as he took his departure the President signed the Barnes commission. Bowers, by the way, was a Bard man and he has been very active in the fights in the South against the machine.

Our Social Statesmen

California's statesmen in Washington are beginning to figure in the social life of the capital, writes my correspondent. "Hitherto," he says, "Californian statesmen appeared to be unconscious of the importance played by the chef in the political affairs of the country. The shortest route to the heads of some of our most distinguished statesmen is through their stomachs, and it is customary to give impetus to legislation at dinner parties. Many a bill had its inception between the oysters and the nuts, and often has opposition been drowned in champagne. The gourmet gets better results in Washington than the man with a voice and a knack for spellbinding. Senator Bard was a frost because he had dyspepsia. He gave not a single dinner during his entire term. His favorite beverage was soda water. Senator Perkins gives a dinner every little while and gets along swimmingly. Congressman McLachlan entered the social whirl some weeks ago by giving a dinner to Luther Brown. Senator Flint has issued invitations for a dinner and Congressman Hayes is getting ready to entertain his friends. Hayes is one of the richest men in Congress and if he were to loosen up he would wield great influence."

De Haven Opposes Morrow's Amendment

Once more there is a hitch in the proceedings in Congress, in relation to the creation of a new District Court in this state. The bill providing for the creation of the court was amended at the instigation of Circuit Judge Morrow to give him the authority to assign cases. That amendment aroused the opposition of Judge De Haven, who stoutly objects to the bestowal of such power on Judge Morrow. But if such power be not bestowed, the purpose for which the new court is to be created will not be achieved, for then the two District Judges would handle only the cases that came to them in the regular course of business. The congestion about which there is so much complaint is in the Circuit, not in the District Court, and what we need

Old-Fashioned Chocolate Creams.—Light morsels of cream enclosed in rich chocolate—Old Fashioned Chocolate Creams. Only at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

is another Circuit Judge, but as there are several states on the circuit, and as California already has one of the judges, we could not get another. Hence the subterfuge. If the bill as amended be passed then Judge Morrow will be able to relieve the congestion in his department by assigning cases to the District Judges.

Lane's Appointment

My Washington correspondent reminds me that Franklin K. Lane's appointment is still hanging fire and he says that the sub-committee to which the appointment was referred is all ready to report. "The committee intends," continues my correspondent, "to report adversely and as the report will provoke trouble it is being held back as long as possible."

Wheelan Rampant

The Wheelan-Burns-Daly-Pardee faction in the Republican County Committee has not taken defeat gracefully. Fairfax Wheelan, the leader of the faction, has announced that he and his followers are not going to recognize Chairman Davis. Wheelan and Davis had a conference before the vote was taken and Wheelan then announced that in the event of the election of Davis the opposition would not abide by the result. "Well," said Davis, "if I am defeated I shall be pleased to recognize the victor as the chairman of the committee." And now the Wheelanites are intent upon kicking over the traces. They are saying that they won't stand for Davis because he is a railroad pet. It is positively shocking to such reformers as Dan Burns, John Daly and Dick Welch to think of recognizing a chairman who has any connection with the railroad.

Hearst was Goldbricked

The story of a fraud practiced on the Hearst papers has come to light through a letter received by Sig. Richard A. Lucchesi of this city from Don Lorenzo Perosi, the famous composer, musical librarian of the Vatican and director of the Sistene Chapel. He says that the song published in the Christmas number of the Hearst papers, purporting to have been composed by him, was not his work. He was very indignant that such a composition should be attributed to him and feeling that it reflected great discredit on him he threatened to sue Mr. Hearst for damages. An investigation is now being made with a view to exposing the culprit.

"Tad's" Joke on Igoe

The practical joker is my pet aversion. Even for the least harmful of the pestilential breed I would cheerfully recommend a bath in boiling oil as the punishment to fit his crimes; for no practical joke is absolutely harmless, and the inclination to design one bespeaks a perversity of spirit that is a menace to the peace and quiet of society. Young Dorgan, the very clever cartoonist of the Hearst papers, better known as "Tad," is a practical joker in private life as well as professionally, and his friends love to tell of the comical tricks by which he amuses himself at the expense of others. Only one of them have I been able to laugh at, and that happened to prove of some benefit to his victim. Igoe, the *Examiner* cartoonist, was the man on whom Dorgan played the joke, but the joke turned out to be on William R. Hearst. Some months ago "Tad" began sending to Igoe despatches purporting to come from sev-

eral New York papers offering him a higher salary than he was receiving. Igoe was much pleased, feeling as he did that his work was attracting attention in the East. In the course of time the offers tempted him. The news that he was in demand in the East spread in the *Examiner* office, and presently the fear was aroused that the paper would lose him. In order to hold him his salary was raised ten dollars a week.

Hall for President

Fred Hall is the man now being boomed for President of the Bohemian Club. Hall was Vice-President of the club a year ago and he was nominated for President by the regular nominating committee. It was to beat him that Billy Barton was chosen as the standard bearer of the bohemian element which was so intent upon reviving the old spirit that made itself felt in the days before the commercial Gringo came. A bitter fight was made against Hall. He was pointed out as the embodiment of high finance, the incarnation of the stock-ticker, and it was predicted that, in the event of his election, the spirit of Bohemia would desert the upholstered, luxurious rendezvous of the bankers and merchants. So Hall was beaten yet the spirit of Bohemia still droops. The whole club is said to be disgusted with the Barton administration and it is believed that Hall will be carried into office on something resembling a tidal wave. For awhile there was a Hotaling boom in evidence but it appears to have petered out.

Society Will Turn Loose

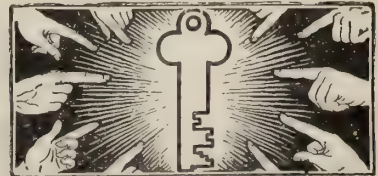
The Assembly Mardi Gras ball is to be a very gay affair but it is not to be thrown open to the rabble. Invitations will be sent to very few who are not identified with the Assembly and Greenway sets. Such was the decision of the patronesses who met at Mrs. Eleanor Martin's last week and talked the matter over. They felt that it should be a wide-open affair for society and that in order to encourage men and women to give rein to the carnival spirit there should be no rank outsiders. The interest of Burlingame having been aroused it is thought that there is some likelihood of a hot time occurring in the old town. The ingenious and resourceful Ethyl Hager is said to be interested and she will probably be the *piece de resistance* of the evening for she has a faculty for designing eloquent, impressionistic costumes for such occasions. There is no young woman in society who contributes so much to its gayety as Miss Hager and she has created a sensation at more than one masquerade ball.

The Fred Kohls have accepted plans for a large house to be erected in Broadway, a mansion in which there will be a great deal of entertaining in the near future.

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Mrs. Oelrichs Contradicts Seymour

The arrival in town of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs was reported in the *Bulletin's* society gossip one evening last week, just two days after the report came out in the despatches from New York that she had been saying *au revoir* at the dock to her sister, Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, who sailed that day for Europe. The friends of Mrs. Oelrichs were astonished to learn of her fast trip across the continent. Some of them rushed up to the St. Francis, where she was said to have taken apartments, but she was not there. They tried to reach her by telephone but failed. She had vanished and nobody knew whither she had gone. It was a case of mysterious disappearance, but it is no trick for a person who can fly across the continent in two days to mysteriously disappear. On Monday the case of John Seymour against Mrs. Oelrichs came up before Judge Hebbard and the defendant absolutely failed to materialize. In lieu of herself she presented, through her attorney, Mr. Joe Tobin, a deposition made in New York in which she denied ever having visited the office of John Seymour or ever having confirmed the contract made by her husband by which Seymour was induced to throw up his job in the Police Department to accept the position of manager of the Fair estate at three hundred dollars a month. And then Seymour summoned two witnesses who flatly contradicted Mrs. Oelrichs' sworn statement. Both testified that they saw her in John Seymour's office. Then Hermann Oelrichs was called as a witness to testify regarding the contract. As he was called by Seymour it is reasonable to assume that he was expected to substantiate the plaintiff's claim. Seymour would not be likely to call Mr. Oelrichs to the witness stand to corroborate the testimony of Mrs. Oelrichs, especially as that testimony was at variance with his own. And the thing that happened when Mr. Oelrichs was called bears out the assumption that his testimony would be favorable to Seymour. The thing that happened was an objection. It was interposed by Mr. Joe Tobin, who invoked the law which inhibits a husband from testifying against his wife. Judge Hebbard was of course constrained to sustain the objection, but after all the testimony he decided that Seymour's claim was valid. All that remains to be determined is the amount due. Meanwhile the uncompleted Fairmount is staggering under the weight of a Seymour attachment.

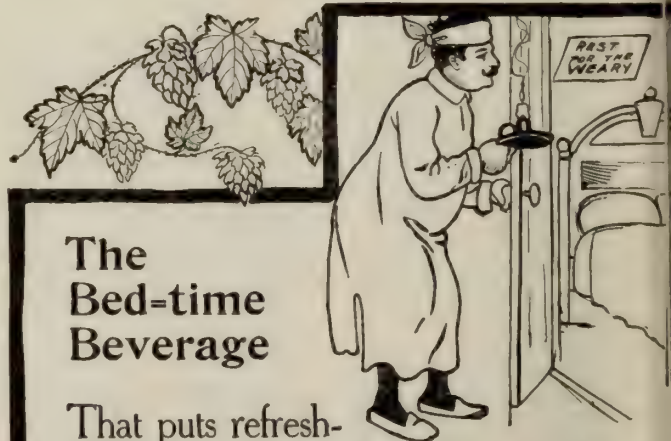
His Chief Weakness

It begins to look as if the future biographer of President Roosevelt might be able to exhibit as one of the chief weaknesses in his subject's versatile ability that which has so frequently characterized his selection of men for honors or offices in his gift. Leonard Wood was one of these men, Booker Washington was another, and the list runs on, though very incompletely, with Paul Morton, Collector Crum of Charleston, the successive bunglers at Panama—not forgetting the "ten thousand dollar beauty" press agent—and the young man whom he appointed to Annapolis only to see him expelled for despicable hazing. Upon Secretary Loeb's performances since his employer became the occupant of the White House there is no need to dilate, so familiar are they to all of us; and it will serve the present purpose to specify only his tangling of the President in the "Fads and Fancies" scandal. Finally, there comes Assistant Secretary Barnes, who is accused by Mrs. Minor

Morris of having shamefully treated her when she went to call upon the President. The offense of this official, while it has undoubtedly been exaggerated by the newspapers, is one which was no less undoubtedly exasperating and fatuous. The President's enemies have made much of it, holding him responsible for the act of his servant. But Mrs. Morris may have been much more obstreperous than she reports herself as having been. She may have conducted herself in such a manner that Barnes had reason for believing her insane. There is, however, ground for the conviction that he was unchivalrous and tactless, if not actually brutal.

Lamont's Tact

None of us will say, of course, that it would be possible for the President—this one or any other—to see all the people, some of them obviously queer and some of them stupidly determined, who appear at the White House from time to time and insist upon an audience. But the secretary who manages their dismissal need not be a boor, for all that. And I remember, as an example of the qualities most valuable and praiseworthy in these petty crises, how different from Barnes was Cleveland's secretary, the late Colonel Dan Lamont. One story of his methods, similarly circumstanced, will illustrate what I mean as well as a page of argument. Lamont was once passing out of the main White House door when his attention was attracted to a colloquy between a couple of doorkeepers and a sharp-voiced spinster of a most severe aspect. This woman had just been removed from her post as a school teacher in Washington for publicly criticising the public school system of the District of Columbia in a series of extraordinary letters to the Washington press. She had developed



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an acerbity of temper which made it impossible for her to get on with her pupils, and so she had to go, and she had come to the White House that day to lay her case before the President.

His Pertinent Query

"I am going to see him whether you want me to or not," she was saying to the doorkeepers as Mr. Lamont passed by on his way out. "He's nothing but a servant of the people, and I'm one of the people. I'll see him if I have to stay here a thousand years and wait," and she plumped herself down in one of the big chairs in the outer corridor and arranged her skirts with great elaboration.

Mr. Lamont walked over to her. "I'm sorry, madam," he said, "that it isn't possible for the President to see you, because he isn't in the White House, nor, in fact, in Washington. He went down Chesapeake bay this morning on a little hunting trip, and won't be back for two or three days"—which was the truth.

"All right, then," announced the determined one, never budging from her chair, "I'll wait right here in the White House till he gets back."

"But," said Mr. Lamont, rubbing his chin thoughtfully and smiling, "would that be exactly proper, do you think? I sleep here nights during Mr. Cleveland's absence, and there is no lady staying in the building at present. And I observe that you are unchaperoned, are you not?"

"The Goddess of Liberty will be sufficient chaperon for me, sir," replied the dame, although she was plainly mollified by the secretary's courteous tone.

"True, true," murmured Lamont. "but—er—who could I get to—er—chaperon me, I wonder?"

"Oh, well," said the spinster, a twinkle in her eye, "never mind—I'll return when Mr. Cleveland gets back." And she went.

Colonel "Information" Pippy

A good story has just leaked out regarding the recent excursion of members of the Union League Club to Mexico, and Colonel George Pippy is the hero of it. The Colonel has traveled a lot. He has journeyed to Washington as bearer of presents to presidents, and he has visited strange lands. In consequence he has picked up much information on various subjects, and on this trip to Mexico the Colonel was a sort of information bureau to whom the ladies of the party appealed when puzzled by the strange sights in our neighbor republic. The Colonel acquitted himself with full credit until the day of the party's visit to President Diaz. In the room in which they were received by Diaz was a table at which the President works, and from a corner of that table there fluttered a black rag. This aroused the curiosity of the ladies of the party, who asked the Colonel what it meant. Then the well-stored mind of Pippy was drawn upon. He remembered hearing that when a member of a Mexican household dies a piece of black cloth is hung up and is a mute emblem of mourning as long as it remains intact. It was within his knowledge, too, that Diaz had years ago lost a son. So he was able to assure the lady that this piece of black cloth had been hung there by Diaz as a badge of mourning for his son, and that, according to Mexican custom, it would never be taken down.

The Purpose of the Rag

Whether some previous "dope" handed out by the Colonel had proved inaccurate, or whether the lady doubt-

ed the story on account of the appearance of the piece of cloth, I do not know. But, at any rate, after leaving the chamber, she confided to Vice-President Corral her doubts about the matter.

"What piece of cloth was it?" asked the Vice-President.


"Why, that piece that hangs from the corner of the President's desk."

Corral laughed long and loud.

"That, my dear madame," he said, "is his excellency's pen-wiper."

Hausmann's Complaint

I find that physicians in general do not agree with Dr. A. Hausmann in his estimate of the State Board of Medical Examiners, as expressed in his communication to me last week. The doctor was not backward in giving it as his opinion that the board of examiners is unfair in its examinations—that it asks catch questions, and that it establishes no reasonable test. All of this, I have been informed, is nonsense. "People talk," said one physician—not a member of the board—"as though this is the only State in the Union having a State Board of Medical Examiners. Why, thirty-four states in the Union have similar boards, and California was one of the last to drop into line. The complaints made by Hausmann and others who, having practiced in other states, are denied certificates upon examination here, would lead one to believe that no other state demands a re-examination of any physician coming within its borders to practice. If I should go to New York, Pennsylvania, or any of thirty-two other states in the United States, I should have to go through an examination and, what is more, it would be practically the same examination that is presented here. The State Board of Medical Examiners does not determine the standard which candidates must meet. That is settled by the Association of Medical Colleges, which has among the members representatives from two California medical colleges. So if there are catch questions here, there must be in all the other states."



Hearken!

After a night out
a bottle or two of

**Jackson's
Napa Soda**

will certainly feel like *liquid velvet*
to your poor, distressed, feverish
stomach.

The soda, magnesia, and iron it
contains make it the grandest water
on Earth for this purpose.

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The Mecca of Quacks

"I helped have the law passed creating this board of medical examiners," said my informant, "and as a consequence I have taken an interest in its workings. And I must say that it has been the greatest factor that has ever existed for raising the standard of physicians in California. The *Medical Record* of New York, in a recent issue spoke of California as having formerly been the Mecca for all the quacks in Christendom. That was no exaggeration. All over the country there are medical colleges turning out graduates by the hundreds. And the diplomas they received from these colleges entitled them to practice medicine here. Any one who knows anything about medical colleges knows that there are many of them that issue diplomas based on very scant knowledge on the part of either the receiver of it or the one who confers it. Yet these diplomas—sometimes purchased after a few months of study—entitled the holders to hang out their shingles, and we had to trust our health and our lives to them. Then there came here many honest physicians who were old, who had graduated twenty-five or forty or fifty years ago, and who had not kept up with the procession. Some of them came here for their health, some because, through their unprogressiveness, they did not keep up to date in medical matters. They have had a try at our examinations and naturally have failed, as they would have in any other state that has a board of medical examiners. A study of the records of our State Board of Medical Examiners, which is open to any one, shows that the percentage of failures among recent graduates—men freshly informed in medical matters—is small. The records show, also, that Dr. Hausmann graduated in Vienna in 1868—nearly forty years ago. I do not know how actively he has kept up since with medical progress. But you can readily understand that any man who graduated thirty-eight years ago and had not kept up his studies and reading, could fail to pass a modern examination. The records show, too, that very few graduates of English colleges fail to pass. In that country medical students are so well grounded in the fundamental principles of medicine that their knowledge sticks to them through life." This and much more my informant and other physicians have told me; and altogether they have pretty well confirmed my former belief that the State Board of Medical Examiners is a good thing for the community. I do not believe that any fail to pass who are really entitled to certificates. And if occasionally one does, that is better for the public than that one should pass who is unworthy.

Lask at the Tivoli

George Lask has returned to the Tivoli and is going to devote himself to the task of infusing more life into the performances at the Eddy street playhouse. There has been something wrong at the Tivoli for some time past. It has not enjoyed the patronage that it deserved. The fickle public has been unfaithful to the institution which has done so much for the musical culture of this city that it is deserving of the lasting gratitude of the community. But the theatregoer is not influenced by sentiment and though the Tivoli has put forth more than a sentimental appeal it has been cold-shouldered even when it was giving performances vastly superior to many that were drawing crowded houses. Why this was so nobody knew. George Lask has come out to solve the problem and I am inclined to think he will succeed. Lask is something more than

a stage manager. He knows the amusement business from A to Z, he is always in touch with the centres of theatrical activity, and he has the confidence of theatrical artists, and above all he is an enthusiast and imparts his enthusiasm to everything connected with the theatre. Perhaps it is enthusiasm that the Tivoli has been in need of. If so George Lask will supply it in large chunks, and what is more he will distribute a little of it around town.

Gems from O'Hare's Repertory

The name of Jimmie O'Hare, who was blown into fragments in Kansas one day last week by the explosion of a wagon load of nitroglycerine, will probably not rouse any recollections among the anecdote fiends of our local club-domin, but it will start reminiscences throughout the Californian counties where the oil spouts skyward. For O'Hare, who was a well shooter, had worked in every district in this state and all the other states where the chug of the oil drill has been heard, and in his life he handled enough explosives to have blown San Francisco up a dozen times. He worked daily in close association with hundreds of gallons of nitroglycerine, and it was a common sight in the oil country to see him rattling over the hills on the seat of a wagon loaded to the tops of the sideboards with a deadly cargo. People began saying that he would "get it" some day, twenty years ago, and they kept on saying it; but he only laughed at their prophecies, and still laughing, would load up his wagon once more, rattling thence to shoot another well, for which he carried perhaps two hundred quarts of nitroglycerine. But the trite adage of the pitcher tells the story of his end. As is usually the case in such accidents, nobody knew, or ever will know, how it happened. There was an explosion that shook the ground



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We would like to talk to you about Presidio Terrace

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A leader of smart society
in San Francisco.



Countess Castellane,
A leader of smart society
in gay Paris.



Mrs. John Jacob Astor
A leader of smart society
in New York.

for miles around, and when an investigation was made all that could be found was a wide, deep hole in the earth. O'Hare was fond of relating incidents that illustrated the freakishness of the explosive he handled, and it may have been some such freak that killed him. He was fond of telling, for instance, of the runaway in the streets of a California town, when a team dragged a glycerine wagon the whole length of a street, the cans ricocheting like billiard balls, with no resultant explosion. Another case in his repertory was one which occurred in the old days, when the glycerine box was located directly over the springs of the wagon. There was a leaky can, and three drops falling on the springs caused the loss of three lives. Another of his tales was one of a shooter on a spree who hurled bottles of glycerine against a rock. All of the bottles broke, but not one blew up. "A man had better quit this business when he loses his nerve," he used to say. "It is just like handling a nettle. Take hold of it and take hold strong. A nervous or panicky chap had better stay away from glycerine, because something will happen, and it never happens to a shooter but once." And this is how it happened to O'Hare—once. But his friends throughout the state will say that it was exactly the sort of sporting finish that Jimmie would have liked.

Price Admitted to the Bar

E. D. Price, general manager of the Belasco and Mayer enterprises, was last Tuesday admitted to the California bar, by Justice Harrison, in the District Court of Appeals, upon motion of Henry H. Davis. But this does not mean the abandonment of his theatrical interests. He long ago graduated in the law department of the University of Michigan and for a time practiced at the Detroit bar, while engaged in newspaper work in that city.

Phelan on Skates

Mr. James D. Phelan is becoming the fastest bachelor in town on skates. So enamored has he become of the sport that the tip has gone out that no young woman need seriously consider ways and means of reaching his heart

unless she is able to flit about on rollers. Mr. Phelan is reputed to be of phlegmatic temperament, but on skates he is the most vivacious man in town. He seems to experience a great thrill while gliding over the waxed floor, and he is much admired by the spectators, many of whom seem to find nothing to amuse them at the rink save the accidents that befall the awkward novices. One night recently four prominent society people fell in a heap, and the spectators actually shrieked with delight and applauded. They appeared to think that the spectacle was pulled off for their amusement.

The Conqueror's Descendants

Mrs. Jack Tallant will shortly leave for Europe, and Miss Elsie will accompany her mother. Mrs. Tallant is the daughter of Mrs. Selden Wright, who is still living in the North Beach district, a few blocks away from her old home, which was one of the first brick houses built in the city. She was, I am told, listed in the Browning book of royal descendants, with William the Conqueror as her ancestor. She is a very handsome woman, and no one has done more than she has to improve the culture of her set.

Mrs. Wilson's Veils

Mrs. Russell Wilson's friends often speculate upon the amount of her veil bill. She buys a great many veils, for one of her great stunts is drinking tea through

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her veil. Several society girls have this habit, but Mrs. Wilson does the trick more dauntily than any other woman, only moistening a minute portion of her veil. Perhaps this custom arose from the fear of microbes, or lack of confidence in the brow. Mrs. Wilson belongs to the Blingum set but she has no house of her own down there. I hear that upon her return from the European trip she and her daughters, Charlotte and Emily, are about to take, she will build a cottage in the fashionable suburb, but far from the plebeian trolley line that has so disgusted Frank Carolan.

Some Truths About Franklin

The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin has, naturally, been the occasion for the resurrection of all the stock anecdotes and stereotyped praise that has accumulated during this length of time. There is a general tendency to regard the Revolutionary and early republican statesmen as inspired prophets and saints of God, who were incapable of making use of their positions to "feather their nests," or establish their connections in public positions, for, of course, there is much in connection with the career of these worthies not desirable for discussion with children of twelve and fifteen years of age, and the average American rarely troubles himself about history after he leaves the grammar school. Benjamin Franklin had an illegitimate son, William, who was, at the time of the Revolution, governor of New Jersey, a position which, it is presumed, was given to him with some idea of attaching the father to the Royalist cause. When the English government removed Benjamin Franklin from his office as postmaster-general of the colonies, he called on his son, William, to resign his office and thus resent his decapitation. This William refused to do, and the result was a bitter quarrel. "You are a thorough courtier," wrote the supposedly mild-mannered philosopher, "and see everything with government eyes." William Franklin was so pronounced a Tory that he was imprisoned by order of the Continental Congress. William Franklin, though openly acknowledged and brought up in his father's house, was, in the end, practically disinherited. "The part he acted against me in the late war, which is of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate which he endeavored to deprive me of." William Franklin also had an illegitimate son, whom the grandfather adopted, and strove with all his might to advance on every possible opportunity.

As a Job-Chaser

When Franklin went to Paris in 1776 the boy went with him and was soon installed as private secretary, an appointment which called forth bitter criticism from the members of the Continental Congress, who thought the position should not have been held by the son of a noto-

rious Tory. Franklin importuned the Peace Commissioners, at the close of the war, to have "the young gentleman" made secretary of the commission, and importuned the Congress for an appointment for him as a secretary of legation. Again, when the Federal Convention was held in 1787, he importuned the delegates to give the secretaryship to his grandson, and was incensed at his lack of success. No sooner was the new government established than he was at the heels of Washington, demanding some public office for his young relative, and he seriously resented the refusal. Later on, he went through much the same course on behalf of another grandson, Benjamin Bache. Paul Leicester Ford says: "It was the common feeling of the time that Franklin had used civil office to serve his family more than to serve the public, so there was sufficient prejudice to make exclusion of his relatives almost a policy of the new government," a prejudice not unnatural when it is remembered that there was a Franklin installed in every available post office before the Revolution and that his sister-in-law was the first woman in America to hold public office. Benjamin Franklin Bache, set up in the printing business by his grandfather, was the standard-bearer of the army of journalists who abused Washington. Franklin held public office nearly all his life. There is a celebrated rule with regard to office-holding, "never to ask, and never to refuse," to which Franklin added one more condition, "never to resign." In fact, contemporaries were divided in their opinion as to whether he was actuated by love of country or love of office-holding, a type of the successful politician of today.

A Clever Business Woman

"Mrs. Abigail Campbell-Parker, as she styles herself," writes my Honolulu correspondent, "the widow of James

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Campbell and now the wife of Colonel Sam Parker, is proving herself as good a financier as her late husband. He left her a very large fortune, but it is whispered that she has very considerably increased it by good investments and careful handling. With the Hind interests she is the principal backer of the Kohala Ditch scheme, which now gives every prospect of being one of the best things in the Territory. Mrs. Parker is building a splendid residence for her second daughter, Alice, Mrs. Walter Macfarlane. The house occupies one of the finest sites in Honolulu. It is on one of the ridges that flank Punchbowl, and overlooks a large part of the town, with a fine view to sea and to Diamond Head. It was formerly the residence of the Swedish Consul, but Mrs. Campbell-Parker is having it enlarged and splendidly fitted up as a gift to her daughter."

Royalty Always First

When the other Campbell girl married Prince David, by the way, her friends were astonished to find that she wore royal plumage even with her most intimate friends. At a reception she attended with her sister, in Oakland I believe it was, one of her old time chums helped pass the tea and cakes. Thinking formality unnecessary she handed the refreshments to Miss Campbell, who happened to be nearer.

"Pardon me," said the sister of royalty, "but the Princess always first."

Mrs. Brooke's Great Sacrifice

From the somewhat Ibsenesque story of the friction in the Holladay family, as narrated in the *Examiner*, I learn that there are great sacrifices, highly dramatic, made in real life, that are never dreamt of in the philosophy of the playwright. Take for example the sacrifice of Mrs. Reginald Brooke, daughter of Mr. Holladay and perhaps a scion of an English King. When the news of the serious illness of her father reached Mrs. Brooke the height of the London season had been reached. But did she tarry? Nay! Not Mrs. Brooke. What did Mrs. Brooke do when summoned by cable to the bedside of her aged father? According to the *Examiner* "she left London at the height of the London season, sacrificing a magnificent wardrobe, for Mrs. Brooke is one of the most perfectly gowned women in court circles." There was a tragic sacrifice for you. Later on, we are told, when Burke Holladay was in the act of removing his feeble father to his (Burke Holladay's) home, Mrs. Brooke said to him, "I will never cross your threshold." That was three weeks ago and although her father has been very ill, she has kept her word, the reason being that she dislikes her sister-in-law.

An Unfortunate Quarrel

I am not interested in the family quarrel of the Holladays, and I think it very unfortunate that friends of the

family should have tattled about it until the gossip reached the newspapers. Mrs. Brooke being a woman of considerable dignity is not likely to have talked of having "sacrificed a magnificent wardrobe" on account of the sickness of her father, but if she did sacrifice a wardrobe she would not be entitled to much credit if, after coming to San Francisco, she could be kept away from the bedside of a sick father merely because she disliked her brother's wife. We are told that she has gone on an automobile trip with a party headed by James D. Phelan, so the probability is that Mr. Holladay is not very ill, or at any rate that he is convalescent and in no immediate danger of death.

That Phantom Fleet

There is a good deal of fiction in that story of the house divided against itself. For instance we are told that Mrs. Reginald Brooke and her sister, Mrs. Allen Messer, are "favorites at King Edward's court" and that Mr. Brooke is a wealthy Englishman, who, during the Boer war, "outfitted his own fleet and sailed to the Transvaal as a lieutenant-colonel." Some distinguished Englishman was credited with some such patriotic deed but his name was not Reginald Brooke, nor was he the husband of the lady who was formerly Miss Holladay of San Francisco. Neither Mrs. Brooke nor Mrs. Messer are favorites at the court of King Edward. Indeed they have not the entree to court circles. Mrs. Brooke's first husband was a wealthy merchant, and she has an income from his estate. Her present husband is an army officer without any money and he could not afford so expensive a luxury as a personally conducted fleet. Mrs. Messer's husband is a very respectable London barrister with a lucrative practice, but he has no business relations with the Crown. Mrs. Brooke and Mrs. Messer cut no wide swath in London. They are in society, very nice society, but it has no imperial connections. There is nothing pretentious about them. Mrs. Brooke recently recovered from an attack of pneumonia, and I presume that she took the trip to Los Angeles for her health.

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The Age of Bronze.

The figure that first attracted attention to the genius of Rodin.



Le Baiser.

Rodin's famous group in the Musee du Luxembourg, Paris.

Rodin and His Works

The despatches from Paris tell us that Auguste Rodin, the famous sculptor, has been seriously ill and that his friends have been worrying about him. Rodin is now a pretty old man, but he has led an abstemious life and is of a rugged constitution. He was born in Paris in November, 1840. He first attracted attention when he was in his early twenties by modeling from the head of a vagrant the mask of "The Man with a Broken Nose." It was rejected by the Salon in 1864, only to be accepted fourteen years later, and to win perhaps as large a share of celebrity as any work of modern sculpture. One of his most famous works is a figure known as the "Age of Bronze" which was severely attacked by the critics when it was first exhibited. Its purchase by the State silenced criticism and thereafter Rodin's pre-eminence among the sculptors of France was generally recognized. Probably the most popular of his works is "Le Baiser" which is also the property of the state. It is the variation of a theme which Rodin has expressed in several groups; it is the theme of the eternal man and woman, the creation of a mind which sees in the act of a lover's caress, in its passion and mystery, a universal permanent symbol. Though Rodin possesses much of the classic spirit he reflects in his work the complex spirit of his age more completely than any other living sculptor.

The Poet and the Maid

From Herman Scheffauer in far-away London comes a simple song-ballad, and with it a letter telling me of the mood in which the lyric was written. Our wandering poet had an adventure near Loonan Bay, in Scotland, at an ancient mill near which stand the ruins of a castle built by Richard the Lion-hearted. It was an adventure with a Scotch lassie through which came feelings so sentimental that they could be expressed felicitously only to the jingling accompaniment of rhyme, but in the simplicity of the song lies its beauty. There is a charm in the unconscious carelessness of it. The atmosphere is neatly contrived without the aid of exquisite phrases or images, and there is a plain-



The Sculptor in His Studio.
(From a famous painting.)

tive lilt to the lines as haunting to the reader as must have been to the poet the thunder of the mill and the musical voice of the Scottish girl.

THE MAID OF LOONAN MILL.

A Song in Simple Strain.

Twilight came with me to Loonan Water,
Slow we came and weary to the mill,
There I met, with her song, a miller's daughter,
Lovely Jessie,—dark-eyed maid of Loonan Mill.

Garnered in her arms she bore the flowers,
And the dying day lay in her hair,
While her eyes shone resplendent from the towers
Of the Lion Richard's Castle old and bare.

Then I spoke: "Far I come! I am weary;
Montrose distant lies o'er yonder height."
And she smiled as she said: "The moor is dreary,
The road is rude and long and it is night."

On the sea long I gazed, doubting whether
To bide at Loonan Mill till morrow morn;
On the maid then I gazed,—so together
We wandered to the mill thro' bending corn.

O Mill! O weary Mill by Loonan Water,
How thy toiling wheel went round and round!
O Jessie! O sweet, dark-eyed miller's daughter,
How thy tender, silver song my footsteps bound!

"Far I come, Jessie! far from out the golden
Land that folds the sunset to its breast,
Yet art thou in all Scotland, gray and olden,
O Jess of the MacKenzies,—loveliest!"

Morn by morn I wandered with the maiden
To the Castle on the Hill and to the sea,
And two hearts, alas! alas! were sorely laden
With the sorrow of the parting that must be.

"So ye come—so go?—no more returning?"
"Onward must I ride, nor tarry more,
But for thee, MacKenzie's Jessie, oft with yearning
Must my lonely, roving heart grow sad and sore!"

Then the parting kisses trebly tender,
Then the long farewell beneath the oak
When pale morning smote the valley into splendor,
When the idle tears arose and neither spoke.

Never silent now is Loonan Water,
Ever in mine ear resounds the mill.
Still it calls me to the miller's lovely daughter,
And the song of gentle Jessie calls me still.

O Mill! O weary Mill by Loonan Water,
How thy toiling wheel went round and round!
O Jessie! O thou dark-eyed miller's daughter,
How thy tender, silver song my footsteps bound!

The Phelan Prize

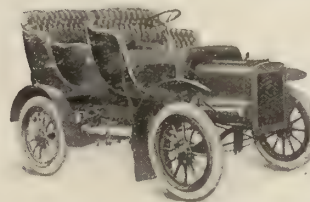
Is six hundred dollars a sufficient incentive for Californian artists to paint an historical canvas involving a study of the annals of our state, and requiring not only skill with the brush, but considerable exercise of the poetic fancy? James D. Phelan ought to know, for he has the reputation of being our most liberal patron of art. As I have never been able to patronize art I am in ignorance of the value that our artists put upon their work, but I am

amazed to learn from so competent an authority as Mr. Phelan that a six-hundred-dollar prize is sufficient to stimulate our leading local painters to competitive activity. Of course I assume that Mr. Phelan expects our leading local painters to compete for the six hundred dollars, the desired canvas being of considerable importance. Mr. Phelan has called for an oil painting illustrative of the historical incident of the raising of the American flag in San Francisco, the sixtieth anniversary of which is to be celebrated in July. This is a fine theme, offering an opportunity for a combination of the idealistic and the realistic and requiring at the same time a proper respect for historical accuracy. It should be approached in a spirit of scholarship and should be expressive of the emotion of patriotism. A painting that would properly realize all that is involved in the theme would be worth while, and Mr. Phelan is of the opinion that it would be worth six hundred dollars. I have been of the opinion that our artists got very large prices for their canvases.

A Luncheon Episode

Mrs. John Charles Adams has gone about quite a little in San Francisco society this winter, but not so much as during last season, when she did a good deal of flitting between this city and Oakland. I hear that she

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has devoted much of her time this winter to study. She has always been noted for her great beauty, her rather odd gowning and coiffures, and the originality of her entertainments. At one luncheon she gave in Oakland a massive floral-piece occupied the centre of the table. When everybody was seated a little Adams dressed as a fairy jumped out and threw bouquets and kisses at the delighted guests.

The Society Card Players

Bridge is the most popular game this season as it was last. To learn bridge is not easy, and I am told that the bridge instructor is the newest thing in employments for financially reduced aristocrats. Everybody must learn bridge or be left out of half the interesting affairs of the season. The non-bridge players quote "The Gambler" and "The House of Mirth" and say they are glad they haven't caught the craze, but it is believed that in their case the card sense is lacking. One of the most devoted bridge players is Jennie Blair, who is soon to give her third bridge party of this winter. Mrs. Maurice Casey also has the craze and her daughter, Mrs. Emory Winship, is a crack at the game. Mrs. Frank Deering has hosted a bridge party or so, and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs gave one last week.

One of the popular men of the younger set this winter is Karl Howard, who with his mother, Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, is living on this side of the bay for the season. They have apartments at the Regillus. Karl Howard is a devotee of skating and looks well on rollers.

Among those entertaining the James Wilders during their stay here were the Seward McNears, Richard Hotaling, Mrs. Edward Holmes and Edgar Mills. The Wilders have just returned from Paris where they spent ten years, and are now homeward bound to Honolulu.

One of the events of the week over the bay was the tea given by Mrs. William E. Colby, Mrs. Henry Vrooman and Miss Vrooman as an "au revoir" to Mrs. Cleveland Forbes (May Vrooman). Mrs. Forbes and her husband are leaving for Mexico and the Southern states, in hopes that the change of climate may benefit Mr. Forbes's health.

Society in Goldfield

A young San Francisco matron just returned from Goldfield tells me some interesting facts about society in that mining town—or the lack of society, if you prefer the distinction. The most surprising thing to her was the readiness with which one conventionally reared can become accustomed to conditions for which "unconventional" would be a mild term. Accustomed here to associating only with people whose standing is guaranteed, she found herself in Goldfield living next door—or next-tent—to a gambler's wife with whom she became on almost familiar terms, and in whose husband's winnings and losings at faro, as detailed by the wife, she took as much interest as she would here in the stockbroking operations of her husband and his friends. When I speak of the gambler's "wife" I do so without authority, for I do not know that

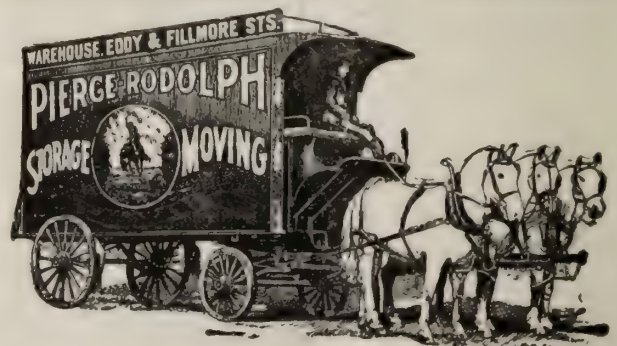
she was married to him. Neither does the young matron know. "It wasn't considered tactful, in Goldfield, to ask who read the book or rang the bell," she said. "And some of the women I met there were so really nice that I didn't want to know—was rather afraid that knowledge would make me have too hard a struggle with my social conscience." Rough town though it is, full of adventurers and gamblers, the streets lined with saloons and gambling places, Goldfield has some really elegant shops. Its jewelry stores in particular are magnificent in their display of precious stones, which are freely bought by the miners for their favorites. "To eat the bread of infamy," Kipling says of her who looted the little silver crucifix from the body of Hans, the blue-eyed Dane, slain for her; but the harpies of Goldfield want diamonds, and they get them. Also they dress most extravagantly. Dressmakers and milliners do a thriving business. There are no life insurance agents in Goldfield. When the scandals about the big insurance companies came out, the miners invited the representatives of them to leave town without delay. Those who did delay were hustled out without ceremony after their offices had been wrecked. Mail that came to them from their employers was destroyed, and altogether they were made to suffer severely for the sins of their employers.

Her Emphatic Denial

"Please deny for me," said Mrs. Yerkes to an interviewer, "that I am going to marry Mr. Wilson Mizner or any one else. You cannot deny it too strongly or too specifically." And she added, "I know Mr. Mizner and his brothers very well, but the idea of my marrying him is perfectly absurd. If he should ask me I should be compelled to refuse." Thus it was that Mrs. Yerkes spoke two weeks ago. And now she is the wife of Mr. Mizner. It should be interesting to learn how the young Californian persuaded the lady to change her mind.

Dues Still Under Discussion

The dues question is still disturbing the peace of some of the California Club members. Mrs. Lovell White, backed by the more influential members, is advocating the raise of dues to twelve dollars a year, but there are still many in the club who consider the present tax of fifty cents a month is all they can stand. Next Tuesday the matter will, I am told, be put to vote. The California Club has lately had an influx of new members and with their incoming some of the older members resigned from



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the organization. The advocates of the due-raising believe that this step would serve to weed out from the club some of the undesirable members and bring back those who seceded from the ranks. Mrs. White is, I hear, being urged to let herself be placed on the ticket for next president.

For the Polyglot Club

Professor L. D. Ventura has received from Neera, the author of "Anima Sola," the novel which Miss Murison translated under the title "The Soul of an Artist," the rights to English translation of all her works. Professor Ventura, by the way, has established, in connection with his Polyglot Club, a class of translation from French and Italian books of merit which will be put on the market by Eastern publishers in the interest of the translators.

Ethel Clary of Stockton was one of the guests at Mrs. "Robbie" Dean's little dinner the other night to celebrate the return of her sister-in-law from Europe. Miss Clary's name in former seasons figured frequently among those present at functions given by the Southern set here but since her father's death last year she has been living very quietly. I hear that she takes a great interest in the Ibsen Club of Stockton, of which Johannes Reimers was the promoter.

Her Bizarre Ornament

There is going the rounds an amusing story about a prominent society woman who keeps the editors of the social columns supplied with news of absorbing interest about herself. Recently she gave a luncheon which she wrote about in a most entertaining manner. She gave some very fine descriptions of the costumes of her guests and then modestly told of her own appearance. She wrote at great length of the splendor of her own apparel and concluded with the remarkable assertion that she "wore a beautiful bouquet of orchards."

Critique—Well, what do you think?

Caustique—That some of our society women are not half so bad as they are painted.

Judge Allen's Distinguished Niece

It is not generally known that Viola Allen, the actress, whose marriage with Peter Duryea, the wealthy horseman, was recently announced, is a niece of Judge Allen of our Court of Appeals. She has been reported as being engaged several times, and some years ago she sued a news company for twenty thousand dollars' damages for distributing a publication which represented that she was engaged to Jack Mason, the actor.

At Swain's

The Dutch dining-room at Swain's, 209 Post street, has become very much in demand for fashionable lunches and dinners. It is such a pretty place, quaint and artistic in furnishing, that it seems like a room in a private house rather than a restaurant.

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Mrs. Florence Richmond

A San Francisco society and clubwoman who found time to write a volume of graceful verse, recently issued and titled "Heart of the Rose."

A Chat with Tolstoi

While Tolstoi is by no means the towering symbol of progress and enlightenment in California that he is in many other parts of the world, I suppose that few of us lack a real interest in fresh news of him. He stands for achievement, the fetish of our people, and for independence, which used to be our fetish, and his ideals are none of them so visionary that we are unlikely to find them cropping up among our own political aspirations for many years to come. It is fresh news of Tolstoi, however, rather than my personal appraisal of him, that I want to set down in this paragraph. My news comes from a former classmate, who married a Russian lady of quality and has thus climbed from the exigencies of poverty in which our acquaintance began, when he wrapped newspapers next his skin for want of underclothes, to the lordship of a manor. Writing from Toula, a month or so ago, my friend tells me first of a day spent in Tolstoi's company, and of the latter's still far from complete volume on "The End of the Age." "His whole argument concerning this book," continues the narrator, "was magnificent, not so much in its daring as in its quiet confidence. I remembered how for the last twenty years the cry of the empire had been shouted at us as the one great object of existence; and here was this rugged old man calmly telling me that we were just at the end of an age—the age of empires. There he sat in the familiar gray shirt and high boots—the greatest person-

DELROY, whose Salmagundi was, last season, engaged by fifty of the most prominent hostesses of San Francisco, and for functions at the Bohemian, California, Concordia, Family, Sorosis, and Unitarian Clubs, and at Hotels Del Monte, Palace, St. Francis, etc., etc., has **Three Complete Surprises for 1906.**

He has also a great novelty for church or charity functions which he will arrange upon a percentage basis, in or out of town.

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ality in the world, and still its greatest rebel—quietly following out the logic of his principles, no matter where it might lead him. He is seventy-seven, and in terms of years one is forced to call him old. The spirit has retired more deeply into the shrunken and wrinkled form; but under the shaggy brows it looks out still with the clearness and high interest of youth. Nothing escapes him. He knew all about the intellectual revival in England, and was only sorry it was producing so many poets, for poets are very little good. He had been pleased to find that his fellow Puritan, Mr. Bernard Shaw, thought rather lightly of Shakespeare, in whom he himself had never discovered any satisfaction. But besides all this interest in the affairs of the world, there seemed to hang over him that separate and distinguishing grace which the Middle Ages called sanctity and considered a thing to be worshiped. It was the grace of a long and abstemious life, consistently devoted to one high aim. For I see no reason to agree with the superficial critics who draw a sharp dividing line in his career and in the course of his thought. All the principles of his later teaching are to be seen illustrated in the two great imaginative works of his earlier manhood; and if there is any fault to be found with a life so courageous and inspiring, I should seek it only in a rather remorseless consistency of reason."

The Peer of Plutarch

In this New World of ours, populated for the most part by fools who dearly love to be humbugged, it pays to pose. If you will not take my word for it, ask Fra Elbertus, the wise man of the East, who has just made a "little journey" to the home of Jesus Christ, in behalf of the faithful who buy books made in the Roycroft Shop at East Aurora, the which is in New York. He, if any one, ought to know. For is it not of him that Alfred Henry Lewis says: "Elbert Hubbard is our American Macaulay, and his 'Little Journeys' are as deathless as 'Plutarch's Lives.'"? Plutarchus, by the way, was born, if I mistake not, sometime about the middle of the first century of the Christian era; Elbertus, about the middle of the nineteenth. The "Lives" have lived eighteen hundred years, more or less. Now, in the name of criticism, in the name of all that is deathless in literature, I ask: Does Mr. Lewis actually believe in the bottom of his heart that eighteen hundred years hence, in 3700, say, men the world over will be reading the "Little Journeys"? To my mind, it seems incredi-

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ble that they should. It must be that I have more faith in human progress than has A. H. L.

A Poet of Commerce

That Charles Bundschu has a fine head for business all his friends are aware, but that he occasionally scorns the fetters of prose to put his thoughts in rhythmical dress was a fact not widely known. The exposure of his muse took place last week at the annual meeting of the Allgemeiner Deutscher Frauen-Verein, when his wife read some clever verses and acknowledged that they were written by her husband. The Frauen-Verein, by the way, is a very worthy charitable organization which helps support many destitute German women and children, and on its membership roll are the names of most of the smart German women of our city. Mrs. Fehliesen is the newly elected president, Mrs. M. Eshberg the vice, Mrs. H. St. Goar, secretary, and Mrs. A. M. Buck, treasurer. Among those contributing to the musical program at the meeting were Mesdames Purlensky, Meusdorffer, Friedman and Simon.

Society and Women's Clubdom Interested

On February seventeenth the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children will have a benefit, and society is interested in making it the biggest kind of a success. The little ones are very happy in their new home, but the ladies at the helm of the nursery's affairs are much worried by the debt still overhanging the handsome building. Therefore this benefit by which they hope materially to reduce the debt and chase the worry wrinkles away. The affair will be a card party, five hundred the game, in the Maple and Marble rooms and conservatory of the Palace, on the date abovementioned, afternoon and evening.

For The Episcopal Mission

Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Pomeroy, Mrs. Bourn, Mrs. Langhorne, Mrs. Shorb-White, Mrs. Huntington, Mrs. Collier, Mrs. Chesebrough, Mrs. Voorhies, Mrs. Joe Tobin, Mrs. Will Taylor, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. McGavin, and a score more of society women are patronizing the affair to be pulled off at the California Club next Tuesday evening. The entertainment is for the benefit of the Episcopal mission at Ocean View. Three clever little comedies will be presented by a company of talented amateurs. It will no doubt be a tremendous social and financial success.

Dame Fashion's Pranks

The vulgar solecism of yesterday is the polite fad of today. By private letter from Washington I learn that Miss Hildegard McKenna, daughter of the bucolic jurist from California, is now wearing a ring outside her glove, and that this fashion has received the approval of no less distinguished a personage than the first maiden of the Republic, Miss Alice Roosevelt. At a reception given last week by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt for the judiciary, the President's daughter wore her betrothal ring of three rubies surrounded by diamonds on the outside of her glove. Miss McKenna wore a solitaire diamond on her gloved third finger. Perhaps the next innovation will be the wearing of the garter round the waist outside the dress. Who knows but in the not distant future the open-work stocking worn over the shoe will be en vogue? Dame Fashion plays many fantastic tricks, and now that she is beginning to

The management of H. W. Lake assures perfection in cuisine and service; as for music, under Bernat Jaulus, it is the best in town—Tait's Cafe, James Flood Building.



Smart and snappy First Empire gown—a creation of Armand & Martial of Paris, for Mlle. Harlay in the "Marche Nuptiale," as seen in the display window of the "City of Paris" Dry Goods Company.

turn things inside out, it would not be unreasonable to expect to see corsets worn outside of shirt-waists.

Citizen—How did those two automobiles happen to collide?

Policeman—Beggorra, I think they were both thyrin' to run down th' same man."

She's a Great Prize

The young gentlemen of society who have nothing but a charming personality to exchange for a fair maid's hand were very sad, I am told, when they learned that Miss Josephine Smith had gone to Coronado immediately after appearing as bridesmaid at Dorothy Dustan's wedding. Miss Smith is a Washington girl and a big heiress, and more than one nice lad would be glad to help her spend the Smith dollars. To these youths I now impart the glad tidings that they may have another chance to win Miss Smith's favor. She will return here and visit awhile before she goes East.

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Did Not Wear Her Monocle

Those who attended Dorothy Dustan's wedding were one in their opinion that she was the prettiest bride of the year. Miss Dustan has always been one of the most picturesque girls in society and has to a degree the faculty of dressing with distinction. In her bridal robes she might have posed for Gibson or Christy. One of her fads is the wearing of a monocle, though it must be said she holds it to her eye with her hand and does not wear it a la Chamberlain. Several of her friends "rubbered" outrageously to see if she was wearing it at the ceremony, but they were disappointed.

A Bank Failure

I was told an amusing story the other day of the failure of a banking enterprise in a small town not fifty miles from San Francisco. I omit the name of the town because my informant gave me the story on condition that the name of the town be not divulged. There is a bank in the town and some time ago a few of the residents got together and organized a corporation to do a banking business in opposition to the bank already established. Their next step was to sell stock to as many of their neighbors as possible. One day while the stock was being peddled a fortune-teller appeared in town and proceeded to tell fortunes for a very small fee. Several of the yokels who expected to invest money in the new bank visited the fortune-teller and each of them was told of a financial scheme—something of the nature of a banking business—he contemplated putting money into. "It is going to prove a failure," said the fortune-teller. "If you get into it you will lose a great deal of money." The fortune-teller did a large business, and the bank promoters failed to dispose of their stock. The lone banker of the town is doing

business at the old stand wondering when he will be threatened with opposition again.

Wheeler At San Juan

General "Joe" Wheeler who died last week was the real hero of the battle of San Juan Hill and he fought the battle of Las Guasimas in a way that took the Spaniards off their feet. He was criticised for favoring a retreat in the first days of July. President Roosevelt, in his account of the campaign, wrote of the matter as follows: "A very few words with Gen. Wheeler reassured us about retiring. He had been through too much heavy fighting in the civil war to regard the present fight as very serious, and he told us not to be under any apprehension, for he had sent word that there was no need whatever of retiring, and was sure we could stay where we were until the chance came to advance. He was second in command, and to him more than to any other one man was due the prompt abandonment of the proposal to fall back, a proposal which if adopted would have meant shame and disaster. Shortly afterward Gen. Wheeler sent us orders to intrench." The affair in Cuba must have been like child's play for the man who, at twenty-seven, won a Major-General's commission in the Confederate service, and who was noted in the civil war for his dash, his valor, and his reckless bravery.

Hellman's Bargain

That was a pretty good bargain made by I. W. Hellman, Jr., last week, when he purchased the old Souther farm, lately known as the Dunsmuir home, near Haywards. It was sold at auction and was knocked down to Mr. Hellman for fifty thousand dollars. Experts say that he could sell it any time for seventy-five thousand. He was able to get it cheap because there was nobody who cared to bid against him.

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In the Financial Field

Business at the local Exchange was about of the usual volume. Bond dealings aggregate \$544,000, Shares 5,582, divided as follows: 190 Lighting, 2,655 Water, 1,326 Miscellaneous, 95 Banks and 1,316 Sugars. The centre of the stage was held by Contra Costa Water stock which under persistent offerings declined to 42 7-8, seller ninety days. The company has suddenly been plunged into a legal warfare against a rival company intending to bring a supply of water into Oakland from San Pablo Creek.

The selling pressure against Alaska Packers' Association has disappeared for the present. Sugar stocks remained inactive. The total disbursement for dividends by the above companies listed here aggregate \$1,568,938 during the year.

Manhattan is the latest camp in Nevada that has caused a rush of people from Goldfield and Tonopah. According to the latest advices received by Zadig & Co. the developments in the Syler Humphrey are simply immense. The stock in the company has just been listed on the Exchange. A number of other companies are also listed and the business of the brokers has greatly increased. Com-stocks remain very quiet. They will, no doubt, come in later.

—The Financier.

Another 1906 four-cylinder touring car will arrive in San Francisco in about ten days. This is the Olds four-cylinder light touring car. This particular car has a following in the man who wants a light weight touring car with high power.

The much talked-of Thomas Flyer, the mile-a-minute, touring car was shipped last Saturday and will be in the hands of the Pioneer Automobile Company about the latter part of next week. The Pioneer people report several sales of this car and an unusual interest taken in it by prospective purchasers.

The Bywayman

With mightier-than-a-pistol pen,
This fatling, foremost in ill-fame,
Steals that which is but trash to men,
Or filches them of their good name.

Good name, my lord, in thee and thine—
In mother, sister, sweetheart, wife—
Thy soul's gem is; and, so, the swine:
"Your money or your more than life!"

1906.

—Harry Cowell.

Arrivals at Hotel Del Monte last week included Mel Schweitzer, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Goldstein, Mrs. A. L. Mackay, Phillip La Montague, Mr. and Mrs. H. Guittard, H. G. Platt, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Dana, Los Angeles, Mrs. Wm. A. Coledge, Miss Mary Jenkins, Boston, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Heft, Stockbridge, Conn., Mr. and Mrs. F. A. West, Stockton, Cal., Miss Melone, Napa, Cal., L. Retsmuller, St. Johns.

Arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week included Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bates, Miss Ruth F. Merrill, Dr. F. O. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. L. Eugene Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Meighan of Tonopah, Dr. and Mrs. Langdon R. Ellis, Louis N. Reibold of Dayton, O., Rev. and Mrs. Geo. A. Hough, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Dorsey of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Thomson of Oakland, C. T. Bender of Reno, Nev.

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The Stage

The Premier Stock Actor

Seated at the Alcazar during a performance of "The Admirable Crichton" it occurred to me that the part of an inane young Englishman was being played remarkably well. It struck me that a new man had been added to the company. I would consult my program, but the auditorium was in darkness and I had to wait until the close of the act, throughout which my curiosity as to the name of the actor steadily increased. When the lights went up, to my great astonishment I learned that the "unknown" was none other than John Maher. Then I recalled that the same thing had happened at the Alcazar more than once, and that each time it was John Maher who had excited my curiosity. I recalled, especially, the superbly artistic performance given by him in "Old Heidelberg," when he played the part of the old professor, and in the course of my musings it occurred to me that here was a man who was far more entitled to exploitation at the hands of our daily newspaper interviewers than many of the so-called stars who come to us from the East. It also occurred to me that we should deplore the indifference of critics toward the stock theatre, the theatre which is doing so much toward the promotion of the histrionic art and the wholesome influence of which offsets, in a measure, the demoralizing tendency of the abominable star system, the system that imposes on playwrights the task of fashioning dramas to fit mummers and under which actors and actresses are trained to play themselves. It is seldom nowadays that the stock actor is given the credit which he earns. The patrons of the stock theatre, seeing him week after week, become so well acquainted with him that unless he is possessed of great versatility his personality appears to dominate all roles, and when his personality does not harmonize with the role, as must often be the case in the exigencies of stock work, his performance jars upon the audience. Far different is the experience of the actor of the star system who is cast with a view to his peculiar fitness in personality and temperament and who plays one part through a whole season and kindred parts season after season. John Maher has impressed me because there appears to be no limitations to his art, and because he is never Maher on the stage. I talked to Manager Ed. Price about him the other day and then Price talked to me about him. "I think," said Price, "that Maher is the best stock actor in America. I have long been of that opinion." Maher, I have learned, has had a great deal of experience before the footlights. After going through Georgetown College he began his career as a member of a company managed by John T. Ford of Ford's theatre, Washington, in which Lincoln was shot. Ford sent him on tour with John Sleeper Clarke, father of Creston Clarke, and there he was associated with John E. Owens, a comedian whose method he now strongly suggests. After leaving Ford he played in the original cast of "The Lights o' London," then he was three years with Neil Burgess in "The County Fair" at the old Union Square theatre, New York. Later he was with Jacob Litt's companies and the Holland brothers. He created the German in "The Man from Mexico" and was for two seasons with Mr. Collier in "Mr. Smooth" and other farces. For five years he was principal comedian of the famous Pike theatre stock company of Cincinnati, and upon its disruption, owing to the burning of the Pike Opera House, he was enjoying his first vacation in nine years when Mr. Price engaged him in New York for the Alcazar. That was in the spring of 1903. He became a popular favorite as soon as he joined the local



HATTIE RICHARDSON

Who will present "The Try Out" with Drury Hart at the Chutes next week

company and he showed his wonderful versatility from the start, playing in the first week the selfish old Roderick Heron in "Lady Bountiful," and in the second week, Pete the profane cow-puncher in "The Cowboy and the Lady." He seems to play everything with equal facility, from boys to old men and from extravagant farce to exquisite sentiment. He has had one hundred and fifty widely dissimilar parts at the Alcazar and has never made a failure. He is particularly happy in dialect parts such as the crazy German poet in "The Man from Mexico," or the fiery French importer in "Too Much Johnson." For deft blending of gentle humor and quiet pathos his Dr. Juttner, the Prince's tutor in "Old Heidelberg," will probably stand as his greatest triumph. *Theodore Bonnet.*



SCENE FROM "OLD HEIDELBERG" AT THE ALCAZAR

LUIGI ROSSI'S MARVELOUS MUSICAL HORSE, "EMIR,"
Who Will Astonish Orpheum Audiences Tomorrow.

"Woodland"

Everything that George Marion stages is worth seeing. It is Marion's magic touch that imparts the charm to the musical comedies that are under the management of Henry W. Savage. Gustave Luders is the musical genius and Frank Pixley the booksmith of several of the most successful of the Savage musical comedies, and no doubt they claim most of the credit for the success of such pieces as "King Dodo," "The Prince of Pilsen," "The Burgomaster" and "Woodland," but to Marion I attribute the lion's share of the credit. There are moments in the best regulated comedies when the audience would be inclined to yawn despite the strenuousness of the perspiring comedian were it not for the movements of the young ladies in tights who have been drilled by Mr. Marion. There are times when the rasping voice of a prima donna would drive a deaf man from the theatre were it not for the rhythmic swaying, the captivating posing, the varying groupings of the voluptuous females in the background. "Woodland" abounds in pretty living pictures. The piece pleases the eye more than the ear and yet Luders has contrived some dainty music for it and Pixley has filled in a lot of amusing dialogue, and Harry Bulger is very happy and very busy in the leading role. The piece has something of the true Broadway flavor but it is not in the personnel of the company; it is in the action, the ensemble work, for which credit is due to George Marion. The tone of the company, however, is far above that of the usual road organization. If the women cannot sing they at least conduct themselves with a refined air, and the performance is daintily pretty from beginning to end. The cleverest young woman in the company is Helen Hale who has twinkling feet and a way with her that is very cute and fetching.

1. Genuine Laugh-Catcher

Richard Walton Tully is not so timid as was Oliver Wendell Holmes. The poet was afraid to write "as funny as I can"; Tully isn't. The Californian wrote "James Wobberts, Freshman," and then he improved a little on it

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Regular Matinee Saturday

FIRST TIME HERE AT POPULAR PRICES

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Orpheum

O'Farrell between
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Streets

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LUIGI ROSSI, with His Marvelous Musical Horse, "EMIR," The Barowsky Troupe; J. Francis Dooley, assisted by Dorothy Brenner and Ethel Rose; James H. Cullen; Snyder and Buckley; Mirz von Wenzl; The Four Mitchells; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of the

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and called it "A Strenuous Life." The audience on Tuesday night, including myself, laughed until it cried. After wiping the tears away, perhaps it wondered at what it laughed, but the why didn't matter much since the amusement was forthcoming. The Alcazar production of the Tully farce goes with a great deal of vim. I never imagined Waldron could unbend to such an extent as he does as Tom Harrington, the football captain. His quiet manner fits the part as well as does Maher's vivacity harmonize with James Wobberts' role. Osbourne as Tom's father, Miss Evelyn as Marian, Miss Belgarde as the landlady and Miss Rosa as Widow Maguire are among the excellencies of the production.

Offenbach's "The Brigands" is revived at the Tivoli, with Arthur Cunningham and Teddy Webb as the main-springs of the cast. It is up to them to make the old opera bouffe go, and they do their best with the comedy of it. These ancient opera bouffes are rather out of the line of the average stock comic opera company, not having a Judic or an Aimee as prima donna. But like all revivals it is of interest and fills the week acceptably.

"Way Down East" is doing an immense business at the Grand Opera House. Although given at popular prices, the present production is scenically the best we have had of this pastoral play. The cast is also excellent.

The thirteenth annual benefit of the charity fund of San Francisco Lodge No. 21, Theatrical Mechanical Association, will take place at the Alhambra, Friday afternoon, February 16th. The performances given to help along the good work of the "men behind the scenes" and the actors and professionals generally who belong to the organization, are always notable events and this year's program will be the strongest ever offered, all of the theatres in the city having promised to contribute the best features from their current bills.

Marlowe and Sothorn Theatres

It was a happy thought of Lee Shubert to decide to name playhouses for E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe. The present arrangement is to call the house being built in Denver the Sothorn theatre, and the new Shubert house in Cincinnati the Marlowe. Of course, it might be said that the unusual honor might well have been withheld until the two players were no longer in the flesh; still it is not undeserved. Apart from the compliment conveyed, the plan may turn out to possess great business value. Shubert has touched on the actor's tenderest spot. What effect will his action have on the vanity of the multitude of players who, true to professional pettiness, hold the opinion that neither Marlowe nor Sothorn is of much consequence. In the keen rivalry in which Shubert now finds himself engaged this polite favor of his may grow into a golden asset,

or again it may result in making trouble all around. What if all the "stars," as they probably will, get the notion they are as worthy of having theatres named for them as Sothorn or Marlowe, or even Mary Anderson, whose name is to be attached to the Shubert Louisville house! Will Richard Mansfield be dissatisfied? What does Nat Goodwin say? What if there be a demand for an Eddie Foy theatre; a De Wolf Hopper theatre? The artistic merit in Shubert's plan cannot be denied, but the possibilities that present themselves stir speculation to an unusual pitch.

Revival of "The Geisha"

The Tivoli will present for the next attraction beginning Monday evening the famous Japanese musical comedy, "The Geisha." Extensive and costly preparations have been made and the production will be a most magnificent one. The cast will be of exceptional strength and will include several new and clever people. Cecelia Rhoda, an Eastern prima donna, reputed handsome and gifted, will make her first appearance in this city and play the character of O Mimosa San. Leonora Kirwin, the ingenue, has been specially secured for the role of Molly Seamore. Another engagement which will prove popular is that of Louise Brownell. She will be the French girl Juliette Diamant. Arthur Cunningham will appear as Reginald Fairfax; Cora Tracy as Lady Constance Wynne; Teddy Webb as Wuum-Hi; George Kunkel as the Marquis Imari and Norman Phillips as Midshipman Tommy Stanley. All the other characters will be in competent hands. The girl chorus has been considerably strengthened and the announcement that George E. Lask is now the stage director of the Tivoli will be accepted by the public as a guarantee that no effort will be spared to present a perfect and enjoyable entertainment.

T. Daniel Frawley and May Buckley are in "The Galloper" cast, also Nanette Comstock.

Kolb and Dill have taken "I. O. U." to Washington.

Ruth Allen's retirement from the Alcazar company is but temporary. She returns after playing a few weeks on tour with Florence Roberts.

Edith Evelyn of the Alcazar will soon be seen in Amelia Bingham's role in "A Modern Magdalen," never before played in stock.

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AMY WILLARD

The Clever Soubrette of the Musgrove Players at the Majestic

Amazons' And Bombs Excite The Audience

"Michael Strogoff," revived at the Alhambra, recalls old times. So does the Amazon march, introduced in the fourth act. The modern musical comedy, with its frilly-petticoated beauties, has driven the unadorned legs of the Amazon marchers from their former favor, and therefore the manoeuvres of the pink-fleshed young women disporting themselves for the pleasure of the Tartar chief, Ameer Feofar, impart the enjoyment of novelty. The Alhambra Amazons are led by a slim-limbed brunette in white tights and accoutrements, and they are of all stages of beauty and physical development, ranging from sweet fourteen or so to—well, thirty, perhaps. They march well, keeping admirable step, and following enthusiastically their dashing leader. The gallery vociferously demanded more of them on Monday night, but to no avail, for time was passing, Michael had yet to reach the Grand Duke, and there were more specialties to come for Feofar's entertainment. A big Arab did a dexterous musket-swinging act and two Oriental dancers cavorted, one in a muscle-dance from the waist up and one in a sword dance that was very, very unlike the graceful movements of beautiful Belle Baya in the same stunt. She did a fire dance a la Loie Fuller, however, which was satisfying. "Michael

Strogoff" is old-fashioned, but its revival is as interesting as was that of "The Two Orphans" at this same theatre. Like all the Verne productions, it gives scope for fine scenic display, particularly in the battlefield and burning of Kolyvan, where Michael reiterates his devotion to God, the Czar, and his country after killing off a few of his persecutors. The characters are well distributed, Mayall as the courier hero, Shumer as the real ha-ha-I-have-you-at-last villain Ivan, Emery doubling as the Czar and Grand Duke, Webster as the dignified Ameer, Miss Elsmere as Nadia, Miss Elliott as Marfa, Boardman and Corrigan as the two correspondents. Corrigan is really the best of all as the Englishman, concealing his inherited accent capitally beneath the broader cockney dialect. A sensation not down on the bill was caused on Monday night by the premature bursting of a bomb behind the scenes, and later by a bomb rolling over the footlights to the floor, the lighted fuse frightening a few in the vicinity. Not even a baby panic was caused, however, owing to the presence of mind of those behind the scenes in the former case and of a watchman in the latter.

Next Week's Bills

There will be a matinee today (Saturday) of "Way Down East" at the Grand. Next week will positively be the last of this production. Sunday matinee, February 11th, William H. West's Jubilee Minstrels come for a week.

Mark E. Swan has evidenced his right to be classed with the cleverest farce comedy writers of the day by his bright creations "Whose Baby Are You?" and "Brown's in Town." His latest success, "A Runaway Match," will be given its initial production in this city next Monday night at the Alhambra. Miss Lolita Robertson, an ingenue who has scored several hits at the Alcazar, will make her first appearance at this theatre in the part of Millie Matche.



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"Woodland" has a second and last week at the Columbia, when will come Ade's "The County Chairman" with Theodore Babcock, George Thatcher, Zenaide Williams, Ruby Bridges, Florida Kingsley, Herman Leib, and Richard J. Dillon in the cast.

The revival of "Old Heidelberg" at the Alcazar will have Waldron as Karl, Miss Evelyn as Kathie, Baker as the valet, Glendenning as the leader of the students, Osbourne as the old waiter, Maher again as the tutor and von Meter as the prime minister. Entirely new scenery and costumes will mark the revival, and the original music will be given, including the quaint university songs. The production to follow, last in the trio of university plays, will be new to us, "Alma Mater," said to be a reigning success in Germany. The play is by Victor Stephany, himself a corps student, and the Alcazar's adaptation by Madame Bertha Pogson of Hamburg is soon to be given in London. A dueling scene is one of the sensations of "Alma Mater." The New York and London farcical novelty, "There and Back," will soon have its first local presentation.

Nellie Stewart and Musgrove's company of Australian players will open their third week in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" at the Majestic. A "pop" matinee will be given Thursday at prices ranging from \$1 to 25 cents.

At the Orpheum the great novelty will be Emir, Luigi Rossi's Cossack stallion, a musical equine whose accomplishments include blowing a horn and playing on various musical instruments. The Barowsky troupe of European comedy acrobats will appear in a sketch, "In the Woods." J. Francis Dooley, eccentric dancing comedian, assisted by Dorothy Brenner and Ethel Rose, will offer "The Club-

man and the Dancing Girls." James H. Cullen, monologist and parodist and a great favorite here, will return after an absence of two years.

At the Chutes the new people include Drury Hart and Hattie Richardson in "The Try Out," the Aldeans, triple horizontal bar comedians, and Jeane Brooks, "the girl with the smile."

In William Gillette's company presenting "Clarice" are several San Francisco favorites. Lucille La Verne, leading lady at the Grand when it was Morosco's; Adelaide Prince, who was ingenue in Daly's most famous company; Francis Carlyle, who came here first in "Shenandoah," and later with the Frawleys; and Charles Bowser of the original "Hazel Kirke" company.

Reisenauer the Great German Pianist

On Wednesday night next at Lyric hall Alfred Reisenauer, the great German pianist, a favorite pupil of Liszt and one of the most important artists before the public today, will give his first concert on the Pacific coast. The success of this artist in the East has been enormous and there is no doubt that after his debut here our music lovers will be as enthusiastic over his work as are those in Boston, New York and other cities in which he has appeared. The program for the first concert is as follows: Praeludium und Fugue, D major, Bach, Pastorale and Capriccio, E minor, Scarlatti, Fantasia, D minor, Mozart, Sonate, F sharp major, op. 78, Beethoven, Fantasie, C major, op. 15, (Wanderer), Schubert, Arabeske, C major, op. 18, Schumann, Three Etudes from op. 10, op. 25 and op. 112, Chopin, Memento Capriccioso, B flat minor, Rondeau Brillante, E flat major op. 62, Polacca Brillante, op. 62,

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Take No Imitations! Do Not Be Deceived.

Weber. The second concert will be given Friday night and the Schumann Sonata op. 11 will be a specially attractive number. Beethoven's rarely played "Bagatellen" are also on this program. The last concert will be the Saturday matinee for which an unusually interesting program has been prepared. Complete programs may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the seats are now on sale. Prices for this engagement will be from \$1.50 down to 75 cents.

Gadski

Madame Gadski is meeting with the greatest success on her transcontinental tour. Her recitals are of great musical value and she is admitted by all critics to be one of the finest interpreters of classic as well as operatic songs. Since her last visit to this city Gadski created a furor in Munich at the Royal Opera by her rendition of Wagnerian and Mozart roles. She will appear here February nineteenth under the direction of Will Greenbaum at the Majestic.

Warfield at the Piano

David Warfield, the star of "The Music Master," was at an afternoon reception recently, the centre of an admiring throng of young women. He drank tea, nibbled sweet cake and listened to music, played by some of the ladies. At last one pert young thing remarked: "How strange it is, Mr. Warfield, to see you play a music teacher in such a realistic way, when actually you do not know anything about music. That is the way with actors, I suppose. They seldom are the characters they represent." Mr. Warfield smiled acquiescence and accepted another cup of tea. He drank his tea and placed the cup on a tray by the side of the piano. "Won't you sit down to the piano and go through part of that little scene you do in 'The Music Master' Mr. Warfield? You do it so naturally," added the pert young thing. Ever obliging, Mr. Warfield sat down and went through a few silent motions, in imitation of himself on the stage. Then, suddenly, he dropped his hands on the keyboard and swept into a Chopin nocturne of unusual difficulty, playing it with the deft execution and wondrous expression of a master. As he finished, still with a smile, he looked around for the pert young thing, remarking, in his quiet manner: "Sometimes an actor does know music, you know, after all."

Drama to Be Novelized

Richard Harding Davis's new farce, "The Galloper," which, from all accounts, has attained a vast success on the road, with Raymond Hitchcock in the title character, probably will be done into book form by the author. Mr. Davis has been a prolific writer as a war correspondent, novelist and dramatist. Several of his works have been dramatized, but this will be the first instance of any of his stage works being, so to speak, "novelized," though several authors have tried the experiment with more or less success, the most noteworthy instance perhaps being in the case of Wilson Barrett, who published "The Sign of the Cross" after the play had been successfully produced on the stage.

Minnie Mifflin (Mrs. Frank Hatch) who played with Whittlesey at the Alcazar a year ago last summer, has since then been extensively engaged in gold mining operations in Butte county.

On the night before Christmas, Charles Frohman opened his new theatre in London, the Aldwych, with a revival of "Bluebell in Fairyland," a three-year-old vaudeville, which was a success with Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks in the leading parts.

—The Playgoer.

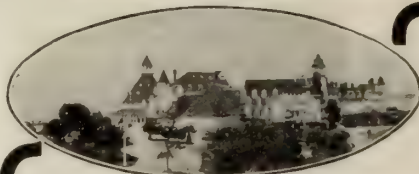
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(Concluded from Page 9)

heated to a temperature of from 120 to 140 degrees Fahrenheit. Subsequently they are fined, racked and fortified, and rarely sold under six and eight years.

Three of the choicest Madeiras are made from a white grape originally from the Rhine; and only two are from red grapes—one from Portugal and the other from France. The Madeira vines are trained up several feet from the ground on lattice work; the vines in most other European countries being trellised.

Like one or two other California wines, the Madeira—which is only attempted by a small number of viticulturists and in only two places outside of Los Angeles county—is an honest wine, but not so noble as honest. It is strictly pure and possesses high invigorating properties. It lacks fragrance and transport, however, and all the other ravishing virtues and prerequisites of its imperial namesake.

There are still a number of gentlemen in Baltimore, Rochester and Albany who have on hand a few bottles of Madeira made by Newton Gordon in 1802. Grover Cleveland, who prefers claret and Hochheimer to Madeira, while

President served the latter to some of his friends occasionally. He had purchased it in Albany and it was known to be seventy years old. Van Buren and Arthur also had reserves of rare old "All Saints" Madeira; while it is known that out of two hundred pipes "shipped by the grace of God in the good ship *Two Sisters* by Newton Gordon & Co. to Savannah, in 1780," there are a few dozen bottles left, some of which have sold for one hundred dollars each.

Not much true Madeira of any kind of vintage finds its way into New York; partly because there is little demand for it—first, because few persons care for it or know anything about it; and secondly, because no properly-aged Madeira is procurable since the last destruction of the vines, and because, besides, the greater part of the new wines of the island are shipped to Spain and Portugal and transformed into sherries and ports. As a matter of fact, a good old-time Madeira wine is a potable of the past; and the same may also be said of sherry and port as beverages; for Englishmen, even, who were once tremendous consumers of this trio of ponderous wines, as well as Americans, now prefer clarets, burgundies, champagnes and sauternes.

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Automobile Topics

Miners And The Automobile

"Blistering summer heat and zero winter months have proved fruitless in stopping the advent of the automobile stage lines in the mining districts of Central and Southern Nevada," says last week's issue of *Motor Age*. "In this land of heat, cold and gold, miners are in constant migrations. Modern Shorty Harrises are poaching from valley to height looking for some lost gold mine or a new find. The automobile is their ship of the desert and now the automobile, a few years ago the plaything of the few, but now the necessity of the many, carries them in a single day over districts requiring a week of labor on foot. One of the illustrations shows Goldfield fifteen months ago with a Columbia automobile in the foreground carrying passengers from Tonopah to Goldfield, thirty miles. Over this trip it makes two trips daily, carrying seven passengers each way. The reader must note how the large pneumatic tires sing in the soft dry sand, and how warmly wrapped are all the occupants of the car. In Nevada scarcely any snow falls, but cold winds sweep across the barren tracts, far colder and more penetrating than those chill winter winds encountered in the East. The Columbia car shown in the illustration is still doing service between the places stated and also makes trips between Goldfield and Bullfrog, an eight-five-mile trip. In this district the automobile service is paramount; it is, in short, the only means of quick conveyance, as railroads are unknown and the public has grown crazy over the fabulous finds made in and around Goldfield within the past eight months."



A reminiscence of the Columbia automobile trip from San Francisco to Goldfield in November, 1903. A stop at the Capitol. This car is still being used for rental service in Nevada.

The Diamond Rubber Company has issued its booklet for 1906, "A Million Miles on Diamond Tires," showing the splendid records made by the tires in the various auto events of the world. The booklet is artistically gotten up and contains illustrations of the several machines that made the records in the races.

Just now the dealers are in a great state of excitement over the number of machines of the make they represent which have been sold at the New York show. The Pioneer Automobile Company, however, is considerably worried for fear of deliveries on model "K" Wintons, as every Winton dealer who went to the show claims that his

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whole allotment for the season has been sold. From the reports in trade papers, a sensation was produced from the stand which showed the two-cycle, two-cylinder Oldsmobile.

Of no little interest to local auto enthusiasts is the news received from the East a few days ago that both new model Autocars, the widely-known runabout with its wheel-steer and other important features, and the four-cylinder car of twenty-four horsepower, which machines are due in San Francisco next week and not a few prospective purchasers of a modern creation are impatiently awaiting their arrival.

Round And About

Edmund Gale, a lumber man from Montana, who is spending his winter in California, has taken up motoring for his health. He will be at the St. Helena Sanatorium for the next three weeks. He left in his new French type Oldsmobile last Saturday.

John Breuner has successively owned 1903, 1904, 1905, and 1906 Winton touring cars.

C. A. Hawkins, besides winning the Coronado Country Club's endurance run, succeeded in capturing more laurels with his White steam car. After the reliability contest the local motorist left San Diego for Los Angeles and covered the distance between these two cities, about one hundred and fifty miles, in the remarkable time of seven hours and thirty minutes, exactly two hours better than the previous record.

Alexander Winton, president of the Winton Motor Carriage Co., will cruise extensively on the great lakes next summer, with his family, in the *Lala*, a new triple screw, 64-1-2 foot, full cabin cruiser designed by Mr. Winton himself. The boat will be of 10 foot beam, and will have three state rooms, grill room, bath and cook's galley, as well as an electric lighting plant. A power tender will be carried on deck. The cruiser will be equipped with a twelve-cylinder Winton automobile engine of 150 h. p. and will have a speed of 20 miles an hour. During the season Mr. Winton will personally race the 150 h. p. Winton racing boat No. 1, of which he is now sole owner, but it is not his intention to race the craft on salt water. "I will be too busy enjoying myself on the great lakes," says Mr. Winton, "to take the racing boat to the sea."

George S. Selover of Minneapolis is in this city with his White steamer, which he had shipped to the coast expressly to tour in California. Mr. Selover will spend the winter on his ranch at Turlock in Stanislaus county. Last week the visitor drove his White to Santa Cruz and returned yesterday to San Jose, whence he will start in a few days for San Diego.

Charles D. Blaney of San Jose, the first motorist to drive a 1906 model automobile on the overland run to Southern California, is back in Los Angeles on the return trip of his tour down the coast, which had its southern terminus in San Diego. He ran into a snow storm at Arrowhead but the White steamer carried him safely through to his destination.

—The Chauffeur.

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Music

Calve the Greatest

For all those who failed to hear Calve in concert I am sorry. There were some who, having been disappointed in Calve's Carmen, decided that they did not care to hear her again. But of these there were not many. Far larger was the number of those turned away from the Alhambra on Thursday and Saturday because the theatre could hold no more. In conceding to Calve the laurel as the greatest artist in song recital of all the grand opera prima donnas, one does not necessarily belittle her contemporaries. De Lussan was charming, Galski and Nordica interesting, Melba matchless, Schumann-Heink gracious and grand. They all showed us what really great artists can do in concert, with a program containing songs great and simple. But all the adjectives individually applied to the other artists must be welded together to describe Emma Calve. What a lesson her easy breathing, her wonderful control, her poise, her manner, to the vocal student. How exquisitely she sings the folk songs of Provence, and how sympathetically the "Swanee Riber" of our South. I am glad Calve came to us again, to show us that her Carmen—the Carmen of the Grau season—was not her best.

Not for Lucre

Perhaps one reason why Calve thrills us so when she sings as she did at her recitals is that she sings for the love of it. She is a rich woman and doesn't need to make uncomfortable tours merely to add to her bank account. Many years have passed since she has had to seek an engagement from necessity of earning a living. Beside owning the old baronial castle Cabrieros near Aveyron, France, she is a heavy operator in Paris real estate. She owns private houses and hotels in Paris and Monte Carlo, her modern flats in the latter place being mostly occupied by American families.

The Minetti Orchestra Concert

Mr. Giulio Minetti and his orchestra gathered a new crop of laurels from last Friday night's concert. The work of this organization shows a constant gain in spirit and its playing is now marked by a fire and enthusiasm quite remarkable when joined with so much technical finish. This was at once apparent in the "William Tell" overture which as well as the "Pagliacci" selections later on the program was picturesquely given. The Gluck "Gavotte" for strings was daintily rendered as was also the Schumann "Evening Song" orchestrated by Saint-Saens, the difficult phrasing being well managed. The Boccherini "Minuet" for strings showed a few ragged edges here and there. Auber's "Masaniello" overture completed the program. Mr. Joaquin S. Wanrell assisted as soloist. Mr. Wanrell is a singer who never disappoints and his selections were given in good style. He was heard in the recitative and cavatina from "Nabucco" and in a most beautiful Spanish romance, "La Partida" (Alvarez). Mr. Carlo Gentile did excellently as accompanist. Mr. Minetti has brought his orchestra to a high state of efficiency. There is a good balance of tone, responsiveness to the conductor, and a smoothness and refinement of tone quite remarkable. It is pleasing to learn that Mr. Minetti is to conduct the series of symphony concerts to begin at Berkeley on February fifteenth.

At the California Club

The program at the California Club's "social day" on Tuesday was entirely musical, contributed by Mrs. Olive Reed Cushman, contralto, Mrs. Alice Mason Barnett, soprano, Miss Winifred June Morgan, violinist, Miss Myra Palache, pianist, Fred Maurer, accompanist. It was as follows: Sapphic Ode, Brahms, All Saints Day, Strauss, Love Me or Not, Secchi, Mrs. Cushman; Sonata (G major), Grieg, Miss Morgan; The Song Fairy, Bemberg, Mrs. Barnett; Intermezzo, Caesar Cui, Miss Palache; Lament, Margaret Lang, The Mocking Bird, Caroline Wadsworth Turner, Intimations (dedicated to Mrs. Cushman), Summer Rain, Willeby, Mrs. Cushman; A Serenade, Dedla, Humoreske, Dvorak, Miss Morgan; The Lass With the Delicate Air, Dr. Arne, The

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Slave Song, Del Riego, A Proposal, Mary Salter, Mrs. Barnett. Mrs. Cushman's voice has grown in power since she was heard here before her long absence in New York. She was always a charming singer, her diction being particularly commendable. Mrs. Barnett has a very fine soprano voice, which she uses with ease and in a manner that recalls the artistic recitals of Mrs. Henschel.

Musical and Dramatic Recital

On Monday evening, February twelfth, in Steinway hall, some of Mrs. Melville Snyder's advanced pupils will give a musical and dramatic recital. Those taking part will be Ruth Dahlgren, May Vanvales, Hazel Culbreth and Edgar Heermance; Mrs. L. J. Murdoch, accompanist. The program will be as follows: Piano solo, Miss Dahlgren; waltz song, "Fleeting Days," "Merrily I Roam," Miss Culbreth; Scenes from "Macbeth" and "London Assurance," Miss Vanvales; "Io so valor," "My mother bids me bind my hair," Miss Dahlgren; Scene from "Romeo and Juliet"—Romeo, Miss Vanvales, Juliet, Miss Dahlgren; duets from "Il Trovatore" and "Siren and Friar," Miss Dahlgren, Mr. Heermance; monologue, "Un Nuit de Suspense," Miss Dahlgren; songs, "Thou art the Star," "Adieu Marie," Mr. Heermance; sketch, "The Waif," with song and dance, Miss Culbreth; "Robert toi que j'aime," "Angel's Serenade," Miss Dahlgren.

Last Thursday evening the Eurydice Club of Oakland gave its second concert this season under the direction of Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, with a classic program finely rendered, the voices of the singers blending most harmoniously.

Reisenauer and the Grand Duke

How Alfred Reisenauer, who is shortly to pay his first visit to San Francisco, won the enmity of the Grand Duke of Weimar is an experience which the famous pianist is fond of relating. "At one of the Liszt soirees," explains Reisenauer, "the Grand Duke heard me play the beautiful 'Liebestod' from 'Tristan and Isolde.' His Grace did not know the 'Liebestod' from a Strauss waltz, but he judged I had played well because I was applauded. 'That is a fine number,' said he. 'What do you call it?' I told him. At that moment I noticed Wagner behind me, so I stepped aside, and said: 'And this, your Grace, is Richard Wagner.' 'Ah,' replied the ruler of Weimar, 'I am glad to meet your friend Wagner. Is he musical, too?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'he whistles at Grand Duke's,' and we left the room, to the utter discomfiture of his Grace. Needless to state, neither Wagner nor I was ever invited to the grand ducal palace again." —*The Music Critic.*

Some Thoughts of Others

Gathered by The Reader.

Is not the kindred of a common fate a closer tie than that of birth—Hawthorne.

All men who have made a mark—whether it be a guiding or warning sign to those that follow—must at one moment of their career have perceived their road before them thus (i. e., easy enough, but of which the end was not precipitate; neither was there any turning to one side or the other). Each must have realized that once set out upon that easy path there is no turning aside and no turning back. And many have chosen to turn back, while there was yet time, leaving the mark unmade. For most men are cowards and shun responsibility. Most men unconsciously steer their way by proverb or catchword; and all the wise saws of all the nations preach cowardice.—Jacob Riis.

In this world we must still have something to wish and sigh for.—Lorimer.

The longer I live the more I think of humor as the saving sense. A civil service examination to hit home might well be one to make sure the man could appreciate a good story. For all editors I would make that kind compulsory.—Lorimer.

Many saints get to heaven after having a deal to repent of.—Thackeray.

The friend with whom one does not have to make explanations is God-given.—Anon.

It is only the conceited or cowardly who are timid.—Ouida.

It is an awkward thing to play with souls
And matter enough to save one's own.

—Browning.



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GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, LESSEE

Her Social Campaign

BY ANNE THURBER.

I am on the social map at last. My name has appeared in the papers in the list of patronesses of the Assemblies. To the outsider who is not socially ambitious, and to the insider who has always been there, this appears a fact of no significance. But let me tell you.

It is easy enough for the "foreigner" to get in. The hard part is when you happen to have been born in town, and not born to the purple. People refuse to forget your early days. When I married a Montana mining magnate I considered it my duty to break in though before that I did not care a rap about having my name recorded in the list of those present at exclusive functions. But when one has money it is the right thing to live up to it. I would wish my children to have those privileges that I missed and to feel that they at least were born in the proper circle.

Not to be in society when one should be there is a queer sensation. It is the way an attractive spinster feels when she is gazing at herself in her mirror at retiring time. She sees how fair she is, what beautiful arms and neck she has, and what lovely lingerie she wears. But it is all wasted, as it were, on the desert air. The rich woman not in society feels the same way. She has the gowns, the stuff, the knowledge, but there is no one—that is, no one of the right kind—to spread her possessions before.

When I made up my mind to get in, I had just returned from New York. I was not in the swim there—didn't try to be. I never did see the sense of wanting to splurge in a strange city. What's the use? The thing is to conquer where it will be worth while. To make the real leaders sit up and take notice; to make your old friends wonder and envy; to get on the inside of the fence where you have only had the pleasure of peeping through the knot-holes—that's the joy of "getting there."

I arrived in my native city just when there was no real leader. The late Queen of Society had just died. There were several applications for her position, but no one of the aspirants had been decided upon.

It was all chaos, and I took advantage of the condition of things. I had to begin my campaign with caution. No one must see my hand. I divided the campaign into states, as if it were a great war, with many capitals to be besieged and captured. The newspapers, that was one capital; the various aspiring society queens formed another. Then there were the smaller fry, the mammas with marriageable daughters, the clubmen with limited means but decided social qualifications, the climbers like myself but with not such intelligence. I engaged a press agent, a young woman of blue blood and wide acquaintance with the smart setters. I have just been reading "The Social Secretary" and find that many of the tactics I used were made use of by the heroine of that book.

I got out my European photographs, those showing me in my most charming poses. But I refused to give them to the papers. Of course the society reporters descended upon me in hordes and begged for those pictures, but I held off. I did not intend to make my features common. They knew I had photographs of myself, that was a point gained. They also knew that I desired to be kept out of the papers. My press agent saw to that—stories of my reserve, my extreme dislike to publicity, and all that, began to go the rounds. I became an object of interest.

Then I gave a series of little dinners. I invited some of my husband's men friends, men of wealth and business

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TONIC LAXATIVE

position. The women I picked from the more presentable of the climbers. They went away and advertised the charming appointments of my home, its artistic atmosphere and the difficulty of getting invitations to my affairs.

I gave a musicale and had a visiting grand opera star as the piece de resistance. People began to talk of my wealth. "Who is she?" they asked. They had already dropped the first query, "What is she?" For my press agent had fixed up a pretty little story of my early life in the city, when my parents had brought me up so strictly that few knew I even lived and had my being in town at all.

Some of the smart setters angled around for cards to my next series of functions, dinner dances. They were not the most exclusive of the bunch, but I let a few of them have their wish.

In the height of the season I left town and took a trip to the Orient. I was gone some months, and in my absence my press agent kept the papers informed of my social triumphs in the cities hubby and I visited. It is easy to have social triumphs in foreign cities. All Americans are alike there, if they have the money.

I returned in summer. Bought a country place in San Mateo county, and went in in earnest to get ready for the final struggle. Fortunately my husband had a visitor who helped things along. He was a British lordling who had gone broke in Montana and we had set him on his feet. He was mighty grateful, and loved us forever after. Well, he came to stay with us for the summer. He rode to hounds and could do all the stunts which the swells down that way delight in. But to make his acquaintance of course they had to work wires—and that was where my chance came in. It was very amusing—and I soon found myself the most popular woman in the county. I gave a stable ball with a cotillion and expensive favors. Every smart person there simply fell over herself with cordiality toward me for a month before the event came off. I picked the nicest of them for the first set, and let the others pour in where they could obtain a footing.

I was now in, that is in the sporting set. Next thing was to capture the culturines.

That was easy enough. A celebrity came to town. He had visited us in Montana when he was out on a trip to sketch types for a series of magazine articles. He was the real thing in letters. We dined him—and it would have made you laugh to see the way those culturines tried to get cards to meet him at the reception that followed the dinner.

This is but a brief sketch of my campaign. It just went on perfectly. A New York matron who had married a San Francisco boy came to town to spend the winter. She was awfully bored at most of the things they gave in her honor. Some one—my press agent, I think—told her about me and my parties. She begged to meet me. It was arranged. We became bosom friends. That was the end of my troubles. Her mother-in-law was the Queen of the Smart Set. I was IN at last. They made me a patroness of the Assemblies. I had to be very much urged, naturally, for holding back is one of the secrets of social success. You must never be too eager.

I kindly permitted one paper to use my portrait. That was another coup d'état. My beauty and style were the finishing touch to my triumph with the hold-offs.

I am giving a little dinner next week with a vaudeville aftermath. The Queen is coming. The bluest-blooded girl in society is going to do her Turkish dance specialty. The Count de Rosa is going to sing. Three millionaires of the inner circle are going to do the "Razzle Dazzle" song. It is to be the most exclusive affair I have yet given. I have had to exclude all but the Eighty-three inner circle.

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Smiles, and the Sale Thereof

(Continued from Page 6)

carry, is a meretricious vulgarian. Base is the commercialism that sells smiles; black the magic that transmutes God's gold of personal charm into the devil's dirt of dollars; but the abomination of desolation itself, the pettiness that peddles for small profits cheap semblances of the lesser manifestations of woman's love for man.

Drummers, as a class, are affable men, their manners suavity itself. Early, they make the discovery that not only is affability "of a wonderful efficacy or power in procuring love," but also of a like wonderful efficacy or power in procuring orders.

One of the most affable human beings I ever met was a traveling salesman whose business brought him into contact with all sorts and conditions of men—and women. On his "personal magnetism"—to use a convenient phrase—he realized a fortune. He made much love and money; was ardent, as he himself assured me, in proportion to the size of the order expected. Over one woman, to whom he sold ten thousand dollars' worth of goods, and God only knows how many dollars' worth of smiles, he worked himself up into a perfect ecstasy of passion, "indistinguishable by an expert from the genuine article." (I quote his own words). Her letters he kept as a memento of the transaction.

To his taste, making love for money was a mingling of business and pleasure fit for kings. "I find friendship a gold mine," he said to me one day, and within five minutes he called me friend. A moment after, we fell in with an old miser, and I had a fair chance to observe my friend at work. His method was not new and yet it was his own. Taking a crabbed claw between his bland palms, he spoke as if his chief concern in life was the well-being of one "Margie." How was she? What a child! Reminiscences galore to justify the exclamation point. "My love to her, and (one minute) this box of candy."

The miser went his way, we ours. "The wunderkind, who is she?" I asked. "Wunderkind nothing! She's his grandchild, a cripple, and the one thing in the world with which it is possible to pick the old man's pocket. . . . To master, as I do, the tricks of this trade is to be an artist. *Ars est celare artem* is my motto. The hobby of one of my best friends is philately. Well, just to be companionable. I once studied stamps for an hour. I couldn't begin to tell you how much I made on that nickel's worth of midnight oil. The book was borrowed—not from him, you bet! . . . But the toughest customer I ever handled was the mayor of a country town, for whom I had a great liking—a vulgar, close-fisted fellow, with money to burn, but no appreciation of art. An inimitable *chef-d'oeuvre* of mine failed to move him worth a cent. 'Well, have a cigar, anyway,' I said, rising as if to go. 'I never smoke but one brand,' he informed me. 'I'm out of them, worse luck, and there isn't one to be had in town.' 'There isn't, eh?' said I to myself, and aloud: 'Neither do I. A five-cent *Feuille de Chou* is good enough for me!' I smoked one to his three. It made me sick, the beastly thing, but the mayor footed the bill, and never knew it. It pays to be sociable and put oneself out a bit for others."

Facetious he was, and told his story well—better far than I can tell it—sticking close to the facts, only making fiction use of them. Now—would you believe it?—this man's ambition was to retire from business at forty, and for the rest of his life give himself up to love for love's sake, art for art's sake, science for science's sake. He died young. Did the gods love him? Did the devils?

Give me your smiles. Sell me your wares. An you love me, give me your smiles and ask not even a smile in

return. Sell me your wares for what they are worth, whether you love me or not. Use my necessity, if you will, as a pistol to hold me up. Make money out of me, but not, I beg of you, by making any the least pretense of friendship for me. No more let noble poet, looking abroad over the land and seeing commerce everywhere, exclaim with fine scorn, in sadness of heart: "Even love is sold!"

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Letters

Fisherman's Luck

It is just six years since "Fisherman's Luck" made its first appearance, but so deservedly popular have these essays proved that a new edition, from new plates, with illustrations in color by F. Walter Taylor, has been put forth by Charles Scribner's Sons, and there is every reason to believe that it will become one of the most successful of their books. This is the twelfth reprinting of Professor Van Dyke's book, in an age when it is commonly asserted that nothing but fiction is read at all and the average life of the best novels is only one year. It would be a work of supererogation at this late day to call attention to the unusual merits of the author, his style or his matter. His reputation does not rest on one book nor on one branch of literature, for his stories, "The Blue Flower" and "Little Rivers" are widely read, his "Fourth Wise Man" has been translated into nearly



FROM "FISHERMAN'S LUCK" by Henry van Dyke

every modern language, and learned men have ascribed its origin to all the sources of history except the one, the author's brain, while "the slump in poetry" has had no effect on Professor Van Dyke. Those readers who have not already possessed themselves of a copy of "Fisherman's Luck" would do well to secure one of this new edition. Those who are in search of something restful, and at the same time entertaining, interspersed with bits of philosophy, anecdote and description, written in a style that is as alluring as the forest streams, need not seek further.

A Soldier's Trial

As the question of the re-establishment of the Post Exchange, popularly known as the "Canteen," will soon come up before Congress, General Charles King's new novel, "A Soldier's

Trial," has come in the right nick of time. Indeed, it was written to set purpose, in order to present a concrete example of the effects of depriving the enlisted men of reasonable comforts under proper supervision and throwing them on the mercies of the vultures who light just beyond the precincts of the reservations and outside the jurisdiction of the municipalities. Fort Minneconjou, and our old friends, the Rays, furnish character and background, and a niece of Mrs. Ray, entirely dependent on the generosity of the major, making her temporary home with her relatives, does about half the mischief which is chronicled. General King has a decided antipathy to the civilian finger poked into the military pie, and he, surely, should be an authority on the subject. He appears to object to the nation's warriors marrying outside of their caste, and if we take heed of the number of unsavory scandals which have been aired in the courts since the war with Spain, again we must concede his right to speak. "A Soldier's Trial" has, besides the relation of the demoralization resulting from the abolition of the exchange, an exciting romance of love and disillusionment. There is never much variety to be looked for in General King's stories, but then, there is not so much in military life itself, and it is surprising that he manages to hold public interest and convince his readers of the essential truth of his narrations, while obliged to confine himself to a few set pieces, in the way of characters and scenery. Though he is, apparently, wedded to the "happy ending," so that we are reasonably certain that all the mysteries will be cleared up and the men under suspicion through the force of circumstances, honorably acquitted, one can never guess just how this is to be brought about, and it is fairly safe to say that when one begins to read one of these novels it will not be laid down half finished. Published by the Hobart Company.

"The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary"

This story will probably figure as one of the most humorous books of the year 1905, but it will add nothing permanent to the reputation of the author of "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop." Susan was as convincing as if she had been discovered, ready made and merely transferred, in her entirety, to the pages of the book, but Aunt Mary is palpably manufactured, more of a wooden doll than a flesh-and-blood woman. She is a septuagenarian, very rich and very deaf, the great-aunt of a family of five nephews and nieces, four of whom were normally well-behaved citizens, and consequently, bullied and snubbed by their eccentric relative, while the fifth, Jack, an unconscionable young scapegrace, a typical college "boy" of the plutocracy, was the apple of her eye. Jack was forever getting into scrapes, and his indulgent aunt took the conventional view, that the college authorities abused him. Little matters like shooting the cook, fracturing

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the skull of a cabman and landing in the station house with a possible charge of murder to answer to, being sued for breach of promise, running a steam yacht ashore, and such boyish peccadilloes, were easily settled for, while greasing railroad tracks and endangering hundreds of lives wasn't worth noticing at all. It was not until Master Jack went on a tearing spree, and with the assistance of his chum, another scapegrace, son of a too-wealthy father, blew up and set fire to one of the college buildings, and for once, did some damage to their precious own carcasses, and were finally expelled, that indulgent Aunt Mary took notice and cut the prodigal out of her will. Then, with the assistance and connivance of the sister of his friend, Jack wrote a letter to the old lady which seems to have completely deceived her, though she was astute enough in other matters, and one would give her credit for more penetration. Her poor, dear, ailing nephew was going to work to support himself, and save fifty cents a week by walking two miles night and morning, etc., so the old lady packed her trunk and hid herself off to the city to see after him. She was met at the depot by a private carriage, which she never suspected was not a public hack, taken to a private residence which she seemed to imagine was a public boarding house, and waited on hand and foot by the millionaire mistress in the guise of a maid. Jack, with several of his intimates of like kidney, proceeded to entertain the old lady as though she was one of themselves, with fast autos, midnight suppers, champagne galore, box parties at vaudeville theatres, roof gardens, yachting trips, and everything else they could devise. One would like enlightenment on one point: why are the infirmities of the deaf considered such a joke and why is an ear-trumpet any more objectionable for those who need one than spectacles, or a pair of crutches? If the "fun" of a book or a farce were made dependent on the efforts of the blind to see or the lame to walk readers and audiences would be quick to resent the poor taste, but one should imagine that deaf people deliberately sacrificed one of their five senses out of a malicious desire to annoy others. Time was when idiots and the insane were made the butt of practical jokes and coarse pleasantries, but a better era has dawned for them, and it is only those who are, by no more fault of their own than other unfortunates, deprived of their hearing, who are in the position of homeless dogs, targets for all the stray stones. As long as Mrs. Warner has thought it worth her while to publish such a story as "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" she might, at least, have omitted her gibes. Nothing would have been missed but the "delicious humor" of the unkind remarks of the young cubs and unheard by their victim. They are on a level with making mouths at the blind and imitating the limping of the lame, performances which children of an earlier generation were warned, were likely to bring down judgment on their own heads. This is merely in passing, for no doubt the book will prove as popular as the story did in its serial publication, and if it is put on the stage, as is most likely, it will be one of the perennial successes and live as long as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Published by Little, Brown & Co., with illustrations.

—The Bookworm.

The latest issue from the Southern Pacific Company's Department of Publicity is "The Road of a Thousand Wonders," an exquisite thing from the typographical and artistic viewpoints and full of interest in its word-painting to the reader. In the book are shown views of the scenic and other wonders along the Coast Line and Shasta Route, extending from Los Angeles through San Francisco, to Portland, a journey of over 1,300 miles. The illustrations are in colors, delicate and beautiful like the subjects they picture. There are the old Missions, the flora of North and South, bells of the garden at Camulos, moonlight on Lake Ysabel, an upland pasture, bits of forest, golf links, the Golden Gate, glimpses of Chinatown, the foothills over the bay, the Greek theatre, Golden Gate park, Castle Crags, Tahoe views, Shasta, and finally glorious Mount Hood. "The Road of a Thousand Wonders" is a triumph of artistic advertising literature.



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Pardee's Latest Achievement

Our incorruptible Governor, who recently called the state to witness that he could not be bribed by the poor relations of a Folsom convict, has once more achieved distinction in the regular course of his executive duties. He pardoned from jail, the other day, a man who had been convicted of adultery, explaining that he did so because the Supreme Court recently decided that adultery is not an offense against the peace and dignity of this state unless it is committed "openly and notoriously." We have always understood that the Executive was vested with the pardoning power for the purpose of facilitating the exercise of mercy and lenity toward those who appear to be deserving of kindly consideration, not to pick flaws in court records. We have been laboring under the delusion that it is unnecessary for the Executive to search the court records for flaws when he is disposed to exercise the pardoning power; that it is merely his duty to consider extenuating circumstances and determine not whether the forms of law were strictly complied with but whether, from all the facts of the case, from newly discovered evidence, from the behavior of the prisoner, or from his physical condition, it were not advisable for the State to be merciful. In this instance Governor Pardee set himself up as a judicial tribunal and decided that the lower court had erred in its exposition of the law of the case. He did not find that the man was deserving of mercy. The case was not brought to him on account of any extenuating circumstances. From the facts of the case as recited in the daily press, it appears that the prisoner coveted his neighbor's wife, persuaded her to elope with him and lived with her in a small town, not in open and notorious adultery, however, for everybody supposed they were married. Our Supreme Court, having decided that if you can commit adultery without taking the world into your confidence you are guilty of no crime, Governor Pardee felt that he should pardon the man who had been found guilty under a misapprehension of the law. Yet in this case the man did commit an offense against the peace and dignity of the State, for by reason of his conduct he was assaulted by the wronged husband. Thus was the peace of the State broken. Moreover, in the breaking of the peace the dignity of the State was affected, for a whole community was shocked to learn that a man and woman whom they had respected as husband and wife were living together in secret adultery, which became notorious adultery through the action of the outraged husband. Perhaps in the circumstances Gover-

nor Pardee, acting as a court of last resort, should substitute for the man he released the wretch who made of legitimate adultery a case of open and notorious adultery by interrupting the calm and placid cohabitation of the injured pair.

William of Germany

Once more some of the belligerent editors of Europe are discovering sinister motives in Germany's attitude toward the French in the dispute over Morocco, and they appear to be more certain than ever that the Kaiser is burning with desire to disturb the peace of the world. Why it should be so generally assumed that William is a fire-brand it is difficult to explain. We must confess that we were once obsessed with that notion, but it did not spring from familiarity with the Emperor or with his views on world politics. As time ran on and opportunities came to study the man our impression of him changed. So vast are the commercial interests of Germany today that it would hardly be to the interest of that nation to engage in war with any of the powerful countries of Europe, and nobody appears to be more firmly convinced of that fact than the Kaiser himself. He is an erratic individual, and at the same time a forceful, masterful one, a man of broad intellect and exceptional culture, and there is scarcely a subject in science or art upon which he is not prepared to express an opinion, nor does he ever hesitate to express an opinion when he feels that he should suggest a reform. Hence we find him condemning the influence of Ibsen on German playwrights, urging Strauss to compose music for more wholesome themes than the one suggested by Oscar Wilde's "Salome," advocating deeper religious fervor and proclaiming the evils of Socialism. He is the most picturesque personage on the public stage, he fills an exceptional position in the world's eyes, and whenever he has anything to say, which is quite often, he is quoted and misquoted. On the whole the influence of his speeches is good, not only in art but in politics. He is thought to be eager for military glory because he has at times sought to fire the patriotism of his army, but he talks of war not so often as he does of peace. He has said: "In times of peace only the commerce of the world can develop and expand, and peace we will and must maintain." So far as his official acts and utterances go, there is not the slightest doubt that he has striven honestly ever since he ascended the throne, to effect a gradual reconciliation with France. Though he is pictured in the press as an autocrat who puts the throne above all else, his conduct is that of a man of great piety. He is a pulpit orator and his sermons are usually perfervid. He is constantly urging that religious harmony be re-established in his Empire. Not long ago, in the course of a public speech, he said: "I expect you all, whether clergy or laymen, to preserve religion within the people. We must toil to keep intact for the German race its healthy strength, its moral foundations. And that may be done only by maintaining religion. Whosoever does not put his life on the broad rock of religion is lost." Strange utterances for a man of the temperament popularly ascribed to William of Germany.

France and the Church

While the ruler of Germany, a Protestant nation, is advocating religious harmony and making political capital out of his friendly relations with the Vatican, in France, a

Catholic country, blood is being shed in the churches in consequence of the resistance of the faithful to armed authority engaged in executing mandates of the State that are regarded as unjust and sacrilegious. The decadents and free-thinkers of France are having their inning and they appear to be doing everything in their power to humiliate the ministers of Christianity and incense the communicants of the Church. The statesmen of France are in revolt against Christianity but pretend that they are merely intent upon separating Church and State. As a Protestant writer in a recent issue of the London *Saturday Review* said, "If French Christianity is not exactly called upon to undergo such outrages as those which the Emperor Diocletian in days of old inflicted on the faith, it will be liable to the sapping and mining process, which Julian the Apostate applied to the saints of the fourth century." All sorts of humiliating restrictions have been placed on the clergy and every cathedral and chapel built before the date of the Concordat is to be confiscated. The government may lease the cathedral or chapel to the faithful or it may inaugurate once more the worship of the Goddess of Reason, perchance in the sacred fanes of Notre Dame, of Chartres or Bayeux. Whether these churches are in origin earlier or later than the Concordat, one fact leaps to sight: they were built for Catholic worship and for that alone. Catholics have paid for them either by direct subscription or by way of rates. They own them by a sort of immemorial prescriptive right; therein they have been baptized, made their first communion, prayed, wept and hoped. They love these churches; they have garnished and adorned them, and they feel that no one has the right to take them from them. That is why they are fighting from behind barricades within the sacred walls today. The writer in the *Saturday Review* to whom we have referred declares that the Irish Disestablishment act which was too oppressive even for a Liberal House of Commons was most magnanimous in comparison with the measure under which the Catholics of France are being coerced today, and he adds: "The ugliest feature of the whole business is the indifference with which the greater part of the European press has witnessed an act of outlawry against a great and historic Christian Church. Those who realize the injustice can only murmur, 'Oh, for one hour of Edmund Burke!'"

The Joys of Jail

Prosecutions for lese majeste are likely to give the German Government as much trouble as the tramp problem, if the device of an impecunious Berlin shoemaker becomes widely advertised. This man, finding himself in evil straits, cursed the Emperor in the hearing of a policeman, and was forthwith taken into custody, tried, convicted, and sent to jail to serve out a sentence. The warm quarters, food, and clothing which were supplied to him as a criminal were so much to his liking that immediately on his release he sought the vicinity of another public guardian and repeated his offence, gaining thereby another term of shelter from the bufftings of the world's rough hand. And yet again the manoeuvre was repeated, and probably will be as often as a sentence is served out, unless some means is discovered, of rendering life in jail too unpleasant to be endured when freedom is possible. When one of the constitutionally unambitious is not sensitive enough to feel any disgrace connected with involuntary confinement and public maintenance he will be quite content to live in comparative idleness, better cared for in every way than he would ever

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care for himself by his own exertions. There are so many philanthropic individuals and associations interested in the welfare of jail birds that it has happened often enough that men merely unfortunate, who have tramped the streets until they are ready to drop, have been driven to commit minor infractions of the law in order that they might receive as criminals the assistance denied them as law-abiding citizens. Many a weak-willed brother has been drawn into tramp life by discovering that it is really easier to beg a meal than to earn one. There is high excitement in newspaperdom when it is discovered that the inmates of places of detention do not receive their full supply and variety of food, or if their blankets are not of full weight, or their cells are drafty. Turkey dinner on the holidays, with all the regulation trimmings, must be supplied, and it has been established by actual inquiry and comparison that prisoners fare better in the matter of food, clothing, lodging, and recreation than many of the unfelicitous poor. Those good people who exhaust their energies in finding jobs for convicts should give their attention to those who have kept themselves clean. It is manifestly unjust to hound a man who has performed the penance assigned for his sin solely on that account, but it is a perversion of justice and common sense to give the ex-convict the preference. If it is conceded that certain acts or courses of action are detrimental to the public good and call for punishment, the penalty should be made to take some other form than that of rendering the culprit more comfortable than he was before and practically setting a premium on bad conduct.

The Mourning Custom

The news comes from New York that following the English habit, the period of mourning and the time in which families are supposed to remain in retirement in respect to the memory of a lately deceased member are considerably shortened. In several instances during the present season people of fashionable importance in mourning for members of their immediate families have not hesitated to appear at the opera. Observers of social life in New York say there has been no sudden abandonment of the old custom of showing respect for the dead by wearing black and withdrawing for a time from scenes of gaiety; that by degrees, for a number of years, that formal acknowledgment of what used to be considered proper respect to the memory of the dead, has been passing out of the mode. But the gradual change has not been peculiar

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to New York. It has been observed in other centres of social activity, and now that it is approved by high fashionable authority it will, no doubt, find favor among the general; so the probability is that before many years it will be considered hopelessly vulgar to go into mourning. As "going into mourning" is so frequently a matter of mere conventionality, the abandonment of the custom is, in a measure, in the nature of a revolt against hypocrisy. It is a custom, in support of which little can be said, except that it has been sanctified by tradition. In a utilitarian age too much cannot be done toward stimulating sentimentality, but mock sentiment is worse than none at all, and the fewer opportunities there are for indulging it the better. The time-honored conventions by which respect is shown for the dead are largely of a theatrical nature, quite as ridiculous as the mock funeral which it was customary to hold not many years ago by way of evidence of popular affection for a dead hero. The symbolic trappings of woe are purely theatric and are often used to give vraisemblance to a pose. We see them worn by children incensed at the dead for leaving too much to charity, by widows rejoicing in their widowhood, by husbands who play their part to the extent of attempting to jump into the open grave and who are sighing like a furnace for love of another. Why should we be expected to parade our grief? We can show our respect for the dead without taking the public into our confidence, and those who are deeply grieved usually do. We should heartily welcome the abandonment of the old custom, so conducive was it to the play of hypocrisy. A custom that justified the wearing of a black band on the sleeve of a tan overcoat as an emblem of sorrow for a departed relative was bound to fall into disrepute.

The Protest Against Fiction

We are told in the despatches that Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson, in an address to the Women's Club of Denver, on "The Penalty of American Fiction," expressed the wish that for every public library he has endowed Andrew Carnegie might suffer three months in the penitentiary. Mrs. Robinson is indignant that Carnegie should be menacing the intellectual health of the American people by furthering the distribution of poisonous modern fiction. "If we must have fiction," she said, "why not Thackeray or Dickens, who, at least, knew how to use good English." They did and also how to use bad English, and they used both. The works of those canonized writers are not entirely free from examples of "how not to do it." But it is customary to bludgeon us with them, and Mrs. Robinson, like many other superficial critics, having but a feeble knowledge of literature, hopes to vindicate her own standards by setting up those that have been approved by competent authority. There is much in modern fiction that compares favorably with the works of Dickens and Thackeray and Scott. There are literary craftsmen writing today who are not inferior to the canonized saints of the women's clubs. Reading fiction is in itself no more dangerous than eating candy, provided that it is not indulged in to excess and to the exclusion of all else. The appetite is one which our system of education creates and fosters, for, from the first day that a child enters the kindergarten until the university degree is bestowed, the policy of public educators is to amuse. Instead of putting before pupils plain facts to be assimilated, they are treated to fairy tales and allegories. There seems to be a mortal fear that children of any age will dis-

cover that they are at work and that definite results are to be expected, so, as far as possible, everything is cast into the form of a story. They cannot learn the colors of the spectrum unless they are first told a nice little tale of seven little sisters each clothed in one of the hues. Every fact in natural history, every scientific discovery, every economic theory, must be disguised as a story, and even biography and history are administered in sugar-coated pills. Women read today as automatically as their grandmothers knitted. It is a process they can carry on without conscious thought, and it is about as profitable as gum-chewing. It is a genteel way of wasting time, and it matters not a half-penny whether the book in hand be a novel or anything else.

A Protest Against Congress Baiting

The New York *Sun*, ever vigilant of the interests of our big industrial institutions, protests gravely and with characteristic dignity against the assaults that are now being made on the Congress of our country. The present epidemic of Congress baiting by Lincoln Steffens et al., in the opinion of the *Sun*, is pernicious and dangerous. Patriotism and fidelity to American institutions demand that Congress shall be respected. Without respect there can be no confidence. Those who seek to undermine that confidence are playing with matches in dangerous proximity to a powder magazine. These are *Sun* sentiments. We heartily endorse the platitudes, but not their application. If the members of Congress be unworthy of confidence and are respected because of a misapprehension in the public mind, the people should not be permitted to go disillusioned. To argue, as does the *Sun*, that the Congress as a permanent institution should not be differentiated from its ever changing personnel is absurd. We may have our confidence in the integrity of Senators and Representatives shaken without losing respect for the institution which they vitalize. If they are a disgrace to that institution it is more dangerous to palliate their unworthiness than to hold them up to the scorn of the nation. It may be true, as the *Sun* asserts, that our legislators in Washington are the average of the integrity and patriotism of the country and that if a new set of Senators and Representatives were elected tomorrow the average of the new body would probably be about the same as that of the present organization, but even so that is no reason why we should not demand a higher average. By reprobating the unworthy we can at least signify that we appreciate higher standards of conduct, though we ourselves do not live up to them. Though we may be getting such government as we deserve we should not discourage those moralists among us who are striving to purify our politics. Nor, so long as their peachments are sound should we scrutinize their own morals too closely.

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The Dirty Eagle

BY ARMENTUS.

(A Duel in Dialogue.)

American.

Still I dispute it—for your charge much grieves—
Your charge that all Americans are thieves.
For I, though small-acquainted, know a few
Honest Americans, and one or two
Who have held office cleanly, and for aught
I know, are honest, or, at least, uncaught.

Briton.

That makes your nasty creed of Wrong and Right!
Be rogue, be knave, be thief—but out of sight.

American.

They're "out of sight," indeed—and I opine
You'll find no finer artists in their line.
But where the great majority are stealing,
What danger or what shame in the revealing?

Briton.

I do not speak your language—but 'tis certain
I've had a peep or two behind the curtain.
In every poisoned limb of legislature
Your office-holders loot by second nature;
Your rats of politicians, filching gold,
Are bought and bribed so oft the cry grows old.
Town, city, state or nation—all is one—
Big thieves or little thieves—an ounce or ton;—
From vermin pilfering in a district small,
Postal or pension thieves to Congress Hall.
Your papers lay one stew's corruption bare
Or smoke a single jackal from his lair;—
Happy to heap—since maladroitness the fool,
Upon one bungling knave their ridicule,
Happy, with cankered tongue and ulcerous heart,
Because not "smart" enough, to make him smart.
Whilst thousands;—Fancy totters when it thinks
Of thieving thousands in their hidden sinks!
To them its sheltering shield the law extends,
For they who tear it most are most its friends.
So public and so private, for in Trade
How are your monstrous fortunes forced and made!
Black Commerce, O black Commerce! in thy name
What crimes are not committed and what shame?

American.

True, we have many Trusts whereat to laugh
In cartoon, column, and in paragraph.

Briton.

A leper laughing at his scales—a dread
Delirious, hollow laugh when Honor's dead.
But Trusts are scarce the worst—they but exceed
Their envious underlings in size and greed—
How many ample proofs to my belief
Most patent!—each American's a thief.

American.

Softly, my British friend, for much I fear
Your words may rattle in some tindery ear;
For, though American, I thief not. You
Are reckless—they may hear you—they who do!

Briton.

Through all your land Corruption's rivers crawl;
Their mud is not in one heart, but in all.
In every corner of the land 'tis hid
And only needs a hand to lift the lid.
It needed but a glance o'er ledger leaves
And lo! Insurance Titans turn to thieves.
While vainly honest Grover lends his light
To bleach dishonest corporations white.
Your Lawson flays the frenzied gaming crew,
And Steffens stirs the foul and nauseous stew;
Jerome still hounds the myrmidons of Spoil,
And Tarbell paints the Devil selling oil—
Whilst worthy Roosevelt, from his watchful seat,
Entreats you not to swindle, lie, and cheat.
What boot their wild alarms and thunder-tones
To stir a sense of righteousness in stones?

American.

And yet what mighty qualms, what sturdy throes
Our sense of public honesty still knows.
When pulpits bellowed to approving pews,
Did we John's tainted money not refuse?

Briton.

Your cant of tainted money makes me spue—
The money is not tainted—it is you.
Alone responsible for all their shame,
Your people they alone must bear the blame.
Fruit has its root—and if law-makers swerve,
You have as good a lot as you deserve.

American.

But we think boodlers are a special race—
And pure and stainless is the populace
From which the boodlers come—to this we cling;
We'll stand the boodlers, but we hate a king.

Briton.

Yet two—the glutton tyrants, Graft and Trust,
Squat on your necks and crush you in the dust.
Your "sense of honor"—for you mouth it well—
That pretty phrase!—offends my sense of smell.
Boldly your rogues American outface
The "public scorn" and laugh at their "disgrace."
Unwhipped they go; unbranded from the chair
Of "Justice" and are welcomed everywhere
With open hand by every honest brother—
One hand—some pocket claims the closing other,
And thinks the varlet: "I'm as good as you
Or any of my fellows." It is true,—
True by the potent pull's protective scope
Which pulls upon the law and not the rope.
The Devil gives them ethics and their text
Is: "None can ever know who may be next."

American.

Pardon—a petty moment, till I knead
The contents of my anxious purse; proceed.

Briton.

Your purse is safe from me, my friend,—your nose
Were far unsafer—should we come to blows.

American.

What! this from you, John Bull? Did we not lick
The British lion till we made him sick?
Did we not send you skipping o'er the wave,
And raise this commonwealth so free and brave?

Briton.

"Land of the brave and free"—O commonweal
"Brave" to defy the laws and "free" to steal!
Where men are equal, whether good or bad,
And only "in it" for what may be had,
Where Honor's made of whitewash, where survives
No conscience, but the conscience of their wives.
Where women rule like despots and the men
Are—what are they?—mere foxes in a den;—
Pitiless, greedy, crafty, wrapt in self,
Dishonest and ignoble slaves to Pelf.

American.

Harshly those names assail my ear, and yet,
What were the English doing in Thibet?
Despite your preaching cant and righteous tone,
Do not your army scandals match our own?
You call these Yankee methods 'neath your mask,
Why need you then adopt them, may I ask?
And call them importations?

Briton.

I'd as lief

Turn thief as ever to defend a thief.
Our theme's America; let us confine
Our tongues unto your country, not to mine.
Sheer o'er her felon face from West to East,
Five flaming crimson letters shine released;

Blazing to brightness by the Earth's huge draught,
They spell your dread Democracy of GRAFT!—
Signals for other worlds to fly our own
And blushing Mars to leave the Earth alone.
My theme is big with blackness; you shall hear
What I foresee—I grant you leave to sneer.
Here shall another state like Sparta spring
Where every man may steal and none need swing,
And though the Spartan vice your souls corrode,
Think not a Spartan strength shall ease your load.
Then shall Columbia from her pomp be thrown
And Hermes, god of thieves, be God alone—
That "god" upon the dollar you adore,
In whom you "trust" and thief—what would you more?
While from your flag dishonored shall be cut
The stripes for "business" clothes wherein may strut
Your citizens, proclaiming in each rag
The jail, the criminal, the sullied flag.
Then to your sires—the world shall hear and see—
Boast still how "brave" you are and still how "free!"

American.

Your thunder, sir, rolls deep, it is so strong;
It is so strange, so violent, so long.
Horrid the bristling charges that you bring,
And dread your tableau of the reckoning!
Your power to paint in lurid tones infernal,
Would make your fortune on a yellow journal.
The English mind is iron-proofed to sense,
And so I'm weary of the vain defense.
These charges—let my countrymen confute them,
For since I can't disprove, I shall dispute them,
And since I can't defend, I shall defy them;
Arise! compatriots, arise! deny them!



Loneliness

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

In a recent essay M. Maeterlinck touched briefly in his own suggestive and haunting manner on the strange loneliness of the human race. "We are," he wrote, "alone, absolutely alone, on this chance planet, and, amid all the forms of life that surround us, not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us. A few creatures fear us, most are unaware of us, and not one loves us." Of all the mysteries of life none, perhaps, is more inexplicable than this division of the species into hermetically sealed compartments. During all the countless centuries of his life on this earth man has learnt practically nothing of its other inhabitants. He cannot get outside himself and enter even for a brief moment into the mental kingdom of those others. And yet there is, who can doubt it? so much that is worth while to learn. Who has listened to the music of the rooks at nightfall—to take only one instance from our common experience—that has not longed to know the secret of that strange unrest that comes upon them just when with us the calming influences of evening begin to dispel the restlessness of "the pitiful day"? Here as at other times we can only watch and wonder.

Poignant as this sense of race-loneliness may be in some moods of our life, it cannot have the intensity of that feeling of individual isolation which comes upon us in our relation with our fellow-men, felt in proportion to the nervous perfection to which we have attained. Not to be conscious of loneliness argues a rare greatness or a sublime stupidity. Many—and perhaps they are to be accounted on the whole the fortunate ones—experience merely what may be called physical loneliness. They do not like for long to

be alone. They feel the need of some living being—a friendly dog perhaps—with them constantly. When they are by themselves they are the prey of all kinds of nebulous fancies and vague terrors. Darkness and quietude—the absence of light and the bustle of the work around them—fill them with a strange uneasiness which is not bodily fear, that the presence of a child or dumb animal will at once relieve. The worst form of physical loneliness is that of those who from some disease, unhappy accident of birth, or loathsome malformation, are cut off for ever through their lives from the touch of gentle hands or the willing caresses of loving lips.

Apart from, yet frequently existing in combination with, physical loneliness is that sense of mental and spiritual isolation which is the most terrible to bear. There are times, indeed, when the impossibility of making anyone—even the nearest and dearest—really understand is brought home to us with an overwhelming force that seems to desolate our whole being. Conscious as we are of those imperfect sympathies which can never quite identify us one with another, we are inclined to turn in despair from intercourse with our fellow-men. At the root of most religions lies man's intense loneliness—his longing for a world altogether fairer and better than that about him, his dim feeling for something somewhere in the heart of things that he may haply understand. It is the sense of this self-circumscribed destiny that gives to some who are particularly susceptible in these matters that aspect of wistfulness, as of those who are ever aware of the tears that lie behind the surface of things.

Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

They say that Castro really intends to give battle to France. It would be a pity to have Venezuela wiped out—it has furnished the world unlimited entertainment.

Mr. Rogers refused to answer questions in court on the ground that truthful answers would degrade him. And a judge was found who actually believed that such a thing was possible.

Oakland is to have a new jail. According to the graft charges made by the preachers of that town, there should be no trouble in filling it.

Mr. Stuyvesant Fish recently lectured the American people on economy, saying, among other things, that what we throw out of our kitchens would support frugal people in almost any country in Europe. We don't live frugally enough to suit the Coal Trust magnate whose wife sets sumptuous repasts for monkeys.

We are spending a lot of time these days exposing corruption in high places and proving that our most eminent citizens are common thieves and despicable enemies of the country, but as we seem to be unable to get them into jail or discourage their activities, there is no occasion for us to felicitate ourselves on our virtuous triumphs.

Bishop Moreland, in preaching against bridge, Sunday polo and divorce, seems inclined to deprive society of its chief amusements.

Rockefeller is wanted in court, but nobody knows where he is. We all know what he is.

The chief promoters of socialism are not the advocates of it, for they seldom have a keen appreciation of its greatest advantages. The chief promoters are the rich who make hideous the lives of the poor and provoke revolt against laws that protect private property.

Why is it that nobody has mentioned that Joseph M. Deuel, judge and journalist, has been leading a dual life?

Five physicians pronounced a New York girl dead, and she was brought back to life by another physician by the means of hypnotic suggestion. His name, Quackenbos, has two too many syllables.

Stanford University having issued an edict on more than one occasion against liberty of speech, it seems but natural that it should also express a prejudice against freedom of the press.

Countess Castellane, we are told, did not seriously object to her husband's flirtations in the *demi monde*, but she drew the line at the portals of the Saint Germain. His intrigue with a woman of title possessing a husband was more than she could stand. The Countess is altogether too fastidious for Paris.

In Indiana, Sunday, forty recent church converts balked at being baptized in an ice-filled river, and fled the chilly scene. The minister thus cheated of an addition to his flock doubtless consoles himself by reflecting that in their future state these wretches will be clamoring for ice water.



The Gondola Dinner,

Given in the Savoy hotel, London, by George A. Kessler of New York, who is now en route to this city. The cross indicates Mr. Kessler.

The Spectator

"The Dirty Eagle"

Numerous pens are now being employed in recording the progress of graft through the channels of trade and politics in this glorious republic. It is disgusting business, the writing of current American history, abounding as it does in instances of the shameful immorality of a people who flatter themselves that they are the most enlightened of the earth. So far our historians appear not to have been impressed by the fact that the corruption that prevails is an expression of national character. They are devoting themselves to denunciation of the larcenous methods of the infamous rich, of the vices of our statesmen and the evils of our political system, but no Jonathan Swift has yet arisen to point the finger of scorn at the people themselves, to lash them for their hypocrisy and revile them for their diseased conscience. A sample of the style of literary work that would do the most good in this complacent age is given in this issue of Town Talk. It was written for Town Talk by a man who hates the meanness of the people of his country with the fervor of a prophet of old. In a letter accompanying the poem he says: "Every American newspaper I see reeks of disclosures of corruption. As I contemplate the spectacle of my country it resembles nothing so much as a tangled mass of rattlesnakes stewing and steaming in the warm sun of Liberty, with endless visions of green pools of universal corruption and national rottenness overshadowed by the flinty mountains of black Mammon. Oh! it is appalling! Faugh! it is disgusting!" The "Duel Dialogue" is a fine sample of cynical satire, as fine, in my opinion, as some of the masterpieces of the Dean of St. Patrick's. Satire has a power of fascination that no other written thing possesses. The devil laughs at sermons but satires he fears as we fear his hell-fire; satire alone can stir that indurated thing—the public conscience. The irony of the "Duel Dialogue" is terribly in earnest, but we can join in the pleasant half-malicious laugh of the author while admiring the scathing force and passion of his denunciation.

A Foolish Suicide

A young man, Cameron A. Owens, killed himself the other day because he thought he could never achieve fame as a writer. He was only twenty-two, but because he could not write dramatic criticisms as good as those written by Ashton Stevens, Allan Dale, and William Winter he resolved to die. It was a foolish action—more foolish, perhaps, than any suicide recorded in this city for many years, and especially foolish because incited by such morbid triviality. Why did he not stop to think that at his age Ashton Stevens was not even trying to write dramatic criticism; that Allan Dale was learning to spell; and that William Winter was mastering his art by reading—not by writing? Why did not this young man come to some of us old stagers long past the prime of an enthusiastic, castle-building, roseate-hued youth? Why didn't he come with his complaint on his quivering lips and his "stuff" in his hand? Why didn't he let us sit down with him in some quiet corner and tell him the truth about the men that he thought could "say things so much better than he could say them?" If he had done this he would have been alive and writing today.

Empty Fame

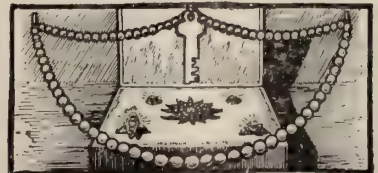
This suicide appeals to me more than suicides usually do. I feel that if I had known this supersensitive soul I

could have preserved it from the grave, the worms, and this cynical paragraph. It would have been so easy to prove that "dramatic criticism" is not a matter of life or death—that it is only a method of getting money on which to live while producing a "seller"; and it would have been easy to convince even such a morbid young fellow of twenty-two that the only object of a "seller" is to provide money for the writing of more "sellers"; and that after all the fame of the writer of "sellers" is as mist that clings for an hour to the mountain top and is dissipated by the breath of the north wind; that the "fame" of modern letters is not worth the striving, save as it may give the writer money with which to buy the works of the masters. Then again it would have been a pleasure to tell this young man that the writings of those whom he envied was as froth on beer "drawn sharp" to be blown away by the fastidious drinker; that these writings are as the spendrift of a shallow sea, the effervescence of impressions as airy as nothing and as fleeting as sunbeams, the vagrant fancies of weary, outworn poets whose poems have long since found their way to the waste-basket of better sense. It would have been a pleasure to teach this poor young man the folly of it all, and to urge him to the doing of that which do as well as he could—to send him with a letter of introduction to Ashton Stevens, Allan Dale, and William Winter to hear confirmation of my own wise words from the lips of the idols at whose feet of clay this wretched, haunted, foolishly ambitious young man lay down to die.

Balked Aspirations

Poor bruised soul! Why should he care "if he missed world's honors, and world's plaudits, and the wage of the world's debt lacqueys?" why should he feel, as that other older poet felt, after "the balmy days of his fresh youth," in his "bleak, desolate noon," that "a burthen lay mightily on him," moaning "because he could not rightly utter in the day what God taught him in the night?" It is not sorrow that I seek to express here—it is regret; regret that this ambitious, never-satisfied, ill-regulated young man could not emerge from the gloom where he groped into the fierce light that beats upon modern, up-to-date, commercial literature; that he could not take his place with the gamblers who gamble on the favor of a fickle public; that he forgot his extreme youth and would not think of the splendid possibilities of a future as pregnant with achievement as others not as well endowed had found it. I regret that this young man ended where others only thought of beginning; and I also regret that there are others who did not put aside their aspirations—not as young Owens did—but as sensible men and women would have put them aside; as

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they were forced by bitter, unrelenting experience to put them aside when the world rejected their best manuscript and compelled them to live on the insipid praise of passing acquaintances whose knowledge of real art is as the knowledge of barbarians gilded and tinselled with "culture." I am sorry that these others did not put aside their aspirations until they were so far gone in the effort of accomplishment that they could not retreat to the marts of trade where success was waiting for them with arms wide spread and a smile on her lips.

The Interesting Mizners

The many friends of Wilson Mizner in society and in bohemia are fondly hoping that he will soon return to his old haunts, for now that he has a wife with money to burn they feel that he will put in a good deal of his spare time in throwing money to the birds. Mizner's friends have all agreed that he has made a most brilliant match and they think it quite a joke on his brothers, who, though they are not sticklers for the conventionalities, have at times frowned disapprovingly on the audacities of the ebullient Wilson. They were often shocked at his performances, but now it appears that he is in a position to rehabilitate the Mizner fortunes. It is said that he may soon come out to California, buy some land from the Henry T. Scott syndicate at Burlingame, open a polo-field of his own and make Carolan and some of the other swagger young gentlemen look like pikers. Mrs. Mizner is not unknown in San Francisco society, but she has never met any of the provincial aristocracy of Burlingame. It was while on a visit to this city that she met Mr. Mizner. He was presented to her by Mr. Frederick Greenwood. All the Mizner brothers are interesting chaps physically and mentally. There are six brothers and there is not one of them to whom anybody could be indifferent. There is one practicing medicine, one practicing law and one practicing religion. Addison Mizner, the chief wit of the family, writes limericks, paints pictures and decorates houses. He now has a studio in New York whither he went after a trip with Jack Baird through Central America, where he picked up many objects of art which he sold at great profit to the rich of Newport. The religious Mizner is a prominent minister in St. Louis.

The Marriage

The story of the Yerkes-Mizner marriage was told more fully in the New York dailies than in the despatches. "About eight o'clock on Tuesday night," says the *Press* of New York, "Emile Bruguere of San Francisco rushed excitedly into his apartment in the Hotel Seymour in West Forty-fifth street, where his friend Joe Eastland was, and said: 'Hurry up and get into your evening clothes. Mizner is going to marry Mrs. Yerkes, and he wants us to be the witnesses.' Eastland dressed, and he and Bruguere drove to the home of Mrs. Yerkes. They were met at the door by the widow, who ushered them into the room at the left of the entrance, and there they waited for the arrival of the clergyman. He reached the house about eight-forty-five and fifteen minutes afterward Mrs. Yerkes became Mrs. Mizner. All those present were cautioned to

keep the marriage secret, and then Mizner, Bruguere and Eastland went to the Hotel Astor, where they celebrated. They were seated in the cafe when two friends of the bridegroom entered and they were asked to the table. 'Now, this is strictly under your vest, old man,' said one of those who had been to the ceremony to one of the newcomers at the table, 'but Mizner just married Mrs. Yerkes.' 'Good for you, old chap,' was the answer of one, 'I congratulate you with all my heart.' The two friends then left the table and others arrived. All of them were told confidentially about the wedding, and so well did they keep the secret that at midnight almost every friend of Mizner had heard of it! They arrived at the hotel in small parties and congratulated the young man on marrying millions. About two o'clock yesterday morning Mizner, Bruguere and a half-dozen friends, were found in the Hotel Astor.

"I understand you married Mrs. Yerkes," said the reporter.

"Mizner winked significantly and replied, 'Won't affirm or deny the marriage.'

"Will I be wrong in saying you married her?"

"Well," replied Mizner, 'I don't think you'll be very far off.'"

Exploited as a Great Hero

"Addie" Mizner was seen by the reporters and he said, "The wedding was sudden, of course, but it should not have surprised my brother's friends, for they knew he thought a great deal of Mrs. Yerkes." It was reported in New York that Mrs. Yerkes had settled the income of \$1,000,000 on her young husband. Under the Yerkes will she receives the income of \$7,500,000, but she has also \$2,000,000 in cash and \$1,000,000 in jewels. The New York papers say that it was Ned Greenway who introduced Mizner to Mrs. Yerkes and that immediately after meeting her Mizner became one of the frequent guests at the midnight bohemian suppers given at the Yerkes mansion. They have given a great deal of space to the Mizner personality, and have pictured the young giant as a hero of many adventures. One of these was the seizing of the famous racing mare Geraldine in Nevada, running her over the

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Nevada line into California in time to win a race to the discomfiture of the Nevada claimants. It was also related that one time when crossing San Francisco bay on a ferryboat he and a friend disagreed in an argument as to how speedily the life boats could be lowered in case of accident. A bet was made and to decide it Mizner jumped overboard. His friend by previous arrangement shouted "Man overboard!" and then plunged in apparently to save Mizner's life. A boat was lowered and when the men were dragged out of the waters they had their watches in their hands, having timed the entire proceedings.

Mizner in Journalism

Wilson Mizner has turned his hand to a little of everything, having been, among other things, a newspaper man. He was a journalist in Nome when Willie Britt and Fred Healy were running a newspaper up there. Mizner became a contributor, writing front page articles satirizing social conditions in Nome. It may be imagined that such a vocation was not without its dangers. Occasionally people would object to what was said of them, and would call at the office to ask why. Often they would make no inquiries, but would proceed to clean out the office. Then Mizner's size and athletic proclivities would come into play. Neither were Healy and Britt backward in defending the utterances of their paper. The consequence was that those who came to fight adjourned to the hospital. Their experience is illustrated by the old but funny story of the small boy who was found crying in front of a newspaper office. "What's the matter, Bub?" inquired a kindly passerby. "Pa has gone upstairs to lick the editor," was the reply. "And hasn't he come down yet?" "P-pieces of him have," was the sobbed response.

As a "Scrapper"

"Mizner was one of the best rough and tumble saloon fighters I ever saw," says one of his acquaintances. "I remember one night in a Sutter street saloon with tenderloin accessories he became embroiled in a row with somebody over nothing. Before he got through he had whipped two Dutchmen and a bartender, in spite of a crack the latter had given him over the head with a bung-starter. It took a good rap of a policeman's club to subdue him, and even then he was led away laughing. Over six feet in height and of magnificent proportions, he delighted in such shindies." When Mizner and Willie Britt met in New York, at the Waldorf, a short time ago, Mizner asked his old-time chum how he was off financially, and if he needed any money. "No," said Britt, "the moving pictures of Jimmy's fight with Battling Nelson are bringing me in several thousand dollars a week." "Pooh," said Mizner, "I mean big money"; and he hauled forth a roll of yellow bills as big as his leg. I don't know where he got it; but I hear that it was he who introduced Ollie Tobin into the sporting world, and that the latter's blaze of glory along the tenderloin was not without profit to his mentor.

Booming a Great Virtuoso

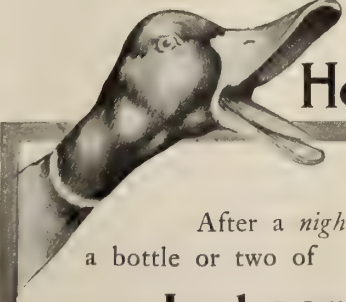
A great boom has been started on behalf of Dr. J. Fred Wolle (I don't know whether he is responsible for this parting of his name in the middle) recently installed

as chairman of music at the State University. The Berkeley press agents are working overtime in the effort to prove that Dr. Wolle is one of the greatest musicians that ever came over the Californian pike, and famous critics have been sent by the leading dailies to talk with him on the thing that he is said to know most about, namely, music. Not a day passes that the great symphony orchestra he has organized is not mentioned at greater or lesser length in the columns of the inspired press. These symphonies will begin in the Greek theatre on February fifteenth weather permitting (if it rains the orchestra and audience will be sheltered in the Harmon Gymnasium); and from this time until the first performance the agents will work for Dr. Wolle as he deserves.

Good Out Of Bethlehem

There was some objection to Dr. Wolle at first because he is not to the Californian musical manner born; but this has gradually worn out under friction of the constantly recurring statement that Bethlehem, the place from which Dr. Wolle has been imported, is indisputably the "great musical centre of Pennsylvania," as Pittsburg is the "great centre of the Pennsylvania steel industry" and the home of William Ellis Corey when he is not abroad. It is not the intention of Dr. Wolle or President Wheeler to import any more musical talent from Bethlehem at present. The worthy doctor is confident that he can find a very fair substitute for Bethlehem musical talent right here in California, and he has accordingly very graciously decided to experiment with some of it. He has appointed our own Giulio Minetti as the leader of the symphony orchestra under the Wolle conductorship, and hopes to give a concert which if not all it might be will be good enough for people that live so far from Bethlehem. Besides, if the symphonies are great successes the praise will be Dr. Wolle's, while if they are not the blame will be Signor Minetti's.

All the way from the Borel Chateau in Switzerland comes the news to me of the birth of a son in the Borel family. The Bovets have been thrice blessed since their marriage.



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The Dredger King

John Martin, the electric power magnate, and Walter Barnett, the banker and railroad promoter, whose genius for fortune-building I recently exploited, are not the only Californians to whom great wealth has come within a short period. There is another chapter in the history of California development fully as interesting and remarkable as those chapters dealing with the dazzling achievements of the ex-drummer and the erstwhile humble teacher. W. P. Hammon is the man with whom this third chapter deals. Hammon is the Dredger King by whom was conceived the scheme for dredging for gold in the beds of rivers. Eight years ago Hammon was a farmer near Biggs, in Butte county. He planted an orchard of five hundred acres to which he devoted a great deal of time and labor, but the result was far from encouraging. As a farmer Hammon was a failure. The inspiration that led to the gold-dredging enterprise came to him while boring a well in an old bed of the Feather river from which the stream had been diverted. He had planted some nursery trees and required water for irrigation. While sinking the well he brought up some soil in which he detected traces of gold. It occurred to him that as there was fine gold at that point the probability was that farther up large quantities could be found. His theory was that at a point a short distance from Oroville, where the river in the years ago had broadened into a lake of considerable length, great quantities of gold-bearing gravel had been deposited. To test the accuracy of his speculations he took an old threshing engine which he had been using to pump water, up the river, opened a pit in the old river bed and proceeded to bore to hard-pan. It did not take him very long to satisfy himself that gold was there in large quantities.

Capital Hard to Get

The next step of the unsuccessful farmer was to interest capital in his dredging scheme, for he was flat broke. This was a much more difficult task than verifying theories. He found that capital was exceedingly shy. His friends laughed at him and told him about Colonel Sellers. He was advised to stick to his orchard. He couldn't find a man in California who would advance him a cent to dredge for gold. One day he heard about a man in Montana who had just sold a mine for two hundred thousand dollars, and to him went Hammon with his story of millions in sight. The man listened, was impressed and decided to take a chance. Hammon immediately went to Oroville, bought the land he purposed dredging and began operations. Money has been flowing in ever since. He has organized a number of dredging companies and he has extended operations along both the Yuba and Feather rivers, and he now has land enough in sight to keep dredgers busy for fifty years. At first Hammon's dredgers operated to a distance of only twenty feet below the surface, but he has steadily made improvements in his methods until now he goes down ninety feet. Many men have grown rich under the direction of the ex-farmer and Hammon himself, who is now a resident of this city, has become a multi-millionaire, but meanwhile a great deal of fine land in the northern part of this state is being utterly destroyed. Orchards are rapidly disappearing, and where a few years ago beautiful orange groves extended now there are huge piles of boulders. Dredging operations are being conducted in three counties and where the dredger has once ploughed its way the land is unavailable forever for agricultural purposes. The dredger is now creating a scene of desolation

Valentine Candy Boxes.—Fitting token—a heart-shaped candy-box filled with sweets. Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

in the old Natoma Vineyard on the American river, near Folsom, the most famous vineyard in the state, consisting of about eight hundred acres. The Armours of Chicago control the company that is operating in this vineyard. One of the worst evils arising from these dredging operations is the filling up of the rivers with soil, the results being the same as those of which the farmers formerly complained when they demanded legislation prohibiting hydraulic mining.

In Art's Busy Mart

James D. Phelan's munificent offer of three prizes for three "best paintings" to commemorate the raising of the first American flag in this city has stirred a mild discussion chiefly among those that habitually carp at Mr. Phelan's largess on behalf of the poor artists of this town. The artists themselves are abounding with gratitude to Mr. Phelan, whom they regard as their most generous local "patron"—I believe that is what he is called when he condescends to give any portion of his wealth for the encouragement of "local art." The first of these prizes for the best painting commemorative of this important historical episode is to be \$600; the prize for the second best painting is to be \$100; and the prize for the third best is to be \$50—all in real money. The artists are only too glad to earn this money, for many of them are in sore need of it; and they are all willing to risk rejection by Mr. Phelan's committee, coupled with the lucky chance that any one of them may be awarded one of the prizes. Here is where the venomous carper—a fish-like thing that mocks the meat it feeds upon—this is where the hypercritic gets in his deadliest work: "What is to be done with the carload of rejected canvasses? Who will buy these inferior works of



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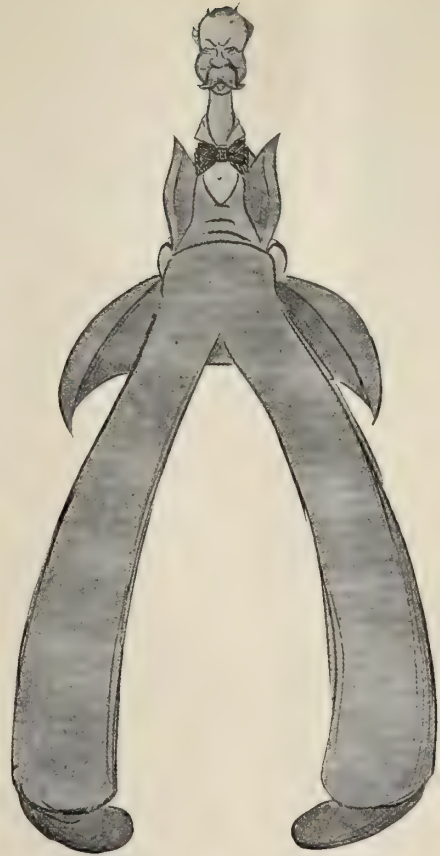
art all upon one subject? Will Mr. Phelan buy a small dray load of assorted paintings commemorating the raising of the first American flag in San Francisco? And what will he pay? The knockdown price will certainly be something less than \$50 and Mr. Phelan could afford to take the entire lot at that figure—dinners that are eaten and forgotten have cost Mr. Phelan much more than \$50 each.”

Let Us Be Duly Thankful

That's the way some of these Philistines are talking, and it is a shameful discourse. What encouragement does this sort of criticism offer to other millionaire "patrons" that may desire to uplift art? None; absolutely none—and these "patrons" are so angelically scarce! Perhaps it would have been better if a long list of historical subjects had been submitted for the consideration of the artists leaving them to pick and choose and reject the duplicates received after the first. This plan would have enabled each artist to paint a separate picture which, if rejected by Mr. Phelan's prize committee, could be sold to anybody desiring to buy an original painting of an historical event and not wishing to buy a replica of one already in existence. But this again is arrant fault-finding savoring of the ingratitude that looks gift horses in the mouth and incites beggars to be choosers. Mr. Phelan pays all the freight; what business is it of the rest of us how much he pays or the manner of its paying? Personally I believe that the artists should be more than grateful for any favors they receive from Mr. Phelan, however small; he doesn't need to distribute these favors, and it reveals the vast depth of the Phelan charity for struggling genius every time he opens his silk purse to purchase a lean sow's ear.

Hyde and the Gaelic Movement

William Butler Yeats, whom we have met, speaking of Dr. Douglas Hyde, whom we are to meet next week, says: "If he would write more and engage less arduously in the work of propaganda he might become to modern Irish what Mistral was to modern Provencal." But as a propagandist of the Gaelic movement Dr. Hyde is accomplishing something of vaster importance than are any of the great works of literature or any to which his genius could give birth; he is rendering successful a great revolution, a revolution that aims at the intellectual independence of Ireland, but that may lead to its physical independence as well. He has come to America, not after the manner of the blatant agitators of the past, with words of eloquent vituperation on his lips, to raise money for the promotion of the interests of a lot of politicians, but to enlist our sympathy for a literary and artistic movement that is likely to prove beneficial not only to Ireland but to the whole world. This movement is not wholly esthetic, but from it England has already profited esthetically while the Irish have profited in various ways. It has stirred the patriotism of the Irish as it was never stirred before. It has stimulated an interest in their home products and in consequence the country's manufacturing output has been doubled in three years. It has put a stop to the disappearance of a language for the good of education and has assuaged the religious bitterness that has long tormented the race; it has caused the moulding anew of Irish national ideals and the exclusion of vulgar literature that was formerly shipped from England to Ireland. Of the Gaelic movement Dr. Hyde says: "We are engaged in one great, last struggle to preserve the national identity of the Irish



Sir Thomas Lipton,

Justly celebrated for his tea and for his futile efforts to lift a cup. He is not going to renew his efforts this year but he has offered a cup valued at five hundred dollars as a prize to be competed for by some owners of small yachts who are to race early in the summer from New York to Bermuda, a distance of six hundred and fifty miles. There is some daring in a race of this kind for it means that boats less than fifty feet long on deck and of the cruiser type are to be taken out of sight of land and under all the uncertain conditions that will prevail.

race. The Gaelic League is not a move of a few faddists in Ireland. It is above all parties and all factions, and offends nobody except the hater of Ireland. It aims to make the Irishman self-satisfied, to want nothing from outside the four seas that Ireland can produce. It is founded not on hatred of England but on love for Ireland. Love will overthrow mountains and we have overthrown them."

Gaelic Literature

In a recent lecture Dr. Hyde said: "The Aryan language was originally as pure as the Greek. Gaelic literature is the only one which has never been influenced by Greek or Latin. It is the only literature that pictures our ancestors when they were in a state less advanced than the Greeks in the time of Homer. Its stories are epics and its men of letters were impressionists, not philosophers. The ancient Gaelic stories are beautiful and thrilling. Lady

Not only the waterfall, the electric fountain, the thousand lights, the vast expanse, but the delicious cuisine, the perfect service and the delightful music appeal to the epicure when dining at Cafe Fiesta (formerly Tait's). James Flood Building, management of H. W. Lake.

For My Valentine—A heart-shaped box of sweets for the sweet-heart. Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

Gregory has published two books of admirable translations. President Roosevelt, who has read them both, told me he considered them excellent. Until two centuries ago in Ireland Gaelic was the language of as cultivated a race of people as in any other part of the world. The aristocrats were killed or banished and it has since been the language of the common people. About one-sixth of the population now speaks it and the proportion is steadily increasing. Gaelic is a flexible language and adapted to present day needs. While in college, on a wager, I translated two difficult passages from Darwin and Kant into Gaelic. A fellow student had bet that it would be impossible. My translation was given to John McNeill, vice-president of the Gaelic League, and he translated them back into English. His translation was even clearer than the original." Dr. Hyde, by the way, is the son of a Protestant clergyman. He had a brilliant career in Trinity College, winning half a dozen gold medals and various degrees.

Schwerin's Return Fire

When R. P. Schwerin, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, sent a few hot shot into the pelt of Secretary of War Taft some days ago, he but fulfilled my expectations. When Taft charged the Pacific Mail Company with congesting traffic on the Isthmus for the purpose of retarding government work, I let down the porches of my ears for the retort testy and torrid. I knew it would come, for Schwerin is not the man to take a swat meekly. There was nothing suggestive of undignified haste in his demeanor, but in due time he discharged his volley. According to Schwerin the Government officials who are under the direction of Mr. Taft are responsible for the congestion on the Isthmus. They are neither digging the ditch nor running the railroad—merely bungling. Schwerin, by the way, is an ex-naval officer, an Annapolis man, and he is one of the best steamship men in the country. The late C. P. Huntington once said that he wished there were two Schwerins on his pay-roll—one for the Pacific Coast and one for Newport News.

The Carmencita Case

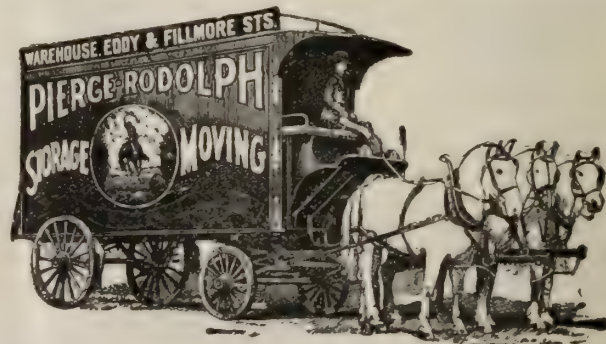
A deal of comment has been made by those who have followed the case, over the result of the trial in the U. S. District Court of Robert Tyson, W. J. Wood, R. E. S. de Smidt, and W. J. Woodside. These four men were jointly indicted for having equipped the *Jennie Thielen* for sealing in the Arctic contrary to the statutes made and provided for the protection of seals. After the boat had been equipped, a Mexican registry was procured for her, and her name was changed to *The Carmencita*. Under command of the picturesque Alex. McLean, said to be the original of Jack London's "Sea Wolf," she went north on her sealing trip. The trial of the four men mentioned for their connection with the affair resulted in the conviction of Wood, Woodside, and de Smidt. The jury disagreed as to Tyson, being eleven for conviction and one for acquittal. Judge de Haven fined the convicted men only five hundred dollars each, and the fine was promptly paid.

The Disagreement

The comment mentioned was in reference to Tyson's escape from conviction. The testimony seemed as strong against him as against the others, it being shown that he had ordered and paid for hundreds of dollars worth of goods for *The Carmencita*. De Smidt was one of *The Carmencita's* crew. Woodside's connection with the affair was not very plainly established, but it was shown that he introduced Wood to the shipping broker who procured for him (Wood) from the Mexican Consul the Mexican registry for the boat. However, Woodside's brother, who was a witness for the prosecution, refused to testify completely as to his part in the affair on the ground that he might incriminate himself. According to the testimony, it was Wood who paid for the shipping broker's services in securing the change of registration. It has been said since, however, that the prosecution expects to show that it was Tyson who paid the twenty dollars for this service, and that he also paid the twenty-five dollar fee of the Mexican Consul. None of the defendants were put on the stand. In view of all these things there has been considerable speculation as to why any jury should disagree as to Tyson and convict the others.

A Friendly Jury Panel

The present jury panel in the District Court is made up mostly of water front business men, a circumstance which is not altogether satisfactory to the U. S. Attorney's office, complaint being made that it is hard to secure from such jurors convictions in cases connected with shipping—a complaint borne out by the large number of acquittals in naturalization fraud cases, the defendants in which were seafaring men. One of the jurors, W. A. Boole, a ship-builder, said when being examined for one case that he did not feel that he could be altogether unprejudiced in a trial involving shipping interests. Before the *Carmencita* trial, U. S. Attorney Devlin asked Judge de Haven for a new jury panel on account of the personnel of the present one, but the Judge denied the request. When Boole was chosen on the *Carmencita* case Devlin challenged him, but the challenge was denied by the court. The facts as to the connection of the four men tried with the outfitting of the *Carmencita* were so plain that their attorneys, Peter Dunne and Nathan Frank, had only one course to pursue—to admit it all and attempt to justify it. The statute under which they were tried provides, in effect, that it shall be



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unlawful for any American citizen or anyone under American jurisdiction to equip any ship for sealing in the northern water; or for any American ship to seal there. Dunne and Frank interpreted this statute to mean that nobody should equip any American ship for sealing; and that as the *Carmencita* was a Mexican ship, the equipping of her was not unlawful. Devlin pointed out that while the equipment of the boat was in progress she was the *Jennie Thielen*, an American boat, and that a Mexican register was not obtained for her until after she had been made ready for the voyage. Tyson seemed confident of acquittal during the trial, and one of his attorneys assured him, after the jury had gone out, that he had no cause for worry. But he has, for there is no doubt that he will be tried again. Tyson is one of the best known men in the shipping district, the furnishing of ships with supplies being his business. He remarked, while the jury was out, that hereafter he would consult the U. S. Attorney before equipping any more ships so that he would be sure to be within the law. Perhaps the juror who held for acquittal was not convinced that there was an intent on Tyson's part to commit a crime.

The "Producer" Is Here

Gus Sohlke is in San Francisco industriously working behind the scenes. Gus Sohlke is one of the wizards of the stage, a great artist who is skilled in the fabrication of stage pictures with human beings, canvas and "properties." Manager Leahy of the Tivoli recently made arrangements with B. C. Whitney to produce that great spectacular musical comedy, "The Isle of Spice," in this city, and as Sohlke was the man who "produced" the piece in New York it was decided to engage him to whip it into shape for San Francisco. Sohlke, like Julian Mitchell, is what has become technically known as a "producer." It is he that arranges not only the marches, the ensembles, tableaux and general business, but also the color and lighting effects, and even the style of the costuming. "The Isle of Spice" had a long run in New York and Chicago and always at top-notch prices.

"Scraps" in Society

That Californian society is not so effete as some of us have imagined, that its atmosphere is not fatal to red corpuscles, is evident from the belligerent spirit that is sometimes exhibited in Sausalito and Burlingame. The other day the dailies told us of a passage-at-broomsticks between two matrons of Marin and last week I heard of a set-to at Burlingame growing out of an episode of the swagger dance which signalized the opening of the Ladies' Annex of the plutocratic country club. The Blingum bout was between men, one of whom undertook to rebuke the other for discourteous conduct toward a young matron. The offender had asked the matron to dance. She consented and stipulated the dance he should have. Then the young gentleman proceeded to cultivate a mood and when he presented himself to claim his two-step the lady refused to venture with him and his mood into the mazes on the polished floor. The young gentleman failed to accept the reversal of decision gracefully and hence the rebuke. Thus do we learn that chivalry is not dead among the aristocracy.

Bashford Has a New Play

Herbert Bashford was in the city last week, having come from his home at Monrovia to arrange with local

managers for the production of his new play, "The Heritage of the Red." He had not completed the final arrangements when I saw him, but he thinks that San Francisco theatre goers will soon have a chance to see his play. Herbert Bashford is the author of "Senator North," which was played at the California a year or so ago; but he is better known as a poet than as a playwright. He has written many fine sea songs, and some of his lyrical work is of fine quality. One of his lyrics, which appeared in a recent number of the *Cosmopolitan*, is a gem. At a farewell banquet given at the Waldorf-Astoria in honor of Geo. P. Rowell, the venerable publisher who was retiring from business, this lyric of Bashford's was recited by Mr. Rowell, and later printed by him on the backs of postal cards and sent to friends all over the country. On the margin of one of the postals sent to the author, Mr. Rowell wrote that he had said at the banquet, and had said to many since, that he considered this poem "a greater one than 'The Man With the Hoe.'" Besides being a poet and a playwright, Mr. Bashford is also a lecturer, and has done much towards making the people of the West familiar with Western writers. When the *Atlantic Monthly* issued its California number a few years ago, Herbert Bashford contributed to it a comprehensive article regarding the old and new writers of the Pacific Coast.

Hume in Harness Again

I hear that Hugh Hume, formerly proprietor and manager of the *Post* of this city, is now working as a newspaper man in Portland under James Tyler, formerly of the *Bulletin*. When Hume left the *Post* he went into mining, and lived for a year or two in one of the northern counties. The mining venture does not seem to have turned out well, but Hume is a money-maker, and I expect to hear of his again having a stake.

Mrs. Margaret Deane and Miss Deane were hostesses last Saturday afternoon when they entertained most graciously a large company of friends. For a couple of hours "500" was played, the contest ending in the awarding of handsome prizes to Mrs. Lucy May Hayes, Mrs. Pettigrew, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. John R. Clark, Mrs. John P. Young and Mrs. B. B. Cutter. Miss Dunphy received the consolation favor.

Chemicals have been found in oyster cocktails. A good excuse for drinking Manhattans.

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The Sensational Castellanes

Before these paragraphs go to press perhaps the Castellanes will have kissed and made up and gay Boni be driving in the Bois with his forgiving, adoring American wife. For seven years the Castellanes have been airing their marital and financial differences in the newspapers, and invariably they have had a fairy book ending. Even when they were nearly sold out of their home, everything was finally nicely adjusted for them. I believe it was George Gould who went over and paid his sister's bills so that she could go on and run new ones. Then when Boni spent a hundred and fifty thousand pounds in the furtherance of his political ambition, six years ago, and got into difficulties again, he and his wife took a trip to New York and got another slice of the Gould millions. The Countess Anna approved of her husband's political ambition, and did not regret the ninety thousand dollars it cost to get Boni elected to the Chamber of Deputies. She it was who gave him the ten thousand a year, I have been told, to pay the late Gabriel Syveton to write articles and speeches for her husband. But why should not Anna spend some of the dollars of her late father on giving a continuous good time to the husband she adores? For him she dyed her hair and made her complexion blonde to correspond. For him she erected the magnificent home where in they live. For him she bought the yacht *Valhalla* which cost ten thousand a year to maintain. For him she humbled herself to ask for more money from her brothers. Is this not proof of genuine love?

Raoul-Duval Introduced Them

The Countess Anna was always an eccentric creature, even before she adapted her temperament to the atmosphere of Paris. In her bud days she fell in love with the pink cheeks and amiable manner of Harry Woodruff, the actor, but her brother objected to their marriage, more because Anna was too young to know her own mind than because of Woodruff's profession. She had just broken off an engagement with a Wall street broker when "Powder Puff" Castellane came upon the scene. It was said that he had been staked by a Parisian syndicate to go in search of a New York heiress, but this is usually said of titled foreigners that come to our country. It was, I believe, Charles Raoul-Duval, who later became the husband of Beatrice Tobin, who introduced Count Boni to Miss Gould. They loved at first sight, the match was arranged and at the wedding the bride wore her famous crown studded with large diamonds topped by a solitaire as large as a pigeon's egg, which was purchased from the Prince del Drago of Spain. They went to Paris to live and there embarked upon the extravagant career that has kept them before the public gaze ever since. Boni inherited his extravagant tastes from his father, the old Count, owner of

the historical family chateau near Marseilles and stories of whose prodigal expenditures eclipse those of his son.

If in Want, Try the Other Side

Boni has always been very honest about the purpose for which he came to this country. Some of his fellow deputies were once talking about the decay of the modern French noblesse, and one of them remarked:

"We should endeavor to reform things. Somebody should put his shoulder to the wheel and do something—work with our hands if necessary and show that we are able to make money."

"I quite agree with you," said Boni, "*Ainsi moi voyez*—I went to America."

Boni's First Duel

Now that the talk is of Boni and a duel with a mysterious Duke or Baron, I recall a story told me by one of his early friends, about the Count's first duel. He had just come from school. Lad as he was, he could ride, shoot and handle a sword; but he was still too young, very bashful, rather green. At the club to which he had just been admitted some of the men, whom life had made cynical, began to guy him. It was easy to stir up his anger, for they chattered scandal about a woman he knew. He pulled over the table and struck one of the men. The next day he received a challenge. In good faith he selected two club men as his seconds. In all this the club fellows saw only a joke, and when the arrangements were hurried on and the two opponents stood face to face in a meadow near the Seine the pistols were loaded—with blackened bread crumbs.

"One, two, three!" they fired together, the clubman gave a great cry and fell to the ground groaning.

"He's fatally wounded—dying," the seconds exclaimed, choking with laughter.

Castellane felt the heart in him sway like water. He had killed a man—it was not possible!

"Dead?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes," said the corpse—and sat up grinning.

The school boy looked at the laughing clubmen and saw the joke they had played on him. He stooped and caught the "corpse" by the ankle, dragged it a bit, and with a sudden jerk tossed it ten feet into the river.

"Then I'll bury it," said he.

As the clubman crawled from the river, dripping mud and water, they decided the joke was on him.

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Miss Florence Hopkins,

Who has attracted so much attention at the rink by her graceful skating. Her companion is one of the instructors. She is a sister of the Mesdames Taylor and McNear. She will not make her debut for two or three years. She resembles Mrs. McNear somewhat and is said to have inherited something of the charm of her maternal grandmother, who was a Peruvian by birth.

Irwin's Soft Snap

The work of Wallace Irwin is now considered by *Collier's* as sufficiently important to warrant mention in their editorial bulletin. In their issue of February third *Collier's* make the announcement of "a new series of verses by Mr. Wallace Irwin, to be called 'Who's Zoo in America.'" "This series," the editor further informs us, "will be a sort of roguish gallery of national celebrities, a biographical reference of living men. 'Who's Zoo in America' will form a collection of pointed ballads, personal in their nature, aimed at such of our countrymen as are continually bobbing before the target." The first of this series is entitled "Thomas Fortune Ryan." I can't say that I greatly admire such lines as

"Philanthropist, half socialistic,
Democrat, money lender, mystic."

Nor does the rhyme in the following seem satisfactory:

"And half the grafts that work to harm us
Are just Consolidated Thomas."

Irwin is now so well established as a humorist that he doesn't have to do creditable work to make a living. And the *Collier's* know their readers so well that they are quite willing to pay for the name, irrespective of the quality of material.

Blingum Hospitality

Outside of his own country there is no place where a Britisher is more at home than at Burlingame. The residents of that aristocratic suburb have contrived an atmosphere that is so much like the real thing that it has deceived Britishers. Tradition tells us of a distinguished gentleman of title who, in the gray dawn of the morning



Miss Helen de Young and Cleve Baker.

They are apparently viewing the downfall of somebody who was not at home on rollers. From the expression of their faces it is evident that the spectacle has awakened their heartfelt sympathy, they look so sad.

after a night of revelry spent in Burlingame, was so firmly convinced that he was at home in England that he sent for his wife, who was in Mayfair, to rub his head. Though the people of Blingum are tremendously exclusive, the latch string is always on the outside for an Englishman. Therefore, it is safe to predict that Captain Wood of His Majesty's service will find it hard to tear himself away from Blingum. The Captain is the guest of the Frank Carolans, who recently returned from England. He is a great polo player and will take a hand in the game at every opportunity during his stay at the Crossways.

Captain Charles McKinstry has arrived in San Francisco and will relieve Colonel Huer, who was in charge of the works for the defense of the bay. Captain McKinstry is a brother of Miss Laura and Miss Frances.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Wiel leave for Baltimore early in April to visit their son, Dr. Harry Wiel. Dr. Wiel usually visits his parents every year, but could not this spring owing to his engagements at the Johns Hopkins.

During her stay in San Francisco Mrs. J. Guggenheim (Ermine Hess) has been entertained very frequently by her friends and relatives. Scarcely a day has passed without her being the honored guest at a luncheon, dinner, tea, or theatre party. One of the affairs given for her was a reception by Mrs. George Rockmer Littlefield, who has come to town from Larkspur for the winter. The Guggenheims, who are occupying an apartment in Pine street, will soon return to their home in Kobe, Japan.

Europe, East, and the Orient

Travel's the thing. Everybody who hasn't acquired the stay at home habit is packing up his or her trunks,

with view to a trip somewhere, if it is only on a motor car. There is something in the air of springtime that superinduces the desire to move on somewhere. There is to be a big flitting Europeward. Mrs. Russell Wilson and her daughters, Grace and Violet Buckley, Mrs. Jack Tallant and Miss Elsie, Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie, Mrs. Eugene Freeman and Maude Payne, and the Will H. Taylors are among those who will go abroad as soon as spring is well upon us. Mrs. Huntington with her daughter Marian will sail for the Orient directly after Miss Elizabeth's marriage with Brockway Metcalfe. Mrs. Cunningham and Miss Sara will leave early in March for the East. They only returned here this winter because Mrs. Cunningham desired her daughter to make her debut here this season. Miss Cunningham made herself very popular and her friends regret that she is going away so soon.

Wilhelmina Is Coming

Los Angeles society is on the tip-toe of expectation over the hurried arrival in Pasadena of Miss Wilhelmina Busch, daughter of the great St. Louis-millionaire brewer. Under ordinary circumstances her arrival at the beautiful winter residence of Herr Busch would produce only the customary ripple of attention, but Dan Cupid is planning her present precipitous movements and they are thrilling and exciting enough to frame a motif for all "the six best sellers." Close on the heels of Miss Busch, in fact on the next pursuing train, hurried Lieutenant Edward Scharrer of the German army, the determined hero of war and love who has sworn by all the gods that he will wed Miss Busch and carry her and her fortune away to Germany. He came within an ace of doing so in the recent elopement at St. Louis, but the father circumvented him in that exceedingly lively escapade, just as he is trying to do now, for he is speeding to Los Angeles as fast as steam can carry him to prevent the chance of another elopement. Meanwhile the soldier of fortune is pushing the attack with lively zeal from his quarters in the Hotel Green.

The Elopement

St. Louis society is still in the throes of discussion over last December's elopement of the couple. Certainly it was a gem of its kind for any millionaire's daughter to be mixed up in. One explanation at the time was that the Lieutenant cajoled Miss Busch into a carriage and threatened to kill himself unless she consented to go directly with him to be married. At any rate she accompanied him to a hotel where they were registered by him as Mr. and Mrs. Scharrar. While he was making arrangements for the license she had an attack of stage fright and asked permission to telephone her father and once again try to obtain his consent to the union. Scharrar fell into the trap. He did not know, as Miss Busch did, that her father had an agent in that town and that the brewer would at once telephone to prevent the marriage. That is exactly what was done: and when a little later the Lieutenant had about completed his arrangements, in walked the Herr's agent, offered his arm to the pretendedly surprised bride and escorted her back to her distracted father. The Lieuten-

ant followed. Then developed the story that the young lover, having compromised the girl, had demanded a million dollars to marry her. Herr Busch showed what he thought of such a yarn by stating that he and the Lieutenant were still on speaking terms. A promise was extracted from the daughter that she would never speak or write to Scharrer and she was packed off to the Pasadena residence of the Buschs'. The Lieutenant made no such promise, was as determined as ever to marry her, and took the next train to resolutely press his suit.

The Busch Children

The Busches, though blessed with a royal fortune, have been anything but fortunate with their children. Young Peter Busch was of such a lively temperament and prodigal nature that the family had to banish him from the temptations of St. Louis. He spent a lot of his time in San Francisco, drinking his father's beer. In time he braced up and he was recalled and given a responsible position in the brewery. He died of appendicitis suddenly last summer while crossing the Atlantic. "Bulfie," a younger son, died of the same complaint. The oldest daughter Nellie married Harry Weber, a descendant of Carl von Weber, the celebrated composer. Young Weber taught music in St. Louis and though he was poor the family though he would develop into a model husband. But the wealth that was so suddenly put at his disposal proved too much for him and he went to pieces. The father obtained a divorce for his daughter and took both her and her children back under his wing. Edmee, the second daughter and the beauty of the family, eloped with Hugo Reisinger, a nephew of the Busches. Herr Busch would not speak to the couple for a long time but other and more aggravating troubles have finally healed that breach. The

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only marriage in the family that really tickled the old millionaire's heart and afforded him the opportunity to express his feelings was that of his daughter Clara to Paul von Gontard, a wealthy iron manufacturer of Schwalbach on the Rhine. The delighted father spent over one hundred thousand dollars on the nuptials, everybody had carte blanche, and it remains today the record event of its kind among the gossips of St. Louis. "Toolie" Busch made a love match and had a quiet, unostentatious home wedding. Wilhelmina, who is now in Pasadena, has had scores of suitors. For a time it was thought she would marry an adventurous attorney who seemed to lead all the others. Then the fiery Lieutenant plunged into the arena and since then affairs in the Busch household have all been topsy-turvey.

Attorney Robbins Is Married

From a brief despatch from London, published in the *Chronicle*, Wednesday, it appears that Lloyd Robbins of this city was married, Tuesday, to Mary Cowl of New York. I presume that "Lloyd Robbins of San Francisco" is of the firm of "Robbins & Breeze" of the Haywards Building, and if so he is the gentleman who figures in the divorce suit of George B. McAneny, the Santa Clara county millionaire, who is being sued by his wife, Mabel, for a divorce on the ground of cruelty. Robbins & Breeze instituted the divorce suit for Mrs. McAneny and McAneny, in his cross-complaint, charges his wife with having greater affection for one of her attorneys (Robbins) than should exist between attorney and client. He complains that Robbins spent a great deal of time at his (McAneny's) home during defendant's absence, and that under the chaperonage of her mother she took a trip with Robbins to Arizona without the knowledge or consent of defendant. Whatever may be or have been the feeling of Mrs. McAneny toward her attorney, the latter's marriage in London is in the nature of evidence that his affections belong to another. As an attorney his relations with his client were necessarily intimate, especially in the McAneny case, there being considerable property interests in Arizona and Santa Clara county which were tied up before the divorce suit was instituted. Before separating from her husband Mrs. McAneny obtained a deed from him to their ranch in Santa Clara county and Robbins & Breeze brought suit to eject him from the premises. McAneny claims that long before their separation his wife had been associating with Robbins, accompanying him to places of amusement and elsewhere. Mr. Robbins is well known in local social circles and his friends say that when the McAneny case comes to trial he will easily show that his relations with Mrs. McAneny were purely those of attorney and client.

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Yankee Ingenuity

A group of visiting army officers strolled up to Union Square the other day to look at the Dewey column, and while they stood there one of them, a lieutenant who had been in the Philippines during the Spanish part of the war, contributed to the conversation the appended tale—which I believe is new: "You remember how Dewey filed in squadron formation past the Spanish ships, firing as he went, so that the big guns were fired in order, each one in its turn? Well, now, to load a big gun they first ram in the projectile, you know, and then they put in two bags of powder. The projectile is ground exactly to fit the bore, and the least obstruction keeps it from fitting. It happened that the crew of a forward eight-inch gun had fired early in the action, and were ordered to swab out and load again. But in the swabbing they missed getting a piece of burned canvas sacking. Consequently the projectile didn't go in as far as it should, though they didn't discover that until the powder sacks had been shoved in after it. The bags stuck an inch beyond their proper place, and that, of course, made it impossible to fire the shot. According to precedent, there was only one thing to do; which was to haul the muzzle close inboard and send a sailor with a twenty-four foot rammer to shove the projectile out. As such a proceeding would have taken a quarter of an hour for its completion, however, the gun would have lost its turn and the gun crew would have been disgraced, had not the gunner in charge leaped, almost literally, into the breech. 'Bill,' he yelled, 'give me a needle!' And then, quick as a wink, he whipped out his sheath knife, ripped open the butt of the nearest sack, took out a double handful of powder, sewed up the rip, closed the breach and said: 'Allow fifteen hundred yards on that shot—letero!' And I want to remark," concluded the lieutenant, "that no gunner but a Yankee gunner would have had the savvy to solve that problem in two seconds. Am I right?"

Frederic Belasco of the Alcazar, and Mrs. Belasco are in New York and will sail for Havana in a few days. M. E. Mayer is taking a brief vacation at Byron Springs.

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See Monday papers for details.

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Cards Barred, Cigarettes Permitted

After much chatter pro and con it has been about determined to bar card-playing from the Franciscan's club-rooms. Mrs. Downey Harvey, promoter of the new club, desires to make it above all things the home of culture. One of the features, I am told, is to be morning talks on art, music and literature by distinguished lecturers. However, perhaps as a concession to the less cultured, it is said that there is to be a smoking room where the members may puff a cigarette after the fashion in vogue in smart women's clubs of London.

The Welcoming of Edgar

The appearance of Edgar Mills at the Twentieth Century Club's matinee musicale last Saturday was that of a conquering hero. When he sang he received such applause as is sometimes evoked by a grand opera star. Mr. Mills is just back from Paris where he took a few more vocal lessons, some of them being from Jean de Reszke, who charges the tiny sum of ten dollars or so for a half-hour's instruction. But Mr. Mills is a rich man and can afford to pay anything he likes for a music lesson. He is something of a citizen of the world, dividing his time between this city, New York and Paris. In spite of intriguing mammas he seems to be as invulnerable to Cupid's shafts as is Dr. Harry Tevis. Another who was warmly praised at the concert was Ruth Powers, daughter of Dr. Powers. She has a sympathetic soprano voice and is like all her family, intensely musical.

Californians in the East

Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson, sister of Mrs. "Billy" Irwin and long prominent in the Philadelphia swim, has lately become more fond of Newport than of Quaker City society. I hear that her name does not appear on a list of Philadelphia fashionables recently made up for an exclusive dancing club. She was recently visited in Philadelphia by her sister, Mrs. Irwin, and entertained in the latter's honor. The Irwins sailed for Europe last month. On the eve of their departure they entertained at the St. Regis three of Miss Helene's San Francisco friends, Sarah Coffin, Mary Keeney and Helen Baker. Miss Baker is attending a finishing school in New York and Miss Keeney is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson.

The Gros' and Miss Colburn

Though Madame Gros and her daughter have been besieged with invitations to visit this and that one of the French colony here, they will again stay at the Colburns when they return from Santa Barbara. They will remain here only a short time before going abroad. I hear that Miss Colburn will visit them later in the year. When she was in Paris some years ago, studying art, she stayed with friends in the Latin Quarter. If she visits the Gros'

she will see the French capital from the society viewpoint, which will be interesting as contrasted with the art point of view.

The Bal Poudre Not Popular

Considerable surprise was manifested that Mrs. Shorb-White should make her last dance of the season a *bal poudre*. Most of the older society girls abhor these balls, for whitened locks add to their age unless they are very clever in make-up, and the men despise the snowy tresses on account of the cleaner's bill which is the aftermath. After a few dances with a girl whose hair is powdered the men look as if they had been frolicking in a flour-barrel. The lamented Captain Johnston attended one of these affairs, I remember, a season or so ago. After every dance he would scurry to the dressing-room to be brushed off. Some roguish girls who were aware of his scrupulous attention to his attire would shake their heads violently as they pirouetted with him, just to watch him writhe.

The Gaiety Club

Elsie Tallant was hostess at last week's meeting of the Gaiety, one of the jolliest affairs the club has yet given. Morris Locke and Allan Wright led the Cotillion more skillfully than any of their predecessors had succeeded in doing. Anita Harvey will hostess the final Gaiety dance. Miss Harvey is a new member of the club, having been admitted to fill the vacancy caused by Isabel Kittle's resignation when the latter married Ben Dibblee. There were two other vacancies at the beginning of the year, when Elizabeth Huntington and Elizabeth Allen resigned.

All Society Will Turn Out

The charity ball of this season is really going to be a swagger affair and will have none of the provincial atmosphere so characteristic of charity balls of the past. The list of patronesses is truly a formidable one, headed as it is by Mrs. Francis Carolan. In fact, all the leaders are on the list among them, of course, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, and Mrs. Will Taylor. The reception committee will be impressive if nothing else, with the imposing Mrs. Will Tevis, the aristocratic Mrs. Walter Hobart, handsome Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. George Boardman, to say nothing of Czar Ned. The floor

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An unconventional portrait of the Great French Actress, who at the age of sixty-one has compelled the critics of America to acknowledge her pre-eminence as an exponent of academic culture on the stage.

committee has been selected from the choice Gaiety set. The Burlingame set is coming in a body, with tiaras and all their war paint on.

A Swagger Military Ball

Last week's hop at the Presidio was the most swagger of the military balls given this winter. A large contingent of the Gaiety set were present, including Beth Livermore, Lucie Coleman, Christine Pomeroy, and Dorothy Eells. The presence of Miss de Guigne and Miss Barbara Parrott excited surprise, for it is the first time in years that any

DELOY, whose Salmagundi was, last season, engaged by fifty of the most prominent hostesses of San Francisco, and for functions at the Bohemian, California, Concordia, Family, Sorosis, and Unitarian Clubs, and at Hotels Del Monte, Palace, St. Francis, etc., etc., has **Three Complete Surprises for 1906.**

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of the Parrott clan have graced a Presidio entertainment. It was also the last entertainment that Christine Roosevelt attended before her return to Washington and she was probably the most popular girl there, having her chance of a dozen officers and as many civilians for every dance. Kathleen Finigan was the beauty of the ball. She is one of the real beauties of society, although she is not identified with society with a big S. The patronesses of the affair were Mrs. Frederick Funston, Mrs. Samuel Sumner, Mrs. Charles Norris, Mrs. Edward T. Brown, Mrs. James Kennedy, and Mrs. E. M. Supplee.

Of Musical Tastes

Miss Maude Smith, whose engagement with Charles C. Hoag, the publisher, was announced this week, is one of the best amateur pianists in San Francisco. She it was who organized the Chaminade Club, of which she was the first president, and she was one of the Abbey Cheney Amateurs, the club named after Mrs. John Vance Cheney. After Miss Smith left school she was prominent in the set in which figured the Curtis sisters (Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan and Mrs. Tom Magee), Viola Voorman, Miriam Wallis, Blanche Letcher, Lucy Craig, and May Eichbaum. She is a tall and willowy Titian blonde. Her mother is prominent in women's club circles, belonging to nearly all the smart clubs. Mr. Hoag is a brother of Mrs. Linda Hoag Bryan.

Hawaii's Next Governor

From Honolulu my correspondent writes me: "It now looks as if 'Jack' Atkinson will be the next Governor of Hawaii. He is now Secretary of the Territory, and as Governor Carter, by advice of his physicians, has resolved



Gadski

Who is to sing again for us in concert.

never to resume office again and intends making a tour of the world, the political forecasters predict that Atkinson will soon occupy the Executive chair. 'Jack' has not yet reached the statutory age for appointment but will next September. The plan is, I hear, for Carter to retain office until then, and then resign, 'Jack' meanwhile being Acting Governor. 'Jack's' name is Alatau L. C. Atkinson, after his father, but Alatau was too much for his comrades. They named him 'Jack,' and 'Jack' he has been ever since. He was born in Honolulu, and after his early school days here went to Michigan University to take a law course. He became active in boating and other athletic organizations and in social affairs after his return, and became very popular. When Hawaii was first made a Territory, six years ago, 'Jack' was inclined to go with the native or Home Rule party, because he had such a wide acquaintance among the natives. His friends restrained him, however, and he kept out of politics until four years ago. During that campaign the Republican party leaders determined to capture the younger native element for the party, and they enlisted Jack's services to help them do it. He was made Secretary of the Campaign Committee, and the result was a Republican victory, and the establishment of Atkinson's reputation as a political manager and his sobriquet as 'Jack the Jollier.'

The Makees

My correspondent further writes: "Everybody is glad that Mrs. Tenney is convalescing from a serious illness that kept her out of society for three months. Mrs. Tenney was Rosa Makee, daughter of Captain Makee whose "Rose Ranch" is celebrated far and near for its beautiful roses and the hospitalities dispensed within its walls. For years the Maui ranch was the centre of social life on the Islands but Captain Makee disposed of it when the sugar industry developed, and went to Kauai to continue his operations. One of the many daughters married Col. Z. S. Spaulding, the present owner of the Makee Sugar Company. She has lived much of the time in Italy, and her daughter recently married an Italian Count, an officer in the army. Another one of the Makee girls became Mrs. Hastings, wife of the secretary of the Hawaiian legation at Washington during the days of the Republic of Hawaii. Another is Mrs. Herbert, wife of one of the leading physicians of the Islands. Mrs. Tenney is the youngest of the sisters. Her husband is counted one of the sugar barons. They have a magnificent residence, and live up to the traditions of the Makee hospitality."

Byron Springs is rapidly becoming a social centre especially for the automobilists. Among auto parties visiting Byron last week were the A. A. Moores Jr., the W. A. Starrs and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Landers with Mrs. Goodman of New York. Their son, Herbert Landers, also accompanied them. Young Landers graduated from the Columbia School of Mining three years ago, and has been very successful in mining pursuits in the East and in Mexico since that time. He expects to soon return to Joplin,

Mo., where he holds large interests in the Zinc Smelting Works. Others at Byron this week are Judge A. T. St. Sure, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hodges of Palo Alto, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bates, Miss Ruth Merrill, Geo. C. Walker of Java, the Forsythes and Grays of Fresno.

Recent visitors at Del Monte from San Francisco included the Henry Payots, W. H. Linforths, William Gordon Mugans, Frank King, Miss King, Arthur Brown, Mrs. R. Greenbaum, John Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Will Tevis, Miss Pettigrew and Mrs. A. S. Mann.

A Little Heroine

We read much of those who have achieved distinction in spite of physical defects that would seem to render distinction impossible. Occasionally we read of and admire the courage of some child who has taken upon himself the burden of caring for a helpless family. To my attention has been brought such proof of heroism in Kate Lemare, a little French girl of this city. Years ago she met with an accident which resulted in crippling her and retarding her growth. Some time since her mother fell ill and upon the weak shoulders of the crippled daughter fell the support of her parent and an aged grandfather. Kate Lemare, whose home is at 108 Lily avenue, does most exquisite lace and crochet work and embroidery, and those society and clubwomen who love dainty handiwork of this kind might do well to examine the work of this little artist.

Mr. H. W. Lake, who was manager of the Baldwin hotel at the time of its destruction by fire, has returned to the site of his former activities, being now the manager of the Fiesta (formerly Tait's) cafe. Until recently Mr. Lake was manager of Young's hotel in Honolulu.

Waldron as the Prince

After seeing Charles Waldron as Karl Heinrich in "Old Heidelberg" I revised my estimate of that actor's ability. When he played the butler in "The Admirable Crichton" I thought that the stiffness of the role suited his personality, but here he is playing an exuberant youth and sustaining the illusion of youth with remarkable skill. He is the best Karl Heinrich I have seen. The Alcazar company, though its personnel has been changed since "Old Heidelberg" was last seen at the theatre, repeats the artistic success formerly achieved. Maher is still the Dr. Juttner of the cast and is again winning the smiles and tears of his audience.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Drama in Alameda

Mrs. Corinne Maddern, whose playlet, "A Princess in Poverty Place," was produced by the Adelphian Club in Alameda for its members last Saturday, is a cousin by marriage of Minnie Maddern Fiske, and is instructor in the dramatic section of the California Club. The play made quite a hit, being a quaint little drama of morals in which good deeds are amply rewarded. It has a William Butler Yeats flavor, a vein of mysticism running through it, and little opportunity is afforded for action, the lines being intended merely for recital. The only real stage touch in it occurred when Miss Dorothy Chapman, daughter of Mrs. I. N. Chapman, appeared in a role that demanded male attire and the puffing of a cigarette.

Hugo Mansfeldt will present his pupil, Mary Carrick, in a farewell piano recital at Lyric hall next Friday evening. The program will include the Liszt sonata in B minor, Miss Carrick being the second woman to attempt its stupendous difficulties here; an Allegro de Concert by Chopin and a barcarole by the same composer; Liszt's Grosses Konzert, and Schulz-Eyler's Arabesques on a Strauss theme.

None of the great song birds that Grau or Conried brought us made more friends and admirers than did Madame Galski. Many of the great operatic stars fail when it comes to singing without aid of costume, scenery and orchestra. That Galski is one of those who can do it is attested by the success she met with on her last visit here, since which time we are told that she created a sensation in Munich by her remarkable performances at the Ropal Opera in the Wagner and Mozart Cycles. Manager Greenbaum has arranged to present Galski in three programs of song at the Majestic, Monday night, Feb. 19, and Wednesday and Saturday matinees, Feb. 21 and 24. The prices for this engagement will be \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00, and box seats \$2.50.

In the Financial Field

The Stock and Bond Exchange reports record quite a little improvement in the volume of business done during the week. Transactions in Bonds show a total of \$687,000, in Shares 7,270, divided as follows: 2,525 Water, 375 Lighting, 1,738 Miscellaneous, 258 Banks and 2,374 Sugars.

Contra Costa Water suffered a further decline of \$2 per share, probably for reasons stated in last week's communication, that is, the looming up of opposition on San Pablo Creek. Opposition in this case should not be viewed with any degree of apprehension inasmuch as the new water supply is actually needed, the country beyond San Pablo Creek towards Point Richmond becoming more and more settled. The scheme is not new—it originated in 1885.

Alaska Packers showed remarkable strength, advancing to 54. Sugar stocks were quite weak, Paauhau declining to 18 1-2 on forced sales and recovering about \$1 from the low point. Detrimental reports about the conditions of the plantations utterly lacking in truth are being circulated.

—The Financier.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

No. 33,643

Department No. 9.

Estate of PETER DALY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary A. Daly, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of the said Peter Daly, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Mary A. Daly, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said Peter Daly, deceased, at Rooms 62 and 63, Nevada Block, Number 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY A. DALY,

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said Peter Daly, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 10th, 1906.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for said Executrix,
Rooms 62 and 63, Nevada Block, Number 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE BIG INJUN MINING CO., Inc.—Notice is hereby given that the regular annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Big Injun Mining Co. will be held at their office, 146 Second Street, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the 10th day of February, 1906, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

C. S. SMITH, Secretary.

Office: 146 Second Street, San Francisco, California.

The Stage

The Playwright and the Critic

Every little while we read of the elation of a dramatist over the popular success of a play which had been condemned by the critics. And, I am sorry to say, the critics appear to be humiliated over the reversal of their decision at the bar of Public Opinion. It is thus that both the dramatist and the critic confess their incompetency. Playwriting is an art but the playwright who caters to public taste is no artist. He is merely a deft craftsman. Art does not concern itself with what people want. As for the dramatic critic, it is his duty to educate the public, and if it be his notion that it is his duty merely to anticipate public opinion or gauge public taste, then he is nothing more than a reporter laboring under the delusion that he is something else. He subverts no higher purpose in judging a play from popular standards than would the reporter assigned to the task of sampling butter and cheese in the produce market and of writing of them for the enlightenment of consumers with whose palates he had made himself familiar. Quite often the playwright is justified in laughing at the critic, it being made clear to him that the person who poses as an expert in dramaturgy is profoundly ignorant of the rudiments of the art. But it is not to the discredit of the critic that he cannot anticipate the verdict of the public. Dramatic criticism is unprofitable if it be not instructive, and its purpose should be to elevate the dramatic art, not merely to guide the public in their distribution of patronage. When a playwright foists claptrap on the public and makes it clear that he is a charlatan he should be exposed. The mere circumstance of his having written a popular success does not extenuate his offense. On the contrary it aggravates the crime, because its tendency is to depreciate the importance of true artistry. It is

the critic's duty to be true to the public and he cannot be that and indifferent to the ignorance of a playwright or the carelessness and slovenly work of an actor. It is unnecessary for him to take a microscopic view of the play or the production in quest of minute and unimportant technical defects. At the same time it is important that he should seek to make the public artistic instead of encouraging the public's lack of taste. While the dramatist should not be expected to follow rules at every step, neither is his ignorance of accepted principles to be condoned, especially when he does nothing to compensate for his shortcomings. The purpose of the drama is not merely to entertain. Affecting as it does the moral and political life of a nation, the critic should demand the best and strive to persuade the public to be so exacting as to repudiate that which is utterly without artistic merit. When people are in the mood to be entertained, as they usually are when they go to the theatre, they should not be imposed upon by charlatanical tricks for the furtherance of illusion. In such mood their feelings are easily played upon and they permit themselves to be enthralled until the final curtain when the spell is broken, and then if they have been watching characters who were merely diagrammatic, puppets in whom interest has long since been obliterated by constant use of them and who were engaged from start to finish in action that had not one moment of similitude to life, the awakening is far from agreeable. The drama is the reflex of life and truth must be its essence. But by deft workmanship the playwright may hold an audience in thrall for a brief spell and mildly entertain vapid minds. By such handiwork he sometimes achieves a popular success, but the critic is not to be sneered at for reproaching him.

Theodore Bonnet.



THE DUEL SCENE IN "ALMA MATER," THE GERMAN STUDENT ROMANCE, AT THE ALCAZAR.

The Geisha Redivivus

If you are at all interested in gauging the decadence of musical comedy under the blighting Yankee touch, go to the Tivoli, see and hear "The Geisha" and then ponder the inane and vulgar contrivances which have been testing your complaisance during the past four or five years. "The Geisha" was one of the first of the musical comedies sent out of England. It is a dainty theatrical concoction and compared with the unsavory, insipid Broadway musical farces it is as caviare to boarding-house stew. This Japanese musical play, despite its age, has winsome freshness. It is entirely free from the slap-stick appeal for the boisterous guffaw. It is as refined throughout as the sweet girl graduate of the fashionable finishing school. In all the years that have elapsed since it was casked for shipment to Daly's theatre it has lost none of its effervescence. A little of its daintiness is missing at the Tivoli because of a lack of spontaneity in some of the principals, notably in our old reliable friend, Arthur Cunningham, who is far from being an ideal Reginald Fairfax. Mr. Cunningham is out of drawing in the role of the dashing, amorous young British officer. He has too much of the swagger of the pirate chief, the ponderosity of the brigand, but his voice does the music of the part full justice. The spirit of O Mimosa San has been caught by Cecilia Rhoda, the new prima donna, who is young, pretty and fetching. She has

a voice of very pleasing quality and though she sings with no artistic flourish, her performance on the whole is more satisfactory than that of any of the other women in the cast. Lenora Kerwin is said to have made the hit of the piece. That is, some of the critics have said so, and I hear that the management regards Miss Kerwin as "a great find," so great has been her success as Molly Seamore. Strange! Molly Seamore is a most vivacious, exuberant damsel, blithe and dainty, a rollicking miss who does many things that are far beyond the capacity of Lenora Kerwin. Great hits have been made in that part by soubrettes who were clever song-and-dance artists. Lenora Kerwin can neither sing nor dance. In musical comedy she is out of her element. The hit of the piece, in my opinion, is made by Teddy Webb as the Chinese owner of the tea-house. Teddy Webb has to be anything but Teddy Webb to catch my eye. He has caught it about three times in three years, and one of the times was Tuesday night of this week. He was not Teddy Webb that night. He was Jimmy Powers, and Jimmy Powers made the hit of his life in "The Geisha" in the part of Wun-Hi. It is evident that Teddy Webb has made a study of the Powers mannerisms. If mimicry is his forte he should go into vaudeville. This production of "The Geisha" was staged by George Lask, who has achieved some very pretty effects and handled inadequate material admirably.

—Theodore Bonnet.



SCENE FROM "THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN," AT THE COLUMBIA

Small but a Philosopher

Mrs. General Tom Thumb paid her first visit to California in 1869. So she says. But she was here again somewhere around 1876, and then again some years later. There are at least a few of us who can drag our memories far enough back to remember the latter visit, and the exquisitely appointed chariot in which General and Mrs. Tom Thumb paraded the streets of San Francisco to the delight of countless juvenile rubberers. Mrs. Tom's sister, the beautiful little Minnie Warren, long since passed away, was then of the midgets' company, as was the normal sized man she afterward, I believe, married. A good many years later Mrs. Tom Thumb came here again but this time—the General having left her a widow some time before—she had a second midget husband, the Count Magri, who

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Next—"OFF THE ROAD," a Farce by Emil Kruschke, of the U. C., Berkeley

will, by the way, appear with his Countess and the Baron Magri at the Chutes next week. I remember having a very pleasant chat with the Countess Magri on the occasion of her visit. She is a delightful person to interview. In the first place she frankly admits that she likes to talk for publication, "especially on her blue days," as she said. "Not that they are by any means frequent," she explained, "for I have been very fortunate in regard to my health, but still I have my days like other people, and it is comforting to have a paper send around for your opinion. It shows you that somebody thinks you are of some importance in the world." A little later, she said, when asked if her size was at all embarrassing, "Why should it be? Size is merely a relative matter. If the world was on the scale of my husband and myself, for instance, we would simply lose our peculiar individuality. We are not so small that people cannot see us; we are in no danger of being stepped on, and as we have no desire to use force on anybody our size makes no difference. As long as we have pretty much the same intelligence as people who are what the world has agreed to call of normal size, we find being little causes neither embarrassment nor inconvenience. Some of the avenues of earning a livelihood are closed to us, but fortunately we do not need those avenues. We have about the same means of diverting ourselves as other people. A person does not need to be six feet high to enjoy Patti's singing or Bernhardt's acting."

Some of Her Travels

Now somewhere around the three score and ten mark the Countess has had a life of unusually interesting experiences. Her early days were passed in Middleborough, Mass., and she had the usual upbringing of New England girls in moderate circumstances. At sixteen she became a teacher, teaching private school during the long vacations. At seventeen she left home to become one of Barnum's attractions, and when with Barnum met General Tom Thumb and was married to him. Their wedding was celebrated in 1863 in Grace Church, New York. After that Barnum had a Tom Thumb wedding twice a day as part of his program. They went abroad and appeared before all the crowned heads of Europe. They then crossed the continent from New York, staging all over the Pacific Coast states and thence going to the Orient. At her home in Massachusetts the Countess has all sorts of souvenirs of her travels with her first husband. She has a magnificent wardrobe and when Worth the elder was alive had all her gowns made by him.

The New Soubrette

Lolita Robertson in unimportant parts at the Alcazar gave no hint except perhaps to the stage manager of the delightful originality with which she endows her Milly Matche at the Alhambra in "A Runaway Match." She is as natural as Ethel Barrymore, and if she succeeds in retaining her ingenuous charm in larger parts will soon be playing on more ambitious boards. The comedy is quite a change from anything this company has ever appeared in, but they all fall into the farce spirit with evident pleasure. Mayall as the army officer's son, and Shumer as his father are excellent, and Emery as the constable is also good. Corrigan as the boy from the rural districts revels in fun very much on the same order as that of the lad he played in "Blue Jeans."

Next Week's Bills

The coming week will be the last of the engagement of Nellie Stewart and Musgrove's English Players. "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" will close with the performance on Sunday night, Feb. 18. Matinees will be given on Thursday and Saturday. The next bill at the Majestic will be a farce-comedy, "Off the Road," by Emil Kruschke, a student at the University of California. Mr. Bishop recently produced it in Oakland and its success decided him to present it at his San Francisco house.

"The County Chairman," Ade's first and most sincere success, will return to the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday, with a special matinee on Washington's birthday and the regular matinee Saturday. Mr. Savage has engaged a company which includes the well known character actor, Theodore Babcock and the impecunious darkey played by minstrel George Thatcher. "Little Johnny Jones" comes soon, also "The Lion and the Mouse."

Another romance of German student life, "Alma Mater," will have its first American production at the Alcazar next week. "Alma Mater" was written by Victor Stephany, himself a student, long before the production of "Old Heidelberg," but it was not played until October, 1904, when it created a sensation in Berlin. The Alcazar's adaptation by Madame Bertha Pogson of Hamburg has so delighted the author that he has substituted it for his original version. Nearly one hundred people are required for this production which will be second to none in the Alcazar's long list of artistic achievements. To follow, Feb. 19, for Washington's birthday week, the first Western production of the famous English farce "There and Back," by George Arliss, which supplemented its London hit by a long run at the Princess, New York.

The announcement that the William H. West Big Jubilee Minstrels will play a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House, beginning tomorrow (Sunday) matinee will be hailed with general satisfaction. This season the minstrels are said to be better than ever. The company is rich in singers and comedians, its star vocalist being Spenser Kelly, identified with the best minstrel companies

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Tomorrow Afternoon.

of the past few years, and who was pronounced by Alan Dale to be "a vocalist who would make a fortune in operatic entertainments if voices were needed in them." George S. Van and George L. Wade are the two leading fun makers of the company. The program includes an olio, in which comedy acrobats, modern shoe and buck dancers, novelty comedy musical artists, the European novelty, Henry Hoff, "the Unsupported Ladder," and Major Fred Smith, world's champion baton juggler, will appear. Sanford B. Ricaby is the interlocutor. Popular prices will prevail during this engagement. February 18th Murray and Mack will open in "Around the Town."

"The Geisha" will continue at the Tivoli.

At the Alhambra will be a dazzling, spectacular revival of "Black Crook." All the splendor that has character-

ized former productions of this spectacle are to be eclipsed. Charles F. Rosa's patriotic transformation in seven tableaux, entitled "Folly, the Birth of Mischief," will be a treat to young and old. A ballet of fifty will appear in a series of specially created dances including the "Daisies and the Bees," the "Upside Down Dance," "The Revelry of the Demons" and "The Lovers' Gavotte."

The new bill at the Orpheum will include Lew Sully, who has been to London since he last monologued for us; Mignonette Kokin, a great favorite here; Galetti's monkey actors; Les Auberts, whirlwind dancers who have made a tremendous hit in Paris and make their first American appearance here.

At the Chutes will be Mrs. General Tom Thumb, the best known midget in the world, assisted by Count and Baron Magri, with whom she has been appearing for several years, in the playlet, "To Strings to Her Bow," or "Who Shall Win Her?"; Connors and McKensie, comedy sketch artists, and Pauline Obrist, lyric soprano.

A great amount of interest is manifested in the thirteenth annual benefit in aid of the charity fund of San Francisco Lodge No. 21, Theatrical Mechanical Association, which will take place at the Alhambra theatre next Friday afternoon. There will be something good from every theatre in the city and Mayor Schmitz will deliver the address of welcome. Seats are now on sale at the Alhambra box office.



MRS. GENERAL TOM THUMB AND COUNT MAGRI,
Famous Midgets, at the Chutes Next Week.



DUDLEY CLINTON

Actor, pianist, composer, with Musgrove's Players at the Majestic

Joan of Arc on the Stage

Four prospective Joans of Arc indicate that a new fad has struck the theatre. It is full time for something new. Napoleon has become a bore. There have been a dozen of him on the stage in the last few years, and not one has been of much quality. The latest passed quickly from view when Virginia Harned met with a deplorable failure in "La Belle Marseillaise." The Joans should be more attractive types than the base Napoleons. It will be easier to die gracefully at the stake than to attempt to give the impression of Napoleon and what made him what he was. It is said both Mrs. Carter and Julia Marlowe will undertake the French heroine. Mr. Proctor is to present a Joan in his Fifth Avenue theatre, and even the variety stage is to have one in the person of Miss Maude White, once leading woman with Cyril Scott in "The Prince Chan."

Florence Roberts is to bring her new play, "The Strength of the Weak," to the Columbia shortly.

The Profits of Playwriting

Mr. Hall Caine has been making revelations concerning his play of "The Prodigal Son" which will be disturbing to the people who believe that there is enormous profit in play writing. Notwithstanding the fact that no new play within the last twenty-five years has drawn to the pay box so much money as "The Prodigal Son," that the author's royalties have been of his own making, and that the drama has been produced in America and in half a dozen European capitals, Mr. Caine says: "Even so, when I count all that up against the time which has been occupied in the writing and rewriting of the piece; in the rehearsing of it in London and in New York, to which I went specially; the other traveling required by it, and the general dislocation of my home life for an entire year, which has been caused by its production—why, I find that I am more than one thousand pounds out of pocket as a consequence of having produced the most successful play of the season!"

In so many homes no wine but Repsold's will be permitted. Inspection invited. 410 Pine street, San Francisco.

Another Play for Nance

Nance O'Neil is to have a new play, written by a Californian. Jason's quest of the Golden Fleece is to be the theme, and Miss O'Neil of course is to be Medea. Think of the opportunity for scenic and stage effects the theme affords. Medea's career as a sorceress will lend itself to Miss O'Neil's talents. The author of the play, which is now nearly completed, is Henry Kirk, a young Californian writer who has already attained some success in one-act plays, and who is ambitious to do big things. His friends expect him to write a big play of California some day, for he knows the state, having gone from one end of it to the other many times. The Missions have been his especial study, and every padre in the state knows him well and welcomes him whenever he arrives on his periodical journeys. Kirk has been in the East for two or three years and has made a study of stage-craft, increasing his knowledge by acting as super in some of New York's biggest productions. He became acquainted with Miss O'Neil there, and she commissioned him to write the play on which he has been working. They have been going over it together here, and he goes East with her company, which leaves next week for its Boston season.

Owing to the success of the Stolle Art Talks Manager Greenbaum has arranged for the artist to return and show her reproductions of the great paintings in the galleries of London. These were not included in her previous course. The first date is next Wednesday, Feb. 14, at Lyric hall. The pictures will be selected from the works at the National Gallery and the New National Gallery of British Art also known as the Tate Gallery. In the first gallery there are fine specimens of the works of Botticelli, Lippi, Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Velasquez, Murillo, Holbein, Rembrandt, Rubens, Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner and many other of the world's great masters. In the Tate Gallery we shall see specimens of the work of Landseer, E. M. Ward, Maclise, F. M. Brown, Burne-Jones, Watts and other of the famous English artists. At the matinee on Saturday, Feb. 17, the subject will be "Old Friends and New in the Realms of Art," a special selection of the greatest works in the various galleries of Europe. Seats for both the events are now on sale at



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The opera season is close upon us. On Easter Monday, April 16, the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company will open a two weeks' engagement at the Grand Opera House. Los Angeles will also be included in the company's tour. All the burdens of the local management in Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Kansas City, San Francisco and Los Angeles will rest upon Charles W. Strine who last season so successfully attended to the local direction of the grand opera engagements in San Francisco and Los Angeles, and who until quite recently has been general business manager of the farewell American tour of Sarah Bernhardt. During the tour the following fifteen operas and music-dramas will be performed, with scenery, costumes and properties identical with those seen in New York: "Die Koenigin von Saba" ("The Queen of Sheba"), "Carmen," "Le Nozze di Figaro" ("The Marriage of Figaro"), "Lohengrin," "La Boheme," "Die Walkure," "Haensel und Gretel," "Don Pasquale," "Faust," "Marta," "Tannhauser," "Tosca," "Siegfried," "I Pagliacci," and "Lucia." The company will include: Sopran, Mmes. Abott, Abarbanell, Alten, Bauermeister, Eames, Jomelli, Ralph, Sembrich and Weed; mezzo-soprani and contralti, Mmes. Fremstad, Homer, Jacoby, Mapleson, Mulford, Poehlmann and Walker; tenori, M. M. Bars, Burgstaller, Caruso, Dippel, Knot, Paroli and Reiss; baritoni, M.M. Begue, Campanari, Dufliche, Franke, Goritz, Muehlmann, Parviss, Scotti, and Van Rooy; bassi, M.M. Blass, Journet, Plancon and Rossi. Alfred Hertz, Arturo Vigna and Nahan Franko will in turn direct the orchestra, while Mr. Castel-Bert will act as technical director and M.M. Dufliche and Rigo as stage managers. Mr. Albertieri will be the ballet-master and Miss Froelich the premiere danseuse. Mr. Nepoti will have charge of the chorus.

This Saturday afternoon, Feb. 10, at 2:30, Alfred Reisenauer will give his last concert at Lyric hall. A particularly interesting program has been arranged. The artist will play Haendel's Harmonious Blacksmith, the Fantasie in C major by Haydn, "Alla Turca" and a Fantasie by Mozart, Beethoven's Rondo in G major, Chopin's Sonata in B minor, Schubert's Impromptu in A flat major, Spring Song and Spinning Song from Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," the F sharp major Barcarolle of Chopin and two brilliant Liszt numbers.

--The Playgoer.

To fit a gown so that it will be absolutely perfect the corset beneath the gown must be a perfect fit. A dressmaker who keeps corsets in stock has this advantage—she is sure that her gowns are fitted over perfectly fitting corsets. Madam M. E. Hale has recently added a corset department to her dressmaking establishment at 139 Post street, carrying a line of high grade corsets in various styles, making a specialty of the Gossard and Crosby models, which are built upon the most approved scientific and hygienic lines.

Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn-writer, published a card denying that she is in destitute circumstances and objecting to the sale of her biography as a charitable expedient. She is now eighty-six years of age, but remarkably active for her age, even without consideration of her affliction, and cannot account for the circulation of the report that she is in distress.

Elder's Artistic Valentines

Albertine Randall Wheelan, Gordon Ross, Carolus Ager, Spencer Wright and others have designed some charming valentines, quite out of the regulation line of love missives for Paul Elder's output for St. Valentine's day. Carolus Ager designed "A wish for the moon"—two cherubs on a silver crescent—


"I wish the baby moon might be

A silver airship, planned

To take the loves of you and me

Into the starlit land;" etc.

Mrs. Wheelan's "Doggerel Valentine" is humor itself. Carolus Ager's "Love Art" is a "comic" but not the kind of comics the children buy ten for five. It is a clever and Frenchy thing. Mrs. Wheelan's humor finds artistic expression in "The California Love," a bear and a seal punningly pictured with the text—"This bear's witness to my love, as this seal doth attest." A very beautiful thing is Gordon Ross's "To Priscilla," a Puritan maid reading her valentine which appears in verse on the opposite page of the card. People looking for artistic valentines, clever and original, and moderately priced as well, could not do better than drop in and examine the Elder designs.



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Thoughts of Another

GATHERED BY THE READER.

Some of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's philosophy, as expressed in his novel "Hugh Wynne":

"For this is one of the uses of friends: that we consider how such and such a thing we are moved to do might appear to them."

"There is no age to a woman's money, and guineas are always young." (Oliver de Lancey, apropos a young man's court of a wealthy old woman.)

"I have seen now and then that to be refined in tastes and feelings is a great aid to a virtuous life. Also I have known some who would have been drunkards but for their heads and stomachs, which so behaved as to be good substitutes for conscience. It is sometimes the body which saves the soul." (Jack.)

"There are surely hours in youth when we are older than our years, and times in age when we are again young. Sometimes I wonder whether Jack was right, who used to say it may be we are, never young or old, but merely seem

to be."

"It is well that our offspring when young should think us angels; but it were as well that when they grow older they should learn that we have been men of like passions with themselves, and have known temptation, and have fought, and won or lost, our battles with sin. It is one of the weaknesses of nations, as well as of children, that they come to consider their political fathers as saints."

"After once falling a captive to that consoler and counsellor, the pipe, I never gave it up. It is like others of the good gifts of God; when abused it loses its use, which seems a silly phrase, but does really mean more than it says."

"When a delicate-minded, sensitive, well-bred woman falls in love with a strong, coarse, passionate man, there is no more to be said except, 'Take her.'"

"There are those who cannot fly a kite without the bobtail of a sneer."

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How She Got Out

BY ANNE THURBER.

Since every successful climber is rushing into print to tell how she managed to storm the portals of the Smart Set, it may not be uninteresting to learn how one who was in managed to get out.

It always amuses me when I see anyone trying to get into Society. I say to myself: What's the use? What's the fun of being in, when it is so much nicer to be out? For all my life I tried to break away from the enclosure in which I was born and bred, without success until I finally hit upon the right way.

I budded some winters ago, and was planted directly in the Czar's set. I had been a member of the exclusive dancing classes for two preceding seasons, entering them just after mamma brought me home from Europe, where I had been receiving the finishing touches. I had attended private school in San Francisco after graduating from the nursery governess stage, and then had been sent to the most fashionable school in New York. Then came the continent. I was taught to ride and drive, golf and tennis, sing and play and dance, to chatter French and German and Spanish, and all the little things that go to make the correct figure of a Society Girl.

I enjoyed the dancing classes at first, but they soon became a bore to me, for one met the same girls, the same boys, and the same chaperons. I looked forward with intense desire to the time when I should be permitted to enter the real whirl. My first season was a success as such successes go. I was tea-ed, dined, lunched, had my picture in the papers and my frocks described as the usual dreams, symphonies, and Parisian creations. Mamma chaperoned me about and papa put up all kinds of money so that I should have the best kind of a time.

I met a lot of people that seemed interesting at first, but soon sounded their limitations. They had for the most part been brought up just as I had been and had nothing new to contribute to my store of knowledge. The young men were all on the same pattern. The army lads danced well and the civilians talked better. But I was always looking for something different. I wondered why no real MEN ever came within our narrow circle. My bosom friend, who had brothers, explained that the real men never cared for buds. They were all for the seasoned girls, or the young married women, or the gay widows. I thought it very hard.

Sometimes we did meet men—not boys—at the big dinners in the Red Room, but I found my chum was right. They had no use for buds. They scarcely vouchsafed a word to us. All their conversation was addressed to the older women, asked to give life to the affairs. I looked forward then to my second season. Surely, I thought, it will be more lively than my first.

But it wasn't. It was duller, if anything, for being a replica of the first it had not even the charm of novelty. I asked mamma if I couldn't go with the sporting set for a change. I was bored to death with our friends and their parties. But mamma put her veto on the set I craved to enter. She said it would give me a name that would hurt. They would say that I was too sophisticated. Of course I did not care. I wanted to see life in some way.

Three seasons went by in this time way and then I got engaged. I did not care for the man, but I simply could not stand the monotony of society as she is seen in our western city. He was rich and of good family, and had New York relatives who would ensure me entrance to the inner circles of the metropolis.

I had the usual deluge of tea-cups, round of engage-

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GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, LESSEE

ment dinners, and all that. Then we had a big wedding and went south on our honeymoon trip. I had hoped for a change when I was married. But when we returned to town there was the same old round of entertainments, the same old people to meet and say the same old things to, the same old eating and drinking. I made my husband buy a house in the country so that I could join the sporting set that I had heard had the jolliest times out. But I found them very much like the others. They talked the same inanities, only they seasoned their conversation with English sporting terms and were a bit noisier than the others.

When we spent the winter in town I went in for amateur theatricals, thinking that I might get some new experiences out of them. But there again I found the same people. I couldn't break away from the set, which had grown larger of late owing to the influx of the climbers.

I then tried Bohemia for a change. I hunted up some girls I used to know, girls who had given up social life for the arts and professions. I thought perhaps Bohemia might be fun. But they would never treat me as one of them. I couldn't fit in somehow. They always looked upon me as a society woman, and could not believe I meant it when I said that I would love nothing better than to lose all my money or do something that would ostracize me from my narrow circle.

I tried being lady patroness to various struggling geniuses. It seemed to me if they would only impart to me some of their enthusiasm I could rise out of my state of boredom. But they took my money, were grateful—and shut me out of their hearts.

To make a grand break for liberty I did all sorts of wild, unconventional things. I had a smoking room for my gay women acquaintances, and I learned to mix cocktails which I treated them to, and which I let a woman reporter describe in a Sunday supplement. I bought an automobile, a racer, and was several times called upon to pay a fine for overspeeding the limit. My husband remonstrated with me, but I told him it did not matter. I was trying to break out of my miserable circumscribed existence as a society woman. I wanted to be frowned upon.

Instead of that I was more sought after than ever. At last I was "good fun," and men as well as women began to think me more clever than they had fancied. The people I would have given much to have met in my first seasons now came to my house. Alas, they came too late. I no longer cared for them. Even they bored me.

My vagaries were mentioned in the papers, but because I was rich and swell there was no unkind criticism. I began to think I should have to do something to make my husband get a divorce. Then I remembered that divorces were too common. Nobody cared any more whether you had two or three husbands in the past so long as you were rich and of the set.

He died. I was left a widow. I went abroad, traveled about, and was proposed to by men of all grades of society who wanted to annex a fortune. I came back more bored than ever.

My period of mourning over, I was again dragged into the endless whirl. I wondered if anything but death would relieve me from such a tasteless existence. Then I fell in love. I married him, and at one blow succeeded in finding what I had looked for so long—happiness and freedom from society's yoke.

I married Tilly Smartem's chauffeur.

Society might have forgiven the chauffeur part—wo-

men have wedded beneath them and been forgiven. But no one of my set could forgive my marrying Tilly Smartem's chauffeur, for was not Tilly madly in love with him herself—and at least six of her women friends the same?

We are radiantly happy. We live abroad most of the time, but come back once a year to look after our property in California. I am no longer "the recipient of social attentions"—but do you wonder why I say that I don't see what's the fun of being in when it's so much nicer being out?

February, 1906.

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Automobile Topics

A Transcontinental Show

George Wahlgreen of Denver proposes to conduct next fall a transcontinental automobile show on a magnificent scale. Wahlgreen's plan contemplates not merely the display of one company's new models, for he intends to have two trainloads of new automobiles, representing the latest and best products of the leading ten or fifteen American manufacturers. The 1906 transcontinental enterprise will consist of two trains of ten cars each. From ten to fifteen of the cars will be devoted to the exhibition of complete motor cars, while the remaining cars (except those to be used for dining and living purposes) will be given over to the display of automobile tires, tops, parts and accessories. It is planned for this train exhibition to start from Cleveland, Detroit and Buffalo about the middle of September. The first important stop will be Boston, from which city the exposition trains will wend their way across the continent, stopping in all the important automobile centres, and closing the season at San Francisco or Los Angeles.

The White's New Home

The de Laveaga estate has leased to the White Sewing Machine Company, for a term of twenty years, the real property containing more than two varas on Van Ness avenue from Market to Fell street, for an aggregate sum in excess of half a million dollars. Ground has been broken and the White Company is erecting on the site an automobile garage as headquarters for the White steam cars. The lot contains nearly fifty thousand square feet and the building will be four stories, giving a total of about 200,000 square feet of floor space. There will be an automobile machine shop, containing 12,000 square feet floor space, with hard white maple floors and all the benches will be of hard white maple. The shop will contain traveling cranes which will go to every part of it and will be fitted up with an equipment at an expense of from \$10,000 to \$12,000 in machinery and special tools for automobile repairing exclusively. There will also be a paint shop and upholstering department for refinishing old cars. There will be garage rooms for the storage of 250 automobiles; besides fine sales and lounging rooms on the second floor for the company's customers.

The Road Outlook

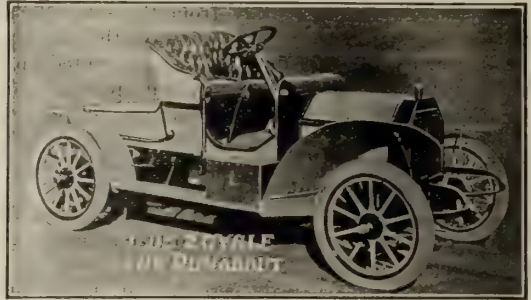
The automobile signs down toward San Jose look very good just now. The roads on the Oakland side are in splendid condition, which is just the opposite of what is said of the roadway on the city side. The latter road is so badly cut up by the railway track recently constructed that it may not be fit for automobile travel this spring.

A most remarkable trip was made last Sunday, by H. H. Egbert of this city. A run of one hundred and forty-five miles is reported. The party left San Francisco Sunday morning, going to Half Moon Bay via Colma, thence to San Mateo and San Jose, and returning via Oakland.

F. C. Fenner, the mine owner and motorist of Los Angeles, had a novel experience with his White steam auto recently, that is novel for California. Mr. Fenner had to pass Big Rock Canyon on the way to his mine behind Old Baldy. The river was frozen over and for two and one-half miles Mr. Fenner and his automobile rode on ice. And he got through without any mishaps.

Mr. Lowery of Oakland has purchased a Cadillac 30-35 H. P. touring car.

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All Roads Lead South

If this ideal automobile-weather continues February will be a lively month in a touring way for the motorists of San Francisco. Several auto owners, among them ex-Mayor James D. Phelan, took a spin to the southern part of the state and at least three more local auto enthusiasts are getting ready to depart for the South in their chug-wagons, not to mention the numerous Easterners who have passed through here of late in automobiles. William J. Landers with a party of friends will start out for Los Angeles in Mr. Landers' new forty-five horsepower Columbia shortly. It will be his initial tour of any extent in a horseless carriage.

"You may talk of expansion," said E. P. Brinegar, of the Pioneer Automobile Company, "the automobile is going out to all parts of the earth to do missionary work. We are receiving inquiries from various unheard-of Western Island points. Already this season we have shipped three model K Wintons to Honolulu and recently received a wire from the Winton factory to the effect that our company would be placed in control of the business for the Winton Motor Carriage Company for Manila, and six model K machines will go forward on the first steamer."

Eddie "Cannon" Bald aspires to win as much fame in the auto world as he did on the bicycle and will take up road racing this year. He hopes to be a contestant in all the important road events.

Calvin C. Eib, sales manager of the Pioneer Company, who recently gave the public an innovation in marriage ceremonies by being married in his demonstrating Winton machine while driving through Golden Gate Park, established a record last Saturday which will be hard to beat. On that day he turned into the Pioneer Company orders for four model K Wintons, one Thomas Flyer, two Oldsmobile two-cycle machines and one model A Winton.

The only limousine in Toronto is that recently delivered to D. D. Mann by the Winton Company. It is an exact duplicate of the limousine used by Andrew Carnegie.

Waterman Bros. of Fresno will represent the Cadillac Motor Car Company in that territory. Stearns Bros. Company of Oakland will represent the Cadillac Company in Alameda. They are building a handsome garage (75 x 100 ft.) at Twelfth and Madison streets, Oakland.

Andrew Carnegie is delighted with his Model K Winton. He writes to Vice-President Henderson of the Winton Co. that "You will have to get up early in the morning to beat your chassis for 1906."

G. P. Umben has placed his order with the Pacific Motor Car Company for a 1906 Packard car which will be delivered to him very shortly. M. H. de Young has given his order to this company for a 1906 Packard which is to be delivered to him some time the first of next month. L. H. Sly has also placed his order for a 1906 Packard which will be delivered to him the first of next month.

W. J. Eva has just purchased a 1906 Stevens-Duryea.

—The Chauffeur.

Kate Douglas Wiggin is one of the few American women who have been invited to join the Lyceum Club of London. Membership is limited to those who have produced original work in literature, art or music, or who have special university qualifications.

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The Fascinating Lady Hamilton

Despite Mrs. Humphrey Ward's statement that the affair between Lady Hamilton and the painter George Romney is the basis of her novel, "Fenwick's Career," current in the *Century*, there is abundant reason to assert that she must have had it in mind. "Fenwick's Career" is no more a biography of Romney than "The Marriage of William Ashe" was a literal transcript of an episode in Byron's life. Lady Hamilton was one of the famous professional beauties of the last half of the eighteenth century, and the incidents of her life, if attributed to an imaginary heroine, would call forth the most scathing criticism as impossible balderdash. Her maiden name was Emma Lyon. She was born of peasant parents and brought up in such abject poverty by her widowed mother that she did not receive even the rudiments of an education. At the age of fourteen she was placed as a nurse maid in a physician's family, and yet she succeeded in giving herself at least superficial instruction in all the branches of what was considered a lady's education. She even managed to cultivate her rare voice. Young as the girl was, and in spite of her humble birth and social position, she seems to have had a natural inclination for intrigue. In plain words, she was a born adventuress and a remarkably successful one. Even after shining as the favorite of two men of good position, and at the same time, as the most graceful of horsewomen, on the valuable mounts of Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh of Sussex, figuring in the nude as an illustration of the beauties of health in the show of a quack doctor, and posing to the painter Romney for all his most beautiful pictures, she actually succeeded in imposing on a gentleman of the name of Greville, who believed her representations that she was a poor, innocent little seamstress, and accepted his offer of educating her into a fitting companion of his cultured life. So well did this child of an ignorant laborer profit by the opportunity that she became able to compete with the shrewdest intellects of the land. It was not long before the Grevilles separated, and then Emma Lyon married Sir William Hamilton, ambassador to Naples. For one brief year society received her with open arms and ears deaf to whispered tales. All the reigning belles were eclipsed by the beautiful Lady Hamilton, with her dramatic and musical gifts, her distinguished manners and her winning ways. The marvelous mesalliance was regarded as even surpassing the rumored marriage of the Prince of Wales with Mrs. Fitzherbert. On the return of Sir William Hamilton to his diplomatic post, Lady Hamilton became an intimate friend of the Queen of Naples and undoubtedly exercised considerable influence in the politics of the kingdom. She is popularly believed to have rendered great assistance to England. Her amours with the great admiral, Lord Nelson, have been recently resurrected in connection with the celebration of the victory of Trafalgar, and some zealous partisans have exercised their ingenuity in whitewashing her character. She died a few years after Lord Nelson, at Calais, whither she had fled to escape her English creditors. George Romney, who may or may not be the prototype of Mrs. Ward's Fenwick, was the son of an artisan who had been apprenticed to his father's trade. He had some slight skill as a draughtsman, and was easily persuaded that he was a genius. His father was induced to give him the opportunity to take lessons, which, however, were not of much value. The young man traveled about the northern districts eking out a living as a portrait painter. He made a romantic marriage with a young girl who nursed him through a serious illness, and when he had scraped together a hundred pounds, left her and his child to go to London to pursue his career. He was naturally flighty and unsettled, as well as opinionative, and his life in the metropolis did not develop opposite

traits. He never returned to his family save on two brief visits, until at the last, when, with shattered mind and weakened body, he came back to his wife to be nursed until he died.

—The Historian.

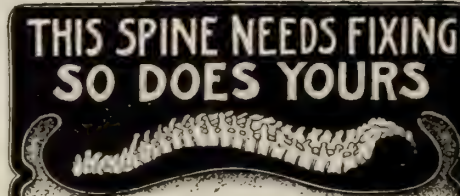
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Music

University of California Symphony Concerts

The University of California announces a series of six symphony concerts, by an orchestra of professional musicians under the leadership of J. Frederick Wolle, Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in the University. The concerts will be given at half-past three on the afternoons of Thursday, February fifteenth, March first, fifteenth and twenty-ninth, and April twelfth and twenty-sixth, in the Greek theatre; or in case of inclement weather, in the Harmon Gymnasium. At the closing concert Handel's "Messiah" will be given by the university chorus of three hundred voices and the full symphony orchestra. The price of season tickets (transferable) has been fixed at five dollars for a reserved chair in the lower section of the theatre; three dollars for a seat in the tiers above the diazoma. Single admission: reserved, one dollar; unreserved, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions should be addressed to Professor William Dallam Armes, Chairman of the Musical and Dramatic Committee, University of California, Berkeley. As this is purely a public undertaking, with no element of private interest, all music-lovers desirous of contributing towards the establishment of a permanent symphony orchestra are urged to subscribe liberally. The symphony orchestra consists of: First violins, Giulio Minetti, Concert Master; Ferdinand Stark, A. Verdier, H. Koenig, G. Saldierna, L. E. Schoeniger, E. Carlmüller, W. Manchester; second violins, J. E. Jeffery, E. Buechner, G. Kalthoff, K. Baumgaertel, W. G. Callinan, E. E. Weigel, A. R. Walcott, C. F. Hamlin; violas, Bernat Jaulus, Charles Heinsen, C. Trainor, J. R. Lewis, C. W. Fuhrer; violoncelli, Arthur Weiss, W. Villalpando, William Wertsch, P. Friedhofer; contrabassi, W. Angermuende, S. Greene, C. Goerlich, H. Seiger; flutes, L. Newbauer, W. Oesterreicher, F. Rossi; oboi, A. Lombardi, A. Masino; larinetti, L. E. Cosmey, J. Wenzel; bassoon, O. Schuchholz, A. Beetz; corni, F. E. Huske, W. Dabelow, P. Roth, O. Schlott; trombe, E. Keller, C. Horst; cornette, W. Mahood, C. Steffen; tromboni, W. H. Colverd, H. Bellman, T. L. Ingram; tuba, C. Goerlich; tympani, M. Davis; drums, S. Davis. The program for the first concert, on February fifteenth, at three-thirty p. m., will be: Second Brandenburg Concerto (by the full orchestra, with solos for flute, oboe, trumpet, and violin), Bach; Symphony Number 1, Beethoven; Introduction to the Third Act, Dance of the Apprentices; Greeting to Hans Sachs (from "Die Meistersinger"), Wagner; Overture Solennelle ("1812"), Tchaikowsky. The concert promises to be one of the most interesting events in the musical season. The personnel of the orchestra shows nearly all of our best musicians.

The Eurydice Club

Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup has made a great success with the Eurydice Club of Oakland of which she is director, and which gave its second concert, third season, last week. The officers of the club are: President, Claribel Williams; vice-president, Cornelia Anderson; secretary, Mrs. Heimbald; treasurer, Helene Anderson; librarian, Alice Andrews; music committee, Ella Anderson and Claribel Williams; voice committee, Hazel Knapp, Helen Thomas, Mae Miller. Mrs. Arthur Moore is accompanist, and the active members are Helene J., Cornelia and Ella Anderson, Alice Andrews, Victoria Bennett, Louise Boyd, Vera Campbell, Farnetta Davis, Maud Dukes, Clara Dunsmore, Edith Hibberd, Madge Heimbald, Clara Hoagland, Grace Irwin, Isabelle Jenkins, Grace Johnson, Hazel Knapp, Bertha Lancaster, Alma Lea, Ernestine Leimert, Mae Miller, Carita Moore, Catherine Peake, Helen Thomas, Ruth Thompson, Claribel Williams, Olga Williams and Marion Wolff.

Bernat Jaulus's orchestra rendered a special program of international music at Tait's cafe last Thursday evening. The orchestra was augmented by a brass section. In the rendition of international music Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" represented England; a Suite Romantique by Nevin, America; Rubinstein's "Music of the Spheres" and Tchaikowsky's Andante Cantabile, Russia; an Arrieta Serenade, Spain; an Hungarian Fantasie, by Hubay, solo played by the brilliant young violinist, Master Nathan Firestone, whose work I have before had occasion to mention, Hungary; Strauss's "Blue Danube," Austria; Meyerbeer's overture to "Dinorah," France; Mascagni's "Hymn to the Sun" (from Iris), Italy; a Tannhauser fantasie (Wagner), Germany; and as a finale, Rollinson's fantasie on national airs.

I hear that Emelie Melville's son, Cleary, is a violinist in Jaulus's orchestra

Mozart's one hundred and fiftieth birthday was celebrated by many musical societies and individuals in this city. One of

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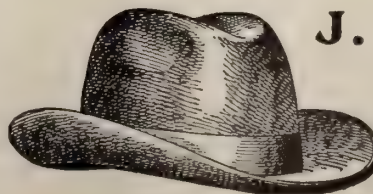


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the celebrations was by pupils of Percy A. R. Dow, at his studio in Larkin street, with a program as follows: Songs—To Chloe, Mr. Burckhalter; Des Veilchen, Miss Gyle; Lonely Thro' the Grove, Mrs. Warner; Operas—"Idomeneo," Barcarole, Misses Bane, Thomas, Council; "Belmonte und Constanze," When the Tears of Joy, tenor aria, Mr. Pendleton; "Le Nozze di Figaro," Porgi Amor, Deh Vieni, non Tardar, soprano arias, Misses Enslow, Livingston, Mattern, Mendenhall, Mrs. Munroe (in unison); Voi Che Sapete, Page's Song, Miss Thomas; Dove Song, soprano aria, Miss Gyle; Sull' Aria, Misses Monges and Lynch; "Don Giovanni," La ci Darem la Mano, Miss Monges and Mr. Garthwaite; Batti, Batti, Miss Monges; Deh Vieni, Mr. Marrack; Il Mio Tesoro, Mr. Monges; "Clemenda di Tito," Non Piu di Fiore, Miss Lynch; "Die Zauberflote," Smiles and Tears, Miss Gyle and Mr. Burckhalter; In Diesen Heilgen, Mr. Garthwaite; O Isis and Osiris, male chorus; Oratorios—Agnus Dei (First Mass), Mrs. Mendenhall; Sanctus (Requiem 1791), pupils chorus. The accompanists were Miss Bumstead, Mrs. Cook and Miss Levinson; biographical topics were treated by Misses McDermott, Phelps, Schantz, Mrs. Kurtz, Messrs. French, Gilchrist and Baker.

A Mozart program was given by Die Probe in the recital hall of the Von Meyerinck School on January twenty-ninth, as follows: Song, Eventide, Miss Judy; Lullaby, Miss Onyon; Traumlied, Miss Dollar; trios: A, B, C, (a musical joke), Barcarole from Idomeneo, Misses Maguire, Horton, Judy; Aria from Idomeneo, Miss Forcade; The Violet, Miss Horton; duet from Don Giovanni, Mrs. S. M. Rosenbaum, Mr. Stapff, Jr.; song, The Ancient One (in costume, English version by Miss Wilkie), Isabel Forcade; Excerpts from "The Marriage of Figaro"—Marcelline, Mrs. Lueders, Susanna, Miss de Wolf, Countess, Miss Spink, Cherubino, Miss Bertaud. At the piano were Miss Haley and Miss Wilcox.

At the testimonial given to Madame Inez Fabbri Mueller on the occasion of her seventy-fifth birthday, and also commemorative of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Mozart's birth the program was rendered as follows: Overture, Magic Flute, Barney's orchestra; Aria, Don Giovanni, Fritz Huber; aria from "Magic Flute," Marguerite McMahon, flute obligato, M. M. Caruthers; aria, Marriage of Figaro, "Who Treads the Path of Duty," Walter C. Campbell; songs, Das Veilchen, L'Addio, An Chloe, Mrs. Birmingham; Minuet from Don Juan under direction of Signora Matildita, Mignon Locks, Pablo Ferrando, Gale Waldeck, Gladys Lehning, Sarita Madero, Nina Frelleson, Olga Hall, Joseph Ferrando, accompanists, Mabel Jones and Grace Robins; playlet, "Roses," by Bertha Creighton, characters by Lillian Muscio, Rose, Alma Bullwinkle, Lily; recit. and aria from "Linda di Chamouni," Maybelle Kochman; duets, Alice Where Art Thou? and Polka Mazurka, Mulder, E. and H. Rahlmann; Mad Scene from Lucia, and Swanee River, by the male soprano, Signor Albany, his first appearance here; "Frauenlist," playlet in German, characters by F. Huber, Fritz Rembach, Rita de Rovey, Johanne Strauss, Albert Fisher.

It is so long since Mrs. Julia Melville Snyder has given a public pupil recital that more than an average amount of interest is being taken in her forthcoming affair. Ruth Dahlgren, May Vanvaes, Hazel Culbreth and Edgar Heermance are the pupils to be presented by Mrs. Snyder on Monday evening in Steinway hall, and Mrs. Murdock will be the accompanist.

Some years ago Madame Ellen Coursen Roeckel with a few of her pupils gave what they called a "We, Us & Co." dinner at the Roeckels' studio, then in Bush street, but since moved to its present quarters in Fulton street opposite Alamo Square. Last Saturday evening Madame Roeckel entertained some of those who were present at that musical dinner, all of the guests present on the former occasion not being within reaching distance. Saturday's affair was a musicale with an impromptu program that passed the hours very pleasantly, about twenty guests being present.

—The Music Critic.

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No. 703.

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Heney and the Judges

Mr. Francis Heney's indiscreet jeremiad on the judges of our Superior Court is very much to be deplored, especially as he deemed it advisable to move an amendment, thereby attesting the looseness of his speech in a matter of grave importance. If a yellow journal had done such a thing an horrendous howl would have been raised. But Mr. Heney is a lawyer and lawyers are not constrained like newspapers to accuracy in personal criticism. It appears that what Mr. Heney meant to say was not that our judges are corrupt in the sense that they barter their decisions, but that some of them are inclined to consult their own political interests in connection with the determination of litigation that comes before them. This, if true, is of course an unfortunate state of affairs, but it should be remembered that we have not an ideal judicial system. And considering the imperfections of our system we get a pretty fair quality of justice. In electing our judges to the bench for only six years and expecting them to be far removed from public clamor and the influence of politicians, labor organizations and civic federations, we place too high an estimate on the potentialities of human nature. Judge Sloss is, perhaps, as Mr. Heney stated, an exceptional man, but it is possible that nature was not altogether responsible for his superior qualifications. Judge Sloss is a very rich man and he need never be agitated over the possibility of losing his job. It is easy for him to preserve a placid judicial front at all times. Mr. Heney tells us that when Judge Sloss was elected to the bench it was generally remarked in the legal fraternity that there was one jurist who played no favorites, or words to that effect. From this he thinks it fair to infer that the other judges were not engaged in dispensing even-handed justice. Knowing something of the legal fraternity, we are of the opinion that the gossip of its members respecting judges is no more reliable than that of the esteemed dames who exchange confidences over the back fence. Moreover we are of the opinion that in the course of time Judge Sloss will suffer calumny. He is a very young judge. There is a great deal of philbrooking in the legal fraternity of San Francisco. It is customary for lawyers to attribute their failures either to the ignorance or unfairness of the judges. Mr. Heney has suggested that the leading members of the bar should devote themselves to the task of purifying the bench. Would not the better course be to purify the bar,

which is the nursery of the bench, and at the same time impress upon lawyers the importance of refraining from casting reflections on the integrity of the judiciary?

The Ship Subsidy Bill

Some very interesting facts were brought out during the recent discussion in the Senate of the Merchant Marine Commission's ship-subsidy bill, facts that should be pondered by those who object to the measure on the ground that its purpose is to enrich ship-owning and ship-building trusts and combinations. According to Senator Penrose there are no such trusts and combinations. Some ambitious men attempted several years ago to form a shipyard trust and nine-tenths of the American shipyards refused to enter it. After a brief and stormy career the trust went into the hands of receivers. As now reorganized it is building but a small fraction of the small tonnage under construction in the United States. There are combinations and monopolies in the shipping trade of the United States, but these are of foreign origin, foreign ownership and difficult to reach by American authority. Nine-tenths of the imports and exports of America are conveyed in foreign ships manned by foreign seamen at a cost of about \$200,000,000 a year. To smash forever this foreign monopoly it is necessary to create a great fleet of American ships and a great naval reserve of American seamen.

Importance of Protection

The importance of reviving our ocean shipping is due not only to the fact that a great deal of money is taken out of the country every year by foreign owners of the vessels engaged in our carrying trade. Nor is it due mainly to the languishing of our shipbuilding industry. Perhaps the strongest reason for urging the granting of a subsidy is that a large part of the cost of European preparation for war with the United States comes indirectly out of the pockets of the American people. We are paying the bills indirectly of the powerful naval reserves of Europe. Meanwhile we have almost no naval reserve of our own. The only other nations in the world with naval fleets which have no powerful second line—no sea militia—behind them are Russia and China. And we can never have a second line so long as nine-tenths of our foreign commerce is carried by foreign ships. It is clear that there is imperative need of some national protection to equalize conditions in the shipbuilding between this country and the countries of Europe, something to stimulate activity on this side of the water to preclude such a situation as that which now exists and which is lamented by Secretary Taft, who declares that because of the shrinkage of our merchant shipping so few steamers fit for transports are available that the force for which our military establishment is maintained cannot be exerted oversea. "The quick first blow, so very and increasingly important, cannot be struck at all." And the War Department adds: "These conditions can not improve until the American sea-going merchant marine has increased in general to approximately two and one-half its present volume by the addition of ships adapted in size and design to quick conversion into suitable transports and built under conditions which make their voluntary surrender to the United States on demand a foregone conclusion."

Foreign Prejudice Against American Sailors

The bill before the Senate will not only give us American ships but it will give us ships manned by American officers and seamen. There was a time when American officers and sailors, driven out of the disappearing wooden sailing ship, were to be found in considerable numbers on the decks of ships of foreign nations. But that time has passed. Those officers and men have disappeared. The ships which cross and recross the North Atlantic, flying foreign colors and carrying our mails and freight and passengers, are officered and manned now exclusively by foreigners. They carry their boycott of all things American—except American dollars—so far that they will not employ American seamen except to take the places of chance deserters in our ports. Not long ago it was stated in a cablegram from Antwerp that numbers of American sailors, who shipped on board foreign vessels in American ports, are discharged on their arrival in Europe and are unable to obtain return engagements on account of the prejudice of European owners. As a consequence many American sailors are destitute in every port. Meanwhile millions of American money invested in foreign shipping are training foreign sailors as a naval reserve for foreign governments, our rivals in trade and possible enemies in war. So there are many reasons to support an argument in favor of subsidizing American ships. To hold that the proposition is solely in the interests of capital is absurd. If the shipping business was profitable without a subsidy American capital would not be investing in foreign ships. It does not invest in American ships because it cannot compete against the subsidized shipping companies of Europe. American merchant ships and American seamen are as essential to the security of the nation as an American navy and therefore we should not neglect to promote the industry simply because we are likely to make some of our rich men richer.

The Failure of Christianity

A discussion is now in progress in the East over the moral and spiritual failure of success in money-making. It is argued that in the Gospels is to be found a complete remedy for the evils of fortune making, but that Christianity is a failure because all Christendom is engaged in the quest of money. The great policies of States are business policies, wars are fought for the extension of trade, the precepts and rules of business form the framework of the law and the taking of interest on money, or usury in the Christian sense, is practiced by all Christians in defiance of the teachings of the Founder of Christianity. All of which is quite true. The Christian Church has not yet achieved the objects of its Founder. The Church itself has not been true to his precepts, it has not followed his example except in some matters of minor importance. Its ministers insist upon the importance of some virtues, but they devote too little attention to the development of the essential trait of true Christian character—simplicity. They themselves have lost sight of the fact that life is not what it seems to be, a world of material gain and glory, that the chief aim of existence is not possession but capacity to use our possession. The Gospels provide a remedy for all social evils, but the remedy is repugnant and we reject it because we have not been taught the joys of the idealism that Christ preached. The Christian Church is being misdirected by men who contend that wealth is essential to the spread of religion and who have convinced themselves

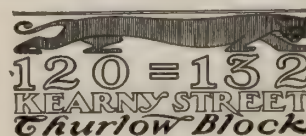
that in coddling the rich for the purpose of getting money for the Church they are performing a sacred duty. It is sufficient, they pretend to believe, to preach morality, but what are they doing toward educating people out of slavery to the root of all the immorality in the world? If the Gospels insist on one thing more emphatically than on all others it is that the accumulation of riches is an obstacle to the attainment of salvation. The reason is clear; in the pursuit of riches the conscience grows callous. The possession of such vast fortunes as have been accumulated by some men in this country should be considered prima facie evidence of an evil heart, and who doubts that if Christ came to the United States he would say so? But Christian character can be developed without assailing the rich. It can be developed by leading men to an appreciation of the things of life that do not come high.

The Cost of Rank

It has cost the Prince of Pless twelve hundred dollars in stamp duties for the incidentals of the honor of promotion to the rank of duke, but as such things go, he has got off rather cheaply. In England a peer who becomes a duke may look forward to parting with about four thousand dollars, and to become a Knight of the Garter costs about five thousand. When Lord Roberts was made an earl and knight, on his return from South Africa at the close of the Boer war, the expenses were so great that he could not afford the outlay, and the Crown remitted the dues. Even a newly created baronet has a substantial bill to foot, about two hundred dollars, and each new creation of a title carries a corresponding obligation. In Italy, Spain and Portugal the tax is still greater, approximating twenty thousand dollars before all the formalities are complied with. Several of the smaller European kingdoms create no new titles, and those in existence will, in time, become extinct. In Spain, not only are new creations taxed but there is a heavy obligation on the inheritors in direct succession. Until the tax is met no one is permitted to use the title or derive any benefit whatever from it, so that, of all the European nobility the Spanish grandee can show the best right to his exalted rank. In France there is no tax or stamp duty to be met by the wearers of titles, though it has been proposed more than once, but the suggestion is always speedily rejected, since any such measure would imply recognition of imperialism. It is interesting to note in this connection that there are today in France twice as many



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people calling themselves by titles than there were in 1793, when the Revolution was inaugurated in order to reduce high and low to one dead level. The wearers of the titles today are believed, in many cases, to be the descendants of the servants of the original families, who, knowing that their masters were dead, grabbed everything in sight.

The Thwarting of Genius

There seems to be a lot of unnecessary excitement growing out of the discovery that certain of the clever students at the State University carried on a traffic in questions surreptitiously obtained in advance of examination. Some of the old foggy professors still hold to the belief that colleges are designed for the encouragement of intellectual activity, and since they cannot be made to recede from that position there is nothing to be done but to circumvent them and stave off interference by making them imagine their views are accepted. "Cheating," as it used to be called in a less refined and considerate generation, is not confined to the California universities. The students of the Eastern colleges have had to encounter the same obstinate stupidity in their instructors and resort to the same devious methods in order to attain their ends. As long as colleges are maintained chiefly in order that desirable social sets may be formed and athletic practice secured, it is a perversion of principle to waste time in study, and there is the meat of the nut. Success, the outward seeming of attainment, no matter how accomplished, is all that is desired, and since anything goes provided one is not detected, on the athletic field, why make such a fuss over the transfer of principles to the study hall and examination room? As long as theft, assault, malicious mischief, intoxication, disturbance of the public peace, and other infractions of the law are harmless pranks in students, why should such a very minor matter as cheating be counted against them? Most of them will have to make their living by their wits, as apart from the brains the Lord did not endow them with, and as card sharps, sport promoters and political henchmen, the ability to perform sleight-of-hand tricks is apt to be their only capital. The cleverness which enables a youth to abstract a set of questions in advance of their scheduled appearance and peddle them about amongst his classmates may be just the quality which will enable him to stuff ballot boxes or bribe legislators by and by, and by thwarting his budding genius his career may be ruined. Professors should consider these matters more seriously and encourage the young men in the direction of their natural bent. This is the age of worship of the great god Success, and success means visible, tangible results expressed in dollars. No one cares to know how success is attained as long as it is attained.

Mars vs. Venus

"Society" seems to be concerned at the action of the War and Navy Departments in discouraging army wives from accompanying their husbands to the Philippines, and there is more or less comment on the hard lot of the "army and navy widows." No doubt the erstwhile belles have something in the nature of a grievance in that they are not to be permitted to disport themselves in the Orient in all their newly acquired finery, for "Society" looks upon the army and navy as its particular property, the officers figuring as eligible partners for balls and cotillions and the posts as picnic grounds. Unfortunately, however, naval and military men have other occupations than that of dancing attendance on charming ladies, and when there is

work ahead the fewer distractions that are offered the better. When conditions are threatening, and there is danger of outbreaks, the women and children, however amiable and well-beloved, are decidedly in the way, and it complicates the situation to be obliged to make provision for their safety. Often, when the force is small, men who are needed on the firing line must be detailed as guards and escorts; and the provisions and water consumed by the non-combatants is just so much taken from the subsistence of the fighting force. Soldiers expect, as a matter of course, to face hardships and danger, and take desperate chances, but they cannot subject women to the same rules nor can they abandon them to their fate and leave them to make the best of what is as bad as it well can be. War is not pretty work, and there is no man who, however kindly and chivalrous he may be, does not feel that women are in the way. Theory and sentiment must give way before facts, and the facts are that no matter how patient and heroic the wives of fighting men may prove, it greatly simplifies the situation if they are far enough away from the scene of action not to complicate matters by their need for special attention, distracting the officers from their duties. Even in times of peace, army women of the new dispensation seem to have a faculty for upsetting discipline and keeping courts-martial busy and some authorities consider the simplest way to dispose of the whole subject is to make celibacy a condition of the service.

The Military Spirit

President Schurman of Cornell University has raised his voice in protest against the universal dominance of the military spirit, because of the enormous capital which it consumes and the corresponding impoverishment of the masses of the people who pay the taxes for this military extravagance. We are quite willing to raise our voice in concurrence with President Schurman to give volume to his protest, but we do not wish to base our objection to the military spirit on economic grounds. Our principal objection to the military spirit is that it is too intimately related to the commercial spirit. War is very expensive but we wish that it were so expensive that nothing that could be achieved by it would offset the cost of the achievement. Let us not bemoan, then, the cost of war. Why should we who hate war and love peace complain because, since 1897, the expenditures of our War Department have risen from \$48,000,000 to \$122,000,000, and those of our Navy Department from \$34,000,000 to \$117,000,000? Let them rise!

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Nothing for Nothing

BY HARRY COWELL.

Nothing for nothing is a law of life from which there is finally no escape. Pay our way, in some coin or other, we must, all of us, kings and beggars alike. At what a price is a man a prince, a pauper! Vain is the desire of getting something for nothing, much for little; vain and yet universal. Strangely enough, men, almost to a man, unselfishly choose the lesser blessedness of receiving rather than the greater blessedness of giving. How few know how to give! Even the gods look for gratitude in return for gifts; gratitude and admiration of their surpassing generosity. They sell life to us. We pay them praise. The thing smacks of the mart.

To understand the relative value of things is to be wise after the manner of the children of light. Gleefully, one says to me, "I gave only a thousand dollars for it, and 'tis worth ten thousand, if a cent!" But I to him, "Only a thousand dollars—nothing more—are you quite sure?"

Monism is all very well in its way, the last and truest word of philosophy, no doubt, and the rest of it; but this is seemingly a dual world, made up of matter and spirit incongruously commingled, wherein all business is carried on by means of a double standard of value. The realm of soul has, as it were, a monetary system of its own, which is most difficult for foreigners to master. Every day sees shrewd men (or what pass for such) paying for gold that which is of immeasurable worth—that which millions cannot buy back—and so making inconceivably bad bargains with the Verities, at whose hands all human accounts reach final settlement.

Bearing in mind the twofold nature of all transactions whatsoever, the true value of money is seen to depend upon the price paid for it. That it is easy to buy gold too dear is a truth which the latter days of most rich men attest. No uncommon sight it is to see written on the faces of the so-called successful: "My ideals, one by one, have I sold for a song, and now behold me bankrupt!" Whether it be the artist selling his ideal of art, or the martist selling his ideal of honesty, or the heartist selling his ideal of love, the question is, Did he do well? did he make a good bargain?

This man has more honor than gold—his total wealth is so much; that, more gold than honor—his total wealth is so much. Which of the two can buy the greater joy of living? The fate of Dr. Faustus awaits those that essay to do business with the Devil. No man ever yet got the best of his blackness at a bargain.

Prodigious—no less—is the price the fawning climber pays for the questionable privilege of sitting at table with the scornful. *Bon appetit, madame.*

What surprises one most in merchant princes is their business imbecility. No man in his senses would take the least costly of the princedom at half the price paid for it.

His dignity, his ideals, the right to look his fellows in the face—and Death—these are surely worth much to a man. A fine dollar buys infinitely more than a fowl; a wise man's than a fool's. The "good things of life" it would be very nice to have, if one were under no necessity of giving the better things for them. As a rule, money costs too much. So does outward success of any kind. No end of things are desirable enough, only the prices are prohibitive. I take all the gold I can get—at my own price; but I wouldn't give—not if I knew it—a pennyweight of the appreciation of poetry that is mine for a ton of it. I simply couldn't afford to do so. It wouldn't pay me. I may not be very good at a horse trade, but, all the same, I drive a pretty hard bargain with destiny.

My tailor sells me cotton for wool. Which of us does

he cheat the more, me or himself? My enemy murders me, and goes scot-free. Now, at a guess, which end of the gun he used to kill with would you say did the greater hurt, the muzzle or the butt? Does not the thief rob himself, and the murderer commit suicide?

Seen from a certain point of view, the world readily assumes the aspect of a monstrous market-place where the law, nothing for nothing, is enforced to the letter. It needs more business acumen than most of us possess to come out even in the end—not to die in debt. After a lifetime actively engaged in trade, one is scarce familiar with the various coins in use, the smile for profit being but one of countless thousands. (When men smile for profit, God frowns.) To be able to tell at a glance gain from loss; to say offhand, on which side of the great ledger this or that item goes, is not given to the many. All unwittingly, the many keep on giving much for little, in the fond belief that they are giving little for much; and inevitably come to grief. Most men die in debt, and there's the Devil to pay.

To be beautiful is the birthright of the soul (or else Heaven is unjust), and to sell it for a mess of pottage is unbusinesslike in the extreme. Not a few young men have I seen start out in life rich in the love of Loveliness, only to find themselves at five-and-thirty deaf to Beauty and blind, wholly indifferent to her. How many bad bargains must they not have made on the road thus to reach the half-way house—"dead broke"? Imbecile and poor, they pique themselves upon their shrewdness and wealth. So have I heard an eleemosynary boast; a wretched creature who, driven insane by bankruptcy, thought himself a millionaire.

To see how much men give for gold and how little they then get with it, is to realize how rare after all in this work-a-day world, in this commercial age, is business ability. How can he possibly be good at a trade who has an eye for the insignificant side of the transaction only? How is such a one to set a true value on what he is giving and what he is getting?

As the game of Give Little-Get Much is against God's law of Nothing for Nothing, Satan runs it. Man plays to win, oblivious of the inevitable rake-off for the house. No matter who wins or loses (or seems to win or lose), the

(Continued on Page 39)

Accounts Invited

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BY THE

American National Bank

MERCHANTS EXCHANGE BUILDING

Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

Francis Heney is of the opinion that the Bar should purify the bench. Mr. Heney is topsy-turvy in his ideas. The stream cannot be purified at the point farthest from its source.

A Los Angeles clergyman has discovered that San Francisco is the wickedest city in the world. The California Promotion Committee should send the gentleman a vote of thanks.

The Los Angeles clergyman who pronounced San Francisco the wickedest city in the world offers by way of evidence the record of the churches of his sect in this city. He says that it shows that there has been no increase in the congregations of those churches. But that is merely evidence of the incompetency of the pastors.

King Charles of Roumania is very ill. It is only in such cases that the world at large knows of the existence of some of its monarchs.

That her husband drank a dollar's worth of whisky a day and would not work is the basis of an Oakland woman's plea for divorce. As if a man could be expected to work with that much liquor around—and Oakland whisky at that!

A half-breed Indian has been appointed a cadet at West Point. He is expected to introduce scalping as a novel and pleasing feature of hazing.

The Ohio Congressional delegation presented Alice Roosevelt with a loving cup despite the protest of the

W. C. T. U. The Roosevelt-Longworth wedding is therefore entitled to take rank among the epochal affairs of our country. It will be remembered in the years to come as the event that marked the emancipation of the American statesman from petticoat domination.

A Japanese woman has sued the *Japanese-American* of this city for libel, the paper having said, among other things, that the woman's husband was born in Azamameda-Katsura-Gawa-Mura-Kahogu-Fukokaken, Japan. If that isn't libel, we don't know the meaning of the word.

The Livermore rancher who names eight co-respondents in his divorce complaint must have been away from home a great deal.

The Vancouver thief who got away with a tray full of diamonds worth \$20,000 is luckier than many another man who has had a tray full beaten by four of a kind.

The whole story of the Mizner-Yerkes marriage has not yet been told, but it is leaking out by degrees, and it is still supplying food for gossip in club and newspaper circles. It has many of the elements of a human interest story but considered merely as the successful commercial plunge of a young financier it is more inspiring than many of the prosaic operations of some of the Captains of Industry which are described at great length and for many days in the columns of the press. In marrying Mrs. Yerkes Mizner made a financial deal of colossal proportions. With the aid of a clergyman he achieved in a few moments what many of our plutocrats have spent years in accomplishing. So in this age of success worship Wilson Mizner is entitled to high rank as a wizard of finance.



Mrs. Eleanor Martin's Drawing-Room.

A corner in the home of San Francisco's Society Queen. In this room have gathered all of any prominence in our swim and leading lights of the ecclesiastical and artistic worlds.

Defiling the Temple

Wherein It is Solemnly Protested that a Gross and Unpardonable Sacrilege Has Been Perpetrated and That the Most Ancient of Living Things Has Been Subjected to Mockery of Apes, Idiots and Other People.

BY DEMOCRITUS.

I observe that Gouverneur Morris has undertaken one of my hopeless tasks. Many years ago when it first became the fashion to tack tin signs to the biggest trees in our forests inscribed with the names of our temporarily famous ephemera I tried to show how sublimely ridiculous it was. Only the judicious listened to me and while these grieved with me as the judicious grieve when the foolish are rampant in their folly we were so hopelessly and helplessly in the minority that we soon realized that if we persisted our own folly would become as conspicuous as the folly of those who went about bearing tin name plates for ancient and honorable trees already sufficiently named.

I am pleased, however, that an authority as eminent as Gouverneur Morris thinks with me that it is a silly vanity to "name" a sequoia "after" somebody or something that is, in comparison with the sequoia, no more important than the squirrel that flaunted his gray tail of a summer's day in those immemorial shadows, or the wind that tossed that lordly crest for an instant and shrank abashed as if with a sense of puny sacrilege.

One of the noblest redwoods in the Big Basin grove of the Santa Cruz mountains is called "The Young Men's Christian Association Tree"! Now answer truly, any honorable Secretary of this latest expression of our most modern piety: What is added to the sum of the universe by naming a redwood "The Young Men's Christian Association Tree"? Is dignity bestowed upon the tree? or is the Young Men's Christian Association endowed with greater piety? Would it not belittle the majesty of the tomb of Cheops to read in staring type across the age-grav ashlar of eldest Egypt the words: "This is the Pyramid of the Holy Jumpers"? And would such inscription enhance the holiness or the temporary importance of the saltatory sect? Suppose the eminently respectable congregation of dissenters sometimes called Hard Shell Baptists should announce that they had formally received the sphinx into full fellowship after conversion, probation and immersion—wouldn't the laugh of the scorner ring round the world? Yet, would the "travesty," as Gouverneur Morris calls it, be more absurd than the "naming" of a tree that was a sapling before the pyramids were quarried, before the sphinx was chiseled, "in honor" of an organization that was born but yesterday?

And the little folk whose admirers have tacked their names upon the only things now living that were living when the topless towers of Ilium were flaming beacons flinging their lurid light across the ages—how utterly insignificant are these names in that place; names, too, that loom large and portentous when inscribed in Helen Gould's Temple of Fame—a shrine itself forgotten until the morning newspaper prints the list of nobodies that have been "selected," and the list of really famous dead that have been rejected.

For behold, it was prophesied by the son of Amoz in his vision of that which he saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem in the days of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz and Hezekiah, kings of Judah, that the light of Israel shall be for a fire to consume the glory of the forest, and the rest of his forest shall be few, that a child may write upon them.

And he that was born in the land of Uz when these

trees were nesting places for eagles and a shelter at noon-day perchance for those lost tribes that fled to the east from the captivity of Tiglath-pileser, has said of those that write and of those that are written: Man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

What sublime effrontery it is that seeks to bind the thing of yesterday with the thing of thirty centuries! What an apotheosis of the Absurd to "name" that which has defied the wrath of God for ages with the name of that which "cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down"! It is as if we had yoked Al Borak with the Wild Ass that stamped o'er Bahram's head!

We name mountains after great geologists and mighty explorers; we name rivers after peoples and tribes of men; we name deserts and vast areas after the things that they are—as they were named by the prehistoric ancestors of the swarming generations; we name the oceans and the seas Pacific, Atlantic, Arctic, Indian, Red, Yellow and Mediterranean; none of them incongruously or inappropriately; none of them after the Young Men's Christian Association, or the Holy Jumpers, or the Knights of Milpitas, or other absurd and ridiculous congregations of men. Then why name the oldest trees in the world in this manner?

Then again, by what right do these little folk name these trees after their fellow small folk? The trees are in the public groves; they belong to all the people—not to the Young Men's Christian Association alone, or to the Holy Jumpers, or to the Knights of Milpitas. If they must be named after groups and congregations let them bear the names of the Mayas, the Toltecs, the Aztecs, or of tribes older than these from which these sprang; if they must bear the names of men let them be named after Manou, the most ancient lawgiver, Menes, founder of the first Egyptian dynasty, Buddha, who is worshiped by one-third of the world's population, or, coming down the centuries through which these trees have lived, name them with the names of men as nearly immortal as themselves—not with the names of men who were swaddled yesterday, sepulchred this morning and will be forgotten ere the middle watch tonight. Let us name these trees in such manner that when men shall ask Why? the answer shall

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teach them more than they knew before. But whether we name them after the immortals of history and tradition or not, let us at least respect them as we respect anything that is aged and venerable—let us remove these tin signs that

tell us they are Young Men's Christian Association trees, or Holy Jumper trees, or the trees of the Knights of Milpitas. Let us cease to be ridiculous in the presence of the hoary ages.



Would-Be All-Seeing Eyes

BY HARRY COWELL.

"When lovers kiss, God looks the other way,"
Long, long ago I heard some silence say—
Soft wind at night or dead lips in a dream—
And, lo, the words come back to me today.

God looks the other way when lovers kiss;
And—well, methinks, 'twould not be much amiss
Were we thus heavenly-mannered. What think you!
Jehovah is a gentleman, I wis.

The lone half-light of God's averted face—
Averted, not in anger, but in grace—

Child stars, and moon, duenna most discreet,
All lovers love, but not the sun's bold gaze.

'Tis right divine of lovers, by the rood,
To taste the inmost sweet of solitude.

Let us respect a privacy of two
That's sacred from the glance of the All-good.

From thy lewd gazing, Public Eye, surcease;
For peeping-tom reporters, the police;
For Lady Alice, love's dim wonderland—
For royal lovers, leave to kiss in peace.

February, 1906.



The Spectator

Hereditary Bigotry

Jack London has been pronounced anathema by the Derby Neck Library Association. With bell, book, and candle, the author of "The God of His Fathers" has been excommunicated from Derby Neck. All I want to know about Derby Neck is conveyed in the date line of that despatch informing me that it is in Connecticut. I infer, therefore, that the ancestors of the inhabitants used to burn witches there and that the ears of Quakers were cropped o' Sundays immediately following morning service in the Presbyterian meetin' house. I also infer that the Blue Laws of Connecticut still hold in Derby Neck and that a man may not kiss his wife between sun-up and sun-down on the holy Sabbath. I'll bet my fac-simile of Baldy John's "Institutes" against any authentic copy of Calvin's order to burn Michael Servetus over a slow fire of green twigs, now in possession of any Derby Neck elder or parson, that the Derby Neck Library Association would hang any geologist for demonstrating from their own old red sandstone that the world was not created in six working days; that is to say, they would hang him if the penalty attaching to such an act of fool faith were not firmly imbedded in the infidel codes of the commonwealth. It is my honest opinion, uttered without fear of faggot, scourge or pillory, that the Derby Neck Library Association is a congregation of blithering fanatics whose prayers for the redemption of other men's souls are mingled with prayers far more fervent asking the divine blessing on the trade in wooden nutmegs.

Antidote for Anarchy

It is not necessary that I should approve Jack London, his books or his principles to justify my denunciation of the fools of Derby Neck, which, fortunately for other states, happens to be exclusive to the map of Connecticut.

I confess myself but indifferently enamored of Jack London's "sellers" or Jack London's socialism; but for that reason I would not order his books withdrawn from circulation, I would not advise people to cease buying his books, nor would I place a boycott on the magazines publishing his stories. If I felt about it as these Derby Necktarines say they do, I would send Jack London a copy of Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country" and defy him to produce anything approaching that masterpiece of patriotism, or to write anything in confutation or denial of the purpose therein, that would get even the feeblest grip on the American heart or on the hearts of even anarchists as this has gripped the hearts of genuine patriots. But I would not send Dr. Hale's story to Jack London only; I would mail a copy to about 20,000,000 American citizens that in my opinion need the teachings of that allegory quite as much as does Jack London—citizens who so adore what a certain poet has called "The Dirty Eagle" that if they are not speedily redeemed from their foul obsession will make possible all that Jack London predicts for this

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country, all that his wildest dream of ultimate anarchy visions. Dr. Hale wrote his "Man Without a Country" as a warning—his story was but the avatar of Jack London. It is now a fit time for Dr. Hale to write again, and this time I suggest as the title of his book "A Country Without Men." The people are themselves without a country or the country without a people. But the remedy is not in such fanaticism as that displayed by the Derby Neckidiots. I think I would rather be a dog and bay the moon of any alien land than be compelled to live an associated librarian in Derby Neck, Connecticut.

Stifling Baby Laughter

Coming a little nearer home I discover that the Fool Killer has overlooked the Board of Trustees of the Oakland Free Library. Those trustees ought to emigrate to Derby Neck, which is in Connecticut. They certainly do not belong to California. Have you read about 'em? These delectable dinosaurs have abolished the "comic supplements" of the Sunday newspapers from the reading room of the Free Library because the pictures make the children laugh—and laughing disturbs the nerves of the trustees and a lot of old frumps and featherbeds gathered to the Sabbath stillness of the library to read books that they dare not take home to the bosoms of their families. Now hold on, my impatient friend of other days—don't ask that question before I answer it. No, I do not approve of the "comic supplement"; it doesn't amuse me; it doesn't make me laugh. Alas, I am past my laughing age. It requires much more serious matter to make me laugh now—only the things that are evil and foolish as I observe them in the actions of my fellow men have power to make me laugh—but it is not the free, hearty, innocent laugh of childhood; it is the sardonic laughter of a cynic; there is a snarl and a sneer in it—it is the laughter of one sophisticated to the weaknesses, the hypocrisies, the vices, the pretense of those who parade for his amusement in the passing show. For specific example I am now laughing that way at the Board of Trustees of the Oakland Free Library. The "comic supplements" are possibly very "silly," but, Shade of Rabelais! are they more absurd than the Board of Trustees of the Free Library of Oakland?

Tyranny of Old Women

These trustees are a lot of old grannies. I picture them in mumbling conclave devising ways and means of banishing the honest laughter of little children from the reading room of the library; preparing to enforce the ancient edict of medieval tyranny formulated in the prescription that "Little children should be seen and not heard." It is not a pleasant picture—this Granny Council of the Oakland Library Trustees; it suggests the strap and woodshed of nineteenth century juvenile discipline, and the awful penalty of the "dark closet" and the "hogeey man." The pictures in the comic supplements make the children laugh, therefore the comic supplement must be expurgated from that "Free" Library. Eliminate that word "Free," good dames; your library is no longer "free"; it is lacking in the first essential of freedom, which is happiness. Nobody

must laugh in that library—but little children are especially prohibited from laughing on floud, anyway. Chuckle, children, chuckle.

A Derby Neck Alternative

I have said that I would rather be any kind of dog and bay any old moon than a member of the Derby Neck Association. Now I will say that I would rather be a member of the Derby Neck Library Association than President of the Board of Trustees of the Oakland "Free" Library. There are depths under the depths and this is an instance. The Derby Neck Trustees are trying to crush a man whose principles they abhor, and that may be something to their credit; but the Oakland Library Trustees are throttling the laughter of children, and there is nothing meaner than that. I dismiss the subject with disgust.

A Deal In Real Estate

Recently the despatches announced that C. D. Tenney, LL.D., President of the Imperial University of Tientsin, (Pei-yang Ta Hsueh-tang), had been summarily dismissed by His Excellency Yuan Shih Kai, Viceroy of the Province of Chihli. No explanation of the reason for this action has been offered by Director Ts'ai Shaochi through whom the order of expulsion was transmitted nor from the viceregal yamen; but the missionary friends of Dr. Tenney have industriously circulated the report that the anti-American boycott was wholly responsible and that Yuan Shih Kai was compelled to dismiss Dr. Tenney because he feared his enemies—meaning the enemies of the Viceroy; which is exactly contrary to the fact. Dr. Tenney was not dismissed because Yuan Shih Kai feared, but because the enemies of Dr. Tenney were strong enough to denounce him as unfit to govern an important educational institution under imperial auspices. The enemies of Dr. Tenney were bred in the Boxer rebellion when, they declare, they turned over all their property to him to save it from the predatory Christian troops then gathering to "protect foreign interests" in China threatened by the Boxers. Dr. Tenney was at that time a respectable missionary of the

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Presbyterian faith like Missionary Ament (exposed by Mark Twain) and Missionary Tewksbury of Peking, who afterwards built a palatial "college" at Tungchow with the proceeds of the Presbyterian share of the indemnity. The enemies of Dr. Tenney say that he induced them to believe that unless they transferred their deeds to him making him temporarily absolute owner of vast tracts of land on the Pei-ho, at Tongku and at Tientsin, they would be completely despoiled. These enemies of Dr. Tenney, the respectable Presbyterian missionary, have always averred that they have never seen their deeds since they passed into the keeping of the missionary. Dr. Tenney is certainly one of the richest land owners in Northern China, but he says he acquired his land by legitimate purchase and that he has the deeds to show. The enemies of Dr. Tenney declare that his deeds and assignments are forgeries except in a few insignificant instances where he forced sales under processes of extortion for about one hundred per cent. of the real value of the property. While the foreign troops were in barracks at Tientsin it was impossible for these enemies to establish their claims even in the Chinese courts; but as soon as it began to be whispered that the troops were to be withdrawn the enemies of Dr. Tenney became active and the first evidence of this activity is the dismissal of the doctor from the Presidency of the Imperial University, one of the most lucrative offices held by any foreigner in China. The next move will probably be in the direction of an effort to compel Dr. Tenney to prove his title to the land now held in his name. This circumstance is mentioned here merely as a sidelight on momentous events now occurring in China and as a possible explanation of the evident hatred of some Chinese for the foreigner that has fattened and is even now fattening on the loot of China. The case of Dr. Tenney is not isolated by any means—and if the boycott against the American in China is induced in one instance by our exclusion laws it is also assisted and kept alive by the unwelcome presence of the American missionary.

A Martinet of the Navy

It is to be hoped that the Navy Department will take cognizance of the report of a revolt among the seamen of the *Marblehead*. It was said that the crew rebelled against the unreasonable disciplinary measures of Commander Mulligan, who, I have reason to believe, is a naval martinet, but if an investigation of affairs on board the *Marblehead* were made, perhaps it might be shown that the dissatisfaction of the crew is due to something more serious than the stringent regulations of the commander. I first heard of Commander Mulligan some months ago in connection with an incident that superinduced the rising of my gorge. On board the *Marblehead* was a young man who enlisted in the navy at this port nearly four years ago. During his career in the navy he spent a great deal of time in foreign waters and had never been home in the holiday season. The *Marblehead* came into port shortly before Thanksgiving day and the young man's family were joyful over the prospect of his eating turkey dinner with them. Plans were made for a family reunion, the young man having informed his mother that he would be home. It never

occurred to him that Commander Mulligan, who had shortly before taken charge of the *Marblehead*, was not of the same temperament of other officers with whom he had sailed. It was not until he applied for permission to attend the family dinner that he got an inkling to the Mulligan temperament. He was told that he would have to stay aboard the ship. There was a vacant chair at that Thanksgiving dinner.

Another Episode

Perhaps it was in his zeal for naval discipline that Commander Mulligan prevented that happy family reunion. For aught I know Commander Mulligan felt that the good of the service demanded the presence of the young man on board the *Marblehead* Thanksgiving day. But a little later Mulligan's conduct convinced me that it was not always his zeal for discipline that moved him. One day it was reported that the *Marblehead* was to be sent to Panama, and as the young man's time would expire some time in March and it was understood at that time that the vessel would probably not return from the trip until June or July, he sent in an application to be assigned to shore duty so that he would be able to get out of the navy at the expiration of his term of enlistment. He had been thinking of re-enlisting, but in consequence of his experience with Mulligan he was eager to get out of the navy. However, he was not to sever his connection with the *Marblehead* so easily as he imagined, for Commander Mulligan was once more intent on upsetting his plans. The application had to go through Mulligan's hands, but it did not go through those prehensile members. Commander Mulligan held on to the application, intending, evidently, to compel the young man to serve a few extra months in the navy. But in this instance it was the Commander's plans that were upset, for the young man had friends who interceded for him, not with Mulligan but with the Navy Department, and just as the *Marblehead* was about to steam through the Golden Gate a despatch from Washington reached the vessel, ordering the young man transferred to shore duty. As it appears to be the desire of Secretary Bonaparte to improve the manners of our naval officers, I submit that the case of Commander Mulligan is deserving of his attention. When a young man enlists in our navy for four years it should be with the understanding that he would be permitted to retire at the end of his term. No officer should have it in his power to sentence him to a longer term than he enlisted for.

Von Schroeder's Libel Suit

Mr. John D. Spreekels confessed judgment the other day in that celebrated unsavory libel suit instituted by Bar-

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on von Schroeder, which I urged the worthy Baron to drop before the trial for the benefit of all concerned. I believe the Baron was very indignant at the time that I should have given him such advice. His honor had been bruised and he insisted that it be healed. So he went to trial and a jury declined to vindicate him. From the testimony in the case D. M. Delmas argued that Baron von Schroeder was laboring under a delusion as to the character of his reputation, and the attorney's denunciation of the plaintiff was a masterpiece of irony and invective. We are indebted to the Baron for that fine contribution to the literature of the bar, for if the suit had not been prosecuted, the eloquent Mr. Delmas would not have had the inspiration for his classic. Now that the case is all over it is pleasing to learn that the Baron's indignation has been assuaged, and that so great a change has his temperament undergone, that he accepts a confession of judgment for one thousand dollars as adequate satisfaction for the injury to his honor. At the same time I feel that it is very unfortunate that Mr. Spreckels did not confess judgment before the trial, for the official data of the case are of record in the archives of the Superior Court of Marin county and though Mr. Spreckels has confessed that he libeled the Baron, Mr. Delmas has not withdrawn his remarks to the jury. In justice to the Baron it should be said that he was more seriously damaged by the trial than by the newspaper publication of which he complained, and that the Supreme Court found that he was entitled to a second trial, having been done an injustice by the first. It is believed that a great deal of the testimony introduced on that first trial was far from trustworthy.

The Pursuit Of a Banker

Over in Oakland, now that the McNulty case has lost its savor, attention is concentrated on the affair involving Banker William G. Henshaw, who, according to the dailies, deftly avoided the fulfillment of a contract last week, diverting and edifying financial circles by his astuteness and evasiveness. Mr. Henshaw, we were told, spent an entire day keeping out of the way of a breathless individual named Fibush, who was handicapped with a bag containing \$23,000 in gold which he desired to hand over to the elusive financier. As \$23,000 in gold coin weighs about thirty-five pounds it can readily be imagined that Fibush larded the lean earth with perspiration as he ran in his vain chase after the Oakland banker who had, it appears, signed a contract to sell a piece of property, but had subsequently made more satisfactory arrangements to convey a part of it to somebody else. When the holder of the contract, we are told, insisted on its fulfillment, Banker Henshaw took his pen in hand and gracefully wrote a new condition across the face of the instrument, which had been duly executed by his agent holding his power of attorney. Fibush, the holder of the contract, declined to accept this condition so unceremoniously inserted by the autocratic financier, and as a consequence the banker, intent upon preventing fulfillment of the contract, literally gave him a run for his money, playing hide-and-seek with his pursuer like a fox in a covert. A Californian banker running away from money is a spectacle worth the while of a moving picture operator.

Henshaw's Achievements

So accustomed have we become to the sensational tales of the devious methods of astute financiers in the larger and more fruitful field of New York, that when one of our

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modest money-grubbers exhibits peculiar talents for the accumulation of wealth we give him but scant consideration. In our opinion he is merely a piker compared with the men of the big trusts, but when we scrutinize his methods closely we see that the success of his operations is due to the peculiar brand of genius that distinguishes the builders of gigantic fortunes on the opposite edge of the continent. Mr. Henshaw, President of the Union Savings Bank of Oakland, is a self-made man. To make such a large fortune as he has within the short space of time in which he accumulated his wealth, a man must be quick-witted and ready and willing to grasp opportunities. Of that Mr. Fibush is no doubt convinced, and having brought suit to compel the enforcement of his contract with Henshaw he expects to show that the banker is at times prepared to go to most remarkable extremes to attain his ends. In the circumstances it is not surprising that all Oakland should be taking an interest in the case, for it promises interesting and perhaps sensational revelations. The plaintiff expects to show, among other things, that the bank president refused to accept as a legal tender, a certificate of deposit issued by his own bank. That is a queer thing for a banker to do. Henshaw has been involved in a number of deals recently that gave rise to dissatisfaction and caused him to be execrated by the men with whom he was doing business, but he is pursuing the even tenor of his way, making money and ignoring those who are unable to understand agreements as he understands them. He has made a great deal of interesting financial history in Oakland and it is often recited, by way of illustration of his astuteness. One of the biggest deals he ever put through was the purchase from the P. I. Company and



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sale to the Realty Syndicate of the section of the water front now occupied by the Key Route ferry. It is said that if Mr. M. F. Smith were to express his opinion regarding the part played by Mr. Henshaw in that transaction his language would be more pictorial than polite.

The Story of Woodruff's Jilting

One of my readers has taken me to task for saying that the brothers of the Countess Castellane did not object to her marriage with Harry Woodruff on account of his profession. He writes: "Two of the Gould brothers found wives in the theatrical profession, but when their sister, Anna Gould, fell in love with Harry Woodruff, the original Imp in 'When We Were Twenty-One,' they suggested that he should quit the stage and enter some other profession. He agreed to do so. He said he would like to become a lawyer and the Goulds sent him to Harvard to prepare himself for the bar. Then they persuaded the eccentric Anna to take a trip to Europe, believing, it has been said, that she would soon fall in love with somebody else. And the fickle heiress did just as her friends thought she would do—forget all about the actor with the bleached hair. She met the Count Boni Castellane, a man whose physique is somewhat similar to that of Woodruff, and she married him. Then the Gould backing was withdrawn from the jilted actor at Harvard and he had to go back to the footlights. I wonder if the Goulds have not since regretted that they postponed the match between their sister and clever Harry Woodruff!"

Sports at Coronado

The March meeting of the Southern California Polo and Pony Racing Association will be held at Coronado on Saturday the third and Monday the fifth of that month. The program will include prize races for ponies and horses and many interesting events are expected. The polo tournament at Coronado will follow that at Riverside which opens on the nineteenth. The Hotel del Coronado has added to its stabling accommodations and now has seventy-eight box stalls for the polo ponies. The track is being put in shape throughout and will require little attention. The polo field is going to be in fine condition, my correspondent informs me. It is sown in Bermuda grass and the old grass has been cut, the field newly rolled, and by the time the tournament is pulled off there will be a green, velvety turf.

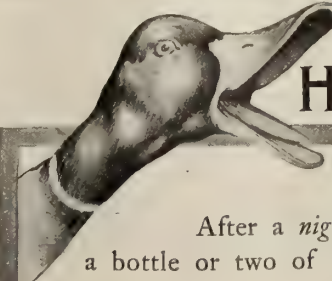
From the Gridiron Club

By way of a few of the thousand tongues of rumor I learn that the recent annual dinner of the Gridiron Club, in Washington, was not only the most elaborate affair thus far credited to that organization of Washington correspondents, but was also one of the most successful. Among the two hundred and fifty who sat down at table were President

Roosevelt, Vice-President Fairbanks, several members of the Cabinet, a score of foreign ambassadors and ministers and about forty members of Congress. As the jesting idea of the dinner was the Panama Canal, all the fun and frolic planned for the joy of the banqueters, with a few trifling exceptions, was dug from that locality. When the President arrived he was escorted to his place through a winding avenue of palms by members of the club who sported jumpers and panama hats and carried picks; this procession being led by the U. S. Marine Band, clad in white duck. Then, in a little open space arranged as a plaza, before the President's table, the Gridironers began their stunts with the appearance of the oysters. The principal offering was a burlesque on the visit of the Isthmian Canal Commission to Panama. After the Commissioners, indignant at having been sent away from Washington in the middle of the social season, had decided that they would take "no salaries and all the perquisites," and that they would meet in summer at Newport and in winter at Palm Beach, and had engaged a negro typewriter who could mix mint juleps, a chef, a chauffeur, a physical culture professor and a manicure, they solemnly began a discussion of the cost of the big ditch. "Oh," said one, "that's a mere detail. Senator Spooner will pass an amendment any time." After that they considered applicants for other employments—all this lot of applicants being "chiefs—Chief Engineer, Chief Sanitary Officer, Chief Amusement Provider, and so on—and all of them wore medals.

Some Persiflage

At another stage of this performance it was announced that the plaza at Panama would be adorned with the statues of prominent guests, each to be nominated from some imaginary state. Nicholas Longworth was declared ineligible, under this ruling, because he no longer lived in "State of Suspense," but Secretary Taft was accepted as his substitute. George W. Boyd, of the Pennsylvania railroad, was also elected from that state, "because he had suspended the granting of passes," while Speaker Cannon and Postmaster-General Cortelyou were chosen from the "State of Expectancy." The persiflage which accompanied this



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part of the skit was by no means dull. "Secretary Shaw will stay another year in the Cabinet, I hear," said one of the skitters. "Will he?" queried another. "Oh, yes," replied the first; "he persuaded the President to persuade him to remain." One of the funmakers, burdened with a suit case, a camera and a hatbox, galloped in post haste and began to make notes and take pictures in a tremendous rush. "Don't stop me," he cried. "I've got to write 20,000 words attacking the canal and I've only twenty minutes to stay. I'm Poultney Bigelow." And finally everybody present was given a souvenir in the form of an illustrated "Guide to Washington," from which the following extracts may be quoted as a fair sample of the rest: "The White House—This is a school for the education of Senators and Representatives as to their duty to their country. There is a gymnasium connected with the institution. The motto is: 'Hit first and frequent.'" "Strangers visiting the War Department can see how Secretary Taft holds down his job. He sits on it." "Pennsylvania Avenue—Originally intended to separate the Capitol from the White House. Modern inventions, including the telephone and Senators Lodge and Knox, have changed this intention."

The Women And The Demon

The petticoated phalanxes embattled against the serried ranks of the Demon Rum are beating their tom-toms and squeaking their hewgags in protest of anything savoring of the liquor habit at the Longworth-Roosevelt wedding. Recently the Oakland enemies of the Demon announced that it would be a national scandal if wine was served at the wedding breakfast; and when the Ohio Congressmen decided to present Miss Roosevelt with a loving cup the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Columbus forwarded a petition to the delegation asking them not to present the "punch bowl." The objection of the Oakland women is not stated explicitly, but it is presumed that they are of the old school and regard wine at breakfast as bad form—a dry Martini or a flowing Manhattan appeals to them as sufficient appetizer even for the bibulous Ambassadors from Germany or France. These ladies, however, must remember that in Washington things are ordered differently from the manner of ordering them in staid Oakland; there is an imported old world drink habit in our national capital and it has provoked a thirst that will not wait until something has been put down—a thirst that is hereditary and persistent; a thirst as likely to rise with a man as to follow him to bed. Furthermore these misguided and misfitted enemies of the Demon must know that this so-called "breakfast" is not really a breakfast at all—it is what the ladies of Oakland call a "luncheon." And even in Oakland they know that it is proper to wrestle with the Demon at luncheons—there are numerous free luncheons prepared in the salons and cafes of Oakland with no other object in view than to encourage throat to throat combats with the Demon.

Merely An Impertinence

If, on the other hand, these uncommonly good women of Oakland and Columbus are protesting against wine at the Longworth-Roosevelt wedding, and against the presentation of a loving cup to the bride, because they think it is scandalous or wicked to drink wine or to own a loving cup, they are guilty of a gross impertinence and subject them-

selves to the laugh of the scorner. Not that these women care for the scorner; they are used to his innocuous sneer; but when a nation guffaws they must realize that they have transcended even their divinely inspired privileges. It is all well enough to save the drunkard wallowing in the gutter while his wife and children are starving in their miserable garret; but the nobility of this effort does not give these temperance ladies warrant to poke their meddlesome noses into the private affairs of people with whom they have never enjoyed even the pleasure of a bowing acquaintance. The guests at the Longworth-Roosevelt wedding are free to eat, drink and be merry with goblets or loving cups as they see fit, and the temperance ladies of Oakland and Columbus are wholly irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial. Of course nobody will pay the slightest heed to these protests—except the Demon Rum; and he will merely switch his tail and grin a demoniac grin as he uncorks another cold bottle preparatory to washing down another fat reed bird or offering a toast to the blushing bride in a bubbling beaker that is also sometimes called, on occasions like this, a bumper.

History Will Forget It

I have been intending to submit this question to some competent authority: Is this Longworth-Roosevelt wedding affair national, international, or domestic? The uproar in the American press leads me to the opinion that it is a national wedding; the circumstance that all the ambassadors and representatives of foreign countries have been bidden to the function to the exclusion of many intimate friends of the family, induces the suspicion that it is to be an international wedding; yet the fact that it is Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the American citizen, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who will marry Mr. Nicholas Longworth, also an American citizen, almost compels the belief that the affair is, in its essence, a domestic arrangement between two American families, meriting no more prominence than the marriage of any other American families were it not for the fortuitous circumstance that the father of the bride is, for the time, President of the United States. I have thought of submitting my question to the sapient query editors of the various newspapers, and I have thought of sending my question to Mr. Bok, who has never yet balked at questions of this intricate character. While debating this matter it occurred to me that the answer to my question could be more easily obtained in the answer to other questions, namely: Will this so-called "White

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The Coming Mrs. Longworth

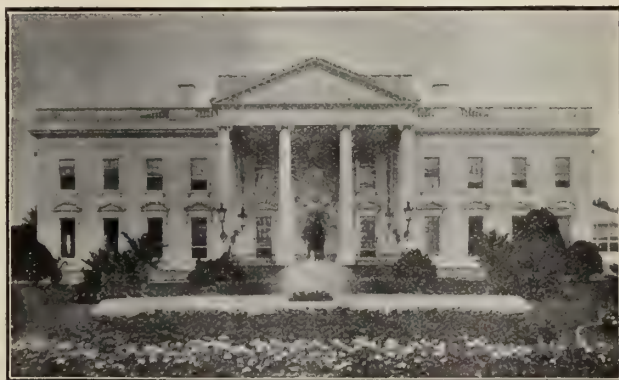
ma. When she tells me to be home at four, and I don't get there until half-past, she understands. But when papa says four o'clock, and I don't come in till a quarter past—he doesn't understand at all!"

Gossip from the Capital

From Washington, D. C., my correspondent writes me that Pansy Perkins is considered one of the season's beauties. She is a true daughter of the West, a splendid rider, a lively companion and a frank, independent girl. Miss Pansy cannot accept one-third of the hospitality which is offered, though she is delighted with the gay life at the capital. In Washington the daughters of widowed Senators are much envied, for they receive all the honor which usually goes to a Senator's wife, and at the same time enjoy all the gayeties of the younger set.

Weds a Californian

Another international marriage has occurred as the result of Cupid's interesting himself in music students abroad. Henry Harrison Balfour, nephew of the late Premier of England, recently took unto himself a bride in the person of Miss Constance Loucks, a Los Angeles girl with musical inclinations. Young Balfour is possessed of considerable means and is carrying on vocal studies for the love of the musical art. He is a pupil of Sbriglia, who taught Denis O'Sullivan, and it was at the Parisian master's home that the couple first met, about a year ago. The engagement was announced shortly after the presentation and the wedding was solemnized in London very recently. After another term of study under Sbriglia in Paris the younger Balfour and his bride will make an extended tour of America, visiting Southern California before returning to England.



A Spring Time Picture of the North Front of the White House where the wedding is to take place.

House wedding" be historical? Will it in any way affect the destiny of the nation? Will it have the slightest bearing on our foreign relations? There, anybody can answer those questions. The wedding is not historical; it will in no wise affect the destiny of the nation; and our diplomacy will plug right along in its usual red tapestry fashion. Therefore the Longworth-Roosevelt (or Roosevelt-Longworth) wedding is neither a national wedding nor an international wedding. Unquestionably it is a purely domestic affair like any other straight away American wedding. There may be a little more noise and ostentation in it than we hear and see in other American weddings, but in its ultimate analysis it is merely the marriage of a worthy young American to a worthy young American. All else that attaches is snobbery, flummery, fuss, and feathers—vain show and tinsel that time will tarnish and ultimately eliminate, leaving only the sober, serviceable fabric of genuine American homespun.

Her Father Did Not Understand

One of the friends of the Roosevelts told me that when Alice was a little girl she found her father very uncompromising in some matters. Those who consider the President a too indulgent parent may not believe that, but my informant says she remembers an incident that proves it. Alice's teacher had been inquiring for Mrs. Roosevelt, who was ill, and Alice plaintively replied:

"She's not much better, and it's pretty hard. You see papa stays home most all the time and that makes it inconvenient."

"Why, how's that?" asked the teacher.

"Don't you see? Papa doesn't understand like mam-

Mrs. Carolan's New Chignon

During her European trip Mrs. Francis Carolan met a hair-dresser who contrived for her a chignon peculiarly suited to her type of beauty. Her hair of raven blackness is parted in the centre and worn *a la Cleo de Merode* well over her eyes. At the nape of her neck huge braids meet

The Thursday Night Concerts directed by Bernat Jaulus at the Cafe Fiesta (formerly Tait's) are delighting throngs of music lovers. Manager Lake announces "American Compositions" for February 22nd and "Wagner" for March 1st.

Reminders of Washington.—The tree-stump, the cherries, and the hatchet that did it—a novel candy box. Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

and are coiled around her shapely head. While lunching at the St. Francis the other day she was attired in a Parisian walking costume of black and white check cut an inch or two shorter than the gowns of local fashionables. A stylish hat of black placed far back on her head showed to advantage her new style of coiffure.

I hear that Frank Goad has brought with him as souvenirs of his European tour many boxes of beautiful things. Like Fred Greenwood and Addie Mizner, young Goad has always gone in for the esthetic, and his apartments rivaled in beauty those of the two popular bachelors.

The Peixottos

The Edgar Peixottos have given some of the season's most artistic dinners at the old Peixotto home in Sutter street. Mrs. Peixotto is considered one of the few ideal dinner hostesses. I hear that Jessica Peixotto is at present studying in one of the big German universities. Sidney is still wrapped up in his settlement work and seems to have taken up practical philanthropy as his life work. The Columbia Park boys, who drill so beautifully, are among his proteges.

The Bruguieres in Newport

The Bruguieres are now cutting so much ice in Newport that the society journals of New York are beginning to guy them. They are having the usual experience of newcomers in Newport, and the stories told about them are absurd. Mrs. Bruguier, for example, is being written up as a provincialite who knows nothing about the ways of polite society. It is said that Louis Bruguier's big house in Coddington Cove is a landmark for miles up and down the bay and that it is an aggravation to people who wanted to keep the Point unadorned. "The polo field and golf-links," says one writer, "will be in playing trim by June, but Bruguier will have to hire professional players to knock balls around and to use his little ponies." The same writer declares that Louis was taken up by Mrs. Fish who would have been pleased to see him marry her daughter, but that the fair Marian did not look kindly on his suit, whereupon he was dropped by Mamma Fish.

The Woman in the Case

"Little Egypt" who is said to have eloped with Horace M'Kinley, is not the Little Egypt of Seeley dinner fame. Several "Little Egypts" bobbed up after that famous dinner and each got the benefit of the advertising that had been given the original. San Francisco's "Little Egypt" was a Gracie Gallagher who did her muscle dancing in Jack Hallinan's resort. She spent some time in the Klondike and she was a favorite at street carnivals in this state.

Westgate Apartments

Taylor near Sutter St.

A FEW APARTMENTS ARE STILL AVAILABLE

EXCLUSIVELY for housekeeping. Five and six rooms, arranged strictly on the Eastern plan. Only four apartments to each floor, thereby affording privacy and exclusiveness.

Manager on Premises or

STARR BROTHERS

817 Union Trust Building

Josie Loughborough, who passed away this week in Italy, of typhoid fever, was one of the most beloved girls in society. She was independent and unconventional in her ways, but most sincere and loyal in her friendships. She had gone abroad to visit her sister Fanny, Mrs. Allan Wallace, and it was her intention to spend a year or so in travel.

A Carolina Mullally

Society has a new recruit in the person of Thornwell Mullally, a member of a distinguished family of North Carolina, who is going to make this city his future home. He came hither to represent the interests of President Calhoun of the United Railroads, and he brought letters to several of the prominent hostesses of the Southern set. He will doubtless become quite active in the social whirl.

Evelyn Almond Withrow will hold an exhibition at Claxton's from March first to fifteenth, the pictures to be shown all having been painted since Miss Withrow's return from Europe. The showing will comprise portraits in oil and pastel, landscape, *genre* and still life subjects.

The exhibition of the Japan Society is now on at the Hopkins. The exhibition includes original paintings in ink and water colors by famous artists of Japan, representing most of the well-known schools, and comprising framed pictures, kakemonos, screens and other articles; also authentic examples of the various styles of Japanese writing by celebrated masters of the art.

Madame La Bavarde tells us that Mrs. Waterbury is painting a miniature of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, "which is exquisite and a perfect likeness."

CAFE ZINKAND

The rendezvous of epicures

under management of

JOHN TAIT and GUSTAV MANN

Roller Skating

**The New
Society Craze**

Afternoons and Evenings

Matinee, 1:30 to 4:30

Evenings, 7:30 to 10:30

Mechanics Pavilion

"Scotty's" Prototype

Apropos of the serious illness—and perhaps by this time the death—of "Coal Oil Johnny," who went to his bed in Sugarcreek, Pennsylvania, a fortnight ago, with a fine case of plural pneumonia, I am moved by the stir of memory to submit that here was a man whose ingenuity in spending money has only to be recalled to make the blatant "Scotty" dwindle into utter insignificance. John W. Steele, for that was his real name, came into possession of some fine oil lands and a big pot of money about fifty years ago, inheriting these assets from his mother. He was under age then, and could not touch his fortune; but a year later he attained his majority, stuffed his clothes full of money, and took his friend, Seth Slocum, to Philadelphia for a blow-out. The first thing he did in that metropolis was to order for himself and Slocum two suits from a piece of goods so flashy that when the twain appeared upon the street in their new rigs they were promptly arrested under suspicion of insanity. Steele bought a racehorse, entered the nag in the Point Breeze handicap, bet a huge sum on him—and saw him finish last. He bought a carriage, which had his coat-of-arms, a flowing oil well, painted on the panels, and a week later gave the outfit to his coachman. During his ten-day stay at the Girard House, when a newsboy first gave him his nickname of "Coal Oil Johnny," he ran up a bill of \$19,000, and paid it. Then he saw a performance of Skiff and Gaylord's Minstrels, bought a one-third interest in the show and took to the road with it. Reaching Utica, Johnny gave the company a supper which cost him \$1,000. The next morning he conceived the idea of traveling in his own train, and accordingly bought an engine, sleeper, and baggage car. At Erie he gave the company a \$500 supper, declared all dates cancelled for two weeks, took all hands on a wild junket, paid all salaries and indemnified the owners of the theatres skipped with emoluments based on estimates of packed houses. In Chicago he leased the Academy of Music for the entire season, a venture which prospered. Near the end of the season he decided that he would like to give a benefit to his partners, Skiff and Gaylord. He therefore sent a messenger over to the manager of the Crosby Opera House, then the finest in the country, saying he wanted to rent that place of entertainment for one night. The manager sent back a reply that he wouldn't rent his house for an infernal nigger show, whereupon Johnny, somewhat wroth, went to the manager's office in person.

"What will you take for your place and sell it outright?" he asked of Root, the manager in question, who replied that he did not care to sell.

"I'll give a liberal price. Money is no object." And Johnny pulled from his valise a fat roll of greenbacks, counted out \$200,000, and laid it on the table. "Is that enough?" said he. The manager was thunderstruck. "If that is the kind of man you are," he gasped, "you can have the house free of charge."

So the benefit was given, and was a big success.

Hired a Whole Hotel

Another episode of Johnny's golden days, now, alas! long since succeeded by days of lead, was that arising from his renting of the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia and his effort to buy the Girard House. He went to the Continental and politely asked to see the manager. As his business was not important, the clerk told him that the manager was busy. Johnny suggested that he could make it worth the clerk's while if he were accommodated. The clerk became haughty. Johnny tossed a bellboy a \$20 gold piece, told him to find the manager, and two minutes later got his wish. He told the manager that the clerk had insulted him, and demanded that the man should be immediately discharged. The manager refused. Johnny at once offered to buy the hotel. But the manager couldn't sell, because he was only a part owner, and it was finally agreed that Johnny should rent the house for one day, the price of that privilege being \$8,000. This bargain struck, the doors of the hotel were thrown open, every guest was notified that he could eat and drink his fill without cost, and a big placard was hung at the outer portal, announcing: "Open House Today. Everything Free. All Are Welcome." When the hotel was returned to its manager the next day, Johnny was frantic with rage because he found that the clerk he disliked had been re-instated. He rushed over to the Girard House, tried to buy it, and, failing in that, arranged with the proprietor to buck the Continental by reducing prices on everything to almost nothing. He had a sweet revenge, if an expensive one, for all the people at the Continental left it in a body. What has the much advertised "Scotty" done that can compare with all this?

Miss Emma Wiener, champion lady skater of California, gave an exhibition of fancy skating at the Pacific Heights Skating Rink, 1609 Pacific avenue, on Wednesday evening. The occasion was the big "valentine party" given at the rink. The order preserved at the Pacific Heights rink and the care taken for the patrons' comfort has made it very popular.

Surplus Stock Sale

Among the many **BARGAINS** to be secured and unusual during the continuance of our Surplus Stock Sale are many beautiful and useful wares that, because only small quantities remain, have been reduced as follows:

Jardinières and Pedestals, 10 per cent. to 50 per cent. off.

Vases and Ornaments, 10 per cent. to 50 per cent. off.

Terra Cotta Busts and Figures, 50 per cent. off.

High Grade China Plates, one-fourth, one-third and one-half off.

Dinner Sets, one-half and one-third off.

Note: See the interesting demonstration of garnishing devices—in Household Department
9 to 5 Daily.

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will be served in the white and gold room every Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock.

\$2.50 PER PLATE

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Table reservations may be made with the
Maitre D'Hotel



Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt

"The First Lady of Our Land" who supervised the arrangements for the wedding of her step-daughter. From Chartran's portrait now in the lower corridor of the White House.

The Sagacity of Mrs. Oelrichs

If I were Mrs. Oelrichs I should get very suspicious after reading in one of the daily papers certain panegyrics on my great financial ability. The pretext for the fulsome flattery of the lady with millions was her sale of some water lots to the Government. It was said that though there had been constant inquiry for water lots, she held them because "she saw with her keen business sagacity the trend of business, etc."; also, "Mrs. Oelrichs is too shrewd a business woman to let the property go at less than it was worth"; also, "So Mrs. Oelrichs said that she could not afford to sell for the price offered her, and she held out for a sum considerably in excess of it." If that sort of stuff had been written about J. G. Fair, whose business sagacity Mrs. Oelrichs has not inherited, that lamented citizen would have buttoned up his coat and prepared for the visit of a gold-brick artist. Mrs. Oelrichs is an estimable lady, but what she doesn't know about business and the ways of business men would supply material for a series of stereopticon lectures which would include pictures of certain pieces of property that fell into the hands of some of her society friends in San Francisco. With all her keen business sagacity Mrs. Oelrichs sold some property in San Francisco which experts have said was worth at least one million more than she received. That transaction took place less than two years ago, and if Mrs. Oelrichs had been "too shrewd a business woman to let the property go at less than it was worth," and had "seen the trend of business" at that time, she would now be able to get three

millions more than her friends paid. I am giving the testimony of experts.

The Fairmount

So I am inclined to think that Mrs. Oelrichs has been getting a hot air bath since her arrival in San Francisco. Unfortunately for Mrs. Oelrichs, she has been too eager to get rid of her San Francisco holdings. If she had carried out the plans projected by her brother and her husband before the former's death, she would probably be far richer than she is. The death of Charley Fair was a great misfortune to this city. We have reason to rejoice, however, that before his death the plans for the Hotel Fairmount had been drawn, and for that building, which is a noble ornament to the city, we are indebted to Hermann Oelrichs. Mr. Oelrichs has confidence in the future of the city, and though it was not through his sense of thrift, but rather through his artistic temperament, that he was moved to suggest the building of the Fairmount, he felt that by the time of its completion the city would have grown to such an extent that it would prove a profitable enterprise. Willie Vanderbilt, who thinks that New York is the United States, scoffed at it and his wife unloaded her interest upon Mrs. Oelrichs. For a time Mrs. Oelrichs thought she had a white elephant on her hands, and there was talk of making an apartment house of the building, but now it is the opinion of hotel men that the Fairmount can be made to pay a reasonable interest on the investment. But perhaps some of our clever young business men can convince Mrs. Oelrichs that the Fairmount should be sold. Let us hope that she has too much business sagacity to let go.

When Heney Talked

For Francis J. Heney's courage and talents I have great respect, and believing that he is available for important public service of the kind that he has already performed and for which he peculiarly qualified, I regret his disposition to talk without sufficient provocation. It is an evil habit. To have something to say is not sufficient justification for utterance at all times and under all circumstances. Even though the judges of our Superior Court be deserving of censure a banquet in honor of one of their confreres about to withdraw from the tribunal in which he has many personal friends is not an occasion for throwing discredit on them. Mr. Heney's speech was of course embarrassing to Judge Sloss though it was intended as a panegyric on the virtues of that eminent jurist. Indeed the complimentary references to him, coupled as they were

DELROY, whose Salmagundi was, last season, engaged by fifty of the most prominent hostesses of San Francisco, and for functions at the Bohemian, California, Concordia, Family, Sorosis, and Unitarian Clubs, and at Hotels Del Monte, Palace, St. Francis, etc., etc., has **Three Complete Surprises for 1906.**

He has also a great novelty for church or charity functions which he will arrange upon a percentage basis, in or out of town.

Terms vary with functions from \$10 to \$100.

Delroy receives for **Readings and Lessons in Psychic Subjects** at 907 Ellis St., near Van Ness (Telephone East 4190) by appointment only.



For Washington's Birthday—Patriotic souvenirs of the great patriot's birthday—flag and shield candy boxes. Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

with harsh criticism of his late associates, made it all the more embarrassing for him. Perhaps he felt inclined to disavow acquiescence in the sentiments of the speaker but was restrained from doing so through a sense of respect for his hosts. It has been stated that Judge Lawlor was among the representatives of the judiciary present during the speech. He was not. The only Superior Judge present was that passionate young jurist, Frank H. Dunne, a man of rare presence of mind and composure suitable to just such an occasion. He listened to the castigation of the judiciary which he represented without batting an eyelash. He might have taken issue with Mr. Heney gracefully, but he preferred to swallow the insult to the bench along with his black coffee. In an interview, the following day, he remarked exuberantly something to the effect that as his ox had not been gored the aspersions on the bench of which he was a representative did not concern him. In other words Judge Dunne flatters himself that the cap did not fit him. But does he know it was not intended for him?



Baroness Moncheur

The American wife of the Belgian Minister. One of the beauties who will appear at the Roosevelt-Longworth wedding.

When Clubs Leak

Mr. Heney, by the way, is very indignant that a speech delivered by him in his club should find its way into the columns of a newspaper. His purpose at the banquet was to say nice things about Judge Sloss, not to throw discredit on the other judges, but he was not happy in his choice of method. If he had known that his words were to be used for newspaper purposes he probably would have given more thought to the form of his address. Other members of the club sympathize with Mr. Heney and deplore the publicity given to a club dinner. It appears that there are some members of the club who have fondly nursed the delusion that what takes place within its sacred precincts is not to be disclosed beyond the club portals. This is the pet theory of all clubs and true of none. Within twenty-four hours after Heney made his speech in the Family Club the dogs on the street knew about it. I met several members of the club the day after the banquet and the only one who did not tell me about the speech was a newspaper man.

Out For The Short Term

One of the dailies has reported that Justice Sloss did not intend to seek the nomination for Justice of the Supreme Court; that he merely desired the honor of being on the Supreme Bench and purposed retiring to private practice at the end of the year. I am authoritatively informed that he has decided to run for the unexpired term. I have also been told that it is his ambition to become a Federal jurist. There is considerable curiosity, by the way, regarding the plans of Justice Henshaw whose term expires this year. It is well known that there is great demand for him in private practice, for he is recognized as one of the shrewdest lawyers in the state, and therefore it is thought that he will retire from the bench. But the judge has not disclosed his intentions. If he wants renomination he will not have the slightest difficulty in securing it. He is one of the most popular jurists in the state and nothing short of his own protest could prevent his renomination.



Mrs. John F. Merrill

One of the most popular women in society, and the mother of that charming young matron, Mrs. Harry Bates. Mrs. Merrill's elder son, John Sroufe Merrill, married Olive Snyder; her younger son, Ralph, and his sister Ruth, are prominent in the younger set. Mrs. Merrill this week resigned after twenty-four years of service as vice-president of the Children's Hospital.

Invitations are now out for a complimentary dinner to be given to Judge Sloss next Friday by the lawyers of San Francisco. The committee of arrangements are Charles W. Slack, E. S. Pillsbury, Garret W. McEnerney, J. C. Campbell, Jesse W. Lillenthal, Gavin McNab, C. S. Wheeler, T. C. Van Ness, William Thomas, E. S. Heller and William Denman.

Reformer Wheelan

Fairfax Wheelan, associate of that eminent reformer, Colonel Dan Burns, has resolved to perpetuate the Republican League despite its absorption by the County Committee, the regular Republican organization. Wheelan says that his faction is going to organize League clubs and ignore the County Committee clubs. In the circumstances it should seem that there is only one thing for the County Committee to do—kick the Burns henchmen out. And that is probably what will be done. Wheelan seeks to dis-

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credit the County Committee by calling it Herrin's committee, but if Davis had been beaten for chairman it would have been the Wheelan-Burns Committee and everything would have been satisfactory. The committee, however, having been regularly constituted, is the "organization" committee, and as such will represent the party at the next election.

Graham is Presiding Judge

The appointment of Judge Sloss to the Supreme Court broke the deadlock in the Superior Court on the presiding judgeship and Judge Graham now occupies that position. Judge Graham's term, by the way, runs out at the end of this year, but he will, without a doubt, be renominated. Judge Graham has made an excellent record on the bench and without much fuss or feathers. His specialty is the abating of the divorce evil. He has made it clear that lawyers are too ready to rush their clients into the divorce court, and he has reunited the fathers and mothers of many families by pointing out their duties to their children and suggesting to them the importance of forbearance.

Gubernatorial Candidates

In about two months the wheels of the state political machines will begin to whirr and the numerous gubernatorial candidates will get busy. It is remarkable what a lot of gubernatorial timber is lying around loose at the present moment. In the Republican party there are at least twelve aspirants for the job. Pardee is fairly panting for renomination. Schmitz is manoeuvring for the nomination and his agents are at work in several counties. Lieutenant Governor Alden Anderson has a lightning rod up. Secretary of State Curry is holding himself in readiness. Senator Belchaw is in training. Warren Porter is waiting for Arthur Fisk to withdraw in his favor. Frank Short of Fresno is trying to create a sentiment in favor of giving the nomination to the South. Congressman Gillett is urging the claims of the North. Ex-Governor Henry T. Gage is fondly hoping that his strength in organized labor circles will be taken into consideration at the psychological moment. Railroad Commissioner Orrin Henderson of Stockton, who happens to be Grand Master of the Masons, is not insensible of his claims to recognition. George Knight is not averse to being coaxed and that handsome millionaire J. O. Hayes is not neglecting his opportunities. F. R. Porter, an Oakland journalist, has been going through the state interviewing politicians in the interest of Mr. Hayes, and is said to have introduced himself as the advance agent of that gentleman. But not long ago my Washington correspondent wrote me that Congressman E. A. Hayes says that Mr. Porter does not represent his brother, that his brother has no political manager. In the circumstances it would be interesting to learn whether Mr. J. O. Hayes is doing politics without the knowledge of his brother. At the last State Convention Mr. Ruef was a Hayes backer, but at that time a story was circulated to the effect that the San Jose millionaire had not lost his residence in Michigan and that he was still a member of a City Council in that state. But there can be no doubt at this time that he is a resident of this state. At this time ex-Congressman Bell appears to be foremost in the race for the Democratic nomination for Governor.

Excitement in Honolulu

From my Hawaiian correspondent I learn that when the news of the reappointment of Judge Robinson reached Honolulu by cable, it incited the populace to hysterical conduct in manifestation of delight over the defeat of Governor Carter. The proud and haughty Carter having opposed the reappointment of Judge Robinson, the latter's friends felt that his judicial career would soon be at an end, it being understood in the Islands that when the Governor threatened to resign some months ago, and later changed his mind, he had been told by President Roosevelt that in future his wishes in the matter of patronage would be given favorable consideration. So when Carter returned to Honolulu to run the government the people thought that his political influence was greater than ever. Carter himself must have thought so, too. He became more distasteful than ever and sought to extend his authority to the bench. He sent for Judge Robinson one day and told him how to conduct his court and suggested a policy for him to pursue. Judge Robinson told him that he preferred to be guided by the Constitution, and, so the story goes, Carter informed him that his reappointment would be opposed. The news reached this city and some of the judge's friends persuaded Senator Perkins to go to the front for him. Perkins did so and the result was the reappointment of Robinson. And through his reappointment has come an expression of public sentiment which President Roosevelt cannot very well ignore. If the President considers it his duty to give the people of Hawaii the kind of government they want, it might be well for him to ponder the demonstration of the populace of Honolulu when the news of Robinson's reappointment reached the city. "The town

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went wild," writes my correspondent. "Judge Robinson's home was mobbed by his excited friends and it was proposed that a torchlight procession and a mass-meeting be held. Judge Robinson advised the people to call the demonstration off, the reason being, I am told, that Governor Carter was a very sick man, being at that time in a high fever at his home." The demonstration of public feeling was interpreted both as an expression of esteem for Robinson and of disapproval of Carter's course.

To Honor George's Birthday

The Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, including the Sequoia and Puerto del Oro chapters, will unite in a monster reception and banquet on Washington's birthday. This is the first time the Sons and Daughters have ever united in a celebration. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and David Starr Jordan, the Governor and his wife, the Chief Justices, General Funston and Admiral McCalla will attend the celebration.

Mrs. Arthur Dodge, one of the best known of New York's clubwomen, has been staying at the St. Francis with Miss Sallie Barnes. The latter attended the Gaiety Club's dance on Tuesday night and has been considerably rushed with invitations. Mrs. Dodge and Miss Barnes are en route to Honolulu.

Mrs. Youngberg gave a delightful luncheon at the Colonial on St. Valentine's day. The guests were Mrs. J. A. Chanslor, Mrs. T. Cary Friedlander, Mrs. James Levensalor, Mrs. John P. Wallace, Mrs. George C. Hendry, Mrs. John Sutton, Mrs. Fred Youngberg, Mrs. J. H. Berg-hauser, Misses Gertrude and Laura Bates and Miss Belle Lathrop.

Mrs. Charles S. Middleton will give a large matinee tea next Saturday at her home in Vallejo street.

Back To Milan

Lydia Sturtevant Sterling, in whom nostalgia developed so strongly that she journeyed from Milan that she might eat her Christmas dinner with her parents in Berkeley, has returned to Italy to fulfill operatic contracts that she risked breaking for the sake of holidays at home. Miss Sterling's career is one of the most remarkable I have ever observed as regards self-sacrifice and persistence in obtaining a musical education. She is a San Francisco girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Sturtevant. Possessing a good contralto voice, she set out to acquire money for a musical education. Eschewing girlish pleasures, she worked as a bookkeeper and stenographer, and out of her meagre earnings saved enough to go to New York. There she took lessons until her money gave out, then came back here for another period of self-denial. A little over two years ago she went to Milan to study, and, although she did not know a soul there, she applied herself so diligently that she not only speaks Italian like a native, but has appeared in opera all over Italy, singing in Rome, Modena, Vigerano and other cities. It is the custom in Italy to give "nights of honor" to favorite singers, and Miss Sterling has an

The last Grand Masked Carnival will be held at the skating ring in Mechanic's Pavilion on Wednesday the 21st inst. Extra attendants in every department have been provided and prompt service is assured. No one except those in costume will be allowed on the floor until after the Grand March, at which time the prizes will be awarded. Good music and good order are guaranteed.

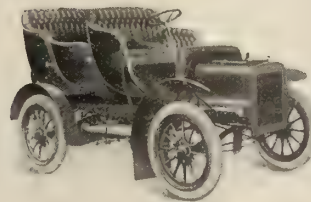
No adjectives are too strong to describe the good qualities of Repsold's wines. Inspection invited. 410 Pine St., San Francisco.

unusually large list of these benefits to her credit. She has many souvenirs of these occasions, presents from admiring audiences. One of the most interesting of them is the one presented to her at Modena. It is a doll dressed in the costume of the character in which she appears. The Italian garrison sent her a huge floral piece on this occasion.

When Nellie Was the Lionne

Nellie Stewart's big hat made as big a sensation as her small self at the reception she gave at the St. Francis last week. It was wondered whether it is the latest London wrinkle for the hostess to wear a hat at her own reception. Indeed, Mrs. Musgrove's headgear was as frequent a topic of discussion as the muff Maye Colburn wore when she assisted to receive at one of Mrs. Eleanor Martin's teas. At the Sequoia Club, Sunday afternoon, the piquant Nellie again appeared in a startling hat and one of her hat-pins was made of a huge cameo, to match the belt of cameos that encircled her supple waist. Both the receptions were joyous occasions. At the St. Francis there was the most cosmopolitan gathering I have seen for many a season, society being uncommonly genial even when obliged to rub shoulders with the non-elect.

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Model M, Light Touring Car

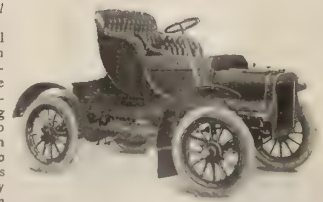
Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car
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Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout

Tad Welch's Team

My Santa Barbara correspondent sends me an amusing account of the troubles that Thad Welch, the artist, has had in acquiring a team of road-horses. For years such a possession has been one of the dreams of this artist's life. But for several years after his pictures began to sell, he and Mrs. Welch lived near Willow Camp in a canyon that, though picturesque enough to suit any pair of artists, was hardly a place for a carriage and pair. All the scenery there was on end, and anything less agile than a goat could not clamber around the topsy-turvy hills. Then a move was made to San Geronimo, over in Marin county, where the beautiful roads revived in Welch the old desire for horses. Mrs. Welch tried to persuade him that one horse might do as an experiment. But Welch, though an exponent of the simple life to a marked degree, was determined to indulge this one extravagant fancy. So two horses were purchased, "unsight and unseen" as the boys say when trading knives. They were sent down from Oregon, and instead of being broken to harness it was found that they were untrained, mettlesome young brutes that rebelled even at a halter. They were sent to San Rafael and put into the hands of a trainer—an expensive course which did not result happily. It seems that the trainer taught them to gallop in harness instead of to trot. At any rate, they acted badly on the road, and one day, shying at an automobile, came within an ace of killing the painter and his wife, besides smashing the beautiful new carriage they were attached to. Besides this, one day they wandered into the back yard and ruined a Marin hill masterpiece that had been about finished. Then came more training, and finally the team was fit for the road. But right after this the Welch's joined the artist colony at Santa Barbara. The horses were shipped down by boat, and one of them contracted pneumonia and died. Welch, still scorning to drive one horse, has purchased another, which is now in the hands of an expensive trainer. He hopes before long to be holding the reins over a dashing pair. But he says an automobile would have been cheaper.

With the Artists

The spring exhibition at the Hopkins will open on Thursday evening, March fifteenth, and will last four weeks. It will be rather more interesting than usual by reason of the prize exhibits, and the fact that the Bohemian Club artists have about decided to give up their annual exhibition. Usually the Bohemian Club showing has taken away many fine canvases that would otherwise have had their first hanging on the Hopkins line. Cadenasso is at work on a large canvas, "The Clam Digger," the most pretentious work he has yet done in point of size. Cadenasso's sunsets have had a great vogue. He recently sold two of them and has orders for more. McComas is holding an

exhibition of his latest works at a Post street gallery, and Greenbaum will have an exhibition at Gump's opening today. In the latter are included some new portraits, one of Gump senior and one of the artist's sister-in-law, and his beautiful study in browns, "The Girl and the Squirrel." Ada Romer-Shawhan has nearly finished her big canvas, "La Boheme," which in its unfinished state was printed as Town Talk's Christmas supplement. She has added a few more heads to it.

The "Mysterious Patron" who visited several studios a year or so ago, buying canvases and paying for them but never calling for his purchases, has not shown up since. The artists still wonder who he was and whence he came. He was a man of slight physique and in features resembled the portraits of Christ by Italian masters.

Where Copies Are Free

A correspondent writes to tell me that he finds Town Talk far too popular—so much so that in the library that he frequents he cannot find an opportunity to read it until it is several days old. "It's something awful on Fridays and Saturdays," he writes. "There are two copies in the reading room, and to say that they are read would be erroneous—they are fairly devoured. People clutch them with both hands, as though determined never to surrender, and hang on to them for a length of time that is distracting to other people who want to scan their pages. If each reader of Town Talk had his or her favorite department in it, and would give it up after reading that, it would not be so bad. But every one likes everything in the confounded paper, and reads it from the first page to the last." While I sympathize with my correspondent, I take the risk of offending him by suggesting that he might go to a news stand and buy a copy of the paper. The ten cents that he would pay for it would not materially enrich the proprietor, but it would afford great relief to the correspondent.

Stanford's Spy System

The Stanford University trouble which led to the dismissal from college of Ben S. Allen, editor of the *Daily*

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Palo Alto, brought to attention again an objectionable feature of this great university—the spy system. The latest ruction was over Allen's editorial criticism of the placing of proctors in Encina Hall to report infractions of rules by the students who inhabit it. But the trouble lies deeper than that. Stanford students have complained for years that a regular detective bureau is maintained there, as thoroughly organized as Uncle Sam's Secret Service. The students feel that such an institution is more suitable to a boys' academy than to a big university, but of course President Jordan ought to know whether it is essential to the maintenance of Palo Alto's dignity and decorum. It is generally acknowledged that Rufus Lot Green, professor of mathematics, is at the head of this system of espionage. Green was a member of the faculty at the University of Indiana when Dr. Jordan was president of that institution. While there Green was highly successful in unearthing some college scandals. A Stanford scandal led to his engagement by that university. It was the momentous occasion when the crowd of students known as "The dirty dozen" appropriated the liquor intended for the banquet to Ex-President Harrison. Green displayed his ability by ferreting out the ringleaders of the trouble.

Leaders are Tabu

It seems to be a settled rule at Stanford that as soon as a man becomes prominent he is expelled. The reason the expelled ones give for this is that the faculty desires absolute domination of the college, and looks upon leaders among the students as factors inimical to the policy of the institution. Also, students are expelled by star-chamber proceedings, and the only reason given the ousted one is that his presence is not looked upon as tending to the good of the university. In the Allen case it was acknowledged by Jordan that the editor was not expelled for writing the objectionable editorial, or for the opinions it expressed, but because of the bad effect his utterances would have upon the student body.

Hopelessly Domesticated

It is thought that society will see no more of the Parrott sisters, Marie Louise, and Daisy, who are regarded as hopelessly domesticated. They do not even care for bridge, it is said, and when that tale is told society says social extinction is spelled. But these charming young women are radiantly happy in their married life. The Frank McComases came up from Santa Barbara on account of his exhibition, which resulted in almost the entire exhibit's bearing "sold" marks. Mrs. McComas is very popular with her husband's friends and has adapted herself most harmoniously to the role of artist's wife.

Enthusiastic Bridgists

The bridge party given by the Mesdames Taylor and McNear at their father's home last week was the smartest affair of this nature of the season. Mrs. Will and Mrs. Gus have taken up cards only within the last year or so. Before that they scoffed at parlor games of all kinds, voting them slow. But as all their friends became devoted to bridge they had to learn and after three lessons became as mad

for the game as anybody. Their interest has not abated since, and Mrs. Will is now voted one of the champion bridgists.

Of Our Pioneer Aristocracy

Miss Ethel Melone, who is spending the winter in town, is the daughter of the late Drury Melone and is consequently of the "old" families that formed Our Society before the climbers came. Her mother was the daughter of R. B. Woodward of Woodward's Gardens fame. The Melone home is in Napa where they are neighbors of the Horace Blanchard Chases. Miss Melone's particular chum is Marie Wilson, who is soon to marry Dr. Stoney.

The Harris-Levy Betrothal

The engagement of Edith Harris with Lewis Levy, one of the plutocratic merchants of Seattle, came as a surprise to her friends here, for she had taken none of them into her confidence. Miss Harris is the daughter of Charles Harris, and is very popular in the ultra smart Jewish set here. She is a highly accomplished and attractive girl. Her sister, Mrs. Sam Dusenbury, who lately returned from abroad, is at last settled in her remodeled and refurnished house, one of the most artistic homes in San Francisco. Miss Harris and her fiance received last Sunday, and again on St. Valentine's day. Their marriage will occur very soon and then they will go to Europe for an extended tour before settling down in Seattle.

The Wilsons

Quite a number of Blingumites, Mrs. Gus Taylor among them, graced the luncheon given by the Misses Bes-sie and Bernice Wilson. The Wilson girls have an indulgent father and they wear lovely frocks and jewels. Bernice did not make a formal debut, but slid gracefully into all the social affairs this season. This is the New York way, I believe, the formal debut being considered *passee*.

Miss Grace Wilson, sister of Marie, did not appear at more than a few of the early season's affairs, as the family is in mourning at present.

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Ade's Masterpiece

George Ade's farce-comedy, "The County Chairman," is again delighting Columbia theatre patrons. This is one of the sprightliest of American comedies, and as a character study deserves to rank with the masterpieces of modern dramatic literature. The critics have not given it such rank because they have not been able to differentiate the author of slang fables and the musical farces from the playwright. The character of the county chairman is most skilfully drawn. It is a character that stands out from the play and will live in memory long after the story of the play shall have been forgotten. The negro politician is an equally deft creation, and the village milliner and the drummer are types snatched from real life. The comedy is in good hands and it is being seen by people who have seen it before. There are few plays being written nowadays that theatregoers care to sit through a second time, but "The County Chairman" is a play that discloses new subtleties of satire and humor each time that it is witnessed. The charm of this character comedy does not exhaust itself even at a second sitting.

The Financial Field

Transactions at the Stock and Bond Exchange were of the usual volume and fluctuations insignificant. Trading in Bonds aggregate \$529,000, in Shares 6,894 divided as follows: 290 Lighting, 2,720 Water, 1,480 Miscellaneous, 139 Bank, and 2,265 Sugars. Mutual Electric advanced to 18 1-2, Spring Valley Water moved between 40, 40 1-4, and Contra Costa, again attracting special attention, sold at 43. Offerings by sellers were quite persistent, but they were readily absorbed. Alaska Packers was steady at about 53 and sugar stocks, while showing a little more activity, continued to show weakness. Bonds ought to continue to be in good demand at present on account of the approach of "tax day."

The market in Tonopah, Goldfield, Bullfrog, and Manhattan stocks was very active this week, and judging from the amount of business large operators must be in the field. The sensation this week was the report that Schwab and associates had bought the Montgomery, Shoshan and Polaris in Bullfrog. This naturally created quite an excitement in all Bullfrog shares. Manhattan is also coming to the front and the reports from there are certainly very encouraging. It looks now as though Nevada is going to attract the attention of many men from all over the United States. Comstock shares are neglected, but they will come in later, as the work now going on there is of such a nature as to create a lively market. It certainly looks now as though the brokers of the San Francisco Stock Exchange are going to have lively times during the next few months.


—*The Financier.*

Swain's Dutch dining-room, so charmingly and artistically appointed, has become one of the favorite places for society to lunch and dine its friends. It accommodates forty-four comfortably. Swain's, at 209 Post street, is one of the oldest established restaurants in the city.

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The Stage

Henry Arthur Jones

I have been reading Henry Arthur Jones, and in the course of my reading my respect for that entertaining playwright has greatly increased. There are not many of the contemporary Anglo-Saxon playwrights with the courage to venture between book covers, but Henry Arthur Jones has done so and with considerable credit to himself. In cold type Mr. Jones's epigrams scintillate almost as well as with the aid of vocal italics; and by placing his plays in the hands of the reading public he has made it clear that he is something more than a mere playwright, that in addition to his knack for telling a story in a series of dramatic situations, he can write something akin to literature. Though he has not been very successful as a creator of character, contenting himself as a rule with the familiar stock theatrical puppets, he has made some few worthy contributions to the gallery of dramatic personalities. But it is in his prefaces that Mr. Jones is most felicitous. Like Mr. Shaw, he has the preface habit, and like Shaw he is as entertaining in his prefaces as in his plays. It is popularly supposed that Mr. Shaw is the only serious moralist among the British playwrights, but from the Jones prefaces

I learn that he too writes plays for a purpose; at least, he has been doing so in recent years, and like Shaw he has occasionally made the mistake of handicapping himself with an intellectual idea, the consequence being that some of his recent works are inferior in craftsmanship to his earlier plays of the "Saints and Sinners" and "The Dancing Girl" period. Jones was formerly of the Sim's school of dramatists, but he has turned satirist and is no longer a purveyor of claptrap. The stage of all departments of letters is the quickest to respond to popular sentiment, the readiest to conform to the mould of the public mind, to take on the complexion of the moment and the environment, and Jones, like Pinero, Grundy and Carlton, has turned his attention to the social evils of his country, but without dealing in the rampant lubricity that characterizes the work of those creators of gorgeous bel-swallagers. In his satires, however, he does not consider the feelings of the morbidly modest, nor does he get too confidential with his audiences. In "Rebellious Susan" he handles his theme with great delicacy, with such great delicacy indeed that to get his full meaning one must read his preface, and if his preface were recited as a prologue

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some of our prudish critics who were shocked by Shaw would call for the police. The preface is addressed to Mrs. Grundy, "the august and austere effigy of our national taste and respectability." Jones explains that he was fearful that without the shelter of Mrs. Grundy's powerful protection many excellent persons would misapprehend the moral of the play or, perhaps, pronounce it immoral. He recalled that a very keen critic in interpreting a recent masterpiece of the "lobworm-symbolic" school, declared that though he could not be quite sure what the play did mean, yet he was quite sure that it meant a devil of a lot. "And now, my dear ma'am," says Jones, "I will not pin myself down to any one, definite, precise, hard-and-fast, cut and dried moral in this comedy. Why should I? Why should I needlessly limit the possible scope of its beneficent operation, or curb my boundless desire that all sorts of unexpected collateral good may haphazardly visit those who witness its representation." In this play, by the way, Jones deals with the efforts of a wife to cure her husband of a passion for other women by engaging in a little flirtation of her own. After almost ruining her reputation she decides to indulge her husband's polygamous tendencies so long as he doesn't get too gay, or insist upon knowing what she had been doing while they were separated. In his preface Jones apologizes to Madame Grundy for presenting this phase of life on the English stage, saying: "There is, I believe, madam, a great deal of this kind of immorality in France, but I am quite sure you will rejoice to hear that a very careful and searching inquiry has not resulted in establishing any well-authenticated case in English life. * * * I am too sensible, madam, of the honor of belonging to the same nation as your own revered self to do anything to impair its holy respect and worship of its own conviction that it is the most moral, most religious, most heaven-favored nation under the sun. Happily, as I say, there is not the slightest necessity for disturbing our cherished national belief that immorality is confined to the Continent, and especially to France. Let us, therefore, again thank Heaven that we are not as other na-

tions are, and let us avoid seeing or hearing anything that might disturb our belief in our own moral superiority." Finally he suggests that the moral of the play is this: "As women cannot retaliate openly, they may retaliate secretly—and lie!" Yet "Rebellious Susan" was tolerated in New York and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was banished! In a later play, "Triumph of the Philistines," Jones lashes the smug hypocrites of England, but he devoted so much attention to the task of pointing a moral that he turned out a very feeble comedy. His preface, however, is good. He takes occasion in it to smash the *Quarterly Review* for accusing him of preaching in his play. This is how he does it: "No right-minded man would dream of assaulting his grandmother. Nor would any right-minded man be guilty of offering an indignity or impertinence to a figure so appealing in its senility, and so protected by immemorial prescriptive right of uttering the wrong word in criticism, as the *Quarterly Review*." He says that he wrote the "Triumph of the Philistines" after reading a verse of Ecclesiastes, "Be not righteous overmuch; why shouldst thou destroy thyself?" The play was written to illustrate the hypocrisy of the puritanism that is to be found in the provinces of England. The leading citizen of a small community, which is in an uproar over a Bacchante in an art studio, gets into a liaison with the model and supplies the complications of the play. Jones' most ambitious work is "The Tempter," a tragedy in verse. Thus the prologue: Leave for awhile the fret of modern life,
Its cheap pert aims, delirious unrest;
Leave social maladies and the lust-pest
To Nature's surgery. Trust her wise knife.
Shun city fungi with strange fevers rife;
Nor join crude modern persons in vain quest
For deathless beauty's self and holy zest
Of rapturous martyrdom in some base strife
Of feebling peddling folk, caked in dull filth.
Shut out the reek of this stock-jobbing age,
Its wan-faced railway herds, its wealth, its illth,
The muddy ferment of its greed and rage



SCENE FROM "THERE AND BACK" AT THE ALCAZAR

Of blind, deaf, mad, industrial war. Close ears,
Close eyes. Waken in long past lovely years

Waken in Chaucer's England, 'mid the ring
Of bells, 'mid rainbow throngs, and rich gay sights.
Lo! here a band of pilgrims, dames and knights,
Beset with evil's strong encompassing
In days when men had souls to save. What Thing
Is this that dogs these wayfarers, startles and delights,
And wins them to a wild abandoning
Of heaven, of all? Such Power dogs us today;
The past I show is but our present life,
And we are pilgrims shadowed on our way,
Waging the old inexplicable strife
With darkness, taint of blood, necessity,
Fate, chance, or—What? Raise curtain. Let us see.

"The Tempter" is an allegorical play in which the devil plays himself with a pair of lovers. It abounds in cynical humor and is depressingly tragic. It is interesting in that it shows that the author of "The Liars" and other requisite comedies is a man of considerable breadth of mind and that he is a student of social problems. That he is an artist who takes his work more seriously than he has been taken by American critics is clear from the statement in one of his prefaces that if a playwright does not publish a play within a reasonable time after the theatrical production of his piece it will be an open confession that his work was a thing of the theatre merely, needing its garish artificial light and surroundings, and "not daring to face the calm air and cold daylight of print."

Theodore Bonnet.

Black Crook Revived

From melodrama to farce comedy; from farce company to spectacular show. Such is the strenuous record of the lightning change actors at the Alhambra, which this week is giving a revival of "The Black Crook." It seems strange now to think that when "The Black Crook" was first staged it agitated the moralists all over the country, very much as "Mrs. Warren's Profession" bothers them now. It pioneered the way for other "leg shows," but none of them obscured the prestige of the original one until Dixey and Henderson came along with their big spectacular productions. The ballets are very pretty in the Alhambra "Black Crook" and Rosa's transformation scene is a beautiful and intricate bit of stagecraft. Mayall, Emery, Corrigan, Shumer, Boardman, Webster, Miss Elsmere, Miss Robertson and Miss Sinclair are cast for the principal characters, and there is a large force of supernumeraries. One of the hits of the performance is "My Yankee Doodle Boy" sung by eight juveniles.

The Magnetic Reisenauer

Reisenauer has set all the town raving about his truly marvelous playing. The musicians have almost forgotten Bauer and Paderewski in their enthusiasm over their latest idol. As was the case with Bauer, the San Francisco music loving public, accustomed to the wiles of the press agent, had to be convinced by a hearing of the great virtuoso before they turned out en masse. The news of a great success like Reisenauer's first concert, however, does not require much time to spread, as was proved by the overflowing crowds that attended on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. Reisenauer seems to have the same effect upon his audiences as Paderewski had during his first concert tour. His interpretation of Weber and to a greater degree of Liszt is almost electrical in its compelling power. He at once suggests Rosenthal in his tremendous technique

and virility. Aside from that he has the delicacy of a Joseffy and the charm of a de Pachmann. All three of his concert programs were calculated to exploit his versatility and there was absolutely nothing to be wished for in his interpretation of two such different schools as those of Scarlatti and Chopin. On Thursday night of last week he played the Grande Sonata by Schumann, op. 11, which is a test in itself of the pianist's scope both technically and emotionally. It afforded Reisenauer the opportunity of showing his varied powers. The allegro vivace movement in his hands became the daintiest and most graceful imaginable. The aria that followed he played with just the right feeling of sentiment, not once descending into the slough of mawkishness. He made a beautiful story of it, a romance of tender but melancholy love. The last movement of the sonata that abounds in technical difficulties was merely child's play for him.

The Old Triangle Problem

It is absurd to place "Alma Mater" in the same class as "Old Heidelberg." They are plays of entirely different nature, though both are of German extraction and deal with college life. "Alma Mater" is not a well constructed play. The trivial scenes are long drawn out and the scenes on which the interest hangs are inartistically clipped. The play holds attention because of its problem which is that of the eternal triangle, but with the complication of "student honor."



ZENAIDE WILLIAMS

As the Milliner in "The County Chairman" at the Columbia

The triangle involves Von Bayer and Klein, two German students, and Susi, a barmaid, daughter of Bar, servant of the students' corps "Helvetia." Von Bayer and Klein both love Susi, and when the former is away from the university Susi engages herself to Klein. Von Bayer returns and there is the usual mix-up peculiar to triangular problems. The returned student is faced with the question of what is the right course to be to save a woman or to follow the strict code of honor of his corps. Of course he lies for the woman, but he can't get away from his remorse at having to break the law of his fraternity. In the last act, when Von Bayer is expelled from the corps and Susi comforts him with the promise of brighter days in a new land with her by his side, one unconsciously wonders if either can ever be truly happy again. The German atmosphere is cleverly contrived, and the students with their songs and speeches are always interesting. Oeborn is the old German professor with a beard and a beer capacity equal to that of Bar, the servant, played by Maher. Waldron, Baker and Miss Evelyn are the sides of the triangle, and especially does Waldron grasp the spirit of his role, a role hard to be understood by those who know nothing of the German character. The duel scene in the third act, by Weiss and Koch, formerly corps students at Hanover, is one of the picturesque features of the play.

Vanderbilt Opera This Week

The Orpheum has an A 1 bill this week, the best for some weeks. Lew Sully, always the most popular of monologuists, again finds himself in high favor. He could easily fill the evening by himself, if he responded with a new story every time he is recalled by the audience. Mignonette Kokon is as dainty and agile as ever, and does some capital imitations. Galetti's monkeys are extremely clever, and more humanlike than the dogs and cats that have been pleasing Orpheum audiences heretofore. Two Australians, Bradley and Barnes, danced and sang themselves into instant favor on Monday night. The holdovers are all good material.

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RACES COMMENCE AT 2 P. M. SHARP

For special trains stopping at the track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market street, leave at 12:30 thereafter every twenty minutes until 2 p. m.

No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts. Returning train leaves track after fifth and last race.

PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Pres

COLUMBIA

The
Leading
Theatre

Second and last week begins Sunday night
Matinee Saturday and Washington's Birthday
HENRY W. SARGENT'S PRODUCTION OF
GEO. ADE'S COMEDY TRIUMPH
"THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN"

The funniest play in town

Feb. 26—Florence Roberts in the "The Strength of the Weak"

Majestic

H. W. BISHOP, LESSEE & MANAGER

Every Night Including Sunday
Matinee Thurs. and Sat.

Latest well performances (Including Saturday Matinee) of

NELLIE STEWART

IN

"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY"

Commencing next Tuesday night Bishop's players in

"OFF THE ROAD"

A Farce by Emil Kruschke, of the U. C., Berkeley

Regular prices, 50c, 75c and 1.00

Burgin Matinee, Thursdays and Sundays. All seats 25c

EXTRA



GADSKI

MONDAY EVE'G
February 19th

The Great Prima Donna Soprano

Wednesday and Saturday Matinee Feb. 21st and 24th

Seats, \$2, 1.50 and 1.00, now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's, where complete programs may be obtained.

Orpheum

O'Farrell between
Stockton and Powell
Streets

Week Commencing
Sunday Matinee, Feb. 18

VAUDEVILLE LUMINARIES

HERMANN THE GREAT; The Three Seldoms, Rosalie and Doretta; Rooney Sisters, Mignonette Kokon, Galetti's Pantomime Monkeys, Les Auberts, Bradley and Barnes, Orpheum Motion Pictures, and last week of

LEW SULLY

Regular Matinees Every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
PRICES—10c, 25c and 50c.

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THEATRE

Phone "ALCAZAR"
Relasco and Mayer
Proprietors
R. D. Price, Gen. Mgr

Week Commencing Monday, February 19th,
Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Extra Matinee Washington's Birthday
First San Francisco Production of Geo. Arliss Immensely Funny Farce

"THERE AND BACK"

New York and London's Laughing Hit

Evenings 25c to 75c, Matinee Sat. and Sun. 25c to 50c
Feb. 26—First time in stock

THE GIRL WITH THE GREEN EYES
SOON—WILLIAM COLLIER'S THE DICTATOR

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Phone "Grand Opera House"
Grand Opera House Co.
Lessee

Beginning
TOMORROW (SUNDAY) MATINEE

The Comedians

MURRAY AND MACK

Supported by Forty-Claret Artists in their latest Musical Comedy Success

"AROUND THE TOWN"

Regular Matinee Saturday. Special Matinee, Washington's Birthday

Sunday Matinee, Feb. 22, Ballard's Egyptian Opera Company, in
"The Belle of New York."

A musical event of more than passing interest will be the Henry Holmes' memorial concert, to take place at Steinway hall, Monday evening, February 26th. Those who admired and revered the old and distinguished violinist and symphony director, and their name is legion, thought that a testimonial should be arranged for the benefit of his family, who were left far from well provided for.

News of Old Favorites

From a correspondent I learn of the doings of several mimes who were formerly drawing salaries in San Francisco as follows: Eleanor Gordon, who began her stage career at the Alcazar, is now playing juvenile leads with Amelia Bingham in the Fifth Avenue stock company. New

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of Peter McCarthy, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 24th day of April, 1905, in the matter of the estate of Peter McCarthy, deceased, the undersigned, Kate A. Schwerin and Nellie M. Hall, executrices of the last will and testament of Peter McCarthy, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 5th day of March, 1906, all the right, title, interest and estate of said decedent at the time of his death in and to the premises hereinafter described, and also all the right, title and interest in the said premises other than or in addition to that of the decedent at the time of his death which said estate has acquired or may acquire prior to said sale by operation of law or otherwise. The said premises and real property are described as follows, to-wit:

First: That certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing on the South line of Eighteenth street at a point distant five hundred (500) feet Westerly from the West line of Douglass street, thence running Westerly along said South line of Eighteenth street, seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Southerly parallel with Douglass street one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly parallel with Eighteenth street seventy-five (75) feet and thence at right angles northerly parallel with Douglass street one hundred (100) feet to the South line of Eighteenth street and the point of commencement.

Second: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing on the East line of Clover Alley at a point distant one hundred (100) feet Southerly from the South line of Eighteenth street; thence running Southerly along said East line of Clover Alley twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly parallel with Eighteenth street one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northerly parallel with Clover Alley twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Westerly parallel with Eighteenth street, one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being portions of Block number one (1) as shown upon the map of "the subdivision of a part of the San Miguel Rancho, City and County of San Francisco, the property of F. L. A. Pioche and L. L. Robinson," filed in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County.

Offers or bids must be in writing and may be left and will be received at the office of J. J. Lermen, attorney for the undersigned, room 607 Kohl Building, northeast corner of California and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, California, or delivered to the undersigned personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court of said City and County of San Francisco, to which said Superior Court the return of said sale must be made, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash.
Dated: San Francisco, February 17, 1906.

KATE A. SCHWERIN,

NELLIE M. HALL,

Executrices of the last will and testament of
Peter McCarthy, deceased.

J. J. LERMEN,

Attorney for Executrices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Otto J. Schwarz, deceased, No. 33,678, Dept. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Otto J. Schwarz, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of Chas. L. Thompson, 201 Parrott Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Otto J. Schwarz, deceased.

HEDWIG M. SCHWARZ,

Administratrix of the estate of Otto J. Schwarz, deceased.
Dated: San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 17th, 1906.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON,

201 Parrott Building,

Attorney for Administratrix.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MARGARET BRAGLE,

Plaintiff,

vs.

Michael McGrath, William McGrath, Daniel McGrath, Honora Karney, John McGrath, Nellie McGrath, Hannah McGrath, Elizabeth McCarthy, Mary McCarthy, Josephine Liberty, Patrick H. Keating, William F. Keating, Mary Collins, James K. Kilfoile, William Kilfoile, Michael McGrath and Margaret Kilfoile,

Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to: Michael McGrath, William McGrath, Daniel McGrath, Honora Karney, John McGrath, Nellie McGrath, Hannah McGrath, Elizabeth McCarthy, Mary McCarthy, Josephine Liberty, Patrick H. Keating, William F. Keating, Mary Collins, James K. Kilfoile, William Kilfoile, Michael McGrath and Margaret Kilfoile, defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court partitioning among the owners thereof, the parties to this action, according to their respective interests, that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described in plaintiff's complaint on file herein, and as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Filbert street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches easterly from the southeasterly corner of Filbert and Larkin streets; running thence southerly and parallel with Larkin street, eighty-two (82) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles easterly and parallel with Filbert street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with Larkin street, eighty-two (82) feet and six (6) inches to the southerly line of Filbert street; thence at right angles westerly along the southerly line of Filbert street twenty-five (25) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of fifty vara lot, No. 1392 as the same is laid down and delineated upon the Map of the City and County of San Francisco on file and of record in the office of the County Recorder in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Or in the event that partition of said real property cannot be made without great prejudice to the owners thereof, that the same be sold and the proceeds be paid to the several owners in proportion to and as their several interests shall appear.

And plaintiff prays for general relief.

All of which more fully appears in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this the 13th day of February, A. D. 1906.

(Seal.)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN W. BOURDETTE,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

Call Building, San Francisco.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 7.

MARIA SHUSTIR,

Plaintiff,

vs.

JOSEPH SHUSTIR,

Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California, send greeting to: Joseph Shustir, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2nd day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and six.

(Seal.)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

WEST. DE JOURNELL, O'NEILL & JONES,

Crocker Building, San Francisco,

Attorneys for Plaintiff.

York; Harry Hilliard, late of the Alcazar, is leading juvenile at Proctor's 125th Street theatre. Annie Myers, formerly of the Tivoli, is in vaudeville and her daughter is prima donna of a musical comedy road company. Wallace Brownlow, the Australian baritone, who made his first American appearance at the Tivoli, has been with Klaw & Erlanger's "Duchess of Dantzic" company and is soon to open with Blanche Ring in Shafter Howard's "His Majesty" at the Broad Street theatre, Philadelphia. Grace Goodall, formerly of the Alcazar, is in the same company. Shafter Howard's piece was produced in this city for the benefit of a charitable society. It was originally called "His Royal Nibs."

The Minstrels

West would not be proud of the minstrels that call themselves by his honored name. The West minstrels at the Grand this week are nothing like Primrose and West's old company. They're like the postillion's whip without the crack. But there are some good features in these road minstrels. George S. Van is one. If he didn't think it necessary to follow in the tonguesteps of the ancients even as to jokes he would be all one wishes in a minstrel end man. His song "Nobody" makes the hit of the show. There are two other chaps that sing, Spenser Kelly in baritone and Lloyd Balliet in falsetto tenor, and they are both good. Major Fred Smith, a drum major, is the bright spot in the miscellaneous specialties.

Next Week's Bills

After "The County Chairman" has had another week Florence Roberts and her company will present for the first time here "The Strength of the Weak" by Alice M. Smith. Miss Roberts has a strong company in her support including James E. Wilson, Eugene Ormonde, H. S. Northrup, Robert McWade, Joseph Hazelton, Gregory Rodgers, Florence Robinson, Adelaide Manola, Ruth Allen, Mary Bertrand, Lucile Yorke and Lillian Armsby.

The first Western production of the farce comedy "There and Back" will be at the Alcazar, with an extra Washington's birthday matinee. "There and Back" is based upon the adventures of two married Londoners who go larking to Scotland, while their wives believe them to be on a rapid round trip sea voyage to New York. It is by George Arliss, who played here with Mrs. Fiske. It ran for months at the Princess theatre, New York, with Charles E. Evans, of "A Parlor Match" fame as principal comedian. The first stock production of "The Girl with the Green Eyes" comes next.

At the Alhambra that sensational success by Theodore Kremer, "The Fatal Wedding," will be the attraction. Little Ollie Cooper, the gifted child actress, has been specially engaged to play the part of Jessie the "Little Mother," and Claire Washington makes her first appearance at the Alhambra as Cora Williams, the adventuress. An extra matinee of "The Fatal Wedding" will be given on Washington's birthday.



HERRMANN THE GREAT
The Wonder Worker, Who Will Astonish Orpheum Audiences Next Week

The Tivoli will have a big audience on Monday night when "Isle of Spice" will have its first San Francisco production. The Tivoli management bought from B. C. Whitney, its owner, the exclusive rights for this production, which is staged at the Tivoli by its original producer, Gus Sohlke. For nine months "Isle of Spice" ran in Chicago; five in New York. It is said to be rich in pretty music, catchy songs and dances. Its music was composed by Paul Schindler and Ben Jerome and its book and lyrics were written by Allen Low and George E. Stoddard, all well known to the public as the authors of many great successes. Money has been spent with a lavish hand on the production and new scenery, costumes and effects have been specially prepared. The cast will include Cecilia Rhoda and Leonora Kerwin, Gilbert Gregory, a clever comedian said to be an immense favorite on Broadway, and Bert Young, a high baritone, will make their first appearance in this city. Cunningham, Webb, Kunkel, Bessie Tannehill and other favorites will have congenial roles. The chorus will number fifty. Sohlke's "Flock of California Quail," are expected to prove one of the many fascinations of the performance.

This Saturday afternoon and night and Sunday night will be the last performances in this city of Nellie Stewart and Musgrove's Australian company in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." Next week the organization will play at the Macdonough, Oakland, until Friday. On Tuesday night the Bishop players will appear at the Majestic in a jolly farce entitled "Off the Road" written by Emil Kruschke, a student at the University of California. It was originally produced at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, where it scored such a success that Manager Bishop resolved to put it on for a run in the Majestic. Gadske will occupy the house Monday night, Wednesday afternoon and Saturday afternoon, so that the regular performances on Monday night and Saturday matinee will be omitted, but there will be a "bargain matinee" on Thursday (Washington's birthday), when the best seats will be only twenty-five cents. Justin Huntley McCarthy's miracle play "The Proud Prince" will be the following attraction.

Murray and Mack, the popular comedians, will begin a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House tomorrow (Sunday) matinee in their latest success, "Around Town." They have a strong company which includes no less than forty people, among them Mayme Taylor, well known here; Gladys Van, soubrette; Miss Purcell, female baritone; and the Trocadero Quartet of pretty singers and dancers. Among the features is a Swinging Chorus, in which a number of beautiful girls illustrate the song on beflowered swings. Murray and Mack will give a special matinee of "Around the Town" on Washington's birthday, next Thursday. Pollard's Liliputian Opera Company opens February 25th in "The Belle of New York."

Hermann, the magician, will be the Orpheum headliner. He announces several novelties never seen before in this country. The three Seldoms, originators of plastic statuary poses and direct from Europe, will make their first appearance in America. They give reproductions of famous sculptured figures in the Paris, London, New York, Rome and Berlin academies of fine arts. Rosaire and Doreto, comedy acrobats, will also be new here. The Rooney Sisters, who announce themselves as "daughters of Pat," will make their initial appearance here. Their brother, Pat Rooney Jr., and sister, Mattie, have both been seen in San Francisco.

At the Chutes will be Ethel Whitesides, a dainty dancer and singer, assisted by her pickanninnies; Herr Schmidt, "the human pillar"; Raymond Teal, "the min-

strel man," in a number of his own songs and stories, and Bothwell Browne's Gaiety Girls.

We are to have one more great pianist this season. Manager Greenbaum has arranged to present Raoul Pugno in March. This will be the first visit to this city of a great pianist of the French school.

Fraulein Stolle will give her farewell exhibition of great art works at Lyric hall this Saturday afternoon. The subject will be "Old Friends and New in the Realms of Art" and will consist of a splendid selection of the principal works in the various great galleries of Europe.

The Gadske Concerts

Great interest is being manifested by our music lovers in the three concerts to be given by Madame Gadske at the Majestic under the direction of Will Greenbaum. The programs will be divided into three parts devoted respectively to classic, modern and Wagnerian compositions. At the opening concert next Monday night the first group will be "Aria from Fidelio," Beethoven, Willkommen mein Wald by Franz, Brahms' Slumber Song and Schumann's "Fruehlingsnacht." The modern group will consist of songs by Aylward, Richard Strauss, Taubert and Wekerlin besides two songs by American composers, Arthur Foote and Frank LaForge. "Der Engel," "Schlummerlied" and Senta's Ballad from "The Flying Dutchman" form the Wagnerian offering. The Wednesday matinee at three o'clock will have an equally interesting program including the Immolation Scene from "Die Gotterdammerung" and at the Saturday matinee the great artist will sing the grand aria from Eckert's "William of Orange," the Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde," Oscar Weill's "Spring Song" and by request Schubert's "Erlking." It was a characteristic of Will Greenbaum's enterprise to buy out two dramatic performances in order to present his star in the proper surroundings.

—*The Playgoer.*



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On the Nancy Pryne

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS

Under the deck of the *Nancy Pryne*
The captain sits with his flask of wine,
A pirate bold and a pirate true
With a dirk and a sword that would do for you
A great deal more than you'd want it to.

He drinks a toast to the surging brine,
This captain bold of the *Nancy Pryne*,
Nor hears the shock of the wind and rain.
"I buried him deep," comes the loud refrain
Of the song he sings in a minor strain.

The captain drowns above his wine
Nor feels the lash of the stinging brine;
The wind moans low in the tortured dark
And the struggle ends for the straining bark
In a bit of wreck and some corpses stark.

This story's trite but the fault's not mine,
'Tis all that's known of the *Nancy Pryne*;
Next morn the song of the sun-kissed main
Called forth the gulls that had sheltered lain;
"I buried him deep," was its low refrain.

February, 1906.

School Teachers' Reminiscences

GATHERED BY THE LISTENER.

HOW THE DISTRICT WAS LOST.

"The beginning of Cable's 'Bonaventure,'" said the Pedagogue, "reminds of my introduction to my first Spanish pupils, down at Deer Creek. I had expected to keep on there indefinitely, but came to town for a vacation in February or March. The school census had to be taken in May. I had told the authorities just what to do, whom to appoint for marshal and what he should charge for his work; what children to include, and in fact I did about everything except fill the blanks. In the fall I wrote to the Superintendent to inquire when he considered it advisable to begin the term. Behold, *manana*, they had taken no census and so lost their district."

THE SOLITARY PUPIL.

"This reminds me," said the School Superintendent, "of a district up in one of the mountain counties where the superintendent went to make his annual visit. They are legally required to get round once a year, you know, and are supposed to forfeit ten dollars for every school they miss. He found a cross roads store and post office, with a blacksmith shop across the road. There was a tin sign of Notary Public and Justice of the Peace on the door of the store, and when he asked for the District Clerk he found that one would answer for the blacksmith, storekeeper, Notary, Justice, Postmaster and District Clerk. The house was the only pretense of a hotel or lodging, the school was taught in one of the rooms, the teacher was also the wife and housekeeper, and all the children, or nearly all, belonged to the household. In the early '70's and '80's it was quite common to have such but the thing got to be such an abuse that the law was changed to require ten census children and an average attendance of six to keep the school open. One of my predecessors at Zem Zem had only one pupil for three months, but she drew her seventy-five dollars a month, and when that child stayed out, she merely sat in the schoolhouse."

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Chorus of Male Voices—Sure!

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Arrowhead Hot Springs—The most curative springs known.

Temperature 196° The hottest curative springs in the world.

Flow 500,000 gallons daily.

Altitude 2,000 feet, ideal for health.

Climate Variation of mean temperature of summer and winter only 10°.

Scenery The scenery of Switzerland. Majestic mountains and beautiful orange groves. Only three miles from the orange on trees to the snow on the mountains in winter. Horse and foot trails in every direction.

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Analysis Intermediate between Sprudel of Carlsbad, Germany, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas, though more strongly radio-active than either.

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The most modern family hotel on the coast. Fireproof building, steam
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the best time of the year at Hotel Del Monte down by the
sea, near old Monterey. The incomparable golf
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form an ever-present delight. Del Monte is not alone for the
ultra-fashionable, but is getting to be more and more the
popular resort of all Californians, and tourists never pass it
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Because She Knew Him

BY RICHARD VALENTINE.

"But, my dear Teddy," observed Luella with emphasis, "your man of millions could have nothing in common with US. He'd be out of his element."

"I don't see why," returned Teddy, otherwise Edward Morris, newspaper artist and friend of the man of millions to whom Luella so scornfully alluded. "He's got any amount of brains."

"Oh, bosh! Don't you know, my dear Teddy, that brains are as common as—well, say good looks, among US. Why introduce more of them?"

"But a millionaire by inheritance who has brains as well as money is rare, Luella."

"Perhaps. But tell me why you wish this particular millionaire to penetrate into our little circle?"

"Well, first of all, I want Tom Jackson to meet you, Luella. He's a lonely chap. I think it would do him good to meet you."

"Flatterer! What quality do I possess that might 'do good' to this man of millions and brains?"

"Now don't josh, Luella. Tom Jackson is my friend."

"Oh, well, then."

Miss Carey drew her laughing lips down at the corners into rueful lines, and covered her roguish dimples with her forefingers.

"Go on, Mr. Morris," she said.

"I want Jackson to meet some people who would make him forget what he is; who would give him a new view of life, you see. He's made mistakes, mistakes in politics, mistakes in society, and mistakes in other things, that have cost him dear. You see he didn't come into life right. Fate didn't play fair with him. He's a first generation—you know what I mean, Luella."

"Has no pedigree, I suppose—but neither had the winner of the championship in 'The Bar Sinister.'"

"Worse than that—he wasn't born with those ideas of honor and such things that are bred into some people. That's why he made mistakes. He hasn't a sense of delicacy. He's a vulgarian. He's afflicted with the pride of wealth. Consequently he is hated by those he has injured and despised by the lookers on."

"And yet you want me to meet him?"

"Yes, Luella; you see he means well and would really like to be a good fellow, but doesn't know how."

"I'm not running a finishing school for the refining of millionaires." Miss Carey drew herself up haughtily.

"Oh, come now, Luella," pleaded Morris, "he's really a good sort at heart. He deserves encouragement. He patronizes art and he does many noble deeds for the sake of humanity."

"Then he's a poseur, too. You have a very funny way of recommending your friend."

Morris laughed.

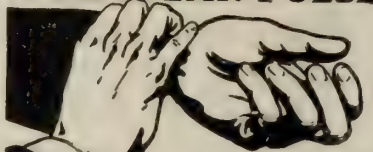
"I don't think you're his friend at all," she added.

"Oh, yes, I am. I know that his good traits offset the bad ones and I sympathize with him because he is so generally unappreciated. I have told you of his shortcomings so that if he makes a break you won't be shocked."

It was Miss Carey's turn to laugh and she did so. "Mr. Jackson should heartily wish to be spared by such friends as you," she declared.

"Nevertheless I'm his friend, and I'm eager for him to get into the company of people who will not fawn upon him and make him worse than he is. The truth is something unknown to him and that is why he makes so many

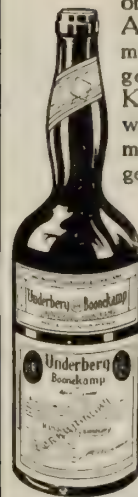
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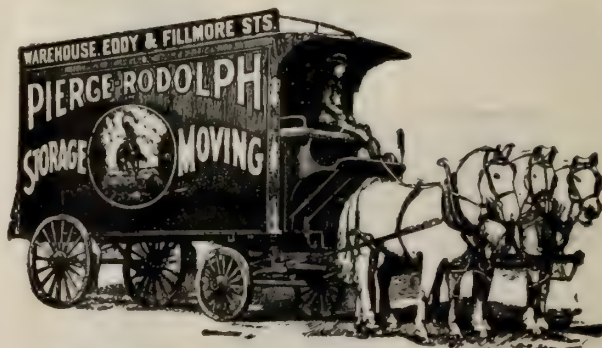
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mistakes, and has so few friends." Morris spoke as though he were very much in earnest.

"I should think he would buy friends," suggested Miss Carey.

"He does. The only friends he has are those he buys."

"Well," she said, "I'm curious to meet your friend."

* * * * *

Such was the conversation that led to the meeting of Luella Carey and Tom Jackson. They met at an informal reception. Jackson found himself pleasantly but not effusively greeted by the entire company. They knew who he was. Some had met him. It was only Luella Carey who paid him particular attention. She felt a sort of pity for the lonely man described by the newspaper artist. She did not care a penny about his millions, for they seemed like fairy gold to the girl who had earned her living for several years. Luella was a pen-and-ink artist and because she earned enough to live in a small apartment by herself, buy new clothes two or three times a year, and take an occasional trip to New York or abroad, felt herself rich.

A rich man who had no friends was a novelty to her who had friends in every city she had ever visited. She never took a journey that she did not return with two or three lasting friendships added to her already long list.

Pity is akin to love. The mother feeling that every woman mingles in her regard for a man rose to the surface in Luella when she thought of this poor, lonely man, his mistakes and his millions separating him from happiness.

Morris felt that his experiment was well on to success when Jackson confided to him on the way home that

he had never met a woman before with such charm as Luella possessed. And when Miss Carey, the next day, remarked to Morris, "Teddy, I think all your poor-rich friend needs is some one in whom he can confide, and who will tell him the truth about himself," he felt that he had done well in making his two friends acquainted.

Luella Carey and Tom Jackson became very warm friends. Jackson fell deeply in love with the charming artist, who discovered that Morris had given her a very faithful picture of the millionaire's character. And like Morris, she thought she saw a great deal of good in him. His good traits had aroused a sentimental interest.

One evening, just as he was on the point of proposing marriage, remembering what she had said about telling him the truth about himself, she resolved to do so, and did—delicately, to be sure, with great tact, most amiably and with nice shadings calculated to spare his feelings.

Tom Jackson listened and was very much interested. He found that he was an open book to the object of his affections. She made him see himself as others saw him.

"Why have you told me these things?" he asked.

"Because—because I love you," she confessed.

Tom Jackson was greatly pleased.

Here was a being who loved him! Not for his money but for himself.

He was about to take her in his arms and ask her to be his wife, but suddenly the thought flashed through his mind that she knew every one of his weaknesses.

"I must be a hero to my wife," he reflected.

And he went out into the night.

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Automobile Topics

Can Auto in Carnegie's Car

Every one likes to get as close as he can to great men and whatever belongs to them. Whatever they have been interested in interests people of all classes. There is a Winton limousine machine in the rent service here in this city which was formerly owned by Andrew Carnegie, the donor of libraries. Few people are aware of this, but chauffeurs who know delight to inspect the car, sit on its luxurious cushions and experience the thrill of one who sits in the seats of the mighty.

Round and About

Cuyler Lee received the first carload of new model '06 Cadillacs Monday, the 16th.

J. Francis Dooley who, with his dancing girls, did a stunt at the Orpheum last week, is the owner of an Oldsmobile runabout which he has used in his sketch. He has driven his machine eighteen thousand miles during the past twelve months, is a very enthusiastic automobilist and has done a great deal of work in the matter of good roads in different parts of the country. Mr. Dooley is the gentleman for whom the song "My Merry Oldsmobile" was written.

John T. Scott, former Superintendent of the Union Iron Works, now drives a Winton touring car. Mr. Scott is perhaps one of the best known men in the mechanical world. It was he who superintended the building of the *Oregon*. Sam J. Eva, another prominent mechanical engineer, received his new model K Winton last Sunday.

George E. Middleton, prominent in the local automobile world, returned on Sunday from his annual trip across the continent. Mr. Middleton was in New York during the big exhibition there and on his return trip stopped off a few days in Chicago to witness the automobile show in that city.

Accompanied by his wife and nephew, Oscar Luning of Oakland will leave in about two months for London. They have made arrangements to ship their White steam touring car across the pond and after seeing England will tour through France, Switzerland and Germany before returning home. Mr. Luning is a very expert operator and will drive the White himself on the entire trip abroad.

Van Arsdale Has New Auto

W. W. Van Arsdale, the lumberman, leaves shortly for a trip to Los Angeles in his new Columbia, a car of forty-five horsepower. Mr. Van Arsdale is not a recent convert to automobiling but this is the first large machine he has owned. He is an ardent lover of touring and his journey to the southern part of the state this month will be but the first of a number of long trips he has mapped out for this season.

George H. Partridge of Minneapolis has purchased a 1906 White steamer, which will be delivered to him in California. Mr. Partridge at present residing in Los Angeles. M. Mapes, also of Minneapolis, has purchased another White steamer and these two gentlemen together will make a tour in their cars that will last several weeks.

A Baroness Motorless

Baroness Ward of China was a visitor in San Francisco this week, and being one of the first women to own and drive a motor car in Shanghai had many interesting

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experiences to relate of automobiling in that far-off land. The Baroness was a spectator at the New York automobile show last month where she purchased a big Columbia touring car, which is now en route to this city whence it is to be shipped to China. Baroness Ward expects she will startle the natives when she returns with the big car, as costly and high-powered autos are a rare thing in the Flowery Kingdom.

H. S. Deming of Santa Cruz has purchased a new White steam car and in the driving rainstorm of last Saturday started out for his home in the automobile. He made the trip without experiencing any difficulty.

Automobile enthusiasm in Hawaii has expressed itself in the formation at Honolulu of the Automobile Club of Hawaii, with seventy members. The president, J. A. McCandless, a man of political and social importance in the islands, is the first Hawaiian owner of a Winton Model K.

The United States Government has awarded the mail contract between Torrance and Roswell, New Mexico, to the automobile stage line which has been in operation between these two places since early last summer. The line is one hundred and twelve miles in length, and the greater part of the run is made straight through the desert. If the traveler between Roswell and Torrance patronizes the railroad instead of the automobile line, he is required, by reason of the roundabout rail route, to cover a distance approximating one thousand miles. The people of Roswell are especially delighted with the motor line because it means to them a saving of forty-eight hours on all mail from Albuquerque, Santa Fe and other important points.

Although the Winton racing machines will never again appear on the road or track, the three Bullets have not been entirely dismantled. These speed monsters are preserved in the museum at the Winton factory along with the single cylinder models of strange appearance with which Mr. Winton experimented years ago. Many of the mechanical features incorporated in the original Winton cars are practically unchanged today.

Cuba is waking up to the automobile. The largest garage in Havana, directly opposite the National theatre on the Piazza Centrale, has all the facilities that modern methods can suggest and is presided over by an English-speaking Cuban, J. M. Duenas. Writing to the Winton company, Mr. Duenas says the chief demand is for cars of about thirty horsepower, selling at \$2,500.

—The Chauffeur.

Robert Hichens' new novel, "The Call of the Blood," is not to be published until next fall, a circumstance which has given the critics an opportunity to praise the author for not crowding the market and taking advantage of the high tide produced by the success of his "Garden of Allah." Meanwhile, "The Call of the Blood" is appearing in monthly installments in "Harper's Bazaar," and what was too gratuitously assumed to be an instance of rare forbearance in these days of dollar-grabbing turns out to be the usual thrift which prefers two returns instead of one, revenue from the serial as well as the book rights.

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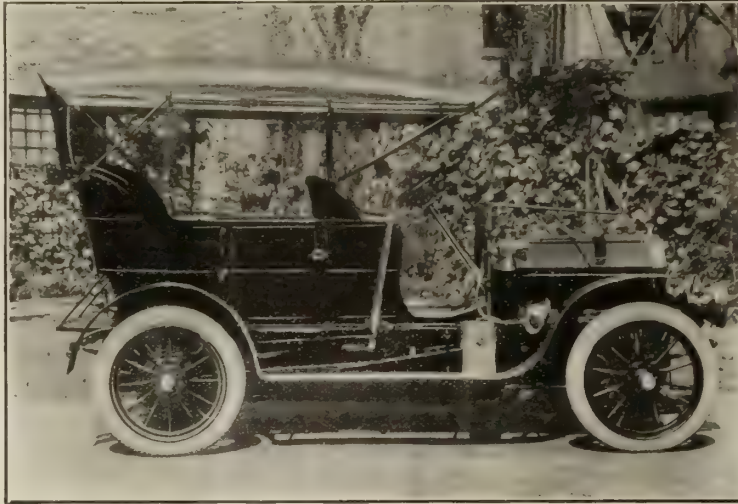
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Feb. 2, 1906.

Dear Mr. Lyons,

So you have caught the Auto fever and want a car, but you did not state what kind. I have looked through most of the cars and if you want a Runabout, the ——— will with medium attention give you good satisfaction; if a touring car, of say 30 or more horse-power, The Pierce Great Arrow is undoubtedly the best car in the market. Will give you the greatest mileage with the least expense for repairs or maintenance.

This car has a four cylinder engine with fewer parts, less traps, pipes, levers, etc., than any engine in the Automobile line, and is yet a thoroughly serviceable and mechanical job. Will run at least 5,000 miles without any attention whatever, except keeping the proper amount of oil in the engine tank. The oiling system requires a minimum amount of attention, and if you will see before starting out for a run, that the proper amount of oil and grease are in their receptacles, no further care is needed during a run of 100 to 125 miles, except to see that the oil in the gauge glass on the dash, does not show less than one inch. You can rest assured your engine will be amply oiled, and no excess oil will work through cylinders to foul spark plugs or valves.

Ball bearings are used for the shafting in transmission case, rear bevel drive and the four road wheels. The car running with a minimum amount of friction, and a smooth, easy motion. Both

foot and emergency brakes operate on a drum on each rear wheel, and are very powerful, the foot brake alone bringing the car to a stop in short order.

The car will seat five persons comfortably and has sufficient speed "if you use it" to get yourself pinched and fined easy and often.

I have driven a 24-28 H. P. Pierce Great Arrow 4044 miles to date, using 352 gallons of gasoline, 8 gallons cylinder oil, 39 pounds compound and 1 gallon Neats foot oil. Nothing has been done to the engine. The original spark plugs are still in use. The renewals have been one ball bearing, one lower, leaf of each front spring. Repairs have been adjusting ball bearings for wear and grinding out commutator once.

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So you can see the car is doing well.
Yours truly,

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Nothing for Nothing

(Continued from Page 6)

Devil's rake-off is dead loss to humanity at large.

The soul side of affairs is worth a glance or two. He is to be envied who can carry on his business without giving ruinous commissions to Satan; while never to let the Devil in on a deal—well, that nowadays is to be a successful man, and no mistake.

A man desires a woman. She will have none of him. He uses force to possess himself of her—force of circumstances, such as, for trite example, her father's indebtedness to him. He marries her. What does he get? What has he not given?

Says a man, and means it: I would not part with my self-respect (ever so little of it) at any price—not if I know myself. He doesn't know himself, and parts with ever so much of it at a very small price indeed. To know my self-respect (ever so little of it) at any price—not if I man than any of us knows; would be to see clearly both sides of one's business, the soul side and the body; to comprehend all that is involved in the transaction of one's affairs; to be capable of deciding the relative value of unlike things, things contrasted as spiritual and material.

One is a true man of letters, and by writing literature manages to keep soul and body honorably together. He thinks he could easily master the trick of popular trash, and make a fortune. With dollars one can buy bookfuls of beauty, seats at the grand opera, tickets to Italy, leisure to write what and when one pleases. The price seems on the face of it ridiculously small. Could a man ask a better bargain? Much for little or nothing—that's what it looks like. Is it? The law says: Nothing for nothing.

Some Sayings of Jacob Riis

GATHERED BY THE READER.

You must use the tools that come to hand and be glad for them if you want to get things done.

Preserve us from him; from the man who eternally wants to hold the scales even and so never gets done weighing—never hands anything over the counter. Take him away and put red blood into his veins. And let the rest of us go ahead and make our mistakes—as few as we can, as many as we must; only let us go ahead.

You bring up the people slowly to a reform programme, particularly when it costs money. They will pay for corruption with a growl but seem to think that virtue ought always to be had for nothing. It makes the politicians' game easy. They steal the money for improvements and predict that reform will raise the tax rate. When the prophecy comes true, they take the people back in their sheltering embrace with an "I told you so," and the people nestle there repentant.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty! To be vigilant is to sit up with a club. We, as a people, have provided in the republic a means of fighting for our rights and getting them, and it is our business to do it. We shall never get them in any other way.

We are none of us infallible and what a good thing it is for us that we are not. Think of having an infallible friend to live alongside always! How long could you stand it?

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Music

Will Render Elkus's Compositions

Next Friday evening in Steinway hall the Mansfeldt Club will give its sixth piano recital. The program will be rendered by Carrie Sheuerman, Eula Howard, Fernanda Pratt and Joan Baldwin, entirely of the compositions of Albert I. Elkus, as follows: Sonata quasi una Fantasia, three movements, Miss Sheuerman; Bagatelle (Scene de Ballet), Song Without Words, Valse Caprice, Miss Howard; songs (accompanied by the composer), Haroun al Raschid, Longfellow, Cupid a Prisoner, Anacreonic, Ode to Spring, Schiller, Miss Pratt; Idyls for pianoforte, on Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," Iphigenia, Jephthah's Daughter, Rosamond, Cleopatra, Miss Baldwin; Imprisoned Marguerite, Lady of Shalott, Tennyson, Don Juan's Serenade, Miss Pratt.



GADSKI

Who will sing next week at the Majestic Theatre

Compositions of a Californian

The Saturday Club of Sacramento had an "evening of song" on February seventh when compositions of Abbie Gerrish Jones were rendered by Mrs. Egbert Brown, Mrs. William James, Mrs. T. Frankland, Mrs. R. H. Hawley, Henry Arnold, Mrs. Charles Mering, Richard Cohn, Mrs. W. H. Porterfield, Mrs. B. F. Howard, Mrs. Emma Coppersmith and Mrs. Frances Moeller, the instrumental parts by Theo. Genung Jones, the composer's daughter, and Mrs. Leo Steppan. The program was most enthusiastically received, Mrs. Jones being overwhelmed with flowers and congratulations, as she was when her compositions were given for the Sorosis Club here, in Stockton and before the women's clubs of other cities. A new song cycle, the second from the Rubaiyat, was given for the first time at the Sacramento affair. "Dear Old Tennessee," arranged for the club quartet, was one of the hits of the program.

Lyric and Dynamic Recital

A friendly audience enjoyed the pleasing program provided by Mrs. Melville Snyder's pupils, at the lyric and dramatic recital in Steinway hall on Monday evening. Four pupils took part—Hazel Culbreth, May Vanvales, Ruth Dahlgren and Edgar Heermance. They acquitted themselves well in their various numbers. Miss Culbreth shows a decided improvement in her vocalism since the last time I heard her. Miss Vanvales has evidently studied to advantage. But the most promising of Mrs. Snyder's pupils appearing at this recital were Miss Dahlgren and Mr. Heermance. The latter has a fine, full and resonant voice and the former not only a fine voice but decided dramatic gifts which added to the fact that she is a pretty and extremely graceful girl seem to promise a successful future. The program in full was: Waltz song, "Fleeting Days" and "Merrily I Roam," Miss Culbreth; Letter Scene, "Macbeth," and scene from "London Assurance," Miss Vanvales; "Io so volar" and "My mother bids me bind my hair," Miss Dahlgren; "Hosanna" and "Postillion," Mr. Heermance; scenes from "Romeo and Juliet," Miss Vanvales and Miss Dahlgren; duets, "Il Trovatore" and "Syren and Friar," Miss Dahlgren and Mr. Heermance; monologue, "Un Nuit de Suspense," Miss Dahlgren; "Thou Art the Star" and "Adieu Marie," Mr. Heermance; sketch, "The Waif," Miss Culbreth; "Robert toi que j'aime," and "Angels' Serenade," Miss Dahlgren. The participants received many beautiful flowers and were compelled to respond to several encores.

—The Music Critic.

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Letters

A Study of Railroad Building

In "The Road Builders" Samuel Merwin has taken a long jump from the scene of his last success, which was a story of the free trade in "moonshine" carried on in the Great Lakes, between the distillers in Canada and the lumber men in Michigan. This is a lively narrative of a bit of railroad building across Arizona, and the difficulties which beset the path of the overseer of construction, who had to fight not only the desert drought and the natural obstacles, but to beat a rival company in making his connection with the terminal point and to outwit the superintendent of his own road, whom he had every reason to suspect, though without tangible proof, of hampering his proceedings by holding back necessary supplies. Paul Carhart had to depend on Sherman as his base of supplies, not only for his rails and tools, and the food for his laborers, but for water, fire wood, ties and everything else essential except ballast for his roadbed. He had to keep his force busy and moderately contented, to drive his work with the utmost speed, and to succeed if possible, with the understanding that he had a free hand to do as he thought proper, his success to be accepted and espoused by his superiors, his failure, if it came to that, to rest on his own shoulders. And Carhart was equal to the task imposed upon him. He possessed the personal magnetism which conveyed a share of his own enthusiasm to every pick and shovel hand. No detail was too small to claim his attention, and without any of the disagreeable poking and spying so offensive to subordinates, he managed to keep an eye to everything going on back in New England, where the president sat in his office, in more or less luxury. There was a squabble in the board of directors, and a legal fight in which injunction and counter-injunction were the weapons. The wreckers, however, were not relying altogether on the law. They had found means to prevent the delivery of rails, either from the steel mills to the railroad yards, or by the branch roads to the main line, and had, naturally, counted on putting an end to the construction because there was nothing out of which to lay the continuation of the track. They had armed a gang of desperadoes and bad men and intrenched them across the right of way, and had seized a portion of the completed road in the rear, expecting that Carhart would acknowledge his defeat and give up. It was a daring coup by which that capable leader succeeded in furnishing himself with what he needed, and a neat bit of strategy by which he made himself master of the situation and compelled his rivals to call off their forces and retreat without coming to bloodshed, though both sides were armed and fully determined. This is essentially a man's story. Women have nothing at all to do with it and they are not missed. There is no sweetheart taken into confidence through correspondence, no beautiful senorita and no Indian maiden to beguile the tedium of the camp. In fact it is becoming more and more noticeable that in the best and strongest stories written today the sentimental interest is either absent altogether or else is a minor issue. There are marriages and givings in marriage now, as there have been since the dawn of creation, but twittering duets, strolling in the moonlight and suffering the pangs of jealousy no longer fill the lives of men and maids for the space that requires three hundred odd pages to chronicle. That Mr. Merwin can write a pretty love story has been abundantly proved in his "Merry Anne" but he has shown admirable judgment in omitting women from participation in the work of "The Road Builders." There are eleven full-page illustrations, besides end papers, by F. B. Masters. A part of this story was published serially in the "Evening Post" under the title "A Link in the Girdle." Published by the Macmillan Company.

First Aid to Writers

"Faulty Diction," compiled and edited by Thomas H. Russell, editor-in-chief of Webster's Dictionary, and published by the George W. Ogilvie Company of Chicago, is not only a useful and welcome addition to the "Vest Pocket Series" of handy reference volumes, but, as educational matters go in these days, an extremely necessary one, as well. The errors in pronunciation, the use of words and the construction of sentences are such as any fairly well educated person ought to avoid intuitively, but which, in our happy-go-lucky modern days, are left uncorrected until they appear to have taken firm root in the language. A writer who found himself in the company of a number of Eastern college men recently related his experience in using the correct form, "between you and me." He noticed a slight smile on the faces of his neighbors, and shortly afterwards was gently but pointedly corrected, when one of the gentlemen, having occasion to use the expression, substituted the nominated form for the objective, giving to the pronoun a slight emphasis which might be taken as a delicate hint. And this is by no means exceptional. Some of our best writers, best in the sense that they have the most to

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say which is worth saying, almost invariably misuse "whom," if they use it at all, and "different to," "return back," and the correct correlation of "neither—or," "not—or," "as—as" and "so—as" are almost lost sight of. One important omission is the absence of any comment on the unspeakable "dove" which seems to have supplanted "dived" in many quarters, and its very natural follower, "swang," which is beginning to appear with alarming frequency in printed matter. "Faulty Diction" should find friends both with those who know but have allowed evil communication to corrupt their good English, and those whose education has been neglected, but who desire to improve it.

Animal Stories

Mr. W. A. Fraser, who has made a reputation as writer of stories of outdoor life, has given us a new volume of animal stories on a new plan. Sa' Zaza, keeper of the Zoo in Calcutta, knowing and loving his charges, and pitying their sufferings during the heated term, has conceived the idea of employing their minds by gathering them together as an audience in front of the cages of the panthers, during the middle hours of the night, and there, under a truce they relate, each in turn, the story of their wild lives and the method of their capture. There are twelve of these nights in which the white elephant, the bear, the tiger, the hyena, the crocodile, the camel and others, each holds the stage in turn. Mr. Fraser is well equipped for the task he set himself, for he spent nine years as a mining engineer in India where he lived at the court of a native Rajah, and has been a hunter of big game both there and in other parts of the world. There is only one exception to be taken to the "Sa' Zaza Tales," and that solely from the point of view of parents and teachers. The book is admirably suited for the children's library, though it is scarcely a juvenile, in the ordinary acceptance. It would make an excellent supplementary reader at any time, and especially now, while nature study is the fad, but some of the animals, whose manners have been corrupted by evil association with mankind, are decidedly profane. The Cockatoo, the Mina and the Coyote are qualified professors. Of course children do hear swearing, from the time that they are conscious of being able to hear at all. Keeping words out of books will not obliterate them from language, but at the same time, seeing them in print in such books as one would willingly put into the hands of bright boys of as young as eight years does, assuredly, tend to minimize the effect of parental counsel. The illustrations, of which there are twenty-four by Arthur Heming, are remarkably fine, and with the single exception above noted, and that only for the sake of young children, there has been nothing better since the "Jungle Books." From a mechanical view-point "Sa' Zaza Tales" is one of the finest of the new books Charles Scribner's Sons have issued, and in view of the abundance and excellence of the illustrations, \$2 is a reasonable price.

Bertha Runkle (Mrs. Bash) will have a new book on the market shortly, "The Truth About Tolna." Doubleday, Page & Company brought out, on January seventeenth, a new volume by Ellen Glasgow, as usual, without any blowing of trumpets and beating of drums, for Miss Glasgow is one of the quietest women who follow the literary profession. She does not issue a new book at stated periods, nor does she keep the public informed of every pen stroke, but when her work is completed and in the hands of her publishers, there is just the bare announcement. But the author of "The Voice of the People" and "The Battleground" is not an unknown quantity, and "The Wheel of Life" will probably be a best-seller as soon as it is fairly out.

—The Bookworm.



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The New Hearst Movement

A new Populist party has sprung into existence with Mr. William R. Hearst as its Prophet. It is called the Independence League and its purpose appears to be to gather in all the dissatisfied citizens of the Republic, the disgruntled doctrinaires, the lame, the halt and the blind of the industrial world. This new party is organized in only one state—New York—of which Mr. Hearst expects to become Governor with the help of the Independence League, and then its scope will be extended over all the union and a National Convention will be held for the purpose of nominating Mr. Hearst for the Presidency. The League stands for the principles that the Hearst papers have been advocating in recent years. It stands for legislation which will give voters power to control those whom they have elected to office, for direct nominations by the people, the popular election of United States Senators, and for freight rates that will enable the farmer to get his produce to market cheaply. It favors any kind of legislation that will foster labor unions. It favors municipal ownership of all kinds of public utilities except newspapers. It demands that public property belonging to all the citizens shall be administered with the same fidelity that a private administrator shows for the interests of the private owner. The Independence League promises to cure all the ills of the body politic. It is to be conducted upon the theory that if all men are not created equal it is the duty of the Independence League to make them so. Its chief aim will be to adjust a handicap in the race of life so that the slowest mentally will have as good a chance to reach the goal of success as the most agile.

The Shriveled Soul

"Perhaps you think it impossible that a man's soul should entirely shrivel up in the pursuit of wealth. If you knew some wealthy men as well as I know them you would agree with me that they had lost the last vestige of the souls they may be presumed to have possessed before the mania for money getting possessed them. I would like to acquire millions, but if the process is going to make me like some of the old devils I know who have them I don't want the money." These are not the sentiments of a man inspired by envy. They were uttered by David R. Forgan, vice-president of the First National Bank of Chicago, a man who has had business relations with some of the leading capitalists of the country. Mr. Forgan errs in assum-

ing that wealth shrivels the soul. It appears to do so because there are so many rich men with shriveled souls, but it was because of their shriveled souls that they were able to accumulate riches. All rich men are not of the shriveled soul variety. That thrifty temperament which is characteristic of the shriveled soul is not essential to the accumulation of wealth. Some men get rich because they have a genius for making money and their souls never shrivel. They make good use of their riches. They enjoy the esthetic pleasures of life and they revel in the enjoyment of the happiness of others for which they are responsible. They also enjoy the esteem of their fellow men and are envied by none. We could all be more tolerant of wealth if God had not shown his contempt of it by the character of the great majority of men upon whom riches have been bestowed. Banker Forgan says that "there can be no sadder sight than an old man already encumbered by this world's wealth, but eager only to increase it before he topples from the earth." And there is not a more irritating sight than that of the rich man whose sole pleasures are those of the ill-bred and the illiterate, pleasures of the body alone which are not beyond the reach of men of moderate income. The inequalities of which there is so much complaint are not so great as many people imagine, for though the poor cannot have all the pleasures they yearn for, they have not been denied the capacity to enjoy what they possess.

Brutality and Bravery

Hazing and football are subjects to which a great deal of sober thought is being devoted nowadays. In the defense of both pastimes the same line of argument is pursued. The defenders justify them by assuming that they are conducive to the formation of character and the development of courage. The advocate of hazing argues that it is a remedy for certain offensive personal traits that are inimical to the welfare of the unfortunates by whom they are exhibited; that it serves the purpose for which sarcasm and ridicule are employed later in life. The defender of football argues that it develops courage and endurance, and is therefore conducive to the welfare of the nation since it provides material for our military forces. If hazing and football had no objectionable features there would be no occasion for arguments in defense of them. Unquestionably when indulged in a moderate fashion they yield beneficent results, but unfortunately the tendency of both is to incline young men toward barbarism and to incite them beyond the restraints for which refining influences are being exerted. Hazing is a good remedy for boorishness but the boor is no worse than the brute, and anything that promotes brutality is demoralizing and vicious. Hazing is a system by which the character of one man is improved while the characters of a score are impaired. It is decidedly harmful to train young men to enjoy the physical sufferings and humiliation of one helpless individual. The peculiar courage which wins distinction on the football field is not the kind required on the field of battle. Bravery is seldom allied with brutality. During our civil war salesmen in city stores and farmers' sons did the best fighting. A regiment of toughs, pugilists and pug organized in New York city proved to be worthless and was sent to the Dry Tortugas and kept there as in a prison.

A Rebuke from Chang

Says the Chinese Minister at Washington: "There is no danger of an uprising in China against foreigners." No doubt Mr. Chen Tung Liang Chang knows what he is talking about. In all probability he has received a straight tip from the imperial palace. He does not say that there was no danger of an uprising in China, but merely assures us that there is no danger. Of course he refers to the uprising that was scheduled for the early summer, and which the Powers have been anticipating by sending troops to the Orient. The wise Mr. Chang admits that a small number of malcontents are striving to start a revolution, but he says the Government has determined to take a hand and that if any foreigners are injured the slaughter in the communities harboring the miscreants will be sickening. We believe Minister Chang. We are convinced that if his Government has determined to take a hand there will be no revolution and no uprising, at least none of any consequence. At the same time we feel quite certain that some day in the not remote future there will be an uprising in China and that it will be in the nature of a national affair, unless meanwhile Christian missionaries and Christian traders become less offensive in the dominions of the Empress. Minister Chang says that the Chinese desire to manage their own affairs and that they hope that the Christian world will permit them to do so. "When I reflect," he added, "that all Christendom is an armed camp, I am convinced that we are more peaceably and neighborly inclined than is the Christian world. I suspect that statistics would show that there are today more men in uniform and with deadly weapons in their hands than at any other period in the world's history. Even China is armed to protect itself." Minister Chang exhibits rare skill in the gentle art of rebuking his enemies. From his utterances we should judge that he has been reflecting on the presumptuousness of Christianity, on the blatant hypocrisy of the institution that was founded by the Prince of Peace, on the hollowness of a civilization whose exponents prey upon the weak and unprotected of the earth under pretense of being actuated by the highest charitable and benevolent motives. It is true that under the benign influence of Christianity there are more armed men in uniform and with deadly weapons in their hands than at any other period in the world's history. It is also true that the Chinese, whom ignorant and sordid Christian missionaries are striving to demoralize, are the most peaceable people on the face of the earth. It is because the Chinese have for ages been cultivating the arts of peace to the neglect of the arts of war that they are today the prey of the rapacious Christian nations of the earth.

Eating Up Africa

"Even China," says Minister Chang, "is armed to defend itself." And he might have added that before long it will be doubly armed unless the Christian missionaries and Christian traders succeed in provoking an early uprising that will give the Christian Powers sufficient pretext to rush in and dismember the Empire for commercial exploitation. The educated statesmen of China are now doing their utmost to prepare their country for the white peril. They know what is in store for their nation and they are doing much toward arousing the patriotism of the people and stimulating an interest in military affairs. Perhaps they have studied to some advantage to themselves the situation in Morocco which is now the subject of a confer-

ence of the nations being held at Algeiras, near Gibraltar in Spain. All that Morocco asks is to be let alone, but the Christian nations do not favor a "let alone" policy. It is not beneficial to trade. The continent of Africa has occupied a great deal of the benevolent attentions of the nations of Christendom. They have practically eaten it up and they are now assimilating it. There is only one good bite remaining and that is Morocco, which would long since have been swallowed were it not for the fact that two Christian nations are quarreling over the right to the first nibble. The immediate cause of the present conference was a triangular agreement entered into by Great Britain, France and Spain, over the frontier between Algeria and Morocco for the purpose of protecting it from bandits. Incidentally provision was made for extending the authority of France in one direction and that of Spain in another. After the agreement was signed the Kaiser of Germany wanted to know why he wasn't consulted. He was given a curt answer by M. Delcasse, the French Foreign Minister, and he grew very indignant and called for an international conference. For awhile there was talk of war between France and Germany, but in time the war spirit subsided and the conference was agreed upon. The probability is that everything will be settled amicably by giving William the privilege of extending his influence in Morocco. Meanwhile Sultan Muley Abdul Azziz is perhaps wondering how far his influence will extend when the conference is over.

The Decay of Weeping

A writer in one of the literary magazines finds himself on the verge of tears because "weeping has gone out of fashion." People no longer read with their hearts in their throats, and the world is so unsympathetic, so hard-hearted that one no longer discovers red-eyed maidens in distress over the woes of some fair heroine of fiction. He harks back to the good old times of those blessed saints, our grandmothers, who did all things as they should and thus were saved. In truth, the weeping reader has gone to keep company with the fainting fair ones who could fall into graceful unconsciousness whenever there was any one at hand to take notice of their antics and come to the rescue in time to save them from bumping their precious heads. The woes that used to be washed away in bucketfuls of tears are not today regarded as such fearful calamities, and the girl who would be silly enough to let all the rest of

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her social circle know that she was passing sleepless nights and doleful days in lamenting the recalcitrance of some lover she thought she had hooked fast would find herself laughed at as a ninny. The youth who would go mooning about the landscape sighing for the fair one who would not requite his passion would be apt to find himself in the lunatic asylum instead of becoming famous, and as to the hard-hearted parents who refuse their blessing, the young generation of the twentieth century simply do without what is withheld. The heroines of modern novels are as capable as their human types, and there are few of them who have not fairly definite ideas of what move to make next. In those good old times when fainting and weeping were the chief attributes of elegance the women proceeded to dispose themselves in graceful attitudes and deluge quantities of lace bordered handkerchiefs, while some man, relative or friend came to the rescue and untied all the knots. Nowadays it is just as likely to be the women who take hold of affairs and bring order out of chaos. If it is a sudden illness or accident, they know at least enough to telephone for a doctor, and if it is a financial crash, they go to work with heads or hands. In those far-off times when travel was by coach or pillion, the persecuted wives and daughters could do nothing but stay at home and weep, but today with railroads and trolley cars at every crossing, telephone and telegraph at their elbows and courts of law ready to redress wrongs, the woman who has not gumption enough to extricate herself deserves all she gets. There are certain classics which will compel silent tears as long as the race is able to read, but the successors of the generation that used to cry over "East Lynne" and the whole output of missing bridegrooms and bewildered brides simply laugh at the foolish things. Young girls, who are always the most susceptible, do their crying in private, and as little of it as possible, at that. It is not that women are less sensitive now than formerly, but that they are better regulated. They do not flow over on the very slightest occasions, but, being more capable of directing their own affairs they have learned the wisdom of expending their energy in other directions. Instead of crying over the spilled milk they exert themselves to save the pieces of the pitcher.


Literary Prudes

Scarcely a month goes past without our being informed that Rudyard Kipling, or Conan Doyle, or E. W. Hornung, or Maurice Hewlett, or even Mark Twain is denied the sanctification of a place on the shelves of some frontier village library. As far as the authors themselves are concerned, they have every reason to rejoice at these futile boycotts. People who, heretofore, have taken but a languid interest in the library copies of their works are reasonably sure to wake up as soon as they learn of the prohibition and purchase for themselves. Whatever may be the private opinion of library boards concerning Jack London's political opinions, the fact remains that public libraries maintained by general taxation are institutions established for the benefit of the people, not for salaried officials who make a comfortable living by handing out books and who have no right whatever to refuse to supply what is requested unless there is some stronger reason than their personal prejudices. A little more of this sort of interference will be apt to bring about a revolution of sentiment with regard to the status of public libraries. As it is now the mature men and women who depend on the public in-

stitutions are placed under greater surveillance than that exercised by parents over the reading of their minor children. In some parts of the country a teacher of literature may not borrow "The Queen's Quair," "Forest Lovers," or "A Fool Errant," but the children who must stand on tiptoe to reach the reading desks are at liberty to pore over the details of all sorts of crimes and scandals. "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" are too corrupting for youths who can buy all the yellow-backs their means will afford at the nearest news stand. Ellen Glasgow is out of the reach of the good people of Boston, probably because she does not paint her Southerners after the pattern of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and about the only books that are not under some ban are the everlasting and interminable "Elsies." A little over a year ago there was a wholesale raid on all the book dealers in Boston, and every one who had in stock copies of the "Decameron," and similar works, was arrested and fined. An Illinois editor who undertook to publish the Bible as a serial in his paper was made to suffer for disseminating "immoral literature," and so it goes. There is no author who is entirely unobjectionable. Mother Goose and the fairy tales have fared no better than the Scriptures. It is no matter of wonder that all the average reader attempts to peruse is some feeble best seller, for anything concerned with a more important subject than whether "she" gets "him" after some three hundred pages of dodging back and forth is carefully kept beyond reach.

Something of a Bore

The Supervisors are in the throes of their annual investigation of Spring Valley and all its works and pomps. The Supervisors appear to be terribly in earnest this time and many things have occurred to give vraisemblance to the seriousness of their investigation; but we have seen this particular drama enacted so many times that it has ceased to thrill. Nothing short of an entirely new catastrophe, a few more climaxes and an unexpected denouement will cause us to sit up and take notice.

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Modernity and the Ideal

BY HARRY COWELL.

Does the state of mind known as modernity, the spirit of the age dating from Charles Darwin, give house-room—and gladly—to the ideal?

Alas! no. The child of today is born disenchanted. Our young men dream no dreams; and—my word for it—youth without dreaming means mid-life without great doing, old age without dignity. The ideal is as it were a woman of unearthly beauty with whom all noble hearts are hopelessly in love; and, despite the sad-sounding of the words, the happiest lives are those spent in pursuit of her. Pursuit of the unattainable spiritualizes the limbs. Lovers of the ideal, though faint from unsatisfied longing and homesick for Nowhere, their lady's nativeland, are nathless light of step, upborne by the invisible wings of the soul.

The ideal to wife would no doubt make for her lover a home of this vast inn we call the world. Lacking that, here-below is at best but a lodging for the night more or less comfortable. Man, the idealist, must needs seek the land of heart's desire, set his face towards the hills of dream. The homing instinct is irresistible. Hunger and thirst not of the body are secretly solving in a way that bids fair to be final problems of everlasting import. Beauty is the bread of the soul; its drink, love. Love and beauty, these two, as every poet knows, are the true nectar and ambrosia, diet of the gods, delectable, rejuvenescent, all-sufficing.

Facts are now in fashion; realities, all the go. Modernity shows the ideal the door, frowns down the dreams of youth. In vain nowadays does the elder generation look to the younger for glowing fancies whereat to warm itself, wherefrom to rekindle enthusiasms inadvertently allowed to go out. Woe to the idealist that, as he grows older, fails to keep his fires alight.

Paradoxes being the only truths, nothing is more natural than that facts and frivolity should be in fashion together. Just because the thing is seemingly impossible, one looks to find some resultant good—all to no purpose. Adoration of the ideal alone lends dignity to man's brief moment.

With the world indifferent to the ideal; with dignity so much out of style as to be an object of ridicule; the only form of high seriousness left to life or literature is a certain magnificent fooling. Wisdom, to live unmolested, must wear a mask; stand on her head, to attract attention; speak like a charlatan to gain a hearing. There are many ways of worshiping God, not the least acceptable of which is to laugh at what the world holds sacred.

Today, the idealist finds himself wrecked upon some strange coast, but by what ill wind of destiny he knows not; at the mercy of barbarians who, perforce, misunderstand him; beings no kin of his, barely human, indeed, whose language and customs are to him insupportably foreign. Painfully, by slow degrees, he masters the commonest words of the uncouth tongue, and at length has vocabulary enough for his body's daily needs. Unconsciously, he accommodates himself to things as they are, makes concessions to the environment. Waifs and strays from the land of heart's desire, castaway like himself, his countrymen, only now scarce recognizable, he meets from time to time; and learns to see himself as they see him, outlandish, not a little naturalized. All attempts to hold sweet converse in the beloved vernacular end in failure most miserable. The shipwrecked idealists have, every one, suffered a sea change. The waters of forgetfulness have gone over their

souls. They have, to a man, fallen into the hands of the thief aphasia. There is, however, left to them the certainty that some sundown or other a sail shall show in the offing, and a lone boatman, whose face the natives dread, come ashore to take them away one by one whither the winds of mystery blow; to the country of the dreamer's second birth, a country not, as is imagined, dimly remembered, but, rather, dimly foreknown.

It is well for the children of Nowhere wrecked on the bleak shores of this workaday world to "do things," as the saying is, to the end that they may be confirmed in the truth that the only thing worth doing is to dream and dream. The sole use of deeds is to make the dreaming better. The dreamer alone is gentleman, alone has taste. Life swallowed whole is without savor. Who bolts life is a boor. Modernity, I fear me, does not tend to the making of gentlemen. The modernist, to take another view of one and the same truth, is in mad haste to get—nowhither, or God only knows where. Life these days seems to me to do little more than this: enter into the world by a door called Birth, lose itself in a maze of deeds, work itself into a frenzy, double on itself a thousand and one times, and in the end, after all its fret and fury, go out by the very door through which it came in—the selfsame and no other, only now, on the inside, called Death. For the sake of progress, let us live so as to be able in all truth to say ere we die: I have done something, been of some use to my fellows—I have dreamed! Dreams are the deathless realities.

To the matter-of-factist, a dollar in the hand is exceeding real. To the idealist, a dollar is all unreal until it is out of hand, so to speak; has been exchanged for a dream. Dollars for dreams—unrealities for realities—in all the marts of the world is to be met with no better bargain than that!

Haply, in all times—though the fable of a golden age would have us think otherwise—the matter-of-factist has found himself at home here below; and the idealist, himself a stranger in a strange land. Be that as it may, there can be no question as to which of the two is at present native, which, foreign. Dreams, as I have said, are out of date. Dull, savage reality, and duller, more savage, buffoonery, are the rage. The zeitgeist is a zany, and drunk at that; or, rather, a demon double-faced; one side a matter-of-factist of insufferable sobriety; the other, as is only natural, the capulent buffoon.

I speak in all old-fashioned seriousness. Magnificent fooling is beyond me; frivolity, beneath me; dullness a thing my soul abhors. It is, believe me, not my

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fault, but the fault of where through shipwreck I find myself, if I have forgotten how to be serious as an idealist, that is to say, without being dull.

Well I know that, in speaking as I do, I am but telling half-truths of men and things; showing but half my hand, my head, my heart. Another day, another mood may reveal the hidden halves.

Though this world is no more home to the idealist than is the house of the hedge-sparrow to the young cuckoo, it is none the less his nest; he is in no small measure an interloper therein; and his boasted superiority is best shown by assailing it. Some gratitude on his part is owing to the little brown birds.

I am not ignorant of the truth that—the advice of

false friends to the contrary notwithstanding—it is better to believe in one's day, no matter how sorely it tries one's patience, than to curse it, and die.

As children are minded to write under their pictures of our mild-eyed foster-mothers, "This is a cow!" so am I now to say to you, childwise, "This is a mood!" And a mood is not the whole man. Indeed, all my little writings are but moods more or less ill-drawn; childlike attempts at portraiture of a state of soul; sincere, so far as they go, the whim having full sway. 'Twould like me more than I can tell you to draw a cow that would deceive the very dairy-maids, but, alas! I have an infant's fist, not that of a Balzac. Some day, perhaps, or ever the boatman come—See, there I go again! But the dream saves from suicide.



Dans un Cabaret Hollandais

The latest work of Jules Pages, the noted Californian artist, from a photograph received by his family in this city. This painting was purchased by the French Government, and is now on its travels to the important cities of France where it is being exhibited in pursuance of the policy of the French Government to educate the masses. After the death of the artist the painting will find a permanent home in the Louvre. Mr. Pages will return to this city on a visit during the early summer. He inherited his talent from his father, who in early days was a painter of landscapes in this city. Young Pages received instruction

at the School of Design. As an illustrator on the local papers he earned the money with which he defrayed the expenses of his studies in Paris where he became the favorite pupil of Jules Lefevre. Two of his celebrated medaled paintings are in this city. One entitled "Discouraged" is owned by the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. It represents a painter disconsolately studying the canvas he is at work on while a half-nude model in the corner of the studio looks at him sympathetically. The other painting, "Sur le Zinq," a reproduction of an underground bar in Paris frequented by workingmen, is the property of James D. Phelan and is destined for the museum in Golden Gate park.

Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

The Senate's efforts to impair the popularity of the President have not been in vain. They have made it clear that his methods do not meet with their approval, thus enhancing his prestige without affecting their own standing.

It is sometimes difficult to differentiate the advocate of municipal ownership from the promoter of a privately managed public utility eager to unload his works on the taxpayers.

It appears that after the marriage Mr. Longworth and his bride were permitted to get behind closed doors and that reporters were excluded from the four walls by which privacy was secured.

The Sultan of Morocco, we are told, consented to the proposition of the International Conference for the suppression of the contraband trade. Indeed! Then he is actually consulted about such things! Just to give vraisemblance to his rulership, no doubt.

The separation of Mrs. William Wilson Yerkes-Mizner from her new husband isn't half so pathetic a story as the separation of the lady from her cash.

Two million dollars was Rockefeller's share of the

Standard Oil dividends for the last quarter. Considering the price he pays for the money, he earns it.

The dirt that was to fly on the canal has resolved itself into mud that flies between the disputing factions.

Two hold-up women and a woman burglar were arrested last week. Poor man is gradually being crowded to the wall.

A San Francisco husband hid outside his house the other night to gather evidence for his divorce suit. The man who came out in the small hours of the morning thrust a gun under the prying husband's nose. That should teach men not to meddle with their wives' private affairs.

Rome is the latest-named habitat of John D. Rockefeller. Probably while there he will follow a modified version of the old rule—"While in Rome do the Romans."

Wilson Mizner and Count Boni de Castellane might form a mutual sympathy society for two.

A magnetic chair is the latest thing in the way of a rest cure. They have one at Sing Sing that gives complete rest.



Things

"When one poor man helps another poor man, God laughs"—Hall Caine.

'Tis not in sacrilege I ask,
Did you ever hear God laugh?
Did ne'er the merriment of God
Lift you away from earthy sod,
A cup of joy to quaff?

Well, I will tell you, there's a cask
Of nectar standing by,
And you may drink from God's own hand
On the crowded street or the desert sand,
And forget you were born to die.

Just give a loaf to the starving,
To the sick a cooling draught,
To the troubled one a kindly word,
And God will laugh, and from his gourd
Will pour you sweetest wassail quaffed.

* * * * *

Now once I lost my way and I was sore adrift,
And meeting one who sometimes was my friend,
I asked him of his purse, in my distress
To succor me, and he did answer thus:

"I gain to save; I cannot loan to you;
You may not pay it me, nor interest."
I buckled tight my belt, and hungry, journeyed on,
'Twas yesterday I learned my friend was dead,
And left no wife, nor child, nor kin,
And when today, sole mourner by his grave—
I wondered if he knew I scattered flowers there.

J. C. B.

February, 1906.

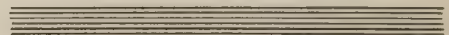


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The Spectator

A Tip From Millionaire Clark

Charley Clark, of San Mateo, son of Senator Clark, the multi-millionaire copper king, gave his friends a tip last Saturday and they were duly grateful. It was one of those can't-lose tips with which millionaires are always so generous. It was not a tip in the stock market, the sort of tip with which Wall street magnates dower their lady friends of the chorus. It was a common, vulgar race-track tip, such as you can get any day from an Emeryville tout, but as it came from young Mr. Clark of San Mateo it was accepted as gilt-edged and it superinduced some very heavy plunging. The flower of Burlingame diffused its aristocratic fragrance at Emeryville last Saturday and the book-makers enjoyed the aroma. The event of the day was the Gunst Stakes, a race in keeping with the spirit of the occasion, bearing as it does the name of that eminent merchant, Mr. Mose Gunst, who joined the Burlingame colony some time ago. For the Gunst Stakes was entered Valoureuse, of the Clark stables, but whether the entry was in honor of Mr. Clark's neighbor, Mr. Gunst, or was merely a coincidence, I am not informed. However, the flower of Blingum was there for the two-fold purpose of lending eclat to the Gunst stakes and to plunge on Mr. Clark's nag, for Mr. Clark had assured his friends that his copper colors were to win the purse. It was not an exclusive tip that the young horse owner disseminated; that is, it was not exclusive to Burlingame. It was sent to Helena and to Los Angeles, and from both towns came money to be played on Valoureuse. Just before the race the money of Mr. Clark's friends poured into the betting ring. The odds at the opening were 3 to 1, but Clark and his friends hammered them down to 8 to 5. Clark himself, who gets quite reckless at times, expressed his faith in his horse to the extent of five thousand dollars. His friends, the book-makers, say he contributed to their coffers five thousand more. It was a great day for the "bookies." It was also a great day for Valoureuse. That noble steed ran a gallant race and would have won if two other horses had been out of the race. It was a sad day for Burlingame.

A Shower of Ducats

All the brushes of all the artists are swinging like flails in harvest time, and half a hundred historical paintings are already whacking up to completion preliminary to entry in the great prize picture competition inaugurated by our esteemed fellow townsman, Mr. James D. Phelan. It is not every day in the week that our starving Murillos and our destitute Meissoniers have the golden opportunity to win six hundred dollars at one fell swoop with consolation purses of one hundred dollars and fifty dollars respectively dangling contiguous. Blessed, therefore, is this day, for it betokeneth that on another day one lucky artist shall buy him a purple rug of Belochistan to spread upon the floor of his studio; that another shall hang a tapestry of Gobelin where erstwhile a ragged Japanese screen with three bitterns aflight from a rice field was the sole reminder of "A Sunset on Bolinas Bay," sold to a harpy in fine linen for \$32.25 net to be resold to Midas or Maecenas for \$244.75 gross, including the frame and "commission"; and finally (there being three fatted prizes) that another shall dine with guests at Coppa's, there to exult at his good fortune and hear the generous praise of his fellow artists in varying crescendo as the chianti mounts higher from the cellar where the fire of its Tuscan blood cools, towards the attic where the artistic imagination may picture what

it pleases as the artistic eye ranges the foreground of sooty roofs, sweeping across the middle ground of chimneys and gaunt spires, out into the wonderful infinity that only the eye of the artist and the poet may penetrate. Thus shall those who toil for Mr. Phelan and are fortunate, win money and fame, and all things needful.

A Glut of Masterpieces

But more than all this—for when the tale is told only three shall praise the Master, and all the rest shall blame—we must not neglect to thank Mr. Phelan for glutting the market with historical masterpieces to the end that we, the commonalty, may have them for the buying. Long have we yearned for this opportunity to rush the bargain counter of art. Hitherto we have been compelled to purchase our masterpieces on the slow pay plan from the harpies, knowing that we were paying four hundred per cent more than the harpy paid the artist; never daring to complain, however, because the bird of prey could so easily prove that while the picture was of little worth, except as a masterpiece, the frame was of inestimable value because it was fashioned in his back shop and gilded with leaf worth its weight in gold. When these historical masterpieces are painted there will be acres of rejected canvas and gallons of wasted paint, to say nothing of the aggregate aeon of time and the terrific stress of the genius that concentrated in this effort. But there will be no demand for the masterpieces; being all of one subject—a flag-raising function in the fall o' forty-nine or the spring o' fifty—the connoisseur, the art patron, the collector, and the parvenu will refuse to buy unless they are offered a bargain—the masterpieces must be "marked down," or "auctioned" to the best bidder. Therefore I hail Mr. Phelan as a public benefactor as well as a patron of art; he has paved the way for a renaissance of art in this city, and he has given every household an opportunity to possess a work of art at a greatly reduced price—the purchaser, of course, to frame his own picture; thus, in addition to other benefits conferred booming the trade of the art harpies whose business it is to charge more for the setting of the picture than for the picture itself.

The Conversion of Phelan

The Gaelic movement is truly wonderful in its pacifying influence. It has brought Father Yorke and James D. Phelan together under one tent and it has made many of Mr. Phelan's friends followers of the priest whose enthusiasm as a Gaelic revivalist occasioned much merriment among our High Irish a few years ago. Father Yorke was the first man to chant the glories of Gaelic literature in this country, and when he began giving impetus to the

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movement which is now exciting so much interest in this city, Mr. Phelan and his satellites pooh-poohed the propagandist as a visionary. At that time Mr. Phelan did not appreciate the importance of the movement, but when Poet Yeats came to town our young patron of arts discovered that to manifest indifference toward the Gaelic Revival was to argue oneself uncultured. That would never do! So Mr. Phelan projected himself into the movement with both feet, and such great progress has he made that he now speaks the language of his forefathers with a fine Mayfair accent.

Hyde's Blarney

The belated enthusiasm of some of the High Irish is amusing to Father Yorke. There was a merry twinkle in his eye last Sunday at the Tivoli when he heard Dr. Douglas Hyde gravely declare that Mr. Phelan was a man whose broad culture enabled him to appreciate the importance of the Gaelic movement almost from its inception, or words to that effect. Dr. Hyde is the greatest "jollier" that ever came to town. In his researches he dipped into the original founts of blarney and saturated himself with the pure, undiluted article. He radiates blarney from his magnetic person, and the thrall that he exerts is irresistible. Under the spell Frank Sullivan separated himself from twelve hundred dollars, and Father Yorke, through fear that Sullivan might experience a twinge of regret, or perhaps to titillate the bump of generosity, publicly remarked that the twelve hundred represented one day's wages. To be sure this was no reflection on the Sullivan largess, for Mr. Sullivan is the soul of generosity and the pink of patriotism, a man who has perpetuated his own memory in a monolith to the glory of the Irish soldiers at Fontenoy. However, Father Yorke should be applauded for his utterance. It was cynical but true and we should appreciate a sentiment in abatement of the self-glorification of millionaires who are not entitled to as much credit for generosity as the average citizen who occasionally gives a dime to a beggar.

Grasps the Hand that Smote Him

The most dramatic incident of the exercises at the Tivoli last Sunday occurred behind the curtain. If it had been presented to the audience it would have created a profound sensation. It was a purely spontaneous episode and was witnessed by only a few people, who relished it very much. There was a thrill in the incident to which I refer which I feel in my pen as I write about it, rendering graphic description impossible. The dramatis personae were Father Yorke and James D. Phelan. Everybody in San Francisco knows how those two gentlemen feel toward each other. Once they were friends. To Father Yorke was attributed the success of Mr. Phelan in his first campaign for Mayor. A little later something occurred to cause Father Yorke to amend his opinion of the millionaire civic patriot. Thereafter the aggressive priest took occasion innumerable times to express his disesteem of the Apostle of the City Beautiful. He expressed it by tongue and pen and it is pretty generally believed that he contributed largely toward the scattering of the Phelan

constituency. For years Father Yorke and Mr. Phelan have not spoken as they passed by. When Dr. Hyde came to town Father Yorke and Mr. Phelan were so active as members of the committee having charge of his reception and lectures that it was felt it would be impossible for them to avoid coming together and many people were on the qui vive for the meeting. But when it did occur the curtain was down and there wasn't a snap-shot artist on the scene. They met by accident. They came together face to face in a dim, cathedral light and there were several moments of oppressive, eloquent silence. Fortunately Father O'Ryan was present and he broke the spell. "Father Yorke—Mr. Phelan," said Father O'Ryan. Mr. Phelan extended his hand and Father Yorke, like a good Christian, took it. Thus was the congealed atmosphere thawed. Impresario Leahy of the Tivoli witnessed the thriller from the door of an "Isle of Spice" pagoda and he folded himself and silently stole away.

At the Archbishop's Dinner

The meeting between Father Yorke and Mr. Phelan was extremely formal. After the hand-shake both passed on. But they met again and again the newspapers failed to learn of the meeting. Their second meeting took place at a little social function about which the press was not informed. It was a dinner given by Archbishop Riordan in honor of Dr. Hyde. The Archbishop's guests were Michael Cudahy of Chicago, distinguished as the father-in-law of Jack Casserly, James D. Phelan, Father Yorke, J. Downey Harvey, Frank Sullivan, Judge Tobin, Garret McEnerney, Dr. Buckley and J. B. Casserly.

The Poet and the Critic

An anonymous gentleman—who, by a prodigious stretching of his imagination, imagines himself a literary critic, and so will no doubt be grievously hurt by the contradiction in terms with which I set out—is at pains to tell me that Harry Cowell is no poet, the which he has himself told me time and again, and the public more than once (see "The Critic and the Poet," in Town Talk of March 4, 1905). The supersensitive taste of our nameless correspondent—whom I notice only because it suits my purpose—is, it seems, so much offended by Cowell's verse wherein by some power new to poetry *wis* is made to rhyme with *kiss*, *face* with *gaze*, and *rood* with *good*, that he must needs "hand" me a package of "criticism," praying me to "put Mr. Cowell back on the prose rack," and thus prevent him from "pulling off such stunts" as, for terrible example, making silence speak.

The Retort Courteous

I referred the critic's letter to Mr. Cowell and thus that gentleman makes reply: "What shall I say in answer

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to all this? how defend myself against these serious charges couched in words drawn, as it were, from the very depths of the wells of English undefiled? Would it, I wonder, go far wide of the heart of the whole thing for me to say—retort courteous—that he, to whom the silences have never spoken, is less capable of criticising poetry than am I of writing it; that the title of the offending verse—‘Would-Be All-Seeing Eyes’—declares in effect that what follows makes no pretense of being a poem; that any power preventing *wis* from rhyming with *kiss* is new to me; that the sin of *face* and *gaze*, to say nothing of *rood* and *good*, is as wool compared with the scarlet of the overlooked line, ‘For peeping-Tom reporters, the police,’ impeccable with respect to rhyme; that poetry is very far from being a matter of irreproachable prosody? Were God to come to me as a latter-day Abraham and threaten to destroy the English-speaking world for its unspeakable sins against the mother-tongue, ‘twould be vain for me to begin, ‘Peradventure, there be fifty poets found therein,’ knowing, as I do, only too well that the final saving ten would not be forthcoming. How little, after all, faulty rhyme mars real poetry, you may see and hear for yourself by reading:

THE BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES.

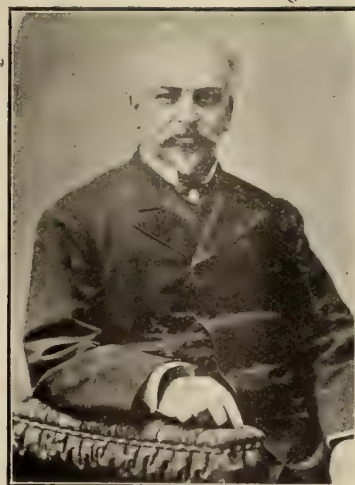
Tell me now in what hidden way is
 Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
 Where’s Hipparchia, and where is Thais,
 Neither of them the fairer woman?
 Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
 Only heard on river and mere,—
 She whose beauty was more than human? . . .
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

As to Faulty Rhyme

“In the second stanza, Dante Gabriel Rossetti ‘makes’ *nun* rhyme with *on*, *queen* with *Seine*; in the third, *lilies* with *Alice*, *there* with *year*, *mermaid* and *Maine* with *Englishmen*; and in the envoi, *overword* with *lord*. Yet, no less a poet than Swinburne speaks of this poem as ‘Villon’s masterpiece, the matchless “Ballad of the Ladies of Old Time,” so incomparably rendered in the marvelous version of Mr. Rossetti,’ considering it a veritable triumph of the poet-translator in a high and hard field; a triumph so signal as to make it useless for him to give us any rendering of the ballad. Here is a parody, the work of a wicked moment, ugly as sin, easy to do as sinning, in prosody, however, little, if at all, inferior to Dante Gabriel’s incomparable version of Francois’s matchless ballad:—

THE BALLAD OF DEAD DOLLARS.

Tell me now in what hidden hands is
 The gold of the Countess Castellane?
 Say, in how many distant lands is
 Coal Oil Johnny’s, scattered like rain?
 Where is what went for the bottles slain
 Of Scotty, king of Death Valley, say?
 Where is it all, in whose domain? . . .
 But where are the dimes of yesterday?
 Now, is it necessary for me to say in so many words that the foregoing sample stanza of an endless ballad is not poetry, nor calls for any critic well up in his French to tell my editor and me and the public at large that Castellane can be made to rhyme with rain only by some power new to poets and their spiritual pastors and masters?”




Col. Alex. G. Hawes

One of the members of the Sunday Breakfast Club which meets and eats at the Bohemian Club on nearly every Sunday throughout the year. Colonel Hawes presides over the club when its founder, Raphael Weill, pays his annual visits to Paris. Colonel Hawes had a birthday on Tuesday, when a dinner was given in his honor at the club.

McEwen Goes Back to Hearst

Arthur McEwen severs his connection with the *Bulletin* this week and will start for New York this Saturday to join the Hearst staff once more. When McEwen came West to write for the *Bulletin* it was because he needed a little relaxation. He was suffering from brain-fag in consequence of his efforts to think in harmony with Hearstian principles. Writing editorials for the *American* would be a joke to McEwen were it not for the great wrist-labor it involves and the strain required to get down to the intelligence to which he is obliged to cater.



Hearken!

Sober up on

Jackson's

Napa Soda

That Decollete Gown

It was somewhat humiliating for our provincial aristocracy to read in the daily prints that Mrs. Peter Martin was the sensation of the Charity Ball because of the ultra-modish gown worn by her on that occasion. Mrs. Martin was singled out for special exploitation in cold type because she happened to be a few inches more fashionable than other women at the ball. This kind of reporting is deeply to be deplored. If a lady cannot exhibit her shoulder blades and the graceful, dimpled outlines of a superb back at a swagger function from which the vulgar and immodest polloi are excluded without subjecting herself to special comment in the daily prints, it is high time to revoke the license of the benighted press. There was nothing extraordinary about Mrs. Martin's gown. It was conspicuous only because of its beauty. If it was a little more decollete than the gowns of other women the circumstance was due not to any unconventionality of taste on Mrs. Martin's part but to the compromising spirit of our provincial society, which longs to achieve modish effects but which lacks the courage of its convictions. The progress of culture in the provinces may be determined by the depth to which gowns are cut. When high-neck gowns are worn at formal evening functions it may be inferred that the people prefer chromos to oil paintings. When the society women of a provincial town advance as far as open-work the inference is warranted that they have begun to appreciate Ella Wheeler Wilcox. When they have ceased to disguise their feelings it is evidence of esthetic elevation. As the cult of Beauty progresses the rim of the gown seeks the waist-line.

When the Backless Bodice Came West

By way of proof of what I have asserted in respect of the affinity between exposure and culture I shall cite the case of Madame de Regnier, wife of M. Henri de Regnier, who came to Berkeley, the seat of culture in the erstwhile Woolly, at the expense of Prince Poniatowski, to contribute to our enlightenment on the subject of French poetry. That was as many as six years ago. Up to that time the backless bodice was unknown to those of our society women who had not traveled. Up to that time you would find as many high-neck as decollete gowns at formal evening functions. Those of our society women whose mirrors had informed them that nature had been kind to them affected the V-shaped bodice, but in a very modest fashion. It remained for the lady of culture from Paris to assure them that the backless bodice was not inconsistent with decency and decorum. In addition to being of the literati Madame de Regnier is also of the modish monde and while her husband is an authority on the art of poetry she is an authority on the art of dress. At a dinner given by the Pagets of Berkeley in honor of the de Regniers, a dinner to which all the illuminati of the college town were invited, Madame de Regnier made her appearance in a gown that rose above the waist-line in two straps, one for each shoulder. Opposite the French lady sat Mrs. Mary Kincaid, who could see nothing of the de Regnier gown save the straps. Orrin Peck sat next to Mrs. Kincaid and being an artist he saw much to admire in the woman from Paris. Said he to Mrs. Kincaid:

"Don't you admire Madame de Regnier's gown?"

"I haven't seen it yet," said Mrs. Kincaid.

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At the Ball

The Charity Ball, by the way, was the first one given in years to which our haut ton turned out en masse. The Charity Ball usually serves as a medium through which the curious, rank outsider gets a peep at the elect. Such affairs usually have a decidedly bourgeois tone, but the one last week was very exclusive. Word had been sent out that it was to be a brilliant affair, so our timid swells ventured out in their finest. Mrs. Will Tevis was there with her pearls. The Queen of Burlingame wore a crown of silver leaves and a gown of lavender satin. She did not wear all her jewels but seemed to aim at artistic effect which she achieved. Mrs. Fred Kohl presented a shimmering appearance in white satin, pearls and diamonds. Probably the costliest gown of the ball was worn by Mrs. H. M. A. Miller. It was a Parisian creation of white chiffon embroidered with gold roses. The matrons far outshone the belles in gorgeous dressing, most of the girls of the smart set being rather simply dressed, the tip having gone out that it is bad taste for the maidens to make themselves conspicuous. Dorothy Eells and Maizie Langhorne were the most popular and the prettiest girls at the ball. They were surrounded by dancing men all evening. During the ball the bridge enthusiasts gathered in an adjoining room and had an exciting game. Mrs. Gus Taylor and her sisters to the fore.

The Japan Society

The Searles gallery at the Hopkins looks like a bit of Japan this week, with its gardens a la Japanese and the two artists at the south busy over their paintings. All the well-known schools are represented in the dainty rollers and sketches on the walls, and it is not difficult to work up an interest in them. At first perhaps the visitor misses in



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these pictures depth, color, light and shade, and the glory of gold frames. One is apt to pronounce the whole thing dull, dead, and monotonous, but if you stay long enough the subtle beauty of it will grow upon you, and you will begin to realize the ultra refinement, the restraint of these pale backgrounds, of this nuancing of gray upon gray, of brown upon brown, of this beauty of line and flat color. Western art almost looks insolent and vulgar in contrast. The screens are especially interesting. Their motives are simple—a bounding tiger, a swirl of fishes, a raven on a snow branch, all upon golden backgrounds. Miss Katherine Ball was at the members' reception, with Miss Elizabeth Murray, and she was perfectly willing to explain the meaning of the pictures to the uninitiated. There was a sprinkling of society present, dropping in for a few minutes on the way to the charity ball, and some Sequoians who were to show up later at the club's valentine affair. Several Japs, including the resident consul and his little wife, divided interest with the picture exhibit.

The Art Harpy in Japan

I am reminded by the art exhibit of the Japan Society that even in Japan, where art is supreme, the artist is compelled by the art harpy to labor for the sake of his art. There is not a kakemono, print, water color, painting on wood, silk or cut velvet in all that collection that is not worth upwards of a hundred per cent. more in its present environment than it was when it left the atelier of the artist. The accumulating reputation of the artist has been steadily added to the intrinsic value of the picture—and the artist has continued to feed himself with two slender sticks from a common porcelain bowl heaping full of rice bought from the rich man that sells provender on the ground floor; sometimes the common porcelain bowl is not full of rice. All of which is preliminary to my dealing with my artist friend, Kato of Tokio, said to be the best modern exemplar of the Ukiyo-ye Rui or popular school founded by Iwasa Matahei in the sixteenth century. Now, in truth, I know nothing of Japanese "schools" of art, and the methods of Yamato, Tosa, Kano and Shijo are to me as cryptic picture writing on the temple walls of Yucatan. I am sure, however, that I liked the water colors that my friend Kato used to paint, for Kato always painted his soul in his pictures and every line, every blend of color, was a poetic revelation; everything in Kato's pictures had a purpose and a meaning; there was nothing superfluous or unnecessary—nothing for mere frippery and adornment. Kato's pictures were as lovely as he was the reverse—with his high-domed bald head, his yellow face wrinkled as a fragment of Shigaraki pottery, his long fingers lean as the talons of a bronze dragon of Miochin, his eyes deep-set, and his frame as gaunt as one of Maki Chokusai's ghosts. But he painted pictures to my liking and to the liking of thousands of others better able than I to pass upon their merit as works of art.

Why Japanese Art Is Cheap

Before I came to know Artist Kato I had bought at a picture shop on the Ginza three of his water colors, paying therefor yen thirty apiece. The equivalent of yen thirty

in our money is fifteen dollars. When I knew Kato as a congenial friend I conceived the idea that I should like to have him paint for me his conception of the eight beautiful sights of Omi. The members of the Japan Society do not need to be told what the eight beautiful sights of Omi are, but for the information of the non-elect I will explain that they include the autumn moon from Ishi-yoma, evening snow on Hira-yama, the blaze of evening at Seta, the evening bell at Miidera, boats sailing back from Yabas, a bright sky and a breeze at Awadzu, rain by night at Karasaki, and wild geese alighting at Katada. When I asked Kato to paint these eight scenes according to the poetry of his soul he tried to smile and accomplished a ghastly failure, answering me: "I will paint the eight beautiful sights of Omi for my honorable friend." When the work was done I had traveled far and returned to Tokio. The pictures were in panels on heavy silk of Kyoto and were very beautiful. I asked Kato the price of his labor and he answered: "If you had not been a friend I would not have painted these pictures for you; I could not paint them; therefore, my friend, you must take them without paying for them." I asked for an explanation and he told me that he was under contract with the picture dealer in the Ginza to paint pictures for him exclusively for yen four-fifty and a yearly bonus of yen one hundred. Then I realized that genius, even in art-loving Japan, is subject to the tyranny of commercial greed as it is in our own civilized West. And now I realize that anything over fifty dollars for a work of art is a generous bestowal from the covetous fingers of commercial greed.

The Japan Society of America has responded heartily to the call of President Roosevelt for aid for the famine-stricken people of the provinces of Japan, and will donate the entire receipts, both day and night, of this Thursday from their exhibition at the Hopkins for this purpose.

A Wandering Historian

Professor Bernard Moses of the State University has secured another leave of absence far countries for to see. Unlike other folk Professor Bernard Moses adds materially to the sum of human knowledge every time he has a leave of absence far countries for to see. Once he was on leave of absence to Japan, and we know more about that far country now than we could have learned in a year's travel though we traversed the islands from the province of Osumi to the Tsugaru Strait; once he had a long leave of absence to be a Commissioner of the Philippines, and if we are not wise in things Filipino it is not the fault of Professor Bernard Moses; then another leave of absence produced a volume entitled, "The Establishment of Spanish Rule in America," being "an introduction to the history and politics of Spanish America," absorbed in observations and

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assiduous study while enjoying a vacation in Mexico. This latest leave of absence, I understand, will enable Professor Bernard Moses to tour all the interesting show places of South America collating, compiling, and assimilating material for that promised "History and Politics of Spanish America." Professor Bernard Moses is not altogether a closet historian nor a cloistered visionary guessing around the truth of politics and economics; he does not depend wholly upon the opinions or even the proved data of other writers on historical and economic subjects. He requires the personal knowledge of the people of whom he writes and he must feel the atmosphere of his subject in the place where it exists. Professor Bernard Moses could never have accomplished what he has accomplished if he had been denied the numerous leaves of absence that have been granted to him far countries for to see. For the author of "The Establishment of Spanish Rule in America" and "Democracy and Social Growth in America," the great library at Berkeley is but an arid desert of fact and circumstance until it is irrigated by waters gushing from the rock of ages by the blow of Moses' rod that is never spared to spoil the children of light wearing away under the constant dripping of the Moses sanctuary at Berkeley. All the wealth of fact and fiction in the Bancroft collection of Spanish American history is but dross until it is transmuted to golden ingots by the alchemy of Professor Bernard Moses' genius of observation on the spot. That is why it is necessary that Professor Bernard Moses should frequently get leaves of absence far countries to see, while the state continues to pay his salary as a preceptor in history, etc., at the university.

Advice To a Rich Preacher

Like a voice crying in the wilderness the Rev. Charles R. Brown of Oakland has been preaching to the Yale Divinity students on the unsatisfactory economic conditions now existing. I observe, however, that Dr. Brown virtually admits that these conditions have existed for at least three thousand years, at some periods a little better than they are now and at others somewhat worse, but always bad enough. Dr. Brown is of the opinion that it is not right that one mortal should live in a useless and debilitating luxury, able to satisfy every trifling fancy, while many of those whose labor this mortal had exploited are unable to secure the bare necessities. I agree with Dr. Brown without reservation and I would recommend that if he is sincere in his sympathy for the down trodden masses forced to drudge for the dregs of men as wage slaves and helots of commerce and industry, he might carry a larger conviction to the doubting minds of his hearers if he would reduce his own episcopal income to the proportions of a Methodist circuit rider in the back settlements of Kansas or Nebraska. Every dollar out of the munificent salary of this city.

Dr. Brown would be a dollar in alleviation of the "economic conditions" so bitterly regretted and so forcibly denounced by this very able theologian. It is probable that Dr. Brown has not scanned the problem from this angle of vision. We are all prone to tell others what they should do, forgetting that others can tell us what we should do. Still, there is reason to believe that if Dr. Brown will give all he hath to the poor and follow the Master others would do likewise in emulation of an example that cannot be impugned on the ground of hypocritical pretense.

Why Blame The Creature

I am surprised that an able and learned theologian should put all the blame for the unhappy conditions on poor, weak, erring humanity and in the same breath absolve the omniscient and omnipotent Director of the Universe of all complicity in the conspiracy of circumstance. Yet this is what Dr. Brown does when he tells the Divinity School students of Yale that the same God who discussed economic questions with the Pharoah on the banks of the Nile thirty centuries ago is still pressing home on the consciences of the people today the same vital question, and that He will continue to press it home until it is answered, and answered right. The same Authority quoted in this instance by Dr. Brown as "pressing home upon the consciences of the people" the iniquity of conditions that have existed since the beginning of time, has explicitly ordained that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his face; and how can he earn his bread unless he works for wages regulated by the inevitable law of supply and demand? Moreover, if this condition of wage slavery is so abhorrent to "the same God who discussed economic questions with the Pharoah on the banks of the Nile thirty centuries ago," why does He not arbitrarily change the condition by reversing His original law imposing the condition? I fear that Dr. Brown mistakes an hypothesis for a logical conclusion and that he is attempting to establish a theory on the principle of "Do as I say and pay no attention to what I do." Advice is easy to give, but hard to take. It is easy to tell the fortunate or the shrewd ones of earth that they must not hog everything in sight; but it is pretty hard to set a practical example by taking our own hoofs out of the trough to make way for the snout of a hungry neighbor.

The Thompson-Stebbins Marriage

Miss Elsie Thompson, who was married to Horatio Stebbins Jr., last week in Santa Barbara, is an extremely handsome girl, tall and with a distinguished profile. She was for some years stenographer at the Merchants' Exchange, and she has a very large circle of friends. Young Stebbins is the grandson of the late Horatio Stebbins, who helped to make history for the First Unitarian church of

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Miss Grace Levy

Whose engagement with Millard Allen Farnsworth, president of the Farnsworth Electric Works, has just been announced. Miss Levy had cherished the idea of becoming a trained nurse and after filing her application for entrance to the Waldeck, bought her uniform and waited for the welcome news that she had been admitted to the hospital for training. And, when the word came, she could not keep the engagement, for on that very day Mr. Farnsworth had proposed and been accepted. Miss Levy is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Levy, and she is prominent in the Jewish Woman's Council.

An Academic Engagement

As yet only relatives are in the secret of Miss Amee Hirstal's engagement with Dr. Joseph Erlanger of the University of Wisconsin. This betrothal is the sequel to a boy and girl friendship, begun when they were both students at the Lowell High School. Later young Erlanger went to the university at Berkeley, and then to the Johns Hopkins at Baltimore, where, after graduation, he was made assistant professor of medicine. About six months ago he was elected professor in the University of Wisconsin. He has written several medical books and has made discoveries in medicine that have added to his reputation in the world of science. Miss Hirstal is a teacher in the John Swett Grammar School, recently transferred from the Crocker, where she was vice-principal. The date of the wedding has not been set, but Dr. Erlanger is expected here shortly and the wedding will likely closely follow his return.

Love At First Sight With Them

After being wined and dined almost to death, Mrs. David Trezzi and her little lieutenant departed last week for their Italian home. In Rome, I am told, Mrs. Trezzi is considered a great beauty. When as Bernadette Robin-

son she was introduced into the swin of the holy city it is said she was besieged by princes and counts who were prepared to declare themselves to *la belle Californienne* on the first favorable opportunity. But along came little Lieutenant Trezzi to whom Miss Bernadette at once lost her heart. I have heard that Trezzi proposed the day they met.



Photo by Taber

Mrs. Rose Hooper Plottner

Formerly of San Francisco, now of Chicago. Mrs. Plottner is the daughter of the late Major Hooper, and after a season or so in society here she went to Paris to pursue her studies in miniature painting. She is regarded as one of the most successful miniature artists of this country.

The Josselyns

Sometime in the merry month of May the Josselyns are to return to Woodside. Their friends are delighted, for the Josselyn girls are always lively and out for good times. In the country they wear their oldest garments and they believe in sun bonnets for the complexion, but in town they wear the most modish of clothes. Myra Josselyn will be old enough to debut in two or three years. All signs point to her being the family Beauty. She has the same unusual coloring as her sisters, but her contour is more classic. Two of the sisters were expected to announce their engagements this season, but they refused to gratify expectation.

Society is preparing to take to its heart the Count and Countess Fabbri, who have been sent to represent Italy at this port, and who have been armed by Count Grimani with letters to our haut ton.

Bonaparte's Reprimand

Though our local newspapers made a great pother over the court-martial of Commander Lucien Young when he was charged last summer with responsibility for the blowing up of the *Bennington* at San Diego, and the consequent loss of some sixty lives, only the most meagre information has been given us since the court-martial ceased to sit, regarding its verdict and the outcome. Being person-

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ally interested in this case, I took the trouble to make inquiries in the East upon these points. I thus learned that while Commander Young was technically charged with "Neglect of duty," the court-martial found him guilty of "remissness of duty," and sentenced him to be reprimanded by the Secretary of the Navy. And I append, without comment, a copy of the awful reprimand which Mr. Bonaparte then handed out. "In your case," said he, "there was greater reason why you should have been careful to comply in letter and spirit with every provision of the regulations, because your brilliant services in the past and your merited reputation for seamanship and gallantry would surely render failure on your part to do all that an officer should do the more subversive of true principles among the younger members of your profession. A bad example on the part of one of your previous record is exceptionally injurious to the vital interests of the service, and it is therefore cause of profound regret to the Department that remissness in official duty on your part should have thus been officially established."

Gossip From Washington

My Washington correspondent writes as follows: "Everybody knows we drifted long ago from the ways of simple democracy on the social side of Washington life. The piling up of formalities has reached a point where an old-fashioned statesman would pluck hard at his straw-colored chin-whisker and murmur: Great guns. He would be dazed beyond even that last articulate gasp could he behold the household of Perry Belmont in its temporary habitation in Scott Circle. There are six liveried flunkies in vivid red satin as to the nether limbs and gray and buff of coat and waistcoat. Two stand like the Horse Guards at Whitehall in London, just under the arch of the portecochere. Two others are placed at the front door. When the visitor finally penetrates into the mansion, there are two others to point out the road to the reception chamber. Six servitors, just a shade less gorgeously appareled, are on duty in the Fairbanks house when a public reception is going on. Truly the simple life is in a bad way in Washington. The leader of the diplomatic set now is Madame von Hengelmuller, wife of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, acting dean of the corps. The elevation of Madame von Hengelmuller dates back twelve years, when she came to Washington as the wife of the Minister. She is the ranking woman in the foreign contingent in point of residence in the capital, and personally she is the dominant power in determining the social prestige of all women in the Diplomatic Corps. Madame von Hengelmuller can claim two titles, but because her husband, to whom she is devotedly attached, is not of titled rank, she is known simply as Madame. She inherited from her father the title of Countess. He was the last of the line of the Counts Dunn-Borlowski, famous in Hungary. All her stationery and private possessions bear the coronet of her house. She was married first to Baron Tasanowski, a Hungarian nobleman, and the laws of Austria make it possible after his death to

use this title, even after her marriage to M. Hengelmuller. Madame Hengelmuller's daughter by the soldier Baron bears the title of Countess, and her only son has taken the title of Baron Tasanowski."

Odd Favors for Miss McKenna

My Washington correspondent writes me that some girl friends of Miss Hildegard McKenna, whose marriage with John L. Pultz was an event of this week, gave a pre-nuptial luncheon in her honor at which very unique favors were given. They arrived toward the end of the menu, in a mysterious package which when opened revealed a model kitchen, made of candy and containing every appliance known to the housewife. The confection was a work of art and will be preserved with care to ornament the New York home of Mrs. Pultz. Mrs. Don Cameron, at a dinner for the bride-to-be, followed out that line of pleasant hinting, for the favors were miniature cook-books, clothes-wringers, rolling-pins and other emblems of the cares of home-keeping. All were adorned with ribbons and with legends about their use and abuse.

New Blood Injected

Now that the last of Mrs. Downey Harvey's skating parties has passed into history, those of society who still have the skating craze will have to indulge their desire under less august auspices. From the financial and social viewpoints Mrs. Harvey's club led all others. The organization was democratic in a way; it was the means of bringing into society several young men who had never so much as seen a real live debutante before. The dancing clubs have usually the easiest portals for the climbers to charge but the skating club proved a veritable open sesame to them. Many of them became through the roller medium well acquainted with the "real swells." One can't be distant in manner to a man who has saved one from a fall, or into whom one has unceremoniously bumped; the ice is more effectively broken than if the man had danced with a girl at a whole series of subscription balls. For my part I consider this injection of new blood a very good thing for society. It is certainly good material for the scribbling bavardes who will be able to chronicle many new names next season "among those present."

Where the Prizes Came From

I am told that when the books of the skating club were balanced Mrs. Harvey found she was a few hundred

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dollars on the credit side. This is the secret of those lovely prizes that were given to a few fortunate ones at the wind-up party last week. Mrs. Harvey's idea was to present the prizes to the speediest and most graceful skaters, but some of her friends dissuaded her from that idea arguing that it would smack too much of the merrymakings of the canaille. Therefore Mrs. Harvey decided the better plan to dispose of her purchases was to give each member of the club a numbered ticket upon entrance to the Pavilion. When the drawing took place Miss Etelka Williar found that she had won a pearl brooch and Miss Nell Rose Baggett drew a necklace.

Miss Baggett, by the way, is of the Southern set, and of the Voorhies circle of friends. She made her debut this season but owing to a death in the family has not been present at any large functions.

An Revair—Not Good-bye?

Though Major William Stephenson is ordered to an Eastern fort, it is to be hoped his absence will not be over a few months' duration. The army set will find it hard to get along without the Major. He is the Greenway of the Presidio, the authority on "Who's Who in Society" in and out of the army, the autocrat of his set. He has the entree to all society homes and has been angled for by match-making mammas from the moment he arrived in this city. Except Captain Frederick Johnston no other army man has ever enjoyed such popularity.

Fate and the Philippines

It is surmised that before Miss Laura McKinstry returns from the Philippines she will have plighted her troth to some big Somebody in Manila. Miss McKinstry is one of the most brilliant women in society, and her friends have looked for her to make a great match. Since it was during her visit in Manila that Marie Voorhies became engaged to her distinguished army husband, it is expected that Miss McKinstry may also find her fate in the Islands. The latter, since her trips around the world with Mrs. Henry Scott, has never been satisfied to lead a stay-at-home existence. The wanderlust entered her blood during that journey and she was contemplating a European tour when Miss Marjorie Ide invited her to visit her in Manila. Miss Annie Ide did not return to the Islands with her sister, but remained here to visit Mrs. Carolan.

When the Gilder Naps

I am surprised and pained to find a grievous error in a magazine usually correct and reliable—the *Critic*. In its February number I find the surprising information that W. W. Story, author of "Cleopatra," is in this country. The *Critic* is lamentably, almost grotesquely wrong. W. W. Story, sculptor, lawyer, friend of the Hawthornes, died at Vallambrosa, Italy, in 1895. His son, Waldo Story, is here from abroad, and was in San Francisco within the month. He, too, is a sculptor, but he is not W. W. Story, and did not write "Cleopatra." The *Critic's* talented editor, Miss Gilder, must have been taking a little nap when that item slipped into her magazine.

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Roosevelt Discovers Foster

Mr. A. W. Foster, President of the California Northwestern Railroad, who has been appointed a member of the board of managers of the West Point Military Academy, is a man after President Roosevelt's own heart. He is the father of eleven children and he is only a little over fifty years of age. But Mr. Foster has other merits that entitle him to the respect and esteem of President Roosevelt. He is one of the rich philanthropists of California but he is not one of those that give to the accompaniment of a gong. His benefactions are of the unostentatious kind. The Fosters are the owners of Red Gables, the loveliest home in San Rafael.

Bourke And Mrs. Jack

Once more it is rumored that Bourke Cockran is about to marry. The rumors of his contemplated marriages alternate with those of his impending entrance to holy orders. When he isn't about to become a Jesuit he is about to take unto himself a wife. Bourke Cockran is a very gay widower who inherited a fortune from a rich wife. Mrs. "Jack" Gardner is the great salon hostess of Boston. She is famed as a tuft hunter, a burner of incense to celebrities. She has one of the finest private art collections in this country and has often bid against J. Pierpont Morgan for a masterpiece. I have been reading of Mrs. "Jack" Gardner so many years that I am disinclined to credit the rumor of her engagement to Mr. Cockran, who long since passed the age at which men relish mature feminine charms. When I first read of Mrs. Gardner she was attracting attention by scrubbing her front steps every morning in Lent thus to express repentance for her sins.

Frederick Belasco and Mrs. Belasco are in their fourth week in New York, sight-seeing and theatre-going. David Belasco gave a dinner at Sherry's in their honor and they are receiving many social attentions.

Miss Etta Honeyman, who was at the last Greenway ball, has been staying at the St. Francis with her mother. The Honeymans are very wealthy residents of Portland.

The Frank Stringhams are at Cloyne Court, Berkeley, where they will stay until their new home is finished. Their new house adjoins that of Mrs. Stringham's father, Judge Garber.

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The Flirt

From the painting by Ada Romer Shawhan, owned by J. B. Levison, vice-president of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company. Though not intended as a portrait but only as an imaginative picture the features of "The Flirt" are readily recognized as those of a charming and fascinating San Francisco woman. The picture shows the flirt in her most dangerous—i. e., the demure—pose. Mrs. Shawhan's next exhibition will be of Californian types, the most beautiful woman of each nationality to be found in San Francisco.

Alphabetical Archibald

For over a week there have been rumors of serious trouble in China, yet not a word has been heard from J. F. J. Archibald, the redoubtable war correspondent, wearer of Spanish medals and mandarin of China. It would be useless to expect anything of any importance to go on without Archibald at the scene of operations. Most likely he is even now holding a secret conference with Tsi-An, advising her how to proceed with the most credit to herself. Archibald is capable of offering his advice to anybody, for it is more by monumental nerve than by ability that he has attained more or less fame as a war correspondent. Harrison Fisher, the artist, tells many stories of Archibald's bluffing proclivities. They were together in London several years ago and had very little money. Archibald suggested that they take a journey through England by rail. "Where's the money?" asked the artist. "Don't need any," said Archibald. Thereupon he wrote to the president of the road on which he wanted to travel, informing him that he was the great correspondent, J. F. J. Archibald; that he was traveling with his artist; that in America it was customary to give railway passes to war correspondents and their artists; and that he would like passes. This he addressed to the president, a peer of the realm, at his country mansion, and awaited a reply. Fisher laughed at Archibald and advised taking the

next boat home. But Archibald had played only part of his hand. He allowed five days to go by, then sent a sharp, peremptory telegram: "Where are my passes? J. F. J. Archibald." The passes came by the next mail.

More of His "Nerve"

Fisher tells that while they were enjoying the fruits of Archibald's nerve they stopped at Sandhurst to witness a big military review. Naturally, the best place from which to see it was the stand erected for royalty and the military authorities. "We'll go up there," said Archibald. Fisher begged him not to. "We'll be thrown out, sure," he said. But with the confidence of Happy Hooligan, Archibald mounted the steps, Fisher, like Gloomy Gus, trailing along in the rear and predicting disaster. They were stopped, of course, by the functionary whose duty it was to see that only the duly accredited should enter. But Archibald shot his speech at him: "I am J. F. J. Archibald, the American war correspondent, and this is my artist. In America it is customary for war correspondents and artists to occupy the reviewing stand at military manoeuvres." Before the guardian of the royal presence could gather his wits, Archibald and Fisher had entered—and they remained.

Rumors of Graft

If there is no truth in the constantly recurring rumors of graft at the Central Emergency Hospital, it is a pity that something cannot be done to upset the detractors of that institution. I am not led into making this observation by the maundering accusations brought against the hospital attendants on the morning after by drunks received and searched the night before. For while it may seem strange that so many patients of this class should imagine the loss of gold studs, penknives, rings, watches and money, at the Emergency, there is a fair reason for regarding these complaints as often flimsy. The rumors I have indicated as being important belong in a different gallery. For example, there is that rumor of the Emergency's mysterious prisoner, the old man who is, or was

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until lately shut up in one of the hospital's padded cells and so detained in spite of the fact that he was neither mad nor bad. This old man, once one of the most successful physicians in the West, rich and respected, went to the dogs by way of the opium route and lost all worth while that he had. Still able to make a pottering living by practice in the purlieus of Chinatown, he managed, however, to eat, drink, smoke and sleep without recourse to charity. Then some of his dreadfully aristocratic relatives are said to have decided that he was a potential disgrace of the first magnitude, an imminent scarehead in the morning paper, and his incarceration at the Emergency, which is not a jail nor yet an asylum, was therefore clandestinely arranged. Of course, somebody is breaking the law, if this story is true, and somebody is being paid to break the law.

The Price of a Letter

Another example of the rumor invidious in this direction is that which has to do with a letter which was taken from the person of a young woman who attempted suicide. The letter in question was written by a young man who moves and has his being in our most exclusive social set, and being much worried by fear that the act of the woman would set the town talking about his correspondence with her he hurried to the Emergency as soon as he heard that she was there, begged for the letter found upon her and was forced to pay one hundred dollars for it. If such a letter was not thus bought and paid for, the young man who says he was thus blackmailed is an industrious prevaricator, since he has told no less than fifty of his intimates that all occurred as here set down. And since we are obliged to know so much about these things, why should we not know more?

Miss Spreckels' Fiance

The more I hear of Spencer Eddy of our diplomatic service the more I am convinced that Lurline Spreckels has made an exceptionally brilliant match. Even if Eddy had not fallen heir to a fortune through the death of his uncle, Marshall Field, he would have been worth the while of any girl. He has many friends in this city, some of whom knew him at Harvard where his ebullient spirits shocked the faculty and resulted in the severing of his connection with that venerable university before his time. But that circumstance did not worry him very much. That was about the time of the appointment of John Hay to the Court of St. James. Hay was a friend of the Eddy family, and one day shortly before he started for England he was confronted in his office by Eddy, who bluntly told him he wanted a job. Hay took a fancy to him on the spot and made him his private secretary.

Mrs. Charles R. Krauthoff entertained friends at luncheon last Thursday at the Hotel Colonial. The decorations were of flowering fruit blossoms and the plate-cards of original design. Those present were Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Mrs. Thos. B. Darragh, Mrs. F. Perry, Mrs. Robert McMillan, Mrs. Gus Costigan, Mrs. Ritchie L. Dunn, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Haldimand Young, Miss Cosgrave, Mrs. J. Parker Currier, Mrs. A. B. Hammond, Mrs. Chas. S. Fee, Mrs. Clinton Jones, Mrs.

J. M. Costigan, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Harry N. Gray, Mrs. Emory Winship.



Date Palms in Court of Hotel del Coronado

Returned from New York

Miss Olga Widrin of 958 Geary street has returned from New York with a wonderful stock of millinery. The many different shades that are out this season will add much to the beauty of hats, particularly when trimmed by Miss Widrin, who has established the name of being the Peeress Milliner of this city. About three hundred pattern hats will arrive from New York.

The Thursday Night Concerts directed by Bernat Jaulus at the Cafe Fiesta (formerly Tait's) are delighting throngs of music lovers. Manager Lake announces "Wagner" for March 1st.

A Money-Lender Swindled

It is popularly believed that the hardest man in the world to swindle is a money-lender. Experience with borrowers makes him cautious and he has many opportunities for familiarizing himself with the tricks of the sharpers. In contests of wits in money-transactions the professional Shylock usually gets the better of the other fellow, and as his trade is an unpopular one he gets no sympathy on those rare occasions when he is euchred. On the contrary he is laughed at even when he suffers through a swindle. A case in point is that of Judah Boas who met a man in great distress in a Kearny street clothing store some time ago. The man had bought an overcoat and had offered in payment a postal money-order for sixty dollars. The clothier refused to accept it, saying that he had been swindled by a soldier who gave him a money-order on which payment was stopped by a man who said he had lost it and who proved his identity. The clothier subsequently learned that many merchants had been swindled in the same way. The conversation was overheard by Boas who asked to see the money-order. It was handed to him and after an examination he said he would cash it but at two dollars discount. The owner of the order objected to paying so much. Boas said he would not cash it for less. "Well," said the stranger, "you're driving a pretty hard bargain, but I need the overcoat," so he accepted fifty-eight dollars, paid the clothier twenty, and walked out. The following morning Boas presented the order for payment and learned that it had been raised from sixty cents.

Fisk's Profitable Trip

The recent visit of Postmaster Fisk to the East is going to prove of great benefit to this city. With all our civic organizations we have been drifting along with a postal system more than a decade behind the times. Nobody seemed to be aware of the fact that our mails were poorly handled until the postoffice was moved, and then there was so much complaint that Postmaster Fisk went East to importune the authorities to give him better facilities for operating his department. He spent a great deal of time and money in studying the service in other cities and he found that we were far behind the times. With the influence of Senator Perkins behind him he succeeded in getting sufficient pull to insure great improvements in the service. The tube system is to be introduced and more clerks are to be employed. Under the present system the prompt distribution of mail is impossible, and there are many unnecessary delays. For example, when a letter addressed to a person in the Western Addition is posted in that district it is shipped to the ferry and then out to the post-office, where it is assorted and then shipped back over the same route to the branch postoffice in the Western Addition. There it is taken by a carrier and delivered. Under the

system soon to be put into operation letters will be assorted in the branch offices and there will be no necessity of shipping them to the main office.

Gossip from Honolulu

My Hawaiian correspondent writes: "It is understood that Governor George R. Carter is not to take up the active duties of office for several months if at all. Carter has been a pretty sick man, with the chances, at times, against his recovery. His nervous system is still so seriously impaired that his physician says he cannot go back to work for months. He would resign but for an understanding with Secretary of the Territory Atkinson by which he is to hold the office till next September, when Atkinson will be old enough to be eligible to appointment as Governor. Then Carter will resign, and it is believed that Atkinson will be appointed. An effort is to be made, however, to upset these plans by securing the appointment of Henry E. Cooper, known as the Pooh Bah of Hawaiian politics. Governor Carter is a very wealthy man, and he intends to tour the world in a motor car when he retires from office. He has been a hard worker. He is a man cock-sure in his views, impatient of suggestion, ready to break with friends when they do not agree with him. As Governor he has courted adulation and he has made many enemies, and though once the most popular man in the Islands he is now very unpopular.

Old Families United

"By the marriage of Miss Jennie Giffard and Associate Justice Arthur A. Wilder, of the Supreme Court of Hawaii, which took place on St. Valentine's day, two very popular young people, and two families that in very different ways have been prominent in Hawaii for half a century or more, were united. Miss Giffard is a daughter of Walter M. Giffard, vice-president of W. G. Irwin & Co. He has been a leading factor in business here for a good many years. He is an enthusiast on the subject of scientific forestry, and has done much to promote it in Hawaii. Mrs. Wilder's mother was a Miss Brickwood, and the Brick-

Madam M. E. Hale

Announces that she has added a Corset Department to her Dressmaking Establishment and will carry a large assortment of high-grade corsets, making a specialty of the Gossard and Crosby Models. These corsets are built upon the most approved scientific and hygienic lines.

Mrs. Markley, an expert corsetiere from New York, will be in charge.

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Interesting Items From the Surplus Stock Sale

Metal Lamps, Artistic designs in brass, bronze and wrought iron, with decorated globes, all one-half price as follows:
Regular Prices, \$6.50, 6.75, 7.50, to 20.75.
Sale Prices 3.25, 3.45, 3.75 to 10.40.

Lamp Globes, Four tables of large, handsome globes marked to sell during the Surplus Stock Sale at half prices and less, as follows:

Were \$3.00, 3.50, 3.75 and 4.00 now \$1.75.
Were 1.75, 2.00, 2.25 and 3.00 now \$1.00
Were 4.50, 5.00, 6.00 and 6.50 now \$2.50
Were 6.50, 7.00, 8.00 and 9.00 now \$3.75

Electric Reading Lamps, Two Tables of choice designs, modern and antique; art shades with bead fringe or plain, all one-third below former prices.

Gas Portables, Large Table, variety of styles, one-third off.

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woods have been socially prominent for at least three generations. In the days when Great Britain, the United States, and France regularly sent men-of-war to the Hawaiian Islands the Brickwood girls, in their several generations, were in the social set that entertained the officers and gave zest to the social events of the day. One of Mrs. Wilder's aunts married into the navy and has a son in the navy. Another aunt was the late Mrs. Rufus A. Layman, of one of the best known missionary families in the Islands. Mrs. Layman has one son who is a lieutenant in the United States Army. He was the first cadet sent from the Territory of Hawaii to West Point. Another son is now a cadet at West Point. Oddly enough, another is a Captain in the Salvation Army work on Maui after two or three years' service in San Francisco and Oakland. Justice Wilder is a nephew of that S. G. Wilder who for thirty years or more did more for the development of Hawaii outside of the sugar industry than any other man. He was the James J. Hill of the Islands. He established the first inter-island steamship company, and he built the first railroad in the Islands. He was Minister of Interior for a time under the monarchy and carried out a number of schemes of internal improvement.

The Editor of *Punch*

When *Punch* acquires a new editor, all London pays attention. The change that has just taken place is not a surprising one. Sir Francis Burnand, the retiring editor, is well along in years, having been born in 1836, and has controlled *Punch* for twenty-six years. Moreover, he is a rich man, being the author of a number of successful plays, among them "Black Eyed Susan," which ran for eight hundred nights in London. His successor, Owen Seaman, began writing for *Punch* twelve years ago, and for several years has been its assistant editor. He is comparatively a young man, having been born in 1861, is a Cambridge man, and, like Burnand, has been a barrister. He is the author of several volumes of verse, and is known as a poet of more than ordinary merit. I use the term poet even though what Seaman writes is mostly humorous, for all of it has a scholarly quality seldom found in light verse. Some of his most ludicrous stuff has a stately measure, a dignity that Milton or Pope might envy. In this he differs from most of our American writers of jingle. They are likely to be deficient in meter and in other qualities characteristic of good verse. But Seaman, without sacrificing any of his fun, keeps within the rules of rhyme and rhythm. He writes humorous prose of excellent quality, and writes serious verse now and then—as on the death of Queen Victoria, when, through *Punch*, he paid her a tribute that was moving in its reverence and inspiring in its poetic quality. Seaman is a big, robust, handsome fellow, fond of hunting, and possessor of a beautiful country place near London.

Sample *Punch* Humor

It is the American fashion to laugh at *Punch*—not at its humor but at what many Americans refuse to accept as

humor. The abstract humor of *Punch* appeals to me. There is much of it that any one unacquainted with local or political conditions in London cannot understand. But any one can see the fun in the following even without the accompanying picture by Phil May:

Stout Party—Now then, waiter, what have you got?

Waiter—Calves' brains, deviled kidneys, fried liver.

Stout Party—Here! Bother your complaints. Give me the menu.

It was Phil May, too, who was responsible for a joke that has since been enthusiastically adopted by Americans. It accompanied one of his famous "Dottyville" pictures, the insane man in which was made to say to the hunter outside the asylum grounds: "Do you know the best way to catch rabbits?" On the hunter expressing a willingness to be enlightened, the one with muddled brains said: "Well, you get on the other side of the hedge and make a noise like turnips—and when the rabbit comes out, you biff him." Here is another:

Cabby—I 'ad a beard like yours once, but when I found what it made me look like I got it cut off.

Bussy—I had a face like yours once, but when I found I couldn't get it cut off I grew a beard.

Punch has had notable contributors in its time. Thackeray wrote for it, and so did Douglas Jerrold from its inception, in 1841, up to the time of his death. Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was published in the Christmas number of the paper in 1843. Charles William Shirley Brooks was a contributor and editor. When Artemus Ward, pioneer American humorist, king of Bohemians, gentlest and best beloved of wits, went to London in the height of his fame, and was invited to write for *Punch*, he was very proud of the solicitation.



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Permanent Exhibition For Women Artists

The advisability of having a permanent yearly exhibition devoted exclusively to the work of the women painters of this city has long been looked forward to by the more earnest workers among them. In spite of all the endeavors of the Hopkins managers, the public cannot be induced to visit the castle on Nob Hill in any great numbers. The women should certainly have a place where their work may be seen and appreciated. I am pleased to note that the California Club has come forward and generously offered the use of its club-rooms for this purpose. In the near future, I am told, an exhibition is to be held there, open to all the women painters.

The Art Exhibitions

The portrait of two-year-old Charles Barton Hill, by Caroline Rixford Johnson, is attracting a deal of attention from those attending the Sketch Club's exhibition. The subject of Mrs. Johnson's portrait is the son of the Charles B. Hills, and the grandson of Barton Hill, the oldtime actor. His father is a cousin of John Drew and the Barrymores. The Sketch Club members have done admirable work during the past six months, Olga Ackerman and Julia Heynemann being among the most successful of the portrait artists. Their work shows nothing of the weakness the carpers usually associate with woman painters, but has a fine breadth and grasp of the subjects pictured. Eva Almond Withrow's exhibition will open on March first at Claxton's. One of her works is a portrait of Miss Grace Llewellyn Jones, whose portrait by Sandona was a feature of the last Bohemian Club exhibition. Miss Withrow shows Miss Jones in a very natural pose, and Lasca, her miniature Venetian terrier, is given a chance, too, on lap and canvas. The Greenbaum exhibition opened at Gump's last Saturday and will extend over two weeks. Already two of the canvases—"Priscilla" and "Beatrice"—are marked

"sold." *La Charmeuse*, lately reproduced in Town Talk, is of the showing in the green room of the gallery, and Mr. Greenbaum's other paintings from the same model, most of which I have described before. Among the landscapes shown are some fine Golden Gate park scenes. His Paris Salon picture, "*La Priere*," an old woman telling her beads, is also shown. The one portrait in the exhibit is of Mr. S. Gump, an admirably treated portrait of the veteran art dealer and connoisseur. Art exhibitions will be the *ordre du jour* from now on for some weeks.

Lions In The South

My correspondent in the south writes me: Ida Tarbell came unannounced to Los Angeles last week in company with Mr. and Mrs. Phillips of *McClure's* and Will Allen White. Miss Tarbell declared to me emphatically that she would never employ her pen again in exposing the methods of corporations such as have formerly engaged her attention, but makes no announcement as to future plans along other lines of literary work. John Fox and John Fox Jr. have also joined the Los Angeles visiting literary colony, which was supplemented a few days ago by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walton Tully. Among winter visitors is Mrs. Julia Baldwin McKibbin, author of "*Miriam*," a one-time "best seller." Mrs. McKibbin's home is in Keosauqua, Iowa. Mrs. Andrew Duncan, a sister of the late President McKinley, is passing a few months in Los Angeles and is being shown considerable attention in a social way.

When Dalziel Edited the Mail

The death of Henry Gerald and the serious illness of Harry Brady, old newspaper men of this city, have awakened in one who was their co-worker in the days that are gone a flood of reminiscences of early journalism here. He tells me amusingly of the founding of the *Daily Mail*



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in 1876 by that irrepressible Australian, "Dizzy" Dalziel, who has since become a successful publisher. He met with success here as long as his "angel" lasted. Dalziel came here in the early '70's, and in time established a weekly newspaper. In '76, when Mark McDonald concluded that he was needed in the United States Senate, he bought the *Mail*, turned it into a daily, and made Dalziel editor. How little Dalziel knew of public affairs may be gathered from the fact that soon after taking charge he asked one of the reporters who was Governor of the state. But he had plenty of dash and nerve, and made the *Mail* quite a factor in San Francisco life. He had a great staff. Arthur McEwen, now of the *Bulletin*, was one of the editors. Frank Pixley used to contribute an occasional editorial. Will Visscher wrote editorial paragraphs. Charles Flanagan, now of the *Nation*, Daniel O'Connell, the great Bohemian, S. F. Sutherland, David Nesfield, whose widow is on the *Chronicle*, and John Cosgrave, now of the *Call*, were on the staff. The paper was conducted in reckless, haphazard fashion, the founts of inspiration in the neighborhood being patronized to such an extent that sometimes the getting out of the paper was problematical. Visscher, on his arrival at the office every morning, would bring forth a bowie-knife which he would stick in the desk in front of him. Every one of the staff carried a gun, and while in the office always

had it lying on his desk, concealed under a piece of paper but ready for use.

A Wise Merchant

Dalziel was once the victim of a shrewd merchant. For some time the *Mail* had been roasting this merchant—who did not advertise in the paper—for blockading the sidewalk in front of his place of business. At last the merchant called at the *Mail* office and asked if the attacks would cease if he advertised in the paper. He was assured that they would. Quite a lengthy conference was held, then the merchant left, promising to send in the copy for the advertisement. When the copy came it consisted of a faithful report of the interview in which the *Mail* agreed to cease roasting in return for advertising. Of course it was not published in the *Mail*—but it came out as an advertisement in the other morning papers, to the unspeakable rage of Dalziel. The *Mail* ran for a little over a year. About once a month it would be attached for a debt, then Dalziel would go hunt up Mark McDonald or his brother, Jasper, and raise enough money to satisfy the debt so that the paper could come out the next morning. The day after McDonald's defeat for the Senate the *Mail* ceased publication.



In the Rose Garden at Del Monte in Midwinter

Recent Improvements at Hotel del Monte.

Between seventy-five and one hundred thousand Eastern tourists are in California at present. Because of wide advertising by the railroad companies and the more liberal geographical education, travel is getting more and more to include the entire State—indeed many round-trip tickets sold in the East this season have included the return East by way of San Francisco and Portland, Oregon. To accommodate this patronage the hotels in the central and upper portion of the State must necessarily make many additions. The first to get in readiness first-class accommodations for permanent, as well as transient guests was the Hotel del Monte. During the past three months somewhere near \$75,000 has been expended at this resort in making over the main hotel. Nearly all of the rooms are now equipped with bath rooms, telephone service, hot and cold water and electric lighting. Many have been made into suites. Artistic carpeting, the latest designs in wall paper, attractive tinting of walls and woodwork and new furniture have been fitted throughout. The main office of the hotel has been refitted and decorated, and new carpet laid through the main hallways. Already many tourist parties have come this way from the South and more are coming every day, but the hotel with its large annexes and its superior accommodations always has room for more; even for such large parties as the

Mystic Shriners, who go there during their convention in California, and the National Education Association. During the past two years the feeling has gone out among those who know where best to enjoy themselves that Del Monte is no longer exclusively for the ultra-fashionable. It is the only resort of California which includes, in a measure, the attractions of all others. No other resort has such superb gardens and grounds, or so alluring a golf course, stretching up on the hillsides away from the hotel and facing Monterey Bay. Quite a delegation of golf players comes here every winter from the Northwest, South and East. One English gentleman and his wife have lived here continuously for several years and it is their boast that the days are rare when they cannot enjoy the pleasure of going over the golf links at least once. Many San Franciscoans make up week-end parties to Del Monte, spending three or four days on the golf links, or traveling in their automobiles on the oiled roads about this district. The over-Sunday round trip rate, including two days' board at the hotel, is only \$10, and tickets are sold which permit a thirty-day stop-over if desired. In addition to these improvements a good deal of money has been spent in equipping accommodations for automobiles, so that now every facility is given the motorist, his machine being well cared for with every opportunity for necessary repairs.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mrs. Ritchie L. Dunn, Mrs. Jack Robinson, Joseph A. Mason of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Milton, Mrs. Frank Short, Miss Woodward, and Dr. F. G. Woody, Victoria, B. C., Dr. Philip F. Casey, F. L. Hittner, Mrs. S. A. Stillman, Mrs. R. H. Cunningham, C. M. Burkhalter and wife of Fresno, Cal., A. J. Campbell of Honolulu, Mrs. F. L. Delaney, Mrs. Virgil Nahl and Miss B. H. Jameson of Alameda.

John H. Blackwood, capitalist and promoter from Los Angeles, and president of a newly organized gold mining company in the Tonopah district, is spending a few days here. Mr. Blackwood is resident manager of the Belasco theatre, Los Angeles, and before his reformation was dramatic critic of the Washington, D. C., *Times*.

In Alcazar Victory

A fierce legal fight over the rights of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Little Princess" has been decisively won by Belasco and Mayer. It involved the quaint play of children in which Millie James—Louis James' daughter—created a sensation at the Criterion, New York, shortly before her marriage to Stachelberg, the rich cigar manufacturer. Oliver Morosco sought to prevent production of the play at the Belasco Theatre, Los Angeles, but Justice Wellborn of the United States Court refused an injunction, deciding that Belasco and Mayer were acting in good faith and that their prior claim was merely an exhibition of "strewed business enterprise." General Manager E. D. Price personally handled the campaign of completion in Los Angeles and had the satisfaction of seeing jammed houses, with crowds turned away, all last week. Effie Bond, the Alcazar's midget ingenue, made a great hit as twelve-year-old Sara Crewe, the part created by Millie James, and she is to play it in the Alcazar's coming production March fifth. Every child has read "The Little Princess." Every man and woman who loves a child will see the play.

In the Financial Field

A fair amount of business was transacted during the week, viz.: Bonds, \$734,000, Shares 8,144, divided as follows: 470 Lighting, 2935 Water, 1555 Miscellaneous, 681 Banks and 2,503 Sugars. The feature once more was Contra Costa, which easily advanced to 45 under brisk bidding. The stock is eagerly taken as quickly as offered in lots and it looks as if there were something up somebody's sleeve.

Alaska Packers showed firmness at an advance of about \$1 1-2 per share; Oceanic declined to \$1 1-2. The stock has just been assessed \$2 per share. This is probably the

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beginning of a series of assessments, since the company has an overdraft of about \$36 per share. Sugars were weak, the local price ruling for raw sugar having a depressing effect, but I believe the decline carried them far below their value.

—The Financier.



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALBRECHT KUNER, sometimes called Albert Kuner, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, J. J. Lermen, Room 607-12 Kohl Building, the same her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JUDITHA KUNER,

As Executrix of the last will and testament of Albrecht Kuner, sometimes called Albert Kuner, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 24, 1906.

J. J. LERMEN,

Attorney for Executrix.

Room 607-12 Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The Stage

Actors, Critics, and Playsmiths

Once more must I crave indulgence while draping the veracious nude with plain, decorous platitudes, anent the relationship existing between the theatre and its patrons. It's painful to be didactic but occasionally the provocation is strong. Two things have occurred to impel me to revert to a theme upon which I have touched lightly, if not illuminatively—a discussion of Pinero and his works by William Bullock of New York, and an interview between Ashton Stevens and Mr. Charles Waldron, leading man of the Alcazar, who has contempt for critics because he knows that they don't know their business, or rather that they don't know his business. Thus Mr. Waldron: "The farther the actor can get his audience from him the better, and the last thing in the world I believe in is trying to please your audience." These sentiments have in them the suggestion of an echo of what I wrote two weeks ago in discussing "The Playwright and the Critic": "Playwriting is an art but the playwright who caters to public taste is no artist." Now I hasten to assure Mr. Waldron that it does not follow, as a corollary, that acting being a species of art, the actor should not try to please his audience but should keep his audience at as great a distance as possible. Mr. Waldron does himself an injustice, I believe, in saying that such is invariably his method. The art of the actor is a subsidiary art. He is merely the medium by which the playwright presents his art to the public. He has but a single duty to perform—to vitalize the creation of the dramatist. Formerly it was essential for the actor to have some imagination. He was expected to live the character in accordance with his conception of the soul of the imaginary individual he was called upon to impersonate, but nowadays the actor has very little occasion for exercising his imagination. The playwright does not halt at dialogue. He explains each character in detail, even to personal appearance, he prefaces each bit of dialogue with a statement of the emotion sought to be expressed, he tells the actor when to sit down, when to rise and when to walk up and down. So the art of the modern actor is a very debased form of art. More accurately speaking, it is mimicry. It has degenerated to a great extent into the domain of the mechanical arts since, so far as some actors are concerned, it is an art in which the hands and body are concerned more than the mind. In other words, it is becoming a trade. The only genuinely polite art connected with the theatre is the art of the dramatist which is an expression of himself and of his observation of life, and which may be beyond the comprehension of some audiences. He writes to entertain, but he may also write to exalt and to edify, and when he does he scorns to be dominated by public taste. The actor, however, is employed to convince, and to achieve the object of his employment it is essential that he should get in touch with the witnesses of his performance. The farther away from them he gets the more difficult will it be for him to illude them. That imponderable quality called magnetism is the chief asset of the thespian who earns his salary and it is most effective in

close quarters. It is the current by which the artistic actor holds communion with his audience and the moment he shuts it off he becomes a mere automaton, the illusion sought to be achieved by the dramatist is lost and the audience feels as though it were witnessing a puppet show. Mr. Waldron being at times a convincing actor, I am sure that he is not always true to his own theory of the effectiveness of long-distance communication. But having been informed of his theory it is now easy to account for my surprise in finding that a man who does some things very badly should occasionally do some things wonderfully well. And now I come to Bullock on Pinero. The transition is easy. Mr. Bullock is a critic who was shocked by Mr. Shaw and he is now felicitating Mr. Pinero on having reformed. Mr. Pinero's latest play, "His House in Order," having been pronounced highly moral by the London critics, Mr. Bullock jumps enthusiastically to the conclusion that the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Iris" has been chastened. Says Bullock: "Pinero is a strong-willed man, and he has always shown a determined obstinacy against being directed in his writings by the whims of the public. But at last he appears to have realized that there is a vast difference between the French and the English speaking stages." Mr. Bullock is a fairly good representative of the American critics who are haunted by the ghosts of a homespun decency, and who insist upon getting drama of the skin-deep variety. If critics of the Bullock school had their way Oscar Wilde would not have written "A Woman of No Importance," Sudermann would not have written "Magda" or "The Joy of Living," Ibsen would not have written "When We Dead Awaken" or "Hedda Gabler," Hauptmann would not have written "Hannele," D'Annunzio would not have written "Giocconda." Indeed, if the League of Ignorance into which certain critics and frank bigots have banded themselves were permitted to exclude certain material objectionable to them, from the realm of dramaturgy, the modern literature of the stage would be bereft of its greatest works. To assume that Pinero has resolved to adapt his art to the views of the prudes, simply because he happens to have hit upon a story that involves no unpleasant moral question, is of course absurd. Mr. Pinero is no demagogue of art. And why should he restrict himself to the use of certain innocuous material in his efforts to express himself in the drama? It is no easy matter to rear a drama on the polite apposition of the virtues. The fallibility of the flesh is the

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Photo by Habenicht.

LILLIAN BURKHART

"The Lady Dainty of Vaudeville" at the Orpheum

theme that presents the best dramatic theses. All critics recognize that fact, but some who have not the grace to refrain from looking the gift playwright in his dental quarters, demand that the exposition be effected with feminine paragons and gentlemen with a high sense of honor. This puritanical uncatholicity of criticism is peculiarly American and so is the American playwright. American poets and painters are permitted to realize their ideals and they give us art. American playwrights are required to realize our ideals and they give us what we deserve.

Theodore Bonnet.

Spice at the Tivoli

"The Isle of Spice" as served at the Tivoli is redolent principally of ginger. There is more of that spice in it than any other that I could detect. And now that it has been presented to my senses through the medium of a Tivoli production I appreciate its importance for theatrical purposes more than ever. It appears to have been injected

into the chorus and there is no longer a lackadaisical lady among them. They have all ceased to work perfunctorily. There is spontaneity among them suggestive of the joy of living. Every mother's daughter of them appears to be doing the thing she is doing not for the money there is in it but because she would rather gyrate, shake a leg, wiggle a hip, and do all sorts of graceful calisthenics than anything else under the sun. I never saw a more industrious lot of skirted athletes in my life, but I never once thought of the great physical energy required for all that picturesque grouping, marching, dancing and tumbling, for it all seemed like play. "The Isle of Spice" is a show full of movement, and it marks an epoch in the life of the Tivoli chorus. It is a highly fantastic production, something of the Christmas spectacle variety abounding in color and dazzling to the eye. The music is not particularly entrancing but whenever a song is sung it is accompanied by a lot of business, the result of which is that the vocalist is but a figure in a series of pictures. This sort of thing is not new but as done in "The Isle of Spice" it is peculiarly charming. The piece itself is but a loose-jointed bit of framework upon which has been draped some fluffy stuff. It is the limit of extravaganza so far as the humor is concerned, and the chief performer on the risibles of the audience is Gilbert Gregory, who plays a preposterous king preposterously. Mr. Gregory is not an aggressive comedian. He doesn't hang red lights on his jokes, but he has a deft way of getting in touch with his audience. There is quite a rush of comedians to the fore in this piece, Kunkel and Webb having fat parts and many opportunities for the stage centre, but the work of the comedians appeals to me less than the other features. It seems too much like work. The flexible females are more to my liking. Miss Cecilia Rhoda is not so happy in extravaganza as in more refined musical comedy, but Lenora Kerwin is more in the picture



Photo by Bushnell.

BERT YOUNG

The new Baritone at the Tivoli



Florence Roberts



Max Figman



James E. Wilson and Eugene Ormonde

Star and some of the principals of "The Strength of the Weak" company at the Columbia opening next Monday.

this week than she was last, especially in her "Peggy Brady" song. As a production "The Isle of Spice" is one of the most creditable in recent Tivoli history.

Theodore Bonnet.

"There and Back"

George Arliss, a serious actor, has written a very funny farce in "There and Back," this week's attraction at the Alcazar. The fun begins in the first act and continues without interruption to the end. The humor is never forced; it is spontaneous. Out of the material Mr. Arliss has woven new situations, and all of them plausible in spite of their absurdity. Waldron and Maher have the parts of married men who have the gift of invention, and I have never seen Waldron display so much animation as in his role of Waring, the merchant. It would be impossible to improve on Maher's clever conception of Henry Lewson. Miss Belgarde and Miss Evelyn are the two wives. They are very natural in their parts, particularly in the act where they fancy they are widows. The best of the female roles, however, falls to Eleanor Haber, as Marie Antoinette Smith, the adventuress who troubles the peace of mind of the husbands and finally weds and relieves them from their worries. This is Miss Haber's local debut. She has been acquiring experience under David Belasco in New York, with the Neills and with the Belasco stock in Portland. Her acting shows remarkable finish for so young an actress. Her comedy is irresistible. Osbourne's performance as the Scotchman is another artistic feature of this clever production.

Gadski at the Majestic

The something less than two hours of Gadski's song recital on Monday evening passed so quickly that I could not believe it was ten-thirty when, after a final encore response, from "Fannhauser," the audience filed out. A very large house it was that manifested its pleasure in the great prima donna's rendition of compositions ranging from a Beethoven aria to an Irish folk song. Madame Gadski is eminently satisfying in song recital. She never excites, never intrudes her personality in defiance of the composer she is interpreting. But there is a sureness about her recital that gives thorough artistic pleasure to the listener. Her voice is under absolute control. Not one of her tones

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March 5: The Season's Real Sensation

"THE LITTLE PRINCESS"

By Frances Hodgson Burnett, Author of

"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"

is permitted to strain at the singer's rein, far less to wander from it. Gadski's voice has gained wonderfully in power. In the deep, rich, lower register is the gain most noticeable. She gives the hearer the impression that she can do more, that there is a reserve supply of tone where this comes from. She is undoubtedly the Wagnerian prima donna now, and what would one not give to hear her sing Brunnhilda. We had her as the faithless wife in "The Valkyrie"; next time—if she ever joins the Conried fold—we must have her as the warrior-maiden. One of her numbers on Monday night was a composition by Frank La Forge, her pianist and accompanist. The audience half expected some dainty, light song, but Mr. La Forge's "Retreat" is a composition of strength, originality and beauty. So good is it, and so exquisitely was it sung, that we insisted on having it again. Gadski sang Foote's "Irish Folk Song" with rare intelligence, and one of Taubert's pretty kindered. The Strauss "Traum durch die Dämmerung" was given by request, and there was Beethoven's big "Fidelio" aria, also Weckerlin's serenade "Ruy Blas," Florence Aylward's "Beloved It is Morn," Franz, Brahms and Schumann songs, with a third part of Wagner—"Der Engel," "Schummerlied," and Senta's Ballade from "The Flying Dutchman." As one encore Gadski gave us Schubert's "Erlkoenig," which she sang at her last recitals here and which she now gives an even stronger dramatic interpretation. At the concert this afternoon she will sing the Eckert aria, "Wenn ict mit Menschen und mit Engels Zungen redete," Schumann's "Widmung," the Schubert "Erlkoenig," songs by Mozart, Franz, Hahn, Reger, Mrs. Beach, Frank La Forge, Strauss, our own Oscar Weil's Spring Song," and the Wagner "Schmerzen," "Traume," "Stehe Still" and the Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde." Mr. La Forge, who made an admirable impression as soloist and accompanist at the first recital, will play compositions by Boethe, Hendricks, Leshetitzky and Poldini.

Eleanor Haber, who has made such a hit as the frisky widow in "There and Back," will have the role of Miss Cunningham in "The Girl with Green Eyes" at the Alcazar next week.

At The Orpheum

The Orpheum has a fine variety in its program this week. Weeks there are when the bill is of a sameness, but this is not one of those weeks. Herman, self-titled "the Great," has some new bits of magic—a trunk trick for one—that hold attention. The Rooney sisters are delightful dancers and very attractive girls. Bradley and Barns do a stunt of the usual kind we get from "operatic vocalists." The Seldoms' plastic poses are lessons to artists' models. Mignonette Kokin is cuter if anything than she was last week.

Leo Dietrichstein's "Before and After," which has made a hit at the Manhattan, New York, is based upon a French original and is said to be a typical Palais Royal farce. It has been delicately treated by the adaptor so as not to offend English ears. Fritz Williams and Katharine Florence are in the cast.

The South Seas and Tahiti

A traveler says: "Go to Tahiti, if only for the steamer's stay. There is no nicer place in all the world. If you remain over a steamer, so much the better. The climate is perfect, the scenery magnificent, the people delightful. In fact, the very aura of the place possesses a peculiar and subtle charm that is irresistible." Office, 653 Market St., San Francisco. S. S. *Mariposa* sails March 11.

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THE TWO DOTS
Acrobatic Marvels at the Chutes

At The Grand Opera House

Murray and Mack are as clever as they ever were and they received a rousing welcome on Sunday at the Grand, a welcome that has not lost in warmth an evening since. "Around the Town" is just like the Rogers Brothers and other shows of like nature we have had here, but new specialties lend it new interest. Mack is the best "monkey face" in the profession and Murray a king-pin solemn comedian. The male quartet is one of the best musical features of the production.

Next Week's Bills

Lillian Burkhart, the "Lady Dainty of Vaudeville," and a great favorite in this city, will begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon, supported by a competent company. She will play, for her first week, "A Strenuous Daisy," a little comedy of sentiment and slang. Dan Sherman, Mabel De Forest and company will present "The Fall of Port Arthur." McCue and Cahill, the "Irishmen with the Italian voices," will be heard for the second time in this city. Al. Carleton, "the skinny guy," will make his first appearance here as a single entertainer.

Mrs. General Tom Thumb, the world's most famous midget, and her equally diminutive companions, Count and Baron Magri, will bid farewell to San Francisco this coming week at the Chutes. The two Dots, world famous equilibrists, hand balancers and acrobats, promise a gymnastic sensation and Ruby Jackson, serio-comic, will enliven the program. Bothwell Browne's Gaiety Girls, ten in number, assisted by E. Francis Young, will present "The Merry Strikers."



DAPHNE POLLARD
In "The Belle of New York" opening tomorrow (Sunday) matinee
at the Grand Opera House

Popular demand for "The Black Crook" made it necessary to run the gorgeous spectacle at the Alhambra a second week, hence the postponement of Theodore Kremer's melodramatic success, "The Fatal Wedding." On next Monday evening, February 26, this sensational play will be the offering for one week only. Ollie Cooper will appear as Jessie, "The Little Mother." The reappearance of Agnes Ranken as the wronged wife is of importance, and Claire Washington makes her first appearance in this city.

Florence Roberts will get a great, big, warm welcome when she appears at the Columbia on Monday night. No Californian actress is more truly loved and admired than Florence Roberts, and all her friends will turn out on Mon-

(Continued on Page 36)



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Music



Mrs. Dorothy Goodsell Camm

When Miss Dorothy Goodsell, the soprano, married somewhat over a year ago, there were the usual croaking prophets to predict that marriage would mean with her, as with so many other clever artists, the end of her musical ambition. But in Mrs. Camm's case the prophets proved false. Instead of giving up her music Mrs. Camm went right on with her studies, even going to New York to take further lessons. Her desire has always been to improve her knowledge of music in every way possible. So, with her husband's co-operation, she went East and studied for six months with the best teachers. For three months she studied under Madame Louise von Feilitzsch, one of the most famous instructors in the big metropolis. This great teacher of voice is of Italian birth and married to a German; she has the artistic temperament to a high degree and is thus able to inspire her pupils with her own enthusiasm for music. Mrs. Camm also coached with Isidor Luckstone and Georg Henschel. The latter very strongly commended her work, assuring her that she could hold her own with any concert singer in New York. She also sang for Frank Damrosch who warmly approved her work. What all of these musicians spoke of was Mrs. Camm's beautiful natural voice, and not one failed to commend her method, which praise reflects credit on her Californian groundwork. When she left New York, to return home and resume her concert work and classes here, Isidor Luckstone, a name musicians know the world over, wrote her this letter:

"124 E. 64th St.,

"My dear Mrs. Camm,

"I want to tell you how very pleased I have been to have you study with me. You have so many qualifications that you should allow nothing to interfere with the important career as an artist that you evidently have expected to make for yourself. Combining such beautiful quality of organ with such good taste and musicianship, I have found it particularly agreeable to suggest the various points needed in your work, and I shall be very

delighted indeed should circumstances at some future time, permit the continuance of the vocal and artistic thoughts that you have seized with so much benefit to yourself. With many good wishes and hoping that Californians may realize their good luck in possessing one of America's best talents,

"Yours most sincerely,

ISIDOR LUCKSTONE."

Berkeley's Symphony

The first concert of the symphony series in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley was a fine artistic success. Dr. J. Fred Wolle, musical director of the university, with the assistance of some very fine musicians, gave a large number of music lovers an aesthetic treat. For an opening concert it was a most creditable achievement. Dr. Wolle did nothing sensational, nor even stirring. His reading was not prosaic and neither was it strictly conventional. The compositions which he chose to read were sufficiently varied to give the audience a suggestion of his breadth and scope. He gave us Bach, for which he is said to be famous—the Second Brandenburg Concerto—Beethoven's First Symphony, and also Wagner, his "Die Meistersingers von Meerenberg." All of these were given with fairly good precision, the director accomplishing some really delightful effects without taking movements faster or slower than would the average sane conductor. I heard nothing that sounded like poor conducting. Everything went along with complacent and undisturbing smoothness. Dr. Wolle leads not with a baton, but he indulges in no sensational gymnastics of arms. He beats time quite sanely, but in a manner that is inspiring to a degree. If, as is usually the case, his gesticulations are often of no value, since simultaneously with the making of them the thing is done, nevertheless he is a conductor whose presence is felt by his orchestra.

The next symphony concert at the Greek theatre, Berkeley, under Professor Wolle's direction will occur on March first. There will be four more concerts of the series and at the closing one Handel's "Messiah" will be given by the university chorus of three hundred voices and the full symphony orchestra. The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads are giving reduced rates to those desiring to attend the concerts from San Jose, Stockton, Sacramento, Marysville, Santa Rosa, Napa and intermediate points.

The Carrick Recital

Mary Carrick's farewell recital before her departure for Europe took place on the evening of February sixteenth at Lyric hall. Her program comprised two of the Liszt numbers which have already won for her so much applause—the B minor Sonata and the Grosses Konzert in E minor, Miss Carrick showing, especially in the former composition, a distinct gain in the direction of artistry and finish. Power and endurance and a wonderful arm and finger technique she has always evinced. Her advance has been along the finer lines of beautiful interpretation. She offered her hearers a treat in two rarely heard Chopin compositions, the Allegro de Concert (op. 46) and the Barcarolle. Concert pianists seemingly have agreed to neglect the expressive and colorful Allegro, as brilliant as anything of Liszt's, and the picturesque Barcarolle with its insistent triplet figure and graceful cantilena. Miss Carrick plays a beautiful and colorful Chopin to judge by these two examples. As a conclusion she played the Schulz-Evler Arabesques on the "Blue Danube" waltzes. How exquisitely the young pianiste traced those shifting, shimmering, silver patterned arabesques! Her audience demanded still more, and she rewarded them with one of the "Mephisto" waltzes. Miss Carrick laid the foundation of her musical education at Notre

D. H. Baldwin & Co. have opened a factory display and salesroom at the corner of Post and Powell streets for the exhibit and sale of their famous pianos. These pianos took the Grand Prix at Paris in 1900 and the Grand Prize at St. Louis in 1904. Forty-three years of persistent effort by D. H. Baldwin & Co. have produced a piano that has the endorsement of the most eminent artists in the world and today they are equipped with the most modern piano factories in existence. These factories are supplied with everything that experience and inventive genius could suggest and ample capital provide. D. H. Baldwin & Co. solicit a critical examination of their product and recommend their instruments to the public with the assurance of liberal and fair treatment to all their patrons.

Dame college in this city, continuing her studies under Hugo Mansfeldt. She seems to have every requisite needed for success in her chosen art.

The Henry Holmes Memorial Concert

There should be no empty seats in Steinway hall next Monday evening, when the concert is given as a memorial to the late Henry Holmes, the old and truly great artist. Mr. Holmes's family were left in far from affluent circumstances, and the old violinist's friends thought that it would be nothing more than a gracious and graceful act to arrange a testimonial for their benefit. Dr. H. J. Stewart, Walter Sabin, Arthur Fickenscher, John Harraden Pratt, Hother Wismer and Walter Handel Thorley took the matter up and have arranged a program of decidedly interesting features for Monday's concert. The Kopta String Quartet, the Brahms Quartet of mixed voices, a chorus of twenty voices from the Twentieth Century Club, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, John Carrington, Arthur Weiss, Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt and others have volunteered for the program. Tickets are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s for the event.

An admirable place to observe "who's who" in the music and art circles is at the Fiesta cafe on Thursday nights, when special musical programs are given under Bernat Jaulus's direction. At the tables last Thursday evening I noticed many of the "oppla clique" and a number of the dilettante. The program was of French composers, and included the "Suite L'Arlesienne," the "Mignon" overture, selections from Meyerbeer's "Le Prophete" and other fine works. This week's program is in honor of George Washington's birthday, of patriotic airs, and next week there will be a Wagner program.

The Mansfeldt Club's sixth recital is given on Friday evening of this week, with a program entirely consisting of the compositions of Albert I. Elkus. Miss Carrie Sheuerman, Miss Eula Howard, Miss Fernanda Pratt and Miss Joan Baldwin are the participants. The present members of the club are Helen Stocking, president, Joan Baldwin, Josephine Coonan, Ethel Duke, Eula Howard, Hazel Knowles, Fernanda Pratt, Carrie Sheuerman, and Selma Werner; Hugo Mansfeldt, director.

The Goodman Musicale

Pupils of Miss D. Persis Goodman, who was formerly Professor Lisser's assistant at Mills College, gave a musicale in Century Club hall on February tenth, which was attended by many from both sides of the bay. The participants acquitted themselves well in every instance, displaying feeling and musical taste to a degree. Especially good was the Rubinstein "Kamennoi Ostrow" played by Miss Dorothy Greaves with temperament and unusual dramatic fire. The Richard Strauss serenade, arranged so delightfully for piano by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, was exquisitely interpreted by Miss Ethel Fisher, who brought out all the soft coloring and the tender spirit of love in the composition. Miss Hazel Gilbert's singing of "Deh vieni" from Mozart's "La Nozze di Figaro" was most artistic, and Jack Hillman sang Aylward's "Beloved it is Morn" with sympathy and artistic expression. The vocal numbers were contributed by Miss Alyce Gates's pupils. The piano program in full was: Hunter's Song, Schmoll, Dorothy Schlingmann; Gypsy Dance, Orth, Helen Smyth; Little Reapers, Schumann, Master Robert Smyth; Evening Bells, Krogmann, Ruth Seymour; Valse Papillons, Teller, Dorothy Selwood; Waltz in D major, Chopin, Marion Fisher; Minuet from Mozart symphony in E flat, Lawrence Chilcote; Simple Aveu, Thorne, Lizzie Chilcote; Albumblatt F major, Grutzmacher, Hazel Schlingmann; Papillon, op. 43, Grieg, Wunifred Fortier; Kamennoi Ostrow, No. 22, Rubinstein, Dorothy Greaves; Nocturne op. 37, Elsie Hinz.

On Tuesday evening the Schumann Club gave a musicale in Wheeler's Auditorium. The Schumann Club was founded by the late David Loring, and is an organization of female voices on the plan of the Loring Club of male voices. Mrs. E. J. Foster is the president. When the club was founded the membership roll contained the name of every woman singer of any prominence of this city and Oakland.

—The Music Critic.

Mrs. Dorothy Camm

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cation.

Old Favorites

[Samples of the verse of Paul Laurence Dunbar, the colored man who died recently of consumption. W. D. Howells brought Dunbar to public attention, but for many years after he became known as a gifted writer Dunbar supported himself by running an elevator.—Ed.]

CURTAIN!

Villain shows his indiscretion;
Villain's partner makes confession;
Juvenile with golden tresses
Finds her pa, and dons long dresses;
Scapegrace comes home money-laden;
Hero comforts tearful maiden;
Soubrette marries loyal chappie;
Villain skips, and all are happy.

THE DILETTANTE.

He scribbles some in prose and verse,
And now and then he prints it;
He paints a little—gathers some
Of nature's gold, and mints it.

He plays a little, sings a song,
Acts tragic roles, or funny;
He does, because his love is strong,
But not, oh not, for money!

He studies almost everything,
From social art to science:
A thirsty mind, a flowing spring,
Demand and swift compliance.

He looms above the sordid crowd—
At least through friendly lenses—
While a mamma looks pleased and proud
And kindly pays expenses.

A SPIRITUAL

De 'cession's stahted on de gospel way,
De Capting is a-drawin' nigh;
Bettah stop a-foolin' an' a-try to pray;
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, sannah mou'nin' in de dusty road,
Hyeah's de minute fu to dry yo' eye;
Dey's a moughty One a-comin' fu to baih yo' load;
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, widder weepin' by yo' husband's grave,
Hit's bettah fu to sing dan sigh;
Hyeah come de Mastah wid de powah to save;
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, orphans a-weepin' lak de widder do,
An' I wish you'd tell me why;
De Mastah is a mammy an' a pappy too;
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, Moses set de sarpint in de wildahness
W'en de chillen had commenced to die;
Some 'efused to look but hit cuohed de res';
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Bow down, bow 'way down,
Bow down,
But lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

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Wherever applied, its healing and nourishment is instantly absorbed by the pores. It strengthens and builds up the tissues underlying the skin and Firm, Healthy Flesh is the result.

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The Stage

(Concluded from Page 30)

day night to make her homecoming a success. "The Strength of the Weak," in which Miss Roberts is starring, is by Alice M. Smith, a physician of Tacoma, Wash. In the support of the star are James E. Wilson, late leading man with Amelia Bingham, who comes direct from the Fifth Avenue theatre, New York; Eugene Ormonde, recently seen as Blanche Bates's leading man; H. S. Northrup, coming from a limited engagement with "The Squaw Man" in New York; Robert McWade, Joseph Hazleton, Gregory Rodgers, Florence Robinson, Adelaide Manola, daughter of Marion Manola, Ruth Allen, Lucile Yorke, Mary Bertrand and Lillian Armsby. The play and star go direct to New York from here. "Little Johnny Jones" comes to the Columbia next, and Robert Loraine in "Man and Superman" is a near future.

The Pollard Australian Liliputian Opera Company of fifty juveniles will begin a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House next Sunday matinee, in Morton & Kerker's musical success, "The Belle of New York." The same program will be continued throughout their brief season, with the exception of Saturday afternoon, March 3d, when for a special children's matinee, "H. M. S. Pinafore" will be given. The Pollards have just returned from a tour of Australasia, the Philippines, China, India, and Japan, which has been most successful. The organization is as perfect as ever, but many changes have been made in it. The big girls and boys have been weeded out, but quite a number of the old favorites have been retained. Daphne and Merle Pollard, Teddy McNamara, and the Moore sisters are still with the company, and among the recent additions to it are Eva Pollard, a child prima donna, the Pollard twins and Roy Smith. Sunday matinee, March 4th, the Drury Lane spectacle, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," will be produced for the first time in this city.

On Monday night at the Majestic Bishop's players will present Justin Huntley McCarthy's beautiful miracle play "The Proud Prince," produced by Sothorn a season or so ago. The play will be mounted in lavish style and the cast will be headed by Amelia Gardner and Franklyn Underwood. There will be the usual Majestic "Pop" matinees on Thursday and Sunday when all seats are twenty-five cents.

The Alcazar gives next week the first stock production of "The Girl with the Green Eyes," Clyde Fitch's most brilliant and popular comedy. Edith Evelyn will have the strongly emotional role of Jenny Austin, created by Clara Bloodgood and played here by Ida Conquest. Charles Waldron plays the husband and Effie Bond returns in the ingenue role. There is an enormous cast, with no less than sixteen women. To follow is the first San Francisco production of "The Little Princess," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." We saw the burlesque at Fischer's but never the genuine article. This play has just been produced at the Belasco, Los Angeles, with Effie Bond as the twelve year old child.

"Isle of Spice" will continue at the Tivoli, where it has won popular approval and promises to have a run.

An extra number of low-priced seats have been provided for the Galski matinee at the Majestic today, in order to accommodate students desiring to attend.

—The Playgoer.

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Automobile Topics

Hill Climbers

The man who motors little nearly always wants to know why so much power and speed in a car when he does not care to go fast; and a small machine seems to answer his purpose in every way, being able to climb the steepest hills through its low gear and make as much speed on the level as most roads will stand. A year's experience will teach him that it is the car which has the capacity for speedy hill work, without changing gears and with the engine running slowly, that does not overheat, require constant adjustment, replacement of bearings, and all the little aggravations which follow in the wake of the machine which is called upon to do too much work. The Thomas Flyer is a car which has reserve power, even though it be loaded to its full capacity, and it is seldom that any but the steepest hills require a change to the third speed and, even then, a speed of forty miles an hour can be attained. Four cylinders 5 1-2x5 1-2 inches, perfect in design and workmanship, give the machine so much power that nothing but these astonishing results can well be expected. Then, too, an engine of such size has a flexibility of control which is impossible where a smaller one is called upon to do the same work.

The War Department

It is stated in Washington on good authority that the War Department will probably buy several automobile ambulances. A car of this type was recently purchased from the Winton company, and has been subjected to trials by the medical department of the army. The officers have pronounced the ambulance of great value, although they are of the opinion that some changes in the arrangement and equipment of the vehicles should be made. It is understood that these ambulances will be used in the field, in case of a war, and will be attached to every brigade hospital. One of the principal advantages of these vehicles is their speed and the fact that they do not require horses. It is admitted, however, there will probably be always times and places when the auto ambulances will not be able to take the place of the ambulance drawn by horses. The medical officers who have been examining the motor ambulances say that will be no great difficulty in making the required changes in the ambulances.

The New Shade

The new "London Smoke" color, which is seen for the first time on the four-cylinder Oldsmobile, is the occasion of considerable comment. Will it take as did the silver grey of the model "C" Winton, is the question which every motorist is asking. One thing is certain, after a long run in the mud, the car at a distance, looks clean. This color, Mr. Coffin (the designer) has taken from France where it is the rage and, if it proves as good as certain other features of the car, which follow French practice, another year and we will ride in nothing but cars so painted.

Insurance for Automobiles

Of considerable interest to automobilists is the news that the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company has decided to establish an automobile branch of its marine department. Motor cars will be insured under the usual marine contract, which includes fire features. William M. Klinger, special agent and adjuster, who will have charge of this branch, is in New York to organize an Eastern automobile department. Mr. Klinger has for some time been a member of the local automobile cult. He was the first insurance man in the state to adopt the motor carriage for trav-

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eling to the different cities and towns which he had to visit throughout California and he soon became convinced that the auto was a most satisfactory mode of conveyance. It proved quicker, safer and a less expensive method of transportation. Mr. Klinger when he leaves for long trips usually removes the tonneau of his Autocar, packs his baggage on the rear, and is then ready for the tour. He finds mountain grades no barrier in his automobiling. In fact he has always derived the greatest of pleasure in his travels since he took up the twentieth century vehicle in place of the railroad and the occasional stage coach.

C. O. G. Miller, president of the Pacific Gas Improvement Company and of the Pacific Lighting Company of San Francisco, has joined the ranks of automobilists and purchased a White steam car. His brother H. H. Miller has been a motor enthusiast for some time.

"Just Foller This Cow"

Eddie "Cannon" Bald, the famous automobile driver, tells the following story: "One day last month I was down in southern New Jersey, and took a run out into the country, and somehow got lost. On toward dusk I found myself at the meeting point of four crossroads and unable to tell which road would lead me back home. So I pulled up and waited, and soon a boy driving a cow appeared.

"My lad," I said, "I want to get to Cape May."

"The little fellow stared at my big Columbia and then said calmly: 'Well, just foller this cow an' you'll get thar.'"

Dr. O. C. Joslyn returned a few days ago from a jaunt to Southern California in his White steam touring car. The motorist reports the roads in very bad shape and says he saw at least half a dozen big, powerful automobiles "stranded" between Paso Robles and San Luis Obispo, where the road conditions are the worst at present. The doctor would not advise any one to drive an auto over the San Francisco-Los Angeles road for at least ten days.

—The Chauffeur.

Recent arrivals at the Lankershim from San Francisco are J. A. Klein, T. P. Strong, Mrs. J. Beman, F. A. Cornell, H. V. Barton, Mrs. W. G. Curtis, Charles W. Smith and wife.

At the Angelus were registered Florence Roberts, Adelaide Manola and Max Figman, George Giannini, and J. Pastene.

Recent arrivals at Del Monte included R. N. Graves, C. A. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Henley, Jr., Countess von Holnstein, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perdue, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Landers of San Francisco, Waldo Story of Rome, Mr. and Mrs. M. Blitz of Vienna, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mackenzie of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Craig Biddle of Philadelphia.

FAT FOLKS

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Some Choice Military Anecdotes

BY MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN.

There are probably less than a thousand men in our country who can readily call to mind all of our foreign wars. There are few who are not conversant concerning our Revolutionary struggle, the war of 1812, the Mexican and Spanish campaigns, and the almost serious clash with France.

But how many are there who are aware that the United States was once at war with Japan?

Yet such is the fact, and the records at Washington show it.

And, by the way, as the annals of our navy present, it was a splendid achievement.

It was a war in which a single vessel on one side was concerned—the *Wyoming*, David McDougal, commanding. The event took place at Shimonoseki.

Happening on the other side of the globe during our civil war, it passed unnoticed.

Briefly told, the story is this: A sloop-of-war of six guns in a narrow strait engaged during seventy minutes a force of seven batteries mounting thirty heavy guns, and three men-of-war, carrying eighteen guns, in all forty-eight guns. The Japanese force comprised 1,200 men. The *Wyoming*, unassisted, destroyed one of the batteries, sunk two ships, disabled a third, and emerged from the conflict with a loss of four men killed and seven wounded.

And thus commenced and ended the war between the United States and Japan.

* * *

Were any one asked who was the first traitor to the Revolutionary causes in America he would promptly answer, "Benedict Arnold."

Such was not the case, however.

Arnold was the most conspicuous of all traitors, but the first man detected in an attempt to betray his country was Dr. Benjamin Church of Raynham, Mass. He was a graduate and studied medicine in London, and became eminent as a surgeon. He lived a bachelor, extravagantly and licentiously, in a fine mansion, in 1768. For several years preceding the revolution he was conspicuous among the leading Whigs. Of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress he was an active member. At the same time, while he was trusted as an ardent patriot, Church was evidently the secret enemy of the Revolutionists. So early as 1774 he wrote parodies of his own popular songs in favor of liberty for the Tory newspapers, and in September, 1775, an intercepted letter written by him in cipher to Major Cain, in Boston, which had passed through the hands of a female friend of Church, was deciphered, and the woman confessed that he was the author. The case was laid before the Continental Congress, and he was dismissed from the general directorship of the hospital. He was arrested and tried by a court-martial at Cambridge, on a charge "of holding criminal correspondence with the enemy." He was convicted October third and imprisoned at Cambridge. On November seventh, the Congress ordered him to be "close confined, without the use of pen, ink or paper and that no person be allowed to converse with him, except in the presence and hearing of a magistrate of the town or the sheriff of the town where he shall be confined, and in the English language, until further orders from this or a future Congress." He was so confined in the jail at Norwich, Conn. In May, 1776, he was released on account of failing health, and sailed for the West Indies in a merchant vessel. He and the vessel were never heard of afterward.

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Of course you cannot do as
much work as on days you are
just right.

You probably have never attributed this to want of proper GLASSES — better see us about it!!

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Benjamin Church was, therefore, the first traitor of the Revolutionary cause in America.

* * *

There were two men in our civil war who paid off their regiments once out of their own pockets. One of these was Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, who had two horses shot from under him at the first Bull Run. He paid off the Rhode Island regiments the first time they were paid, with money given him by his mother for that purpose, and I published this fact in the *Philadelphia Press* in August, 1861. The Government was hard up at that time and was borrowing money from England and Germany at ten per cent per annum.

It is well known to all old soldiers of the Rebellion that Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, not only enlisted as a high private in the ranks of the Seventeenth Connecticut regiment, carried a musket, and did full military duty during the war, but at a certain juncture, when national finances were at a low ebb, he paid the soldiers of his regiment their wages for three months out of his own pocket.

And there is a good story in this connection, especially as Mr. Howe was a pious man, thus: While Mr. Howe was counting out the money referred to, a stranger, who was a clergyman, entered the tent and said that he had heard of Mr. Howe's liberality, and had called to ask him to contribute toward building a church for his congregation. "Church! church!" exclaimed Mr. Howe, without looking up from the bills he was counting, "building churches in war times, when so much money is needed to save our country! What church is it?"

"The church of Saint Peter," replied the clergyman.

"Saint Peter! Well, I'm spending most of my money on salt petre, just now. Still, I'll go five hundred on Saint Peter, because he was a fighting apostle—he once cut a man's ear off."

* * *

General Sherman, who was far from being a sunshiny man at the commencement of hostilities, gradually became warmer and more congenial as his great family of warriors grew more weather-beaten and familiar; and many were the nights during the Atlanta campaign when his presence enlivened a camp fire or headquarters other than his own. He had picked up and otherwise run across a number of good stories, among which was one he felicitously appropriated as his own. I heard him tell it one evening, after New Hope Church:

"A gang of my bummers," he said, "had made a descent on a small plantation and gobbled all the poultry that had been left by the Rebs. They had captured nearly a hundred hens and chickens, and half that number of eggs, and while making fun of the angry old lady of the plantation, down came a dozen rebel cavalymen on a charge. My boys dropped their plunder and made hurried preparations for a flight. The woman instantly strode up to the officer in command of the unexpected troopers and exclaimed:

"They are two to your one, captain, so I'm going to help you. I am just dying to whip a Yankee. Give me a gun or something and I'll scare 'em wild. Just you commence shooting and I'll holler to 'em and—why, captain, those miserable Yankees have stolen every chicken on the place."

"What!" cried the officer, in great amazement, "stolen all your chickens? Then there's nothing left worth fighting for."

"The fact is," said Sherman, "the rebel officer saw more bummers than chickens, and he concluded that, as

his force was much smaller than ours, discretion was the better part of valor, and he and his troopers galloped away, to the supreme disgust of the infuriated madam and the infinite amusement of the delighted marauders."

* * *

Another chicken story, quite as good, grew out of the same campaign. A cavalry sergeant, who had boasted that he had foraged on the country and had captured thousands of Confederate bills, had concluded a bargain with a lady for half a dozen young roosters at half a dollar apiece, the condition being that they should be paid for in coin or Confederate money, "for I won't have any of the Yankee money in my house," she exclaimed.

"All right," responded the cavalryman. "I've got all kinds, and whatever you prefer goes"—at the same time handing her a Confederate hundred dollar bill.

Which nearly paralyzed the good woman, who cried out, as soon as she could catch her breath, "Sakes alive, man, I can't change that. There isn't—"

"Damn the change, madame!" he shouted; "damn the change! Bring on the roosters!"



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Letters

Hornung's Latest

With "A Thief in the Night" Mr. E. W. Hornung has taken leave forever of Raffles and his admiring lieutenant, "Bunny." The ten stories which round out the printed career of these two worthies purport to be among their earlier adventures, not heretofore chronicled, but they are not less worthy of the gentlemanly cracksmen. "Bunny," once or twice, essays an adventure on his own account, but proves his inability to cope with a job unless the better brain of Raffles helps him out, and those "students of crime" who are supposed to use "An Amateur Cracksmen" as a text book will be using their opportunities to small advantage if they do not take warning by his failures. There has been a deal of discussion over the morality of "Raffles" and "Stingaree," and others of these brilliant operators. Possibly there are soft-headed and weak-minded people who have conceit enough to compare themselves not unfavorably with these men of mighty resource, and to attempt to emulate their example, but they are of the class who cannot be kept from walking into the fire unless there is a fender before the grate. One should hardly recommend a whole library of such anecdotes and histories placed in the hands of a youth, to the exclusion of all else, but from the accounts which reach us from all parts of the country, concerning the thefts committed by our college students, it would seem rather that Raffles and his like are more descriptive of a class already in existence than object lessons in the way of stimulating latent criminal instincts. At all events, those pious folks who have been losing sleep because Raffles, on his first appearance, was afforded sanctuary in the public libraries, will feel more secure now that they know he has laid down his life in the cause of his country. "A Thief in the Night" is published by the Scribners.

More Detective Stories

Eight uncommonly good detective stories make up the contents of "The Long Arm," a new book by Samuel M. Gardenshire, issued by Harper Brothers. The detective who runs down the criminals is LeDroit Connors, not a professional sleuth, but a man of unlimited means and refined tastes, possessed of a singular sixth sense which enables him to see at a glance the obscure probabilities, to form a theory unerringly, and to find his facts to corroborate his intuitions. In no case is he dealing with the professional criminal, and the ordinary methods of the police are altogether at fault, since they are adapted to the expected and usual in their experience, and they are therefore baffled when brought face to face with the exceptions. Connors never appears openly as a part of the machinery of justice. Neither does he profit by his work, which is undertaken solely as a recreation, and very often when there are the best of reasons why the affairs should be kept out of the newspapers. LeDroit Connors, who was one of the minor characters in "The Silence of Mrs. Harold," is quite as capable and clever as Sherlock Holmes, with the same quick sight, and ability to put two and two unerringly together or even, with only one and a small fraction, to surmise the missing moiety and make his addition. If there is any ground for all the worryment that certain good people went through because of the demoralization worked by the success of Raffles, "The Amateur Cracksmen," "The Long Arm" should be certain of a welcome in the same places, for there is no surer deterrent to the commission of crime than the certainty of detection and punishment, even though the punishment be neither the penitentiary nor the rope. Mr. Gardenshire has avoided giving any impression of sympathy with the criminals who, in most cases, are actuated only by mercenary motives, and sustained by a belief in their own cleverness, a belief which is speedily routed as soon as the amateur detective is enlisted.

The Czar's Spy

The Smart Set Company has inaugurated a new departure. Hereafter on the first of each month they will issue one novel of their "Red Series," cloth bound, well printed, and generally attractive, at the nominal price of fifty cents. If they can keep up the standard which they have set in their first issue, "The Czar's Spy," by William Le Queux, they will gather to themselves a goodly portion of the book trade. Mr. Le Queux is too well known as a writer to need any special advertisement, and this latest product of his pen does not fall behind, in conception or execution, his earlier novels. He seems to possess the lost art which made the old time serial something more than an arbitrary section of a novel, for at the end of every chapter there is a lure that leads the reader on to just one more, and one more, until

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the book is finished. Every solution of a mystery leaves yet another to be elucidated, and there are no long talky passages to delay action nor much that takes place behind the scenes. The opening scenes take place in the harbor of Genoa, where a sumptuously fitted up private yacht narrowly escapes being wrecked, apparently by the incompetence of her sailing master. Some time during the night the safe at the British Consulate is opened and the contents rifled, though there seems to be no apparent motive for the deed, and before daylight the "Lola," supposed to be more or less disabled, has disappeared, not only from the harbor of Genoa, but from the Mediterranean and the face of the waters, for no tidings of her can be had, and no such vessel is known at any shipping office. This is only the beginning of mysteries. There are two love stories, and all the mysteries are cleared up in the final chapter.

—The Bookworm.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
In Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, City Hall.

San Francisco Commercial Agency, }
Plaintiff, }
vs. } Action brought in the Justices'
Harry J. Pollard, } Court, in the City and County of
Defendant. } San Francisco, and Complaint filed
in the office of Clerk of said Court.

The People of the State of California to Harry J. Pollard, Deft., Greeting;
You are hereby directed to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer to the complaint filed therein; within five days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County, otherwise within twenty days.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or Plaintiff will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

This action has been assigned, and you are directed to appear before John R. Daniels, Esq., one of the Justices of said Court, at his office, City Hall, in said City and County.

Make legal service and due return hereon: By order of the Presiding Justice of the Peace of the City and County of San Francisco.

Given under my hand this 9th day of December, 1905.

GEO. S. McCOMB,
Justices' Clerk.
By CHAS. J. McDONNELL,
Deputy Clerk

G. H. PERRY,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF
SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. No. 99,040.

Clara E. Harper, }
Plaintiff, }
vs. }
Charles W. Harper, }
Defendant. }

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to Charles W. Harper, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and five.

(Seal) JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.
WM. TOMSKY, By JAS. R. McELROY, Deputy Clerk.
Plaintiff's Attorney.
313 Bush street.

Residence 852 Grove St., S. F.

Telephone Page 81

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TOWN TALK

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The Hearst Apparition

The gubernatorial aspirations of our distinguished N. S. G. W., Mr. William R. Hearst, of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Boston and New York, are the cause of a great flurry in the Empire state. The editor of the *Evening Post* of New York is in a state of great alarm over the candidacy of the man who embodies all the isms that are dotting the body politic. Hear him ululate:

The Hearst candidacy has now to be seriously reckoned with. The clamor of it will fill the state. Republicans are affrighted by it, and decent Democrats know not where to turn. A man who, but for his money, which he pours out lavishly in politics, would never be thought of, heading a movement which, if not financed by him, would attract but few with brains in stable equilibrium, is raiding the chief office of the state, and sober people are saying that there is no means of beating him off. This is the political portent now confronting the citizens of New York. About it they will have to think, write, speak, act for months to come."

The *Sun* discussed the Hearst ambition last week beneath the caption, "The Awful Apparition of Hearst," taking, however, a view less gloomy than that of its contemporary. It does not share the *Post's* depression of spirit, denying that there is reason for panic in the ranks of the Republican party "or for a headless-chicken sort of aimlessness of movement on the part of decent Democrats." The *Sun* regards the figure of the "present political adventurer" many degrees less alarming and the issue which he is making less portentous than were William J. Bryan and the false standard ten years ago.

Those Pestiferous Meddlers

An "Indignant Reader" wishes to know "what is Town Talk's objection to the W. C. T. U.?" We have no objection to the W. C. T. U. Long may it flourish! The W. C. T. U. is an institution that contributes to the gayety of the nation. It is helpful to editors suffering from brainfag, and is inspiring at times when editors have ceased to be fertile in topics for discussion. We have frequently charged the W. C. T. U. with being pestiferously meddlesome and impudently presumptuous, but we do not object to the organization; that is, we do not resent it as an institution, knowing as we do that the bigoted dames of whom it is composed must find some vent for their energies and that if they were not trying to put all the brewers and wine makers of the world out of business they would be doing something equally ridiculous. We do not find fault with the benighted bigots but rather

with the cowardly statesmen at Washington, the timid demagogues who are influenced by them. It was in consequence of the blind zeal of the total abstinence brigade that the army canteen was abolished and that much mischief ensued, but it is absurd to hold organized bigotry responsible for vicious legislation. We should hold our cowardly public servants responsible for doing that which they, as enlightened men, knew to be wrong. They should be held up to the scorn of their constituents and be made to understand that the sanctimoniously puritanical sentiment which the W. C. T. U. seeks to perpetuate is not the sentiment of the mothers and wives of this country. If the national sense of humor is not sufficiently developed to abate the misguided zeal of a lot of puritanical women who confound temperance with total abstinence and who think they are followers of Christ, then we deserve to suffer from their meddlesomeness.

Retributive Justice

Pat Crowe is said to have attributed his acquittal to the fact that "people don't like the way Cudahy got his money any better than the way he lost it." This is very unfortunate if true. Indeed if true it means that the law has been brought into contempt and deprived of its function of rendering exact justice between man and man. Though we are disinclined to accept Crowe's explanation of his acquittal, yet we must acknowledge that it is quite startling since it is virtually a confession of guilt by the man who was acquitted, and from his statement the inference is warranted that the testimony against him was so strong that his attorney appealed to the prejudices of the jury, that being the usual procedure in such cases. Cudahy made a great fortune as a member of the Beef Trust and Crowe took twenty-five thousand of it away from him, and while Crowe's attorney would not be permitted to argue that a Beef Trust magnate was a legitimate object of plunder, he could not have been prevented from dragging the unpopular and greedy capitalistic combine into the case. As our predatory plutocrats have done much toward debauching our courts and perverting justice it would be retributive justice, indeed, if it should prove that in consequence of their unwholesome influence on public sentiment they were to be denied redress when plundered of their ill-gotten gains.

When Parents Are Neglectful

A local statistician has compiled a report by which it is shown that the delinquent juveniles of California are costing the state about twice as much per capita as the adult criminals or the insane, and not less than is paid by parents in good circumstances for the board and tuition of their children at private schools. This means that there is graft in our state institutions notwithstanding the vigilance and virtue of Governor George C. Pardee. It means that the officials of certain public institutions are "standing in" with the contractors who supply provisions for the inmates. This is a form of graft which the public views with complaisance. It is the result of the seduction of the susceptible politician by the honest merchant. Preaching against it does no good while the public conscience is callous, but meanwhile we might accomplish some good by

compelling parents to defray some of the cost of the maintenance and the moral rejuvenation of their offspring. The care of the insane is not exclusively the burden of the state, and there is less reason for compelling people to contribute to the support of their crazy brothers and sisters than there is for requiring the fathers of incorruptible juveniles to share the expense of supporting their offspring. If it were made compulsory for them to do so there would be a speedy decrease in the number of children in need of reformation at the hands of the State. Children usually go to the bad through parental neglect and the reformation of these neglectful parents is a matter of as great importance as the reformation of their children. In relieving them of the burden of raising their offspring the State puts a premium on injustice to children and to society.

Those Fairy Stories From the East

The testimony of experts who attended the military performances in Manchuria during the recent war is not all in but sufficient has been received to make it clear that a great deal of the praise bestowed on the Japanese was unwarranted. During the progress of the war the correspondents of the American newspapers kept us supplied with stories of the sensational achievements of the little brown men who were licking the soldiers of a corrupt and debased Empire. We were led to believe that they were the most wonderful fighters and tacticians on earth. We have since learned that they did nothing wonderful, that their success was due more to the incompetency of the Russian officers and Russian war department than to their own proficiency. One thing of which we were most positively assured was that the Japanese medical system far surpassed in efficiency that of our army during the Spanish war. And now we learn that even that report was false. We find on the authority of Surgeon-General Forward that in Cuba and the Philippines in 1898 there were 1,682 wounded under treatment, of whom but 87 died, or 5.16 per cent. In the Philippines in 1899 there were under treatment 1,759 wounded, of whom even in that tropical climate but 116 died, or but 6.59 per cent. According to Major Seaman, who testified at length before a Congressional committee, the number of wounded under treatment in the Japanese-Russian war was 145,527, of whom at latest reports 10,970 had died, or 7.53 per cent. Apparently there are no reliable statistics at hand as to the number of deaths from disease in the Japanese armies or as to the loss of effectiveness through disease, though the American minister at Tokio reported that at one time 25,000 Japanese were disabled through beriberi in front of Port Arthur. The disease from which a large number of our soldiers died in the Spanish-American war was typhoid fever, and the Japanese surgeons reported that there were no typhoid germs in Manchuria. Our soldiers were exposed to the anopheles mosquitoes in Cuba. The fact that yellow fever was conveyed by mosquitoes was not fully understood at the time of the Spanish-American war, and it is not the least of the results of the war that such men as Gorgas and others have been unable to do their work of experimenting and cleansing in some heretofore hotbeds of yellow fever.

Paper That Will Vanish

Disappearing paper is one of the newest inventions. If it is all that it is represented to be it cannot but add security and consequent peace of mind to the lives of those politicians, trust magnates and grafters who are constrained to send written communications to their henchmen at the risk of having the documents turn up later in

the wrong hands. From the number of compromising documents which have figured in law courts and official investigations, bearing the admonition, "Burn this letter," we have no doubt that the demand for paper that may be guaranteed to disappear will be great. A large supply will be ordered by those business men who appreciate the wisdom of the beef baron of whom it was related during the embalmed beef investigation that he advised his subordinates to prefer the telephone to all other instruments of communication.

A Suit Threatened

The Miles Nervine Company is threatening suit against a local cut-rate drug firm for selling certain nostrums for less than the price fixed by the company. We doubt that such a suit will be brought. Vendors of "cure-alls" and "red clause contract" concoctions are not eager for the white light that beats upon a law suit. However, we think it would be to the interest of the public to restrain druggists from cutting prices on all patent medicines containing alcohol, opiates and other heart depressants. Indeed, it would be well to fix a prohibitive price on all secret formula drugs that menace the lives and morals of women and children who are imposed upon by means of spurious testimonials. Meanwhile we should be astonished to learn that a patent medicine humbug had the audacity to invoke the aid of a court to prevent a merchant from cutting prices on the products of a secret formula tonic. So long as the law does not fix a prohibitive price the manufacturer ought to be content to let his drugs be sold for any old price.

The Good Frigate Constitution

From the *Congressional Record* we learn that the Massachusetts Historical Society is very indignant at the Secretary of the Navy on account of his attitude in the matter of the proposed bill providing for the repairing and putting into commission of the historic *Constitution*, the vessel with which Hull captured the *Guerriere*. Secretary Bonaparte recently stated that the vessel now lying at Charleston is not the historic *Constitution*, and that to hold her forth as such is a case of "false pretenses"; that if repaired and put into commission she would be absolutely useless, and, finally, that to restore her would be "a perfectly unjustifiable waste of public money." He, there-

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fore, advised that she be broken up or sunk. The Historical Society in a memorial to Congress suggests that if the Secretary is right then the society for which the memorialists speak is not the Massachusetts Historical Society, for it was organized six years before the *Constitution* was launched, and the last of the original members died sixty-five years ago. Five times has the society changed its habitation; it has hardly a thing in its possession which belonged to it in 1792 or in 1812; its very name has undergone legal alteration, yet its members feel that through constant renewal and by unbroken succession the identity of the organization has been preserved. This is an argument that our unsentimental Secretary of the Navy will find it hard to combat. The *Constitution* should be preserved as an inspiration to Americans. If she were renewed a thousand times we should still be able to look upon her as a sentient being inseparably associated with feats of daring and seamanship, deeds that cannot be so effectively commemorated as by the pious and lasting preservation of the ancient ship, now slowly rotting at the wharf opposite to which she was launched six years more than a century ago. The name of the *Constitution* long years ago became a synonym for courage and patriotism and today she is typical of a maritime architecture as extinct as the galley or the trireme. She slid from the ways at what is still known as "Constitution Wharf," in Boston Harbor, ten months before Nelson won the battle of the Nile and eight years before Nelson's famous flagship, the *Victory*, bore his broad pennant in triumph through the Franco-Spanish line at Trafalgar. No less an interest and sentiment attach, in the minds of the people of this country, to the *Constitution* than in Great Britain attach to the *Victory*. The *Victory* has ever been and now is tenderly cared for and zealously preserved among the most precious of national memorials. The people of England have never felt that it was a waste of money to keep alive the inspiration which the *Victory* embodies. Are Americans of a less sentimental nature that the people of the "nation of shopkeepers"?

The Carnegie Blight

It appears that the scheme devised by Mr. Andrew Carnegie for the impoverishment of himself is destined to prove a failure, the reason being that his libraries are a more serious drain on the communities upon which they are inflicted than upon the man whose name they are expected to perpetuate. This fact having been disclosed a revolt is now on in different parts of the country against the Carnegie libraries and the indications are that it will drive the Laird of Skibo to the necessity of finding some other means of achieving a poverty-stricken death. Even Pittsburgh, the city which owes a great deal of its wealth to Carnegie, finds that the cost of supporting the great Carnegie library is too much to be borne. In New York public officials have found that a Carnegie library is a white elephant. Several small towns in the Middle West are on the verge of bankruptcy as a result of their efforts to assist Mr. Carnegie in the achievement of his ambition.

The Whipping Post

The advisability of establishing a whipping post in the District of Columbia for the abatement of wife-beaters was discussed and overwhelmingly defeated in Congress. The same proposition is under discussion in other parts of the country, and from the widespread attention which

the debates attract it is evident that matters have come to a pass where strenuous measures are called for. The chief objection seems to be the theoretical one that the use of the cat-o'-nine-tails is brutalizing, both to the victim and to the executioner, to say nothing of the spectators, though it does not seem to have occurred to the tender-hearted that a wife-beater is apt to be already as much of a brute as is possible and that the spectacle of a woman bruised and man-hauled by one who has solemnly bound himself by oath to cherish her, is not in itself especially edifying. Delaware has always had a whipping post for misdemeanants. No amount of clamor and denunciation has induced her to abolish the institution, and it is worthy of note that Delaware does not figure largely in the criminal annals. Oregon has had a whipping post for wife beaters for nearly a year. The law went into effect about the middle of last May, and though before that the wife-beater was quite active in Oregon, during the nine months in which the law has been in operation there have been only three cases that called for the lash.

Keats at Winter Sundown

By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

I know, worn fire, that thou wilt rise again
Tomorrow and on morrows dark to me—
Yet here, here in my heart there aches that pain
Of farewell deep as trouble of the sea.

It is a grief unparted from the heart
As is Life's ruby fountain in its grot;
Sad, too inseparable pain, where art
Thou not? Where Love and Happiness are not.

No less I feel it when I view the rose,
For in a day shall fall its loveliness;
Alas! I feel, I mourn it in the close
Of this grey, old and dying year no less.

Deep in the eyes of Beauty it reminds;
It warns from every song as it is sung—
Yet Earth again shall know these in their kinds,
But nevermore that bard who died too young.

December, 1905.

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Of the Celtic Renaissance

BY ONE HARRY COWELL, A CELT.

Back of what is known as the Gaelic Movement is the belief—only too well founded—that the language, the literature, of a people is its very life-blood. A nation's art is, so to speak, its heart. Without art, a nation is but noise and smoke. A country does not live by battles won, but by every wise and beautiful word that proceedeth out of the mouths of its great men. If the mother-tongue die, the family inevitably breaks up; the children are scattered to the ends of the earth. Loss of language means loss of identity, that is to say, death.

Thus, to the folk of the Emerald Isle, the Gaelic Movement is a matter of life or death. The Irish are fighting for dear life, for the preservation of personality, the uniqueness that makes a nation a nation; and, for the first time in recent history, with wise weapons.

To large minds, marked individuality is ever interesting, not infrequently, delightful. Grown-up, we not only give what is unlike us leave to live, but in the end learn to love it. Much that our childhood was intolerant of, our manhood appreciates. Now, as it seems to me, an age so masculine and materialistic as is ours, is in no small need of what is womanly and spiritual; of things Celtic. I speak not as a Celt, but as a cosmopolitan.

Celt though I be, my muse is no nun, willing to confine herself to the white cloister of Celtic subject-matter. I am a wildling, with all the wildling's love of liberty. Years and years ago, I found the green cage of my nativity ever so much too small for me. The large aviary I now live in contents me not. My soul frets its wings against the outmost bars of this world. 'Twould fain be free of the universe. The Celtic renaissance interests me, not because I was born in Ireland, but because I see in it a re-birth of beauty, the perpetuation of a national personality full of unusual charm, the dream life new-born, re-affirmed, not only for the land beloved of the Green Lady, but for the earth at large. Heaven be praised, nothing is more renewable than beauty.

As all the world knows, the animating spirit of the Gaelic Movement was, and is, Fiona Macleod, lately set out on a divine adventure—whither no one can say for sure. That mysterious being was, they now tell us, a man, one William Sharp, a Scot, no doubt from the hill country and of Celtic origin; in brief, a Gael. For the good of my soul I must here confess that I have read and re-read many and many a line over the man's name without ever finding between any two of them the exquisite woman who, borrowing from the "Kalevala," wrote of herself, "The waves of the sea have spoken to me; the wild birds have taught me; the music of many waters has been my master."

The mystery of the hand is, it seems, no more, but the magic of the writing remains; all of it—for me at least; all the strange beauty of the thoughts fair as the sunshine of the first morning, of the words delicate as the dew upon the hills of dream. To my taste, there is I know not what savor of before-the-fall about the literary product of this dream-woman, Fiona Macleod. So sweet, so fresh, so renescent is it, that the soul of the reader abandons itself, at once and without thought of reservation, to the spell it weaves, as to the charm of a little child. Childlike, it is as a new-born thing and Celtic ought to be; colorless it is not, but white with a whiteness suggestive of all the colors, in marked contrast to the murkiness of the decadent literature of the times. One arises from the reading of it as from a bath in virginal waters, in love with oneself and with the world. But let Fiona speak for herself, and me,

in a paragraph of prose and a stanza of poetry:—

"For, truly, that wandering voice, that twilight-whisper, that breath so dewy-sweet, that flame-wing'd lute-player whom none sees but for a moment, in a rainbow-shimmer of joy, or a sudden lightning-flare of passion, this exquisite mystery we call Amor, comes, to some rapt visionaries at least, not with a song upon the lips that all may hear, or with blithe viol of public music, but as one wrought by ecstasy, dumbly eloquent with desire, ineffable, silent."

The foregoing poetry differs from the following in form only:—

"And a strange song I have heard

By a shadowy stream,

And the singing of a snow-white bird

On the Hills of Dream."

That likes me much. Therein, methinks, is a note worth the ear of the world, an echo of the immemorial music of many waters, great teacher of the great. Teacher of the small, too, the unknown, rather, the voiceless, those that have failed to express themselves in any lasting form of art. More than once has a soul never heard of by the Large Ear caused me to say to myself, Silence hath its great ones no less than speech. Many a Celtic peasant, uneducated from the point of view of the colleges, is so well versed in folk-lore, so well taught of wind and wave and wild bird as to possess a culture—a criticism of life—second to none; to enjoy a familiarity with Nature in her most exclusive moods accorded to the fine alone; to be permitted as it were to follow her into retirement and there chat with her, understandingly, as friend with friend, nay, more, as lover with lover. For only to a lover will Nature unveil herself, reveal her hidden beauty; to such only confide her secrets.

In vain, thinking to undeceive us, you tell us Irish Celts that our lady of the myriad emeralds is a myth. What, if she be? Myth is always truer, more real, than matter-of-fact. Beauteous mythic being, we have all seen her, heard her, felt her kisses, tasted the May-honey of her mouth, grown faint from the perfume of her presence. We love her well, we of the isle named for her, and well she loves us and it. So well indeed does Spring, the druidess, love her Ireland that she never leaves it. All the year round is she to be met with there. In her own particular

(Continued on Page 39)

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Wherein It Is Set Down that Genius Overshadows Itself and That the Mob Is So Dazzled by the Effulgence of the Blazing Countenance that It Is Content to Let the Limbs of the Giant Lose Themselves in the Obscurity.

BY DEMOCRITUS.

Writers of masterpieces invariably suffer by comparison with the masterpieces they have written. So it is, too, with heroes and geniuses of every degree. William Tell is always associated in our memories with the apple atop of his son's head that legend insists he pierced with an arrow; and little we know of the real Tell that achieved the freedom of his country. We know Louis XI of France because he is the villain in many "popular" novels and plays. He is a favorite vehicle for perfidy, cruelty, hypocrisy and bigotry; but the circumstance that he destroyed the tyranny of the French feudatories and laid the foundation of an empire out of which came the French Revolution and the liberty that the civilized world now enjoys is quite forgotten. Mention Lucrezia Borgia and a shudder of horror is the universal response incited by recollection of Donizetti's music and Victor Hugo's fantastic perversion of history, for the world has long since condemned an innocent woman upon this biased evidence and will not now retract its verdict even in the face of indisputable testimony that the daughter of Alexander VI was not only a virtuous woman, divorced only once and widowed twice, but that she was a woman of extraordinary ability, intellectual power, and a patron of learning and the arts. Going back many centuries we find King David with a multitudinous harem coveting the wife of Uriah and procuring her by an order to Captain Joab that legitimized the royal desire by murdering the husband. Otherwise, aside from a few wanton but unimportant assassinations, we have voted King David a very holy man because he is credited with singing a lot of psalms that seem to gasp a deathbed repentance. In our own history we condemn Benedict Arnold for his treason and give him not the slightest credit for what he accomplished on behalf of his country at Ticonderoga, Ridgefield, Lake Champlain and Saratoga—no American commentator daring even to hint that the awful crime he subsequently committed might have been inspired and urged by an overwhelming sense of justice, lack of appreciation of heroic service, contumely and arrogance of inferior men, and a determination to be revenged upon an ungrateful republic.

It is usually detrimental to the fame of any great man to compare him with himself in the narrow limits of popular knowledge. Men are great, not by reason of that which the populace believe is great, but by the accumulation of great things accomplished without the knowledge of the populace. Of all men known to the English reading mob Shakespeare is the only genius that will not square to this rule. If Shakespeare had not written Hamlet he would still be the greatest of dramatic poets with his tragedies of Othello, Lear and Macbeth. Cast these four great plays into oblivion and he would still live as the master of tragedy in Julius Caesar and Richard III; the master of comedy in As You Like It, Taming of the Shrew, and All's Well; the master of the love story in Romeo and Juliet; the master of passion in Antony and Cleopatra; the master of broad burlesque in the Eastcheap episodes of Henry IV and The Merry Wives; and the master of all English poetry in The Tempest.

If Shakespeare had never lived we should now be reading Marlowe and Webster and Fletcher and Ben Jonson, and in the reading gauging the works of each by compari-

son of Dr. Faustus with the Jew of Malta; The White Devil with The Duchess of Malfi; The Faithful Shepherdess with The Wife for a Month; (or of those plays written in collaboration with Beaumont, The Scornful Lady with The Knight of the Burning Pestle); and Every Man in His Humor with The Devil is an Ass.

Because Cervantes wrote Don Quixote we do not think it worth while to read his Exemplary Novels, his Journey to Parnassus, or his Persiles and Sigismunda; notwithstanding that the Cervantes impress is as strong in these as in the masterpiece that has found its way into nearly every language on earth.

Those still lagging superfluous from a previous generation know that their lives have been worth living because they were privileged to read Gil Blas; but if that wonderful evolvement of picaresque comedy had not been written to laugh all others into obscurity we should know and love Le Sage in his Le Diable Boiteux as we know (vaguely) Sam Foote by his Devil on Two Sticks paraphrased from Le Sage's merry satire; as Germany's prolific all-round Christopher Martin Wieland paraphrased the same tale in his Oberon, thereby compelling us to forget that he wrote half a hundred mediocre poems, lyrics, satires and operas.

How many of us know anything about Goethe aside from what Gounod has given us in an opera that is so great that all other operas by Gounod are not even remembered by their names? Yet Goethe is ranked next to Shakespeare in the universality of his genius, and acknowledged to be the peer of Francis Bacon in philosophy, science, politics and criticism—so acknowledged, that is, by those who have read all that Goethe wrote and more than the Essays of Bacon, so familiar to "cultured gentlemen" whose libraries would not be "complete" unless furnished with a dusty, uncut volume of these wise sayings that everybody knows but nobody quotes. I doubt if even the schoolmen of Berkeley are more than passingly familiar with the Novum Organum, The Advancement of Learning and The New Atlantis. Yet Goethe, whose Christian name we have forgotten, and Bacon, whom we frequently call "Lord" Bacon, were the wisest of men—far wiser than any that we now honor, and better fitted even at their distance, to teach us the elements of truth and right living.

The only thing in this age that does not suffer by comparison with itself is the newspaper. This is because

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the newspaper each day is an epitome of human nature and human nature is always in the superlative. Human nature is always the same—it is mean, contemptible, vicious, sordid; or it is noble, pure, generous, god-like. There can be no comparison with itself or any of its phases; and the newspaper, reflecting these vices and virtues, is neither better nor worse than the thing it mirrors. Perhaps we

may say that the incomparable newspaper, reflecting these vices and virtues, is neither better nor worse than the thing it mirrors. Perhaps we may say that the incomparable newspaper is so much a part of the thing that it is sometimes wholly mistaken for the thing itself—and if this is true it will, in a measure, account for the utter badness of most newspapers and the inutility of the others.



Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

McCall dead, Alexander dying and Depew all but in—let us have another investigation of insurance graft!

Ex-Congressman Livernash confesses that he loves Mr. Hearst and admires Mr. McNab. Versatility goes a great way in politics.

The Republicans of Seattle, being deserted by the daily papers, are using billboards to advance the interests of their candidate. It has been demonstrated in San Francisco that the more dailies a candidate has at his back, the smaller his chances of election.

Oakland saloons are to be limited to two hundred and fifty in number. At least that many are needed to supply the overflow from thirsty Berkeley, which has only ten.

"You will have to support yourself," said Herminio Caquias' consort. "I will not," said Herminio, and to prove his veracity he shot himself. It was a decided triumph for him, the only disadvantage being that he is not in a position to say, "I told you so."

A young New York musician named Bard has disappeared and is thought to have committed suicide. Probably driven to it by the connection his humorous friends saw between his name and his occupation, and their funny remarks thereon.

The approval of those who have bucked the slot machines goes out to the burglars who broke one open with an ax. There's no other way to beat them.

A Santa Rosa woman dropped dead the other night while witnessing a high-school play. All who have seen such performances can readily appreciate the situation.

The San Franciscan's idea of Hell is a place where the street-cars are crowded worse than they are here.

Some people spend a great deal of time trying to find a new way of being bored.

My life's been a blank for the space of a week,
A blank for a month more 'twill be;
The whole round of clubs for enjoyment I seek,
Yet I'm bored and worn out with ennui.
Estella must sacrifice something quite dear,
And I doubt not her course is well meant,
But the four weeks ahead look decidedly drear
Since she's given up *me* during Lent.

Thus does Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner explain the winning of her love by the Californian giant: "He was charming, full of strength and youth. And besides, he was an artist, a real artist. He was an artist in everything." Then there was no undue influence used. It was merely a case of a woman's passion for art, for the Mizner art. Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner lives in an atmosphere of art contrived for her by her deceased husband. He bought for her the old masters; why shouldn't she buy for herself a young master, a greater than an old because—"an artist in everything."



At the Mardi Gras Ball

Tonight my laugh rang over-loud,
Tonight my jest leaped over all;
My feet were merry in the hall,
And men smiled on me from the crowd.

I held my cheeks until the red
Showed like a stain against the white;
To make me goodly in men's sight
I bit my lips until they bled.

I gave my hands to those who came;
I looked soft pity to their sighs,
And held the fire of their eyes
Until my own had caught the flame.

And this one thought possessed my brain,
And this one anguish all my heart—
Never, though years may meet and part,
Shall your eyes look in mine again.

Never again the long days through,
While hope is dead and life endures,
Shall my hands find their way to yours,
My heart the olden way to you.

And yet tonight I lead the train;
Oh, fools, fools, fools; could ye but know
Beneath the laugh the sting of woe
And the slow burning of disdain!

—The Dissembler.

The Spectator

That Hand-Shaking Episode

At the banquet in honor of Dr. Douglas Hyde last week the Rev. Father Yorke spoke of the unifying effect of the Gaelic movement. He said that it had brought together men of different creeds, men who differed in politics and who were diametrically opposed in everything. A great many of the banqueters wondered whether Father Yorke was thinking of the coming together of himself and James D. Phelan, and whether he was serving notice on the millionaire that the abatement of hostilities was only a temporary truce in furtherance of the Celtic cause. That hand-shaking incident has provoked a great deal of gossip. It has revived recollections of numerous pungent paragraphs penned by Father Yorke, of shafts of satire hurled at the ambitious millionaire, and of stinging comments on his political methods and personal shortcomings. Some of Mr. Phelan's friends refused to give credence to the report of the hand-shaking incident until it was confirmed beyond peradventure. And now they are saying that the Gaelic movement is, indeed, a wonderful thing.

Why Phelan's Henchmen are Hot

When Father Yorke was made pastor of a parish across the bay a few years ago the report spread like wild-fire among the Phelan henchmen that he had been deftly disposed of by Archbishop Riordan. Some of Mr. Phelan's lieutenants went through the town winking the other eye and hinting that Father Yorke need no longer be reckoned with in San Francisco politics. From their manner one might have inferred that Phelan had a tremendous pull in the Church and that it was in deference to him that Father Yorke was transferred to the Oakland parish. They spoke of the priest as though he had been disgraced and of Phelan as though he had the Pope's ear. Now they don't know what to think of the situation, especially after having heard that Father Yorke had his feet under the Archbishop's mahogany. They had heard that Father Yorke was *persona non grata* at the Cathedral, so they were amazed to learn of his having been the Archbishop's guest at a dinner to which Mr. Phelan was given an invitation which he was pleased to accept. The word has gone out that Phelan has thrown his henchmen down, that he stole a march on them to Father Yorke in quest of absolution, leaving them all out in the cold, and some of them are as mad as wet hens.

Scott Likes Rivalry

What Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs purposes doing with the Fairmount hotel has been a matter of speculation for some months. A few weeks ago it was reported that she had quit negotiating with prospective lessees and decided to hire a manager. I have since learned that the report was premature as it was not until last week that the directors of the St. Francis hotel determined not to assume the management of the Nob Hill hotel. A meeting of the directors was held to consider the several propositions that had been submitted. Some of the directors were in favor

of taking hold of the enterprise, it being their opinion that in the event of the Fairmount's becoming a rival of the St. Francis their business would suffer. They felt that it would be to their advantage to run the Fairmount even though the business did not prove profitable. This view of the matter was pooh-poohed by Mr. Henry T. Scott, who said that it had been his experience that competition was the life of trade. He was strongly of the opinion that the Fairmount in the hands of a rival company would prove beneficial to the whole city because, with a new firm bidding for business, more money would be spent in attracting people to San Francisco. He argued that the owners of the St. Francis should be glad to have another rival in the field, and his argument prevailed. Since that meeting Mr. Scott's sentiments have been discussed by the directors of the Home Telephone Company which is coming into San Francisco to give battle to the old telephone company of which Mr. Scott is president. They are curious to know whether he favors competition in all lines of business.

Satire that Missed Fire

Even the California Club, the club that "does things," the club that has among its members many of the most brilliant women in San Francisco, is deficient in a sense of humor. This fact was made clear at the recent meeting at which the resolution providing for the raising of the dues from nine to twelve dollars a year came up for discussion. All the club's gifted orators were on hand to debate the proposition, and there was a copious flow of language sweet and beautiful. Some ladies who were eager to contribute to the flow were balked by points of order. The best parliamentary usage prevailed and those who wandered from the question were promptly suppressed. Mrs. Lovell White and Mrs. A. D. Sharon were the principal speakers in favor of the proposition, and the latter grew satirical. To employ satire is to appeal to a sense of humor, a vain appeal when there is no sense of humor. Mrs. Sharon's satire was of a very fine quality. But it was wasted. The women who were against the proposed raise took Mrs. Sharon's satire seriously and applauded. Some who were on Mrs. Sharon's side and who have great confidence in her judgment, misapprehended her position and voted against her. When she said that when the club was organized the dues were only two-bits and asked why they should be raised now that the club has grown and has a fine new building and many luxuries, the opponents of the proposed raise nodded their heads approvingly and when she sat down she was amazed to see the women of the anti-raise clique clapping their hands. I am told that she won the day for the silurians by her subtle satire.

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Lawyers Applaud Sloss

The lawyers of the town got together at a banquet the other night to do honor to Judge Sloss, who was appointed to the Supreme Court to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Van Dyke. Francis Heney was not present but his name was used for punning purposes. It was remarked that it was heinous to cast reflections on the integrity of the Superior Court judges. Judge Sloss made a very pretty speech which was enthusiastically applauded. He said that when he was elected a judge of the Superior Court he resolved to please the lawyers and he was glad to know that he had done so. Now that he was to take his seat among the justices of the Supreme Court he was again resolved to please the lawyers. This sentiment met with the warm approval of every lawyer present. Joe Redding talked of "The Bar," which he praised very highly. As usual he was in facetious mood and evoked several laughs by joshing members of the profession. He told a story on Garret McEnerney, an anecdote of the days of Hall McAllister. Redding said that one day he was with McAllister, on a train en route to Santa Rosa, when McEnerney made his appearance and took a seat in front of the Nestor of the bar. Though McEnerney was then a very young man he presented that impressive appearance which is still characteristic. Shortly after the train started the young attorney with the leonine head, assuming an air of gravity, his face wearing a very thoughtful expression, turned to McAllister and asked:

"What do you recommend as the cardinal rule for me to follow in order to become a great lawyer?"

"Just keep the expression on your face that it is wearing now," said McAllister.

Pardee is Funny

Governor Pardee was one of the speakers at the banquet. The Governor does not enjoy a reputation for wit but on this occasion he worked a humorous vein and made a great hit. He told of the difficulties he experienced in getting legal advice. He usually consulted his secretary first when in quest of an opinion on the law. When not satisfied with the secretary's opinion he consulted the Attorney-General, who invariably informed him that the secretary was wrong. Then he would consult the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court who always assured him that both the secretary and the Attorney-General were wrong. He admitted that he generally took the advice of the Chief Justice, which he is reported to have done when he appointed Judge Sloss to the Supreme Court, though Justice Beatty disclaims having urged the appointment of Sloss, saying that he merely approved of Sloss, Judge Burnett of Santa Rosa and one other man, whose identity has not yet been disclosed. But, to get back to the Pardee speech—the Governor took occasion to give his friends the tip that he has not been surfeited with the pleasures of office-holding. "Sometimes," he said, "when I am weary—" hastening to add—"not of the Governorship," etc., etc.

A Slight Omission

There was only one thing that didn't happen at the banquet which might very properly not have been omitted

—a reference to the late Justice Van Dyke. It was his death that made the banquet possible but nobody thought of him. The lawyers were so enthusiastically celebrating the Quick, attesting their friendship for the judge who is coming, that they forgot all about the judge who is gone. But some of them did think of him the day after the banquet. I know they did because they told me so.

Good News for the "Slaves"

I am pleased to hear that the salary of the Rev. Charles R. Brown, minister of the Congregational gospel in Oakland, has been or is about to be increased from \$6,000 to \$7,000 a year. Now I am sure that Dr. Brown will justify his faith by his works and that he will assist by his own effort to lighten the burden of the "wage slaves" whose bitter lot he so eloquently bemoaned in a recent address before the Yale Divinity School students. A preacher that earns \$500 a month by the sweat of his tongue can well afford to give at least half of it to the poor, thus yielding half obedience to the command of the Master. Imagine any of the disciples or apostles banking \$100 a week and reserving \$25 a week for household and personal expenses! Imagine Paul, for blessed example, keeping the price of his preaching while some of the congregation at Corinth or Ephesus were on strike or forced to work sixteen hours a day for half of a silver shekel—making bricks without straw or rummaging the shards cast by scavengers on the dumping places of opulent cities! How inconsistent would have been his hoarding while the lips of the hoarders were repeating that divinely pathetic cry still quivering in the memory of men: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." I am glad that Dr. Brown's salary has been raised. He will now have a thousand dollars more with which to endow those whom he told the divinity students of Yale were enslaved for "the profit of others who are living in a weak and debilitated luxury which is made possible for them by the lack of equity in the sharing of the profits of the business." I am glad because I feel certain that it is Dr. Brown's intention to give at least \$5,000 a year of his salary to those whom he so vividly pictured as suffering from the effects of a greedy and remorseless commercialism as bitter to the victims as any bondage by the task masters of Thebes, Karnak, Memphis or Nippur.

Rewarding the Sexton

It also pleases me to learn that coincident with the increase of Dr. Brown's salary the sexton of the church over



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which he exercises a beneficent and intellectual influence, is to be rewarded for long and faithful service, by an increase of his wages amounting to \$25 a month. I hope that my information is accurate as I hope that I have been misinformed regarding the reason for this belated generosity on the part of the vestry. I hope that it is not true that the sexton, encouraged by the action of the trustees in the matter of the pastor's salary, demanded that his own stipend be fattened. I would rather think that the sexton's good fortune was the result of Dr. Brown's intercession. I would not go as far as Dr. Brown's theory of economics seems to beckon—I would not argue that a sexton, performing his duties as competently and with the fidelity of the pastor in the performance of his higher duties, should receive the same salary as the pastor; but I think I would be justified in urging that when the salary of the pastor is increased a thousand dollars a year the wages of the humble, obscure, insignificant sexton should be increased in the proportion of one-third—a modern equivalent of the tithe prescribed, I believe, by the early church authorities, for the support of those unable to support themselves. For, in justice to all concerned, while we are bemoaning the unhappy condition of the slaves of commerce and industry, let us not forget those who are hired to do the muscle-work and the drudge-labor of the sanctuary.

Rebuking a Parson

There is a rift in the lute upon which I utter this paen, a crack in the shawm that breathes my thanksgiving on behalf of Dr. Brown and his sexton. My horn, erstwhile exalted like the horn of a unicorn, must be cast down. On the same authority that gives me information concerning the fattening of Dr. Brown's substance I learn that it is the intention of Dr. E. E. Baker's congregation to cut away a thousand dollars a year from their preacher's salary, and that Dr. Baker is abroad seeking another sheepfold to guard against the ravening wolves of sin. Verily to him that hath, shall be given; and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath. The reason for this action by the Baker congregation is not definitely certified, but there seems to have been a streak of dissatisfaction in the church ever since Dr. Baker undertook to advocate the right of the citizens of Oakland to determine by their votes in the various wards of the city whether they would permit barroom traffic in strong drink. When Dr. Baker came up embattled before the City Council, like Joshua before the walls of Jericho, banners flaunting and rams' horns blowing, he was confronted by one Meese sitting in the seat of the scornful volleying and thundering. Among other things this unregenerate Gentile asked Dr. Baker if he was a member of the Country Club, and the pastor answering in the affirmative, the Philistine inquired if the highballs and the cocktails moved aright in the cafe of the club, whereupon the preacher was compelled to answer truthfully that he believed strong drink was raging in the booze department of the club. That was about all that happened to Dr. Baker on that occasion, but the scoffing multitude, irreverent of Dr. Baker's assumption of virtuous indignation against the liquor traffic, laughed

consumedly as they say in the ancient "sellers," and since that awful night the reformer has attended strictly to his business of preaching, apparently indifferent to the devilish work of Oakland's rum demon. His flock naturally objected to the unpleasant notoriety thus thrust upon their shepherd although some of them, being fellow members of the Country Club, could not join in the chorus of censure incited by his tolerance of the rich man's bar and his intolerance of the poor man's doggery. Of course this incident had nothing to do with the lopping of Dr. Baker's salary.

Moving the "Art Centre"

Elbert Hubbard, who brays loudly in the literary corals, announces that "the art centre of the world will within a decade be somewhere in the Mississippi valley." He bases this statement on the declaration that "the conditions are ripe for the production of the greatest race of men and women the world has ever seen." Only an ass could drag the "art centre" so far inland. Maud, the comic supplement mule, might have kicked the derved thing that far, but Maud is a mule and would scorn to haul the load that distance. Having located the "art centre" in the Mississippi valley this johndonkey of illiterature hee haws the "probability" that "there will be no exact centre of art, but that the art spirit will be diffused and there will be many centres, for the telephone and quick transportation distribute thought and feeling as well as things." That's a fact. No doubt; if the "art centre" is to be moved out West to grow up with the country, the "art spirit" (whatever that may chance to be), will be "diffused." It will mix with the malaria of Squedunk; it will browse around with the ague of Oshkosh; it will snoop into the highest culture of Kalamazoo; it will purify the morals of all the region of the Mississippi long since leveled to the Jim Bludso standard prescribing "one wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill and another one here in Pike"; it will certainly revolutionize the literary canons of Terre Haute where they rate Ella Wheeler Wilcox ace-high to Swinburne when he thrums the lyre of passion. Elbert Hubbard is a phenomenon. Asses have spoken with the speech of men, to mention no others than the ass that Balaam bestrode on that famous journey from Pethor to the coast of Moab, and also the Golden Ass of Apuleius; but until this Roycroft ass escaped from his native thistle-patch no ass had attempted to publish his stupidity in the types of a magazine.

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A Piedmont Gallery

If Elbert Hubbard would move the "art centre" into the corn-fed area of Indiana and Missouri, Frank C. Havens and Frank M. Smith, finance magnates of Oakland, are determined that it shall not stay there. It is reported on no better authority than the paragraph of an Oakland correspondent for a San Francisco newspaper, that it is the intention of these well-known "patrons of art" to establish an "art centre" in Piedmont. The idea originated with Mr. Havens, but it is suspected that our own James D. Phelan had something to do with it. As now formulated it is proposed by Mr. Havens to finance \$2,000,000 worth of art somewhere in the Piedmont reservation as a sort of nucleus for a Palazzo Pitti, a Luxembourg or a Louvre. If this Piedmont art enterprise doesn't move the "art centre" from Pike county to Alameda county there is no hope for art—it may as well emigrate to the place from which it came, back to Italy. I hope that the Oakland correspondent is telling the truth in this instance. An "art centre" was the one thing lacking in Alameda county. That sub-commonwealth possesses everything else—climate, culture, climbers,—the raw material, so to speak, for the upbuilding and the upkeep of an "art centre." When Mr. Havens returns from the Eastern states we shall probably learn how much of that \$2,000,000 he intends to contribute to the "art centre" and when that amount is subtracted from the total it will be easy to estimate how much Mr. Smith will give aside from his personal collection of portraits of his famous mules, twenty of which were painted by twenty of the most celebrated artists in Europe and America.

A Statesman Out of Date

Senator Perkins is certainly deserving of every bolt of wrath that may be fulminated against him by the Young Men's Christian Association, the Christian Endeavor Society, and other organizations of orthodox sectarians. When he announced on the floor of the Senate that he could not indorse a petition for the expulsion of another Senator on a charge that the Senator insisted on holding a religious belief contrary to the faith of the petitioners, Senator Perkins evidently forgot that we are still groping in the twilight of the Dark Ages. He probably imagined that because he happens to represent a constituency of the twentieth century he is at liberty to defy the bigotry of the fourteenth. Senator Perkins is an anachronism; he belongs in the enlightened environment of the distant future; he was born too soon; he is living too fast; he will die before his time.

The Gods Were Asleep

Senator Warren is another of the Perkins stripe. He also refused to condemn Senator Smoot because he is a Mormon, notwithstanding that he had been commanded to do it by a lot of old ladies and Sunday School females of certain and uncertain age, to present their petition for Smoot's expulsion "with a few remarks of his own." Senator Perkins and Senator Warren ought to be hanged, drawn, quartered, boiled in oil, broken on the wheel, burned at the stake, and finally crucified mercilessly. They are anathema. It is a pity that there is not more of them so that the punishment might be more emphatic; there is not enough heretic to serve the various methods of serving heretics. Because none of the gods of the two-and-seventy

jarring sects is recognized in the Constitution of the United States, these unregenerate infidels imagine that they are at liberty to flout those gods and mock them. I am surprised that some of the gods didn't blast those impious Senators with a few volts of the sacred lightning, as was the invariable habit of the gods in the Dark Ages when presumptuous mortals dared to question the divine right of their devotees and disciples on earth to mete out persecution or even torture and death to the "unbeliever."

Flames That Still Flicker

Even Secretary McCoy of the Young Men's Christian Association does not say that Senator Smoot should be expelled because he is guilty of any other crime than Mormonism. This Young Christian does not accuse Senator Smoot of violating any law on the statute books of State or Republic; he does not accuse the Senator of bigamy or polygamy or even of the secret vice so common among married Christians that frequently culminates in the divorce court. Mr. McCoy merely charges that Senator Smoot is a Mormon and therefore not a Young Christian. As Senator Smoot is a Mormon and therefore not a Young Christian he should be expelled from the Senate. That is the McCoy idea and it was the Torquemada idea also; it was the idea that fed the fires of Smithfield; it was the idea that dragged Hugh Latimer and Nicholas Ridley to the ditch of Balliol and burned them there; it was the idea that put the torch to Cranmer's pyre; it was the Calvinistic idea that burned Servetus over a slow fire of green twigs; it was the idea that martyred Giordano Bruno and strangled Girolamo Savonarola; it was the idea that inspired the Puritan Presbyterians of New England to persecute Baptists, burn witches and crop the ears of Quakers. It is a very ancient



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idea and Senators Perkins and Warren are very obtuse if they cannot recognize it in its twentieth century presentment.

A Mormon's Dilemma

Some of the people that desire the removal of Reed Smoot from the Senate deny that they are actuated by mediaeval bigotry or that they hate him because his superstition does not jibe with their superstition. These unbiased jurymen declare that they have ascertained beyond all cavil or dispute that Senator Smoot is "an associate of felons," and on that evidence they demand that he be forthwith evicted from the Senate. They do not say whether these "associated felons" are convicted or unconvicted. Presumably they are polygamists that have not been "found out." It is an unfortunate pleading for the persecution. If a Senator may be deprived of his office and the dignity thereunto appertaining on evidence that he is an "associate of felons," convicted or unconvicted, the United States Senate must adjourn sine die. It is not denied that there are felons in the United States Senate, and it is of record that one of them was actually convicted. Senator Burton is still at large. Others, as in the instance of Senator Platt and Senator Depew, are "under fire" awaiting the final verdict of the American people. The shoe seems to be on the other foot, and if Senator Smoot had proper self-respect he would resign rather than enter into "association" with these "felons" of the Senate. But as long as the felons persist in the place where Senator Smoot is trying to sit he cannot consistently be barred from the "association" merely because of previous similar "association" outside the Senate.

Why the Women Object

As for the women that are objecting to Senator Smoot, there can be no word of censure. They are women and polygamy is abhorrent to them—naturally. They do not hate Senator Smoot because he is Senator Smoot but because he represents the abomination of a polygamous creed. A woman rejects the scientific dictum that man is a polygamous animal. She demands that man shall cleave to one woman and she is jealous of her possession. Woman is physically and psychologically a monogamist. Women outnumber men in the world's population. There are not enough men to go around and as a rule they are hard enough to snare. Women are forced to endure civilized polygamy but they are not compelled to tolerate the polygamy of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, Solomon and the Oriental patriarchs. The women are right. Why should any of them or all of them be forced to share the blessed privilege of a husband with other women? On behalf of the women, therefore, let us persecute the Mormons out of polygamy into the comparative decency of a religion that recognizes Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David and Solomon as lofty exemplars for the children of those comprising the bulk of the two-and-seventy jarring sects, all of whom believe that these ancient Mormons were divinely inspired but that their inspiration does not extend to their posterity or justify the plurality of wives among those that accept them as holy men in direct converse with Jehovah.

Art on the Auction Block

Perhaps Mr. Phelan thinks that \$600, \$100, and \$50 is ample compensation for all the good that can come out

of the Nazareth of Californian art. I am inclined to agree with him since reading the list of prices paid for the paintings in the Irving M. Scott collection recently sold in New York. At this sale fifty-seven pictures were offered among which were ten paintings by Californian artists and only two of them, both by Keith, exceeded the Phelan limit. Only one of them, however, touched the middle distance prize offered by Mr. Phelan; and none sank as low as \$50. In justice to Mr. Phelan it must be admitted that on the basis of this Scott vendue, our Maecenas has hung up a sufficient purse for the Phelan art handicap. The prices offered at the Scott sale were about evenly divided on the \$600 basis—thirty paintings were sold for more than \$600 and twenty-seven were sold for less. One picture, a Teniers, was sold for more than \$600, and singularly the title of the picture was "First Aid." Who can tell?—perhaps the Phelan prize will be "first aid" to some artist starving in the garrets of our local Bohemia! Still I do not believe that our opulent artists whose fame is world-wide and whose coffers burst with the wealth acquired by their genius will compete for the Phelan prizes. There should be no lack of competitors, however. A thousand amateurs and a hundred hungry, inglorious Coreggios are probably splashing industriously on canvases bought on tick. The result is certain to be beneficial. If three of the hungry inglorious win it will be food in their empty larders; and in any event it will be excellent practice for the amateurs.

La Belle Russe

In the elevator of a Sutter street apartment house I met, the other day, a woman whose presence in San Francisco surprised me as much as would that, similarly unheralded, of the Queen of Bulgaria. This woman, whom we may call Madame X., since I have no means of knowing what she now calls herself, was once the wife of one of Russia's most celebrated scientists and afterward the president of the Russian Club in Paris, where I first saw her. The Russian Club is a society of exiles and revolutionists, and when I drank tea in that environment, as the guest of an hour, Madame Z. was the leader of all that went forward. She is the daughter of a prince, and has two sisters who married Russian noblemen not many removes from the

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throne. Her father was sent to Siberia when she was four years old, and in that cold waste she lived until she was eighteen, in boy's clothing, without schooling and without feminine associates. Then her father was pardoned, she returned with him to Moscow and a few years later inherited from him a considerable fortune. Since that time she has become an admirable violinist, a painter whose work has been exhibited at the Salon, an etcher of quality and a journalist. When she lived in Paris she still wore masculine attire during the hours of sun, but after dark dressed herself in skirts, still, however, with extremely bizarre effects. On the evening of our first meeting I remember she had on a gown of black silk, with a mediaeval cloak of black velvet hanging from one shoulder and fastened there with a great buckle of diamonds. Her arms and shoulders, and very wonderful arms and shoulders they were, were bare, and the open V in her bodice, front and back, literally reached to the waist line. She sang some of Maeterlinck's lyrics, recited some of his other verses, smoked cigarettes, drank fearful Russian drinks, swore softly in three languages and talked politics like a Prime Minister. I don't know what brought her to San Francisco, and I didn't ask her in our momentary conversation because she is the kind of woman of whom one does not ask questions unless encouraged. But I am sure she is not here for her health.

The Stork and the Eagle

My Washington correspondent writes: "Some members of Congress who recently returned from Grand Rapids, Mich., to attend a dinner, are telling in the cloak rooms one of Representative J. Adam Bede's stories. Mr. Bede was one of the speakers at the banquet. He expressed regret at the absence of Representative Watson of Indiana who was detained on account of 'a family event.' 'Under the Roosevelt administration,' continued Bede, 'the eagle is no longer the bird of the American emblem; he has been superseded by the stork, but the only difference between the two is that while the eagle shrieks the stork delivers the goods.'"

The Way of the Missionary

There are plenty of defenders of missionaries, but none of them will be found in the customs house. Ask the appraisers and inspectors there what they think of missionaries, and they will tell you that these Christianizers of the heathen are more trouble even than army officers. No missionary's effects are passed without a most rigid inspection, and it is generally found that an attempt is made to deceive as to the value and classification of goods brought in. They bring stacks of stuff that would bring good prices in the open market, and are always very indignant that their intentions or motives should be questioned.

Madam M. E. Hale

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All of which indicates that they impart all of their Christian principles to the heathen and keep none for themselves.

The Cultured Browning

Next Tuesday the Browning Society will celebrate the birthdays and wedding anniversary of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. The Browning Club considers itself the most important literary club in society and its membership roll reads like that of Greenway's Friday Night list. Membership however does not necessarily mean a love for or knowledge of Robert's poetry. Elizabeth's is more easily understood, but I am told that some of the society members of the Browning Club hire interpreters to explain the hidden meanings lying in Robert's verse.

Good Example Set by Society Men

When Frank S. Johnson, the young society man of Sausalito, peddled shrimps from his red automobile, there were those who sneered and others who looked upon his act as an idle freak. But he made twelve dollars from the day's work—and that's more ready cash than many a young society man handles in a week. I know of an Alameda family that suffered a disruption from which it has never quite recovered because one of its members insisted, and still insists, on peddling. I refer to the Cohens, who have a beautiful Alameda home, "Fernside." They stand high in the Encinal City society and are on intimate terms with many army people. One of the daughters, Mrs. Gerritt Livingston Lansing, is prominent in San Francisco's smart set. The discord in the family came years ago when Don Cohen, the handsome younger son, fell in love with and married the family housemaid—a beautiful girl with whom he has lived happily ever since. This blow to the family pride was added to when young Cohen became a farmer—not a fancy farmer, but a plain grower of vegetables. Moreover, when his garden truck was ready for the market, he loaded it into his wagon and peddled it through Alameda. Also he raised poultry which he disposed of in the same way. And he has prospered. He is noted for having the



Hearken!

Sober up on

Jackson's

Napa Soda

sweetest peas, the most succulent asparagus, the most toothsome corn and the tenderest, juiciest, plumpest turkeys, geese, chickens and ducks in Alameda. He has a prosperous business, a charming wife and two children, he is perfectly happy and contented even though his family has never become entirely reconciled to his career. Many a co-tillion dancer might follow his example with credit to himself.



Photo by Genthe

Miss Loretta Carroll

Whose engagement with Dudley Fargo Fish was announced this week. The engagement was made known to Miss Carroll's friends in rather a novel way. About forty of the Carrolls' circle of friends were invited to a five hundred party last Saturday afternoon. As the guests entered they noticed that hearts and cupids were the staple of the decorations, mingled with the season's fruit blossoms. In the dining-room the same scheme of decoration was carried out, and the dainty sandwiches, cakes and ices were all heart-shaped with cupid ornaments, as were the favors. One of the guests was curious enough to inquire the reason of the decoration scheme, and then Mrs. Carroll made the announcement of her daughter's engagement. Miss "Toddy" Carroll, as she is familiarly known, is the daughter of the late J. J. Carroll. She is still in her teens but is a U. C. graduate. She is quite an artist and is a member of the fraternity Delta Nu of the Hopkins Art School. Mr. Fish's grandfather was one of the founders of Wells, Fargo & Co. The wedding will take place in the fall.

Mrs. Carolan's Tip

Mrs. Frank Carolan's commercial instinct is blessed by a merchant of this town who has profited by it. Mrs. Carolan originated an idea in the arrangement and selection of a breakfast set for the serving of the morning meal

in the privacy of the bed-room or boudoir, and her inherited commercial instinct told her that if any store made a specialty of these sets the sale would be large. She mentioned the matter to a clerk who had often waited upon her and grew enthusiastic over the possibilities. The clerk listened attentively and acquiesced politely. A few days later Mrs. Carolan again visited the store, expecting to see that her idea had been carried into effect. In imagination she saw breakfast sets the main feature of the store. But not one was in sight. She sought out the clerk, and



Mrs. Malcolm Henry

Who received the guests at the Assembly Mardi Gras ball on Tuesday night. Mrs. Henry is the daughter of that indefatigable society leader and Daughter of the Confederacy, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies. Mrs. Henry is well equipped for social leadership, and her long residence in Washington, D. C., familiarized her with all the details that go to make society functions, large or small, formal or informal, successful. She is one of four sisters: Marie, who married Captain Haldimand Young; Anna, now Mrs. Tom Bishop, and Leila, who married Lieutenant Guy Scott.

If you desire pre-eminence as host place **Repsold's** wine upon your board. Inspection invited. 420 Pine Street.

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noting by his manner that he had not really thought much of the idea, she sought the manager. "Mr. Cut Glass," she said, "you have the stupidest, most unprogressive lot of clerks I ever saw. It's a wonder you are not a bankrupt." And she told him of her idea and of the scorn with which it had been received. She seemed a little indignant that the clerk had failed to appreciate the suggestion, but the merchant assured her that he would take her tip and he did. Within a week a long counter down the centre of the store was laden with breakfast sets. They sold like the proverbial hot cakes, and the merchant was very grateful to the society lady for putting money in his purse.

Why She Attended

Since Mrs. Francis Carolan returned from Europe the press bavardes have given her large space in their columns. Her gowns and movements have quite thrown into the background those of Queen Eleanor and Mrs. Peter Martin who are relegated to the also rans and it is invariably conceded that she is the most striking figure at every function. She has made a study of artistic gowning and always manages to be the most picturesque personage in every crowd. Mrs. Carolan does not care for dances but she appeared at the last Greenway ball, it is said, for the sake of her guest, Captain Wood, who wanted to see how San Francisco girls dance.

Their Iron Rule

The Saturday Night Club, which danced for the last time this season last week, will next season begin its career as a real society organization. Nearly all the members will debut next winter. The patronesses of the Saturday Night Club—Mrs. George Ashton, Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Louis Monteagle and Mrs. George A. Moore—aim to make the dances of the same character as those of the old Fortnightly Club during the first years of Mrs. Salisbury's regime. Simplicity is their keynote and exclusiveness their watchword. One rule will hold fast, I am told, next season as it has during this: No intoxicant, not even the faintest suggestion of punch, will be tolerated.

The Mills Reception

The Mills family have moved into their new home in Pacific avenue, where Miss Ardella Mills gave a large reception last Thursday for her sister, Miss Bessie. The latter has, I hear, given up her literary labors for awhile and is giving "Primitive Man" a rest while she studies music. Both the Mills girls have fine voices. At Thursday's tea there was a large showing of the stronger sex, something unusual at a tea given on any day but Saturday or Sunday. However the Mills girls are very popular and

whenever they hostess a reception everybody wants to go. They do not confine their invitations to the "who's whos" but ask everybody they consider worth while.

Barry and Fay's Old Play

I did not see Murray and Mack in their play, "Around the Town," but I met comedian Mack some distance from the theatre and during the course of our conversation I learned that the play out of which he is making a good deal of money is one in which I saw those two great Irish comedians, Barry and Fay, many years ago. The play was originally called "McKenna's Flirtations." "It's remarkable," said Mack, after he learned that I was familiar with the piece, "that since our revival of the old play under a new name it has not been recognized by a single critic. In New York it was pronounced an up-to-date farce and all along the road it has been commended for its freshness. Yet it was first put on about twenty years ago." Mack, by the way, is to marry, at the end of this season, Elfie Fay, daughter of Fay the comedian of the old team of Barry and Fay. Elfie Fay was seen at the Orpheum a little over a year ago. She is now being starred in "A Belle of Avenue A."

Nervous Governor Carter

My Honolulu correspondent writes that Governor Carter is preparing for a trip to San Francisco and that he expects to make a long stay on the coast. "He says," continues my correspondent, "that he needs a rest, being still in a state of nervous prostration due to the cares of office. This explanation of his condition is considered absurd in view of the fact that the entire extent of the Hawaiian territory is not equal to that of San Bernardino county and the number of its inhabitants including Japs, Chinese, Koreans, Porto Ricans, Molokans and Malays does not equal the white population of the county of Alameda. The chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Alameda county occupies a more responsible position than that of the Governor of this territory."

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Gorlitz Is Here

Hugo Gorlitz has come to town. Mr. Gorlitz is a world-famous impresario, a man who has never been identified with mediocrity in the musical art. He first came to San Francisco with Paderewski when that gentleman made his first transcontinental trip. He is now representing Jan Kubelik, the great violinist. Mr. Gorlitz, by the way, is the husband of Amy Sherwin, the Australian prima donna, who came to this city with the Strackosch Opera Company many years ago. She is now one of the most successful vocal teachers of London. Mr. Gorlitz brings news of Ellen Beach Yaw, the Californian prima donna. He says that she is now a finished artist. She took lessons from Madame Marchesi in Paris, and that famous instructor cured her of her many imperfections and made of her a fine vocalist.

The Water War of Oakland

The war between the Contra Costa Water Company and the Realty Syndicate has been carried into the courts of Contra Costa county. The Contra Costa Water Company secured an injunction restraining the Realty Syndicate from constructing a dam and last week a motion was made to dissolve the injunction. The matter was taken under advisement. Some very interesting legal history is likely to be made during the course of the litigation over water rights, the best legal talent in the state having been secured on both sides. The attorneys for the Contra Costa company are John Garber, E. S. Pillsbury and Garret McEnerney, and the Realty company has employed several men to assist Mr. A. A. Moore, of the Southern Pacific's law department. I hear that a great deal of surprise and much gossip were occasioned by the appearance of the distinguished Mr. Moore, for it was recalled that he was employed at one time by W. J. Dingee, the head and front of the Contra Costa company. Moreover he was employed to represent that company in a law suit, but from the way he discussed matters in court last week it was evident he did not feel that he was under any obligations to his old clients. Lawyers, however, are not expected to let sentiment interfere with business, and one fee cannot be expected to cover a multitude of cases. The relationship of attorney and client is not perpetual. It is regulated by the ethics of the profession.

The Automatic Phone

The Home Telephone Company seems now to be in a fair way to get a franchise in this city. This is the company that gives automatic service and makes a central office unnecessary. The system is in operation in Los Angeles and the company is doing a flourishing business there.

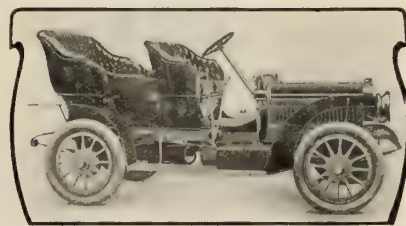
Mrs. A. Comte hostessed a five hundred party at her home in Guerrero street last week, which was a very pleasant affair. Handsome prizes were given the winners and afterward there was a short but charming musical program.

Mrs. Crellin's Testimonial

The sad plight of Mrs. Bessie Paxton and her two children having aroused the sympathetic nature of Mrs. E. W. Crellin, known to theatregoers as Camille D'Arville, she determined to raise some money for the unfortunate

woman and she is now arranging a testimonial benefit to take place at the Tivoli, March thirteenth. Mrs. Crellin may be relied upon to secure some fine talent for the occasion. She set a good example by paying one hundred dollars for a box, and at her request the following society women have become patronesses: Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. W. A. Foster, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. J. D. Spreckels Jr., Mrs. J. K. Wilson, Mrs. Mark Gerstle and the Misses Alice and Ethyl Hager. Tickets may be obtained at the apartments of Mrs. Crellin at the Empire. The reservation of seats will begin at the Tivoli next Tuesday.

Joseph Arthur, author of "Blue Jeans" and other famous plays, who died in New York last week, was planning to visit California next month to make the first production of one of his new comedies. He was fifty-six years old, the son of an Indiana clergyman, and was widely beloved for his magnetic and manly qualities.



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Among the many improvements is an automatic governor which limits the speed of the engine when the latter is disconnected, eliminating vibration and saving much fuel and energy. Another is the mechanically operated oil feed (found on all Cadillac models), which supplies oil to the engine in accordance with its speed, keeping it always in a state of perfect lubrication. Transmission is of the exclusive Cadillac planetary type with specially cut and hardened gears. The bodies are of unusual elegance, and luxuriously appointed. Wheel base of model H (30 h. p.) 100 inches; Model L (40 h. p.) 110 inches. Practically noiseless; comfortable and easy-riding as a Pullman Coach.

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John Herd

The man who sold twelve thousand acres of overflowed tule lands in the San Joaquin delta the other day for \$35 an acre. When Mr. Herd arrived in California his wardrobe consisted of a suit of white flannels. Several weeks ago I told the story of Herd's career in this state, how he made a fortune without a cent of capital by reclaiming tule lands, and last Tuesday the *Examiner* devoted a column to the same story.

The Fear Of Phrases

Heartless Science is never done frightening the child public out of its five wee wits. Not many years since, Max Nordau scooped his fellow journalists out of a great story, and had it published under the scare-head, "Degeneration." For months, the thing kept people awake nights, looking themselves all over, in fear and trembling, for one or more of the terrible stigmata. All but the bravest stood in abject dread of their mirrors. The absence of ear-lobes or the presence of I have forgotten what drove many a man to drink. Honesty of a symmetrical—that is to say, crooked face—had no heart to sleep lest it wake up to find itself a thief. Heredity fairly hounded us. We children went about, distraught, seeking ways whereby to escape those awful visitants, our fathers' sins. In the mind of more than one imaginative youth, the future loomed up black

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as midnight, with ghosts walking therein, those inevitable ghosts so magnificently exploited by Ibsen. After the manner of medical students, readers of Nordau found themselves degenerates all; of Lombroso, themselves criminals, of some alienist or other, themselves insane. And so on.

The Old Age Bugaboo

Now to us poor kids in the dark—the night—fear heavy on us—comes that scientific gentleman unafraid, Dr. Minot, of Harvard, and cries "Boo!" at the top of his learned voice, the while he holds up old age, as it were a skull, before our bulging eyes, going his terrifying confrere, Dr. Osler, one better, or rather, fifteen worse. Scarce are we out of our teens, booes he, bad boy that he is, when old age, the period of permanent fatigue, sets in. Not at forty, as Osler hath it, but at five and twenty is the beginning of the end sans everything. Nay, we begin to grow old or ever we are born. So saith Embryology with a big E. The devil! Henceforth, young men and maidens needs live in fear of twenty-five. What was once thought to be goodly youth turns out to be, at best, golden-haired old age. God-a-mercy! Come and kiss me, sweet and twenty, and be quick about it, too. Youth's a stuff that won't endure—not for you, my dear—more than five years; and forget not that, as Stevenson tells us young people in the foreword to his "Virginibus Puerisque," even with the best will in the world, one cannot be twenty-five forever. But, seriously, there is nothing in these night fears to make one's hair turn gray. As for me, I comfort myself in my old age with the reflection that, after all, facts are just facts, even as they have been time out of mind, whether we live in baneful knowledge of them or in blissful ignorance thereof. The very worst of them are less to be dreaded

Presidio Terrace

Best Way to Enjoy Life

If you live in "stuffy" apartments or a flat, probably where there is considerable noise in the street day and night, you should rescue yourself, so to speak.

A home—a real home—is what you want and should have—and can get. The place is Presidio Terrace, the first residence park established in San Francisco.

A HOME IN PRESIDIO TERRACE

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Only 20 minutes' ride from Eddy and Market Streets.

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San Francisco



Miss Louise Levy

Whose engagement with Mr. Lewis Gura, a wealthy jeweler of New York, has just been announced. The engagement is the outcome of a meeting abroad some years ago. Miss Levy is well known in musical circles as an amateur cornet soloist of ability.

caught in phrases than at large. For old fogeys of six-and-twenty and upwards to have at Science as if she were responsible for the facts seems to me to set the limit of intellectual growth far below the allotted one score years and five, to support my own private opinion that the majority of men are senile before birth; an opinion which, is well founded, goes to prove that Dr. Minot is as unscientifically generous to mankind as any one could well wish.

An Adventurous Californian Who Is Missing

For some reason the daily newspapers have given very little space to Albert Sonnichsen, the writer who has disappeared in Macedonia. Yet Sonnichsen is a notable young man whose death would be a distinct loss to the literary world. His "Ten Months a Captive Among the Filipinos" went through several editions, and is recognized not only as a stirring book of adventure but as one full of unusually good information regarding the interior tribes of the Philippines. Sonnichsen inherited the love of adventure which made him a soldier of fortune. His mother, who still lives in San Francisco, is a sister of the explorer, Luckhardt, who took a large party of people into the interior of Australia. The whole party disappeared. Twenty years afterward Luckhardt was found, demented, living the life of a prehistoric man. No trace was ever found of the others. Sonnichsen's father was one of several brothers who came to America with a Mormon party. The father of our hero deserted the Mormons and came to San Francisco, where he was consul for Denmark and Norway. Albert was born here while his father was consul. The love of adventure was in his blood, and combined with it was an insatiable appetite for reading. When fourteen years old he ran away to sea and remained away five years,

visiting every part of the globe. He had been back but a short time when the war with Spain broke out, and he went to the Philippines with the California Volunteers. There he was captured and went through the adventures that are related in his book. The book, which was written after his return to San Francisco, was his first literary venture. He took it personally to New York and offered it to the Scribners, who immediately accepted it. Then he went to work as a reporter on a New York daily.

He Became a Lion

His first assignment was a society affair. He made a "fluke" of it, having neither the training nor the inclination necessary to the acceptable reporting of an afternoon tea. Then he began writing Sunday stories for one of the dailies. The water front was his theme, and his work attracted attention. Mrs. Van Raensaellar Cruger took him up and made a lion of him. S. S. McClure, attracted by his work, commissioned him to write a book of sea stories, and paid him one thousand dollars in advance that he might retire to a small town near New York and work undisturbed. The book, although McClure was delighted with it, did not meet popular favor. Next, Sonnichsen took a commission from the New York *Evening Post* to go to Bulgaria and write letters from that country. According to advices received he went from Bulgaria to Macedonia, and since entering that country nothing has been heard from him. Yet his friends and relatives are not overmuch worried. He has had so many hairbreadth escapes in the twenty-eight years of his life, and has so many times turned up all right after long disappearances, that they feel that he will be heard of again.

Dramatics at California

Mrs. Will Maddern's play, "A Princess in Poverty Place" was given at the California Club on Tuesday after-



Miss Adele Welisch

One of San Francisco's clever violinists, Miss Welisch is the youngest member of the Minetti Orchestra and has lately organized the Mignon Ladies' Quartet. She studied for some years with Sir Henry Heyman. Miss Welisch has composed some very brilliant rhapsodies.

A Different Candy—Deliciously different—Old Fashioned Chocolate Creams. Only at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

noon before a large audience of members and their friends, and with the following cast: Barbara, a shop-girl, Miss Merle Maddern; Vashti, a vaudeville artist, Miss Dolly Chapman; Alien, a society girl, Miss Josephine Cohn; Cicely, her chaperon, Mrs. James Martin; Child, a waif of Poverty Place, Vivian Strowbridge. The incidental music for the play was composed by Dorothy Crawford. Mrs. Maddern, the author, is a relative of Mrs. Fiske and of Jack London's former wife. Miss Chapman, who had the role of Vashti, is one of the cleverest amateur actresses in Alameda society. Miss Cohn, who played Alien, is a sister of Daisy Cohn, the soprano of Temple Emanu-El, and like her sister is a charming brunette.

Art and Artists

A double exhibition will open at Elder's next Thursday, to continue until March seventeenth. The occasion is a display of the leather work of Anna C. Crane, consisting of carved, modeled, and stained leather. Miss Crane has been a faithful worker for many years past, developing lines of original study, and this is her first public exhibition. There will also be shown samples of the book binding of Rosa G. Taussig. Miss Taussig has studied under Douglas Dockerell of London and Cesare Tartagli of Florence. This is the first exhibition of her work.

Eva Almond Withrow's exhibition of paintings and drawings is now on at Claxton's gallery. Cards for the private view were issued for Thursday and Friday of this week.

Since Gertrude Partington made her first large artistic hit with her "California Girl" calendar she has been making swift progress in her art studies. She has been in Paris for some time and her latest works were shown at the exhibition of the Women's Art Association.

Anne Frances Briggs brought back many sketches of English and Italian scenery as the result of her recent European trip.

The Newhall Clan

I hear that Mr. Houghtelling, Margaret Newhall's Chicago fiance, is convalescing rapidly under the influence of the benign climate and environment of the Newhall family. The Newhalls are now settled in their new home in Green street. The Edwin Newhalls are soon to build themselves a house to equal in grandeur the residences of the George and Mayo Newhalls.

The Spinners Hear Elmer

The Spinners Club captured the attractive young Berkeley playwright, Elmer Harris, this week, and enthused over him while he discussed Bjornson's "Beyond Human Power." This play was in Mrs. Pat Campbell's repertory, but she did not produce it in this city. The play deals with the mental science fad and the heroine is in bed during most of the action. Mr. Harris seems to have hypnotized the club women on this side of the bay as effectively as he did the women of Oakland.

The modern girl when asked by her fiancee what kind of a jewel she wishes answers: "An auto."

Pardee Endorsed by Perkins

It now appears that Mr. E. A. Hayes was in error when he said that Mr. F. R. Porter was not the political representative of his brother, Mr. J. O. Hayes. Porter



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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Application of } No. 100495
CAHN OPTICAL CO. } Dept. 7
for Change of Name

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

The Cahn Optical Co. having filed in this Court its verified petition for an order changing its name to the Cahn-Standard Optical Co.;

It is hereby ordered that the fifth day of April, 1906, be, and the same is hereby fixed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said matter be and appear before said Superior Court, Department 7 thereof, at its courtroom in the City Hall, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day then and there to show cause if any they have why its application for change of name should not be granted;

It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of hearing said application be given by publishing a copy of this order to show cause for four successive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated February 27, 1906.

THOS. F. GRAHAM
Judge of the Superior Court

has been writing to Senator Perkins, telling him of his interest in the gubernatorial candidate from San Jose, and Senator Perkins has been writing to Porter telling him why he could not assist J. O. Hayes in the achievement of his ambition. His reason for denying Hayes his assistance is that he (Perkins) lives in Alameda county whence comes one George C. Pardee, who, according to the Senator, has made "an excellent Chief Executive." As the Perkins letter was given out for publication I should infer that while Mr. Porter is for Hayes, Governor Pardee is his second choice. Ever since reading the letter I have been trying to solve the motive of the Hayes manager in making public the Senatorial endorsement of the Pardee administration. Perhaps Mr. E. A. Hayes knew what he was talking about when he said that Porter is not his brother's manager.

The hero of McGrath's clever novelette "Hearts and Masks" is a successful automobile agent.

A Shipboard Romance

The engagement of Miss Gladys Kaufman and Hubert Samuel, just made known, will come as a surprise to their relatives and friends in faraway Australia. The engagement is the outcome of a trip on the *Ventura*, when both were on their way to visit friends in San Francisco. Miss Kaufman's home is in Melbourne and her fiance is a son of a wealthy merchant of Sidney.

The world's greatest cellist, Gerardy, is soon to make his appearance here and will be heard in concerts at the Columbia.

A Bunch of Artistic Little Folk

The "grown ups" of the Alcazar stock company will be reinforced by a stage full of clever children, for the much discussed production of "The Little Princess" next week. Of course Effie Bond, the tiny ingenue, will have Willie Jones' role of twelve year old Sara Crewe, but there will also be Ollie Cooper, whose fame is greater than her inches, as Becky the slavey; Irene Clinton, who played the little mother in the New York production of "The Fatal Wedding"—now being acted by Ollie at the Alhambra; Hazel Sweet, the precocious child of "The Girl with the Green Eyes," as Lottie, the girl who didn't "know her sevens," and a score of others with the midget soubrette Frances Marrigan, who sang "The Yankee Doodle Boys" in the Alhambra's "Black Crook," to lead the specialty of singing and dancing which enlivens Sara's birthday party at Miss Minchin's Academy. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's dainty fantasy of childhood is new to the San Francisco stage. Its sweetness and simplicity should be like an oasis in a desert strewn thick with the skeletons of turbulent farces, robust romantic plays and dramas of degeneracy. And its appeal will not be more powerful to children than to their elders, with its eloquent awakening of the memory of long ago "make believe" days. So confident is the management that an extra Thursday matinee has been arranged.

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March 14th, 16th and 17th.

A Poem of the Elder Prime

Edwin Markham, the educated poet, has been cavorting about in the darkest backward and abysm of time chasing a "wild sea-heart" whom he calls "Virgilia," in compliment, probably, to Dante's cicerone on that personally conducted excursion through Inferno. Poet Markham's antique love uttered a "lightsome laugh" and her gray hair was a "dark glory." She "sent a sea-fire into his being" and it was also "the lure of the lyric grief." This was "ages ago in life's first wonder" and "one after one the stars were slipping pearl after pearl to the bowl of night" (vide Omar Khayyam) and three moons were "dipping into the waves, all white." When Poet Markham shall have achieved a "cult" like Poet Browning it will be one of the queries of the "students": Were the three moons all white? or were the waves all white? And the "problem" will be insoluble; like those propounded by Poet Browning. Poet Markham's pre-historic adventure is divided into three aeons; in the first aeon he follows Virgilia "over rock and reef" and she "swore to a lover's trysting, in those quick glances back"; follows fast "through the white sea-splendor, drawn on by that mystery strangely tender, the lure of the lyric pain," until she "sang one song (for her old Kentucky home) from her "wild sea-heart"

The South Seas and Tahiti.

A traveler says: "Go to Tahiti, if only for the steamer's stay. There is no nicer place in all the world. If you remain over a steamer, so much the better. The climate is perfect, the scenery magnificent, the people delightful. In fact, the very aura of the place possesses a peculiar and subtle charm that is irresistible." Office, 653 Market St., San Francisco. S. S. Mariposa sails March 11.

and disappeared in the mist, after which they "went whirling (like a pair of Dervishes), ages and world's apart." In the second aeon Poet Markham is trying to find Virgilia—his song, he says, "will search through the worlds" for her, "till the Seven Seas waste and the Seven Stars wither, and the dream of the heart comes true"; or, as Bayard Taylor phrased it: "Till the sun grows cold, and the stars are old, and the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!" The third aeon is now rushing headlong to its climax and conclusion with Poet Markham still on the trail of the vanished Virgilia whom he hopes to meet "in some field of faery, twined round by the sea and the scented vales," where they will "stray moon-charmed in a high-hung, airy dream-wood of nightingales."

Yoked Epithet and Apt Alliteration

I have frequently pondered Poet Markham's poetry and in my pondering I have wondered what sort of poetry it would be if divested of its apt alliteration and its far-fetched compounds. In this latest accouchement of the Markham muse I count sixteen verbal twins, the product of twenty-four labored stanzas. Two of these hyphenated deliveries are superior to my weak understanding. Poet Markham says in one place that he met his Virgilia "long ago in the light sea-laughters," and in another verse he predicts that they will "meet at last by the love-loud trees." Now will somebody more wise than I, more conversant with the esoteric divagations of the Markham frenzy, kindly inform me what sort of a region it is where lovers meet in "light sea-laughters," and in what species "love-loud trees" may be classified botanically? And "star-stilled,"—"as we go star-stilled in th emystic gar-



JAN KUEELIK

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FLORENCE ROBERTS and EUGENE ORMONDE
In Act 1 of "The Strength of the Weak" at the Columbia

den"—what is the meaning of "star-stilled" in that poetic environment? Will some one kindly construe for me this mystic, cryptic verse-trick? Resorting once more to statistics—mystic statistics, the Poet would say—I count forty-six distinct and glaring alliterations in the ninety-six lines of the poem; there may be others but if there are they are too subtle for my untuned ear and they have escaped me. Furthermore it may be set down as an axiomatic truth that something may be learned from anything, and in this instance we learn that "in life's first wonder," ages ago when chaos was still an anarchy on the outer verge of the visible universe, a woman was named Virgilia. We guess, therefore, that the oldest woman was Virgilia. That is something to know and Poet Markham may be assured that in revealing this fact to us he has not written wholly in vain.

An Idealized Markham

Poet Markham's poem is appropriately illustrated with a headpiece in which a yearn-faced gentleman apparently about thirty-four years of age, naked as to his upper half, is out-reaching for a nude lady seemingly still in her twen-

ties with a suspicion-haunted expression on her dream-drawn countenance. (It will be observed that I am compounding the Markham felony and that the vice of alliteration is contagious.) It is easy to imagine that this picture represents Poet Markham in pursuit of the coy and mist-sundered Virgilia. But I am sure that the artist has idealized the Poet, for the last time I saw him he was whiskered like the bearded Turk and gray as the granite that beetles baldly on the bleak, bare brow of Bernardino's blasted bastions. The Markham in the picture is clean-shaven as Shag-pat.

An English Lochinvar

My Los Angeles correspondent writes me: "The romantic courtship of Evelyn Prewitt by Harold Fletcher Elliott will have its happy ending next Tuesday when their wedding will be solemnized in Christ Church. Miss Prewitt is a Kentucky girl of beauty, charm and wealth. Mr. Elliott is a young Englishman. Considerable excitement was infused into his wooing of 'the belle of St. James Park' by his pursuit of Miss Prewitt across the ocean when she went across the Atlantic last spring. Young Elliott caught up with the Prewitt party before they left England and persuaded them to meet his family at the old country home. The good impression which he had al-



CHARLES WALDRON

The Alcazar actor who doesn't like dramatic critics because they don't write literature.

ready made was strengthened there and the engagement was reported soon after the return home."

Mrs. Allien Bobs Up

Announcement was made in the despatches the other day of the marriage in New York of George Livingstone and Mrs. Lillian Barnes, known also as Mrs. Allien, owner of the famous Rancocas stock farm of New Jersey. It was not long ago—only five years—that the will of Pierre Lorillard, an aristocrat of the turf, caused a stir when it was found that he had left the famous Rancocas stables to the woman who had been his companion ever since his estrangement from his wife. Mrs. Allien, as she chose to be called, had a handsome home in New York where Lorillard spent a great deal of his time when he was not cruising in his yacht with the woman. When the will disclosed the bequest of the great Rancocas farm to that woman, the widow and the children Pierre Jr., Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer and William Kent, talked of starting a contest, but they finally decided to let the property go, upon the agreement, as I have been told, that Mrs. Allien should never race her horses in the Lorillard colors, cherry and black. She has kept this agreement, but about a year after Lorillard's

death she appeared at Saratoga at the height of the fashionable season, driving three horses abreast, chariot style. The horses were high-steppers, the coach was perfectly correct and the dress of the fair driver something dashing. At first she was not recognized and all Saratoga was taken by the ears until somebody noticed that the woman had adorned her outfit with the famous cherry and black of the Lorillard stables, and then it was easy to guess that she was none other than Mrs. Allien. At once society turned a cold shoulder. Mrs. Allien has never since displayed the Lorillard colors in public. All that is known of her present husband is that he was once Commissioner of Public Works of New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Geissler (Carol Moore) are now located in Chicago whither Mr. Geissler's new position called him.

Warde to Lecture

An important series of lectures on "Shakespeare and His Art" is announced to be given by Frederick Warde at Steinway hall on the evenings of March 7th, 8th, 9th and

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on Saturday afternoon, March 10th. Mr. Warde brings to his talk on Shakespeare the association and the culture that have always commanded the highest respect, and the lectures arranged cover not only the studies but the popular side of Shakespeare's writings. The field which Mr. Warde will cover is best illustrated by announcing the titles of the lectures, which are: "The Art of Oratory as Illustrated by Shakespeare"; "The Wit and Wisdom of Shakespeare's Fools"; "Shakespeare as an Apostle of Christianity," and "The Women of Shakespeare." The price of tickets for the four lectures is placed at \$1.50, to be had of Katherine Heath Angelo, P. O. Box 626, San Francisco.

George A. Newhall has purchased one of the new 1906 Packard cars which is to be delivered to him the first week of April in Paris.

The Pacific Motor Car Company are now agents for the Stearns car. This is a very high classed high powered car. One of these cars was recently purchased by Laurence Scott.

The Gadski Farewell

So many have wished to hear Gadski again that she has been persuaded to give a farewell concert at the Tivoli tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon at 2:30. The prices will range from 75 cents to \$1.50 and seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s; on Sunday after 10 a. m. at the Tivoli. The following program will be offered: Aria from Aida, Verdi, Classical German songs—Im Herbst, Franz, Der Tod und das Mädchen, Schubert, Lotusblume, Schumann, Little Fritz, C. M. v. Weber; Miscellaneous modern songs—Beloved it is morn (by request), Aylward, Ich stand in dunkelin Traumen, La Forge, Strampelchen, Hildach, Morgen, Richard Strauss, Verborgeneheit, Wolf, Thine Only, Bohm; Scene from the first act of Tristan and Isolde, Wagner. Frank La Forge will play Schumann's Romanze in F sharp major, the Brahms Rhapsodie in B minor and two numbers of his own composition.

The Financial Field

The week shortened by the national holiday shows a fair amount of business in the Stock and Bond Exchange. Transactions in Bonds aggregate \$330,000, in Shares 7,766, divided as follows: 725 Lighting, 3,435 Water, 1,041 Miscellaneous, 180 Banks and 2,385 Sugars. No fluctuations in the Lighting group. Water stocks attracted a good deal of attention. Contra Costa advanced to a fraction above 48. There is said to be quite a short interest; if this is a fact you may look for higher figures. Spring Valley Water experienced quite a decline to 38 3/4. The rights to certain waters in Alameda county are being contested by another company; furthermore, the company's affairs are under annual examination and the attitude of the new Board of Supervisors is causing some anxiety. In the Miscellaneous group Alaska Packers showed considerable strength, making an advance to 58. Sugars are beginning to attract more attention. I believe they have had a decline far beyond justification and consequently they ought to have a reaction towards higher prices.

—*The Financier.*

Those who attended "Wagner Night" last Thursday evening at the Cafe Fiesta, will hereafter attend every Thursday night concert—the music was indescribably grand. The orchestra, directed by Bernat Jaulus, numbered twenty-four pieces.

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The Stage

Miss Smith's Wonderful Play

John Cort, manager of Florence Roberts, did that actress a grievous injustice in presenting her as an unpopular priced star in such a play as "The Strength of the Weak." Mr. Cort needs a reader, one who knows something of the technique of the drama, to safeguard him against fiascos. No competent reader would accept a play that violates so many important dramatic principles as does Alice M. Smith's "The Strength of the Weak." Rules are often violated with impunity by playwrights in plays that succeed despite indifference to time-honored principles, but Alice M. Smith has not the genius to offset organic technical defects, to create illusion by heterodox methods. She has not the faculty for making the unessential diverting. Her repartee is not so brilliant as to persuade you that it was not dragged in for theatrical effect. But since I have condemned the play I should explain why. The theme of the play is the love of a young woman, Pauline Darcy, for Richard Adams, whose father is her guardian and her betrayer. The young man doesn't know she has been betrayed. He doesn't know that she knows his father. The task of the playwright is to lead the young people to the point where the woman is asked to marry the young man, at which point she confesses her sin, and thence to the point where the woman, having been accepted despite her sin, learns that her fiance is the son of her betrayer. This latter climax is the catastrophe, the big situation of the play, and is followed in the fourth act by the suicide of the woman. Now how does Alice Smith develop her material? In the first act she discloses the sin. Quite proper. Then she reveals the love of a young man for the heroine, a love that has absolutely nothing to do with the case. She also discloses the fact that the heroine has been writing a novel.

This fact is unessential, but it serves to motive the second act. The second act is three months later. It affords an opportunity for a pretty setting, taking place as it does during a hunt ball, but it is not organic and consequently destroys the unity of the theme. You learn during this act that the heroine is in love with Adams and you guess that he is the son of her betrayer. You also learn that her novel has become a best-seller and that it is quite a shocking bit of fiction, being the story of her own life. The authorship has been concealed under a *nom de plume* but the young man, whose love has nothing to do with the case, knows that it was written by Miss Darcy, the heroine, guesses that it is the story of her life and undertakes to blackmail her into accepting his hand. She scorns him and confesses to the assembled company that she perpetrated the best seller. This is a pretty climax but I could not trace its relationship to the heart affair with which the play deals. The whole second act is unnecessary. The second act of a play is presumed to lead to the third, to develop the complications that bear directly upon the catastrophe. But the love of the blackmailer in Miss Smith's play is a circumstance wholly independent of the plot. Its purpose is to give the heroine a pretext for confessing that she wrote the novel, and through the novel she breaks the news of her sin to the man she loved. As she was a very conscientious lady, one who would not marry a man under false pretenses, it was a great waste of time and words to deal with the novel and its import. It was in the third act that Miss Darcy confessed that she had been betrayed. She began her confession by referring to the career of her heroine and questioning her lover, Richard Adams, as to what his attitude would be toward such a woman. To lead up to that situation Miss Smith introduced a book publisher in the first act, who contracted with Miss Darcy for the output of her pen for five years and



SCENE FROM "THE LITTLE PRINCESS" AT THE ALCAZAR

then made his final exit. To lead up to that situation she wrote the entire second act with its extraneous attempt at blackmail by a young man who bobs up in the third act merely to confess himself a cad. She wrote that second act around the novel which has no bearing upon the plot except so far as it relates to the scene in the third act, a scene that is merely preliminary to the catastrophe. And as for that third act, its bathos is touching. The entrances and exits are highly unconventional. For downright, forthright, unblushing theatricism this act cannot be beaten. It opens in the heroine's apartments in New York. The first to enter is the inevitable maid, followed by the heroine's betrayer, who has been away a long time. He has his little say and goes out after serving the purpose of disclosing the fact that Miss Darcy and some friends are at a matinee and are coming back soon to tea. Next enters the comedy baron who is in love with the heroine's chum. He hides to surprise his sweetheart and then enter the ladies, who sip tea and exchange farce comedy witticisms. They go out—all save the heroine and her chum, and then the baron comes out of hiding and the heroine vanishes to clear the stage for a comedy love scene. Presently the baron and his sweetheart go out and immediately the black-mailer of the second act comes in to say this to the heroine: "There is something about you that makes even a black-guard like me respect you. I am not fit to breathe the same air with you." He exits and then comes in the hero, to make love and to be told that the object of his affections is not a virtuous lady. The news staggers him. She falls to the floor to writhe in mental agony, he goes to the door as if to leave her forever, but he leans upon the casement and groans. With his back to the weeping heroine, who is

still on the floor, he listens to her while she bewails her sad plight and he finally changes his mind. Going over to her he raises her to his arms and says, "We'll fight this out together." Of what they were going to fight out I had not the slightest conception, but a lady in the audience seemed to understand for she burst into uproarious applause. In that scene I caught a gleam of the playwright's clouded purpose, of the heavily veiled intellectual idea in the background, or perhaps, I should say, I became cognizant of the burden of her message. All that had gone before was to prepare us for justification of the man who does not shrink from marriage with a woman who has lost her virtue. This scene is speedily followed by the revelation of the relationship between the lover and the betrayer. There is no suspense between the two scenes. The unessentials having consumed a great deal of time, Miss Smith had to rush things so as not to make the third act too long. So immediately after the hero resolved to fight the thing out he takes himself off to give his father a chance to come in and find his photograph and make the terrible revelation to the son's betrothed. This over, in comes the son again to find the father. He is only mildly surprised at his father's presence, wants no explanation, but goes out with the wicked old gentleman to permit the heroine to faint in solitude. I think I have fairly hinted at the joints in the playwright's harness, so I shall not crowd the space limit by discussing all the crudities of construction which caused me to marvel at the unsophistication of a successful manager who put money into the staging of such stupendous claptrap. And in the circumstances it would obviously be unfair to discuss the merits and demerits of the performers.

Theodore Bonnet.



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Justin Huntley McCarthy's Miracle Play

"The Proud Prince" is one of those plays that does not need a star. It is true Sothorn starred in it but it was not by any means such a successful vehicle for his stellar talent as its predecessor by the same author, "If I Were King." Produced on the large Majestic stage "The Proud Prince" shows to splendid scenic advantage. It is a sumptuous production in every way, and the Majestic players grasp with fine understanding the McCarthy idea, adapted

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from the Longfellow poem. Franklyn Underwood acts well the King, that Robert of Sicily who by a miracle is transformed into Diogenes, the court fool. Vain, pompous, egotistical, as Robert he inspires our intense disapprobation: as Diogenes, taunted by courtiers and populace, he just as surely wins our sympathy. Mr. Underwood must have made a careful study of this character, to give such an artistic interpretation of it on the second night of a stock production. The long cast is well distributed, Amelia Gardner has the role of the noble, pure-minded Perpetua, the executioner's daughter, and Marie Gordon is the King's favorite, Lycabetta. Both Miss Gardner and Miss Gordon have beauty as well as dramatic ability, and their picturesque garments become them well.

There is nothing to be written about those clever juveniles, the Pollards. They are appearing in their perennial success, "The Belle of New York," at the Grand, with some changes in the cast, but otherwise a similar production to that in which they first sang their way to favor here.

"The Lady Dainty of Vaudeville"

Lillian Burkhart, who is back at the Orpheum after two years' absence, has the same little way with her that magnetized her critics and audiences and caused poets to write verses on her charms, when she made her first essay in vaudeville. I have been told that Miss Burkhart is the richest woman who ever traveled the Circuit, so no doubt her love for the footlights alone lured her back to them; for her marriage, unlike so many in the profession, turned out happily. Of all Miss Burkhart's suit-case of sketches, she chose "A Strenuous Daisy" to celebrate her return. It is as good as it ever was, and Miss Burkhart is good all the time. Not a beauty, minus a ravishing figure, quiet of voice and method, Lillian is still the most popular sketchist in vaudeville.

Fitch's Green-Eyed Girl

It is always a wonder to me how, with a week's hasty rehearsal, a stock company can give so satisfying a production as that which the Alcazar gives this week of "The Girl with the Green Eyes," a production complete in every detail and lacking in none of the artistic touches that make for success. The play is an inartistic commingling of emotional drama and low comedy, but it affords a very pleasant evening's entertainment. The Alcazar players are cast congenially even to the tourists. It was a capital idea to cast real Germans as the German couple—their accent is unmistakable. Miss Evelyn enters thoroughly into the character of green-eyed Jinny, and runs the gamut of expression called for by the role. If her grief in the third act, where her husband leaves her after her worst ebullition of jealousy, is too loudly expressed for the genuine article, it is the only badly pitched note in her reading. Waldron is the ideal John Austin, sympathizer-in-chief, and Jinny's husband—poor, long-suffering chap! What a terrible penance is his, condemned to his green-eyed partner for life, after her gas attempt fails. Beautiful Louise Brownell decidedly adds strength to the cast as Ruth Chester. Glen-

denning is the twoly-married Geoffrey, Jinny's beloved brother. Big-eyed Effie Bond does her little as the housemaid wife exceedingly well. Helen Wilson, Diana Argall and smiling Lolita Robertson are the other bridesmaids, in white frocks and pink hats. Miss Belgarde wears some ripping frocks as Mrs. Tillman, as does Eleanor Haber as Miss Cullingham. The latter's gift for comedy has greater scope in this part than in that of the farcical widow of last week, and she does full justice to her lines. Osbourne as the typical American father, with his cigar a cure for every ill, and Maher as the pellet-powder taking Peter Cullingham, are minor in role but major in artistry.

The Fatal Wedding

Agnes Ranken has the emotional role of the wife in "The Fatal Wedding," which is revived at the Alhambra this week. Emery is the husband and with Miss Ranken has several strong scenes. Claire Washington, a newcomer, made a successful debut. Little Ollie Cooper as the daughter and Melville Eldridge as the son win the audience's tears, those tears that always flow for the wrongs and woes of wives and babies. Theodore Kremer wrote a plethora of emotion into "The Fatal Wedding," and surrounded it with extraordinary scenic features.

Next Week's Bills

"The Proud Prince" will run another week at the Majestic, where it is proving a strong drawing card. There will be matinees on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday and at the Thursday and Sunday "Pop" matinees one can secure the best seats at twenty-five cents. The next offering at the Majestic will be the military comedy-drama "Bold Sojer Boy" formerly played by the popular Andrew Mack.

Florence Roberts remains at the Columbia another week in "The Strength of the Weak," and the demand for seats is extraordinary. From here the production goes direct to the Savoy theatre, New York.

The Alcazar will have the first San Francisco production next week of "The Little Princess," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

"Isle of Spice" will enter upon its third week of success at the Tivoli. The company will have a new member, Bert Bradley, the famous Australian baritone, as Lieutenant Katchall.

One of the largest productions of its kind in America, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," will open at the Grand Opera House tomorrow (Sunday) matinee. It is a "spectacle" pure and simple, and is said to be the most gorgeous that has ever been presented in this country. All the scenery and paraphernalia were imported from London by Klaw & Erlanger, after the phenomenal run of the piece in that city at the Drury Lane theatre, and for a full season of thirty weeks the big extravaganza was presented at the Broadway theatre, New York. About one hundred people will appear in the production and the program contains the names of a number of popular players. Isabelle Underwood, who has been prominent in the musical productions of Henry W. Savage for several years, is the prima donna contralto and appears at Prince Charming. Barney Bernard, who will be enthusiastically welcomed, will play Lena, the German nurse.

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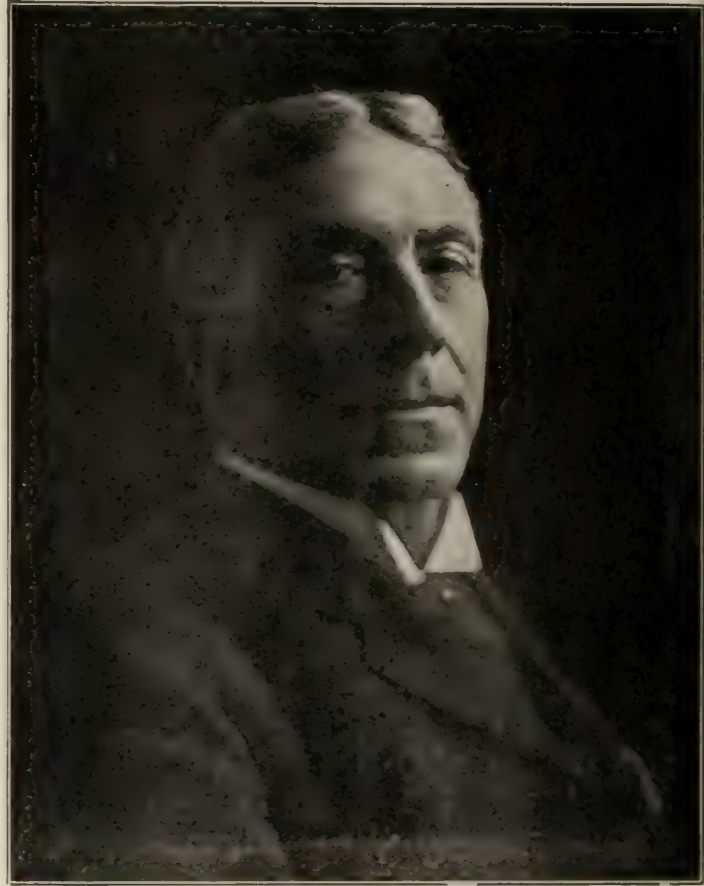
ETHEL WHITESIDES

Who Will Appear With Her Pickaninnies at the Chutes Next Week

There will be a great revival of "Hamlet" at the Alhambra with Herschel Mayall in the role of the melancholy Dane. Claudius will be in the hands of Shumer. Webster has been cast as the Ghost, Nicholls as Polonius, Edwin T. Emery as Laertes, True Boardman as Horatio, Agnes Ranken as Ophelia, Lillian Elliott as Gertrude, the Queen, James Corrigan as First Grave Digger. Special scenery has been constructed, and the costumes and effects will all be new.

The Ottonie Brothers, distinguished producers from Berlin, will present at the Orpheum on Sunday afternoon, and for the first time in America, their wonderful water spectacle, "The Enchanted Grotto." The Piccolo Lilliputians will make their second appearance in this city. Agnes Mahr, the "American Tommy Atkins," will be seen in new dances. Mlle. Chester and her \$10,000 statue dog will offer a novelty. For her second week Lillian Burkhart will change her sketch.

Ethel Whitesides, singer and dancer, will make her first appearance with her pickaninnies at the Chutes. The Onzos, hand balancers, contortionists and equilibrists, late of the Forepaugh and Sells circus, will also be new here.



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The National Theatre

There have been so many so-called national and other theatres built on paper within the last few months that their number and purposes have become actually confusing to the public mind, and the identity of the genuine worthy ones are consequently clouded. At least three of these schemes have been projected in no less than thirty days, a circumstance which has led Charles T. Barney to make a statement regarding the plans of a little group of wealthy New Yorkers with whom he is associated in the commendable endeavor to elevate the theatre in America. Mr. Barney says: "To begin with, I should like to make it plain that ours is a new and independent movement and that our plans for a theatre have absolutely no connection with a scheme which was described a few months ago. I also wish to make it plain that our plan is not launched in the interest of, or identified with, any one man. No one has as yet been selected as manager for the new theatre. We propose to choose the best available man, and whoever he may be, he will be subject to the active direction and supervision of the board. It is not our intention to call the new playhouse 'The National Theatre,' as this would seem to imply a national endowment, but we hope to make it a national theatre in the sense that it will be the founders' earnest endeavor, by the standard of the performances and the spirit of the administration, to place it in the same relation toward the dramatic art and literature of this country as is held by the principal national theatres of Europe. Its

purpose primarily will be the performance, by a stock company, of a classical repertory and of modern plays of genuine merit in a manner worthy of the best traditions of the stage. It will be run for the sake of art only and not in any way for the sake of profit, and its mission will be to foster and stimulate art and to exercise that refining influence which makes the stage, if properly conducted, an educational agency second to none in effectiveness. The names of the founders, with several persons yet to be heard from, are John Jacob Astor, Charles T. Barney, Edmund L. Baylies, August Belmont, Paul D. Cravath, William B. Osgood Field, George J. Gould, Eliot Gregory, James H. Hyde, Otto H. Kahn, James Henry Smith, James Stillman, Robert B. Van Cortlandt, William K. Vanderbilt, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Harry Payne Whitney and Henry Rogers Winthrop."

Skinner Comes to the Front

The great popular success of the moment in New York is "The Duel," a play translated from the French, which created a sensation in Paris not long ago. Probably no other play in the last six years excited so much controversy in Europe. It is a play dealing with the rivalry between two brothers, one a priest and the other a scientist, stimulated by a woman. The play gives Otis Skinner the chance for which he has been waiting many years. He plays the part of the priest and it is said that he never did anything one half so well.

—*The Playgoer.*

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The Managing Editor's Midnight Guest

BY MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN.

It was the witching hour of night in the sanctum of a small morning daily in the pretentious town of Blank.

The Managing Editor was in a turbulent mood. He had had a tiff with his wife regarding the manner in which medicine should be administered to the baby. The gas company had charged him as much for light for June as during the month previous, although his family had been at the oceanside for three weeks. His dog had been poisoned merely because it had thrown over his neighbor's garbage barrel and its contents every night for several months; the "Governor" (the owner of the paper) had insinuated that the office smelt of beer and tobacco whenever the other paper had made a scoop; the agricultural editor had been fired for referring to the dramatic editor as a dead beat; the artist had been painting the town red for a week, and the society reporter had failed to describe the presents at a swell wedding which had cost way up in the thousands, (and the parents of both parties were heavy advertisers and had ordered five hundred extra copies.)

For this last inexcusable piece of botchwork the Governor had called the M. E. a damned fool, and informed him that editors were supposed to have brains and hinted that "there was a perceptible deficiency of gray matter in a certain editorial room."

Smarting under the woes put upon him, the Managing Editor was examining a batch of correspondence, and might have been heard murmuring: "You stand vindicated, do you? Well, down you go into my little basket. And here's old Veritas, too. He goes into the same old wicker-work on general principles. What's this?—how to give a child castor oil? Hoop-la! Put it here, old man—I'll just send that up to the house. Fourteen pages of type-written stuff entitled 'How to Manage a Wife'—that also goes up to the family sanctuary p. d. q. I wonder if that chump ever had a wife. And he wants to have us remit whatever our regular rates are for such matter. O, mama! What adamant cheek. What we remit for such trash, old man, wouldn't buy you a night's sleep and bath at the new Samaritan lodging house. We ain't remitting much these days. I'd like to show that to the Governor. That would paralyze him, durn him. What's this? 'The Coming Panic.' Goodbye. We've had quite enough panic right here in this room for one day. Ah, poetry. Campaign poetry. How much do you pay? Great Brigadier General Rot! But don't that jar a fellow. What do we pay for poetry? That chump should be put on ice. I'll mark that strictly private and send it to the Governor, durn his old eyes. What do we pay for poetry? Now, I feel better. Ha-ha: I like to be jollied occasionally. An editorial, eh, from an outsider, and we must use it as an editorial or not at all. O, ho—"There is enough of vituperation in a political campaign, to make the best of it; and if it can be introduced with a burst of oratory it will add something of dignity"—Rats! We can turn out all such trash as that without outside interference. It must be used as an editorial or not at all, must it, you gay and festive chump? It will be, and —"

"It is the witching hour of night, when graveyards yawn, and Texas tamales are hot, and our beer is shut off except it be reached through side entrances, and —"

"Oh! It's you, is it?"

"Well, it's what is left of me, for I have just had the biggest row —"

"Put it here, old man. Misery loves company. I've been rowing ever since I got up this morning. Look into

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that basket: Veritas, We Stand Vindicated, A. B. C., Pioneer, Erin Go Unum, E Pluribus Brat. Ha-ha-ha!"

"I see you have a picture of Horace Greeley hanging in front of you. God bless his memory. He was a great man, sir. I knew him well. I worked on the old *Tribune* many a year, first as printer, then as proof-reader, then as reporter, and then as an editor. Yes, sir, he was a great man and a good man. I remember when he was knocked down by Senator Rust, of Arkansas, or caned, or assaulted in some way. The Senator had asked him if he would fight, and when the philosopher declared he was a non-resistant the Arkansas gentleman promptly knocked him down. Greeley was a temperance man, too, you know; but, goodness, how he could swear. He never despised a poor man just because he was poor. Some of our greatest men have died poor. Some of the most eminent men our country has produced have died poor. Hundreds of great generals of our Civil War, on both sides, have died poor. There was Poe. What a time he had of it. Ah, the sorrows of genius, my boy, the sorrows of genius. Homer was a beggar, you know, and Plautus turned a mill. Spencer died in great want. Dryden lived in poverty. Cervantes died of hunger. Goldsmith and Steele had the officers of law after them half of the time. Milton sold his *Paradise Lost* for \$65 of our money and died in obscurity. Fielding has no stone to mark his grave in the English factory yard at Lisbon. Tagelas left his body to the surgeons to pay his debt as far as the money would go. Bentivoglio, when old and poor,

was refused admittance into the hospital he had himself erected. Raleigh had his head chopped off at the Tower of London, and Chatterton, that child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself."

"Yes, sir, I know. It's dreadful—all this poverty and want. It's simply awful. But I can't stop any longer. It's one o'clock and after, and I have got to go. I'll return in half an hour."

"Where are you going?—don't go and leave me. I am an old man, past seventy, and I have come here to die."

"You are out of your head, I am afraid. I half thought so when you commenced to talk of Greeley."

"Did you ever read *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*?—the last work of Charles Dickens."

"I have."

"You know no notes were found and no clue could be obtained to the development or finale of the plot, and it was decided to give it to the world just as he had left it?"

"And thus it will ever remain, as its name implies, the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, whose fate, like that of the author, no man may know."

"I have always deemed it fitting there should be no attempt to finish it, for who could guide the immortal pen that so suddenly dropped from the stiffened fingers of the gifted master? And when heaven's unalterable decree had ordained that his labors should close, and had denied him

(Continued on Page 36)

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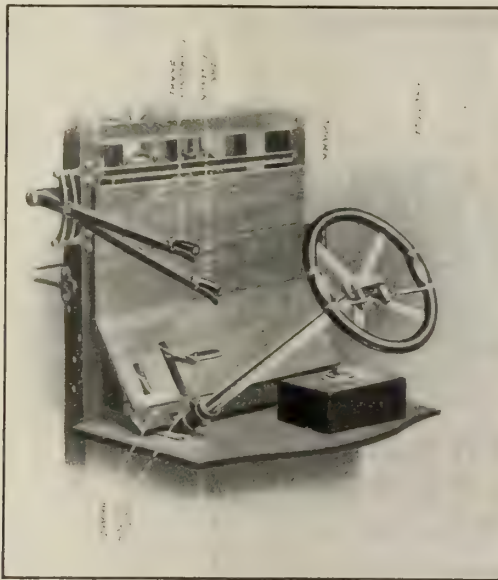
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Automobile Topics

Margherita and the Motor

Margherita, the queen mother of Italy, is said to be making her plans for a tour through America in a motor car this year, during which she will devote particular attention to the West. Margherita, we are told, has been greatly impressed by Bret Harte's sketches. The trip will, according to latest reports from Rome, start in May. The queen will travel incognito, having selected the title of Countess of Stupinigi. Margherita is a great traveler, but, strange to say, at one time she wouldn't even look at an automobile, let alone ride in one. Her conversion came one day when her son, King Victor, induced her to accompany him on a ride. Coming down a hill the brakes refused to work and the car whirled down to apparent destruction. Luckily royalty escaped unhurt, but that wild dash just suited the queen, who had been extremely melancholy after the assassination of her husband, King Humbert. She became an ardent motorist and since then has been through all sorts of adventures. She has been stoned by roughs, been in collisions and lost, but still she keeps up her favorite pastime.



Above is pictured the control used on both the Autocar four-cylinder and run about this year. Autocar control combines guidance and speed regulation. Spark and throttle are governed by grips in the steering-wheel.

First Aid

A remarkable instance of the flexibility and adaptability of the power plant in the White steam car was shown last week when the disastrous fire which occurred to the San Francisco Gas and Electric Co. completely shut off the electricity power supply in the greater part of the city. While machine shops and garages were anxiously awaiting for the electricity to move the wheels, work was going on as usual at the White garage at Market and Franklin streets. After the men had gone to work on the morning following the fire a White engine and generator had been connected to a countershaft, this in turn belted to a dynamo which ran the main pulley shaft and lathes, grinders, shapers and drill presses were in operation as if nothing had happened. This was continued for two days in a most satisfactory manner. So far as we know this is the first time a White plant has been used for stationary purposes and its success was instant and complete. The fuel economy was remarkable, about three-quarters' gallon of

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gasolene per hour. It was found that on a stationary plant several novel conveniences could be used. The water pump was connected directly to a water pipe from the city system, so no water tank was necessary. To contain the gasoline a tank with a water glass on it was used. This was placed in a vertical position and the lower part of it was connected with a pipe from the city water system. As gasoline is lighter than water and will not mix with it, it was possible to use water to supply the necessary pressure on the gasoline, and the water glass showed where the water stopped and gasoline began. When the gasoline was almost exhausted the water which had displaced it was drawn off after closing the water supply which removed the pressure and the tank was again filled with gasoline. As water and fire are automatically controlled on the White car there was practically nothing to do but to fire up and watch the plant run itself.

Nothing in the tire line attracted anywhere near so much attention, at the New York and Chicago auto shows, as the Marsh Rim. The Marsh is really a record-breaker and the ease and speed with which it is manipulated are unequalled. Its certainty is positive, its safety absolute. It has no bolts, screws or small parts and fits any regular type of clincher tire.

A French Idea

The last word has not been said about the lubrication of a gasoline engine. It has been conceded, for two years at least, that lubrication must be positive and, to this end, many devices have been brought forward and there are many systems which automatically take care of the oiling, but, in nearly every case, this is done at the expense of simplicity and simplicity is the watchword of American builders. Mr. Coffin, designer of the four-cylinder Oldsmobile,

brought with him from France many ideas, among them a system for oiling which meets with approval wherever the car is shown. It is simplicity itself and yet the action is perfect. Oil is forced to the main bearings of the crank shaft, from where it drops to the crank case. A proper level for splash lubrication of the cranks and cylinders is maintained by an overflow, which returns the oil to the main reservoir, and now we ask the question: "Why didn't some one think of it before?"

Round and About

Mr. C. A. Hebard, who has been associated in business with his father a number of years at Tidal Canal, Alameda, has taken the management of the motor boat department of the Pioneer Automobile Company, who represent the Racine Boat Mfg. Co. of Muskegon, Mich. Mr. Hebard was out for an initial run in one of the Racine Company's twenty-five foot launches on Sunday last and had with him a party of five marine engineers. The work done by the boat was so creditable, that a number of orders will follow in consequence of this trial trip.

Mr. Harry Chickering, of Tonopah, is the possessor of a new model K Winton touring car which was delivered to him Wednesday of last week. Mr. Chickering's car will remain in San Francisco several weeks for use of friends in this city, as he leaves shortly for the East. Upon his return, the machine will be shipped to him at Tonopah, Nevada.

T. L. Oddie, the well known mining man of Tonopah, has been in San Francisco during the past week, during which time he has made a number of delightful trips with different friends through this city and adjacent towns, in his new Thomas Flyer. Mr. Oddie's car will be shipped to Tonopah next week.

—*The Chauffeur.*

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The Managing Editor's Midnight Guest

(Concluded from Page 33)

the privilege of completing what was so well begun—the last dream of his life—who would usurp the prerogative and attempt to shine by the borrowed light of his well-earned and justly accorded fame, after the grave had closed over him, one of earth's noblest and best of teachers?"

"I have always rejoiced that this sacrifice to his memory has been spared."

"The sword may be bequeathed by sire to son, who may vindicate a bloody right to wear the blade his father won; but the pen never. Estates and titles can descend to the rightful heir, but there is no birthright of genius, no entail of talent, and we may look in vain for another Dickens."

"You are surely right. And you are exceedingly interesting—but I am getting —"

"Thackeray, you know, also left behind him the unfinished fragments of Dennis Duval and the inkmarks had scarcely dried in his pen when the hand that traced them was motionless forever, the lamp of genius whose inspiration had dictated them was extinguished, and they were blotted by the tears of thousands. When his name was called on the roll he calmly answered Adsum and was numbered with his brothers who had gone before him. The summons to join the innumerable caravan came before his work was finished, and he was forced to leave it uncompleted. And no one dared assume his mantle."

"They both stand like broken columns, in which are symbolized their lives and their twin stories—alike abruptly broken off. The veil of the future was suddenly dropped, both on the author and the hero, and speculate as we may we can never tear it aside to look beyond for even a glimpse of the fate of the one or the other."

"These stories are silent monitors that remind us of our own fate. It them speaks the solemn voice of warning and points the unerring hand of destiny on the guide board that marks the way to an unknown future. They are the legends on the tombstones that record their author's fate and will catch the eye of many a wayfarer who will stay his steps and as he pauses to read will bestow the tribute of a tear to their memory and breathe a silent prayer to Heaven for the blessings vouchsafed to mankind in the teachings of these true missionaries of humanity."

"When all who lived contemporaneous with the age that witnessed their labors and their triumphs shall be quietly sleeping with them; when their individuality shall lose itself in the success of their works which shall ever sway the mind with the magic spells of their creation, proving the potency of the sceptre they wield even in their tombs; when time shall have mellowed and toned these living pictures, softened the outlines, blended the colors and clothed them with 'the witchery of the past'; when their names shall have become household words and their memories embalmed for all time, some stranger to their history will casually pick up one of these fragments to pass a lingering hour and as he reads he will gradually feel the fascinations of the inspired pen; and when his interest is excited, and he owns the charm to which so many have yielded, it abruptly stops unfinished. He speculates on the cause, and the author suggests itself. As with a sigh of disappointment he shuts the book and pushes it from him, he invol-

untarily closes his eyes and a vision appears to him:

"A man in the prime of life and vigor, whose head is silvered, but whose heart is green and beats with human sympathy. He is engaged, as he had been for years, coining his thoughts into words and stamping them on paper before him. Those ideas, clothed in the livery of his expressions, have been multiplied and scattered broadcast to the thousands eagerly waiting to catch them. He is absorbed in his task of furnishing mental food for countless hungry minds and has begun a volume which he will never finish. He is wrapt up in his work and does not heed the dark shadow that steals noiselessly up behind his chair and watches awhile with envious eyes the labors of his victim; then swiftly and silently the long bony hand reaches over his shoulder and snatches away the pen from his grasp forever."

"See here, my friend, I'm afraid you are not well. Maybe you are hungry?"

"Hungry. I haven't eaten anything since yesterday."

"Well, here's a quarter. It is the last cent I have in the world. Take it."

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"That we go out together and toss off a bowl to the memory of Horace Greeley, one of the most glorious editors that ever pushed a quill."

"I'll join you, old man, if it is the last act of my life."



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Music

Pugno, the Great French Pianist

During the past few years we have been visited by some of the world's greatest pianists; we have heard the great virtuosi of the German, Viennese, Russian and Polish schools and now we are to hear a great artist of the French school. Raoul Pugno is one of the important personages in the world of music today. He has the distinction of being the only honorary professor of the Paris Conservatory, has been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor and is continually engaged with the important orchestras of European soloists. Pianists of all schools look up to him as a master, and men of the calibre of Harold Bauer, Josef Hoffman, Ysaye and Paderewski all speak with the greatest enthusiasm of Raoul Pugno. His programs will be remarkably interesting. He plays many very old works by Rameau, Couperin and Scarlatti, and also many by the extremely modern composers such as Vincent d'Indy, Chabrier, etc. His first concert will be at Lyric hall on Wednesday night, March 14, and the program will include Beethoven's Sonata op. 31 and Schumann's Faschingsschwank op. 12, and a fine group of Chopin works. At the second concert, Friday night March 16, Beethoven's Sonata op 31 and Schumann's Faschingsschwank will be special features, and at the Saturday matinee Bach's "Concerto Italien" and Schubert's Fantasie in C will attract the music lovers. Complete programs may be had at Sherman, Clay and Company's, where the sale of seats opens Monday, March 12th. The prices of reserved seats for this engagement will be \$1.50, \$1.00, and 75 cents.

The first part of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was sung by Trinity choir at Trinity church last Sunday evening. The soloists were Mrs. John D. Gish, Miss Nellie Trowbridge, sopranos; Miss Elsie Arden, Miss Lilly Young, contraltos; Charles Trowbridge, Thomas Alexander, William P. Twist, tenors; Oliver Reese, Wallace Hicks, Charles W. Betts, basses. Louis H. Eaton is organist and director of Trinity choir and he has done much in bringing it up to its high state of efficiency.

Jan Kubelik is coming.

The Mansfeldt Club Recital

The sixth recital of the Mansfeldt Club was given over to the works of Albert I. Elkus. Considering the youth of the composer and the originality of the program it was indeed a remarkable exposition. Mr. Elkus has essayed many different forms, from the sonata to the song, but is apparently at his best in a set of romantic tone poems suggested by Tennyson's Fair Women. In these "Idyls for Pianoforte" he has done some charming and picturesque writing. Although the "Lady of Shalott" does not belong to the Tennysonian gallery of fair women, she has given a title to the most striking of these little miniatures. It is pervaded by a haunting rhythm and sad little harmonies, all in tender gray. "Imprisoned Margaret" is programmed as a "dramatic lyric"—both it and "Don Juan's Serenade" strike a note of cleverness, as does also the "Haroun al Raschid" song. But for pure beauty I chose the "Song without Words." The program opened with the sonata, an essay in one of the larger forms. This, the most ambitious effort of Mr. Elkus, is rightly labeled "Quasi una Fantasia." It is short but full of life and movement and not too trammelled by adherence to classic models. It was admirably interpreted by Miss Carrie Sheuerman. Miss Sheuerman has gained in repose of manner and in this number was quite at her best. Miss Eula Howard was either suffering from extreme nervousness or has lost her simplicity of manner. She is a charming little pianiste, but conveyed a sense of lack of power by her convulsive movements. To Miss Fernanda Pratt was entrusted the rendering of Mr. Elkus's songs, but I cannot say that he was fortunate in an interpreter. Miss Pratt was inadequate vocally. In her piano group she was all that could be desired. Miss Joan Baldwin has poise and finish. Her interpretations always show the student. Mr. Elkus bids fair to be California's poet-composer. His work has both charm and distinction. It is neither dry nor commonplace, it is original without being freakish, nor is it reminiscent of any particular school or composer. We can only hope that he may go a long way on the road he is pursuing. Much praise is due to the pianistes of the Mansfeldt Club for their interpretation of the program

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which follows: Sonata quasi una Fantasia, Gm. Miss Carrie Sheurman; Bagatelle, Scene de Ballet, Song without Words, Valse Caprice, Miss Eula Howard; songs, Haroun al Raschid, Long-fellow, Cupid a Prisoner, Anacreontic, Ode to Spring, Schiller, Miss Fernanda Pratt; Idyls for Pianoforte, composed on Tennyson's "A Dream of Fair Women"—Iphigenia, Jephthah's Daughter, Rosamond, Cleopatra, Miss Joan Baldwin; Imprisoned Marguerite, Lady of Shalott, Tennyson, Don Juan's Serenade, Miss Fernanda Pratt.

Gadski and Her Yodel

"A little yodel of an encore" was what one of our critics called the Cry of the Valkyrie given by Gadski last Saturday. Madame Gadski sang the Cry, as she had done on Wednesday, after persistent applause insisted upon her return to the stage. She sang it once, and then again, this "little yodel of an encore," the most heart-stirring thing that Wagner ever wrote. And that audience of cultured women, Wagner enthusiasts, started to applaud before the last note had died away. I had thought that we were educated to the point of applauding in the proper place—Walter Damrosch, I am sure, cherishes the idea that he taught us a few little things of that sort—but that audience last Saturday interrupted the Cry—the encore it had demanded—before the last trumpet note was out. We have much yet to learn, it appears.

The Saturday program contained other inspiring numbers beside the Wagnerian compositions—the "Schmerzen," "Traeume" and "Stehe Still," and the Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde." There were classical arias and songs by Eckert, Schumann, Franz, Mozart and Schubert, and modern songs by Mrs. Beach, Reger, Hahn, La Forge, Strauss and Oscar Weil. Weil's "Spring Song" had a violin obligato played by Miss Grace Jenkins. Mr. La Forge was generous with solos, as was Madame Gadski with encores.

Manager Greenbaum has persuaded Gadski to return and give another recital tomorrow afternoon at the Tivoli.

On Thursday evening of this week Mrs. Dorothy Goodsell Camm is giving a recital in Lyric hall. The program has a wide range of composers, including Handel, Wagner, Sinding, Tschai-kowsky, Strauss, Brahms, Hahn, Vidall, Henschel, MacDowell, Nevin and Old English songs.

Why Desecrate the Greek Temple?

The "half hour of music" was over when we reached the Greek theatre, University of California, on Sunday. We had lingered to gaze at the picturesque view of bay and hill-tops, and we missed the music that draws crowds every Sunday to the Greek theatre, which is one of the most wonderful architectural masterpieces we have in this part of the world. So fine a thing is it that it almost makes us forgive the other university buildings in their patchwork unbeauty. Now, though the music program had ended and those who had enjoyed it were drifting homeward, they had left some unlovely souvenirs of their occupancy of the stone seats tiered one above the other. Daily papers—Examiners, Calls, Chronicles, Bulletins—bestrewed the seats. Fragments of Sunday supplements waved in the gentle breeze or flew about as the papers do on Sundays on the Cliff House beach, with just such an ill effect. Ought not something to be done to keep the Greek theatre sacred from the careless, untidy desecrators of its artistic beauty? My suggestion to those who desire to read before and after the half hour of music is—not that they debar themselves from the pleasure of reading the Sunday papers, but that they carry them away with them when the reading and the music are finished.

—The Music Critic.

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—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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At the Rink

BY THE SPECTATOR.

"False."

Gloomily he stared at his adored one as she whirled over the waxed floor. She was hand in hand with Another.

"False."

In their gay laughter he seemed to hear the knell of his fond hopes.

"Falls."

A smile lighted up his sad face.

Fate then had not been unkind to him. He saw the cruel one led away by the rescuers. So stunned was she that she had not the words to murmur: "Is my hat on straight?"

✦ ✦

"What wonder that we fall?" bitterly cried the sweet girl whose father had once possessed wealth, "put yourself in our place and see if you can retain your proud place in the world's respect."

"I will assist you," sympathizingly remarked the girl whose father had made a fortune in oil, "I-"

A brilliant smile illumined her features where a noble impulse beamed.

"I have been taking lessons for two weeks and will teach you how not to fall."

Of the Celtic Renaissance

(Concluded from Page 6)

season, the country is fairly aflame. Stirred by the breeze, every blade of grass is a tongue of green fire. She has passed into the very blood of the people. The true Celt has the heart of a child, full of wonderment at the beautiful seen things and the no less beautiful unseen things, twin mysteries of life. To this day, the Spring-loved isle is the home of the child-hearted, is fairyland, though a fairyland forlorn.

Dreams once found a welcome everywhere. Now, doors are shut in their wistful faces. To these heavenly wayfarers the world at large has ceased to be at home. It is far too busy "doing things" to entertain them. The heart of the Celt, poor, robbed of its heritage though it be, alone has never denied them hospitality. Even the Hebrew, their host time out of mind, now requests them to call at the rear entrances. For this, however, hearts that have Abraham's for father are not to blame.

As to those that made us poor, robbed us of beauty, our birthright, I am for heaping coals of our own green fire upon their heads—having first, however, as a nation, cursed them softly in the mother-tongue. That said, it remains for me to ask Dr. Douglas Hyde, head of this our movement (even as Fiona is its soul; Yeats its heart), what form of anathema my forbears were wont to use. To show you how destitute the enemy has left me, for instance, I own, with no little shame, that I have not so much as one lone sweet swear-word in the picturesque vernacular. I have, alas! more Greek than Gaelic. At Dublin, my native language was, if you will pardon the Irishism, deadlier than that of Socrates.

A nation is never conquered so long as it retains a tongue of its own to curse the conqueror withal. The victory of the invading stranger is complete only when the strange speech has become victorious and the children of the victims must needs curse the invader in his own language, if at all.

But this will never do. Neither life nor literature should come to an end with a curse upon the lips, but with a blessing; with words full of the gracious warmth of the deathless green fire of forgiveness; full of ardent belief in the renaissance of beauty.



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Letters

"The Work of Our Hands"

This is a novel with a purpose, a protest against ill-gotten wealth, the doll-like existence of rich women and the indifference of employers to the fate of those in their service, as well as to the wifely submission to the husband's dictation. Aylmer Forsythe was the only child of an agent of the Bronsart manufacturing company. She had been brought up in comparative poverty, and her marriage to the son of her father's employer would have been regarded as a great social elevation for her were it not for a fact unknown to her, that away back in the early years of her existence her father had been an independent manufacturer whose business in no way competed with the newer Bronsart concern. Christian Bronsart, however, was a man who brooked no rival. At first he tried to buy out the Forsythe works, and his offer refused, he bought up the notes of the proprietor, and used his power, when the occasion came, to force the concern into apparent bankruptcy, after which he offered its head a position in his own house. The offer was accepted because with a sick wife and a young child a man may not stop to pick and choose. Forsythe was of Scotch descent, with all the stern Calvinism of his race. He believed literally that his misfortunes were the chastisements of the Lord, and that all his losses would be made up to him in time. Bronsart, on the other hand, nominally an Episcopalian, had no real belief, but a pew in a fashionable church and a voice in its affairs was a good business asset and a form of power that he did not care to forego. Aylmer Bronsart's first awakening was brought about when she went through the works to collect from the employes for the benefit of an old ladies' home and was questioned searchingly by one of the men, who made it clear to her Scotch conscience that she had no right to enjoy in idleness what she had not earned and could not earn, and to look upon it as a meritorious charity to solicit from others for the assistance of those who had worn themselves out with toil. This workman afterward appeared on the scene as the new rector of the Episcopal church who had, under an assumed name, come among them to learn at first hand the special needs of his future parishioners. As might have been expected, the Reverend Boothroyd did not long remain in favor with his church trustees, for, if he did not preach Socialism from his pulpit, he practiced it in his life, and inculcated it by what he implied without saying. He was, of course, not recognized as the former employe of the works, but it must be confessed that his insistence on the personal responsibility of every one for all the evil that was practiced was carried to extremes, and many a man less self-centred than the younger Bronsart would have the same objections to his wife's taking the inmate of a brothel to be domesticated under his roof for no better reason than that, before her "protector" had cast her off, she had been employed in the office, especially when the girl herself had no desire to "reform" and no one connected with the place had had a hand in her downfall. A woman with abundant means at her disposal and an inconvenient conscience can find plenty of outlets for her energy without going to such extremes, and no reform which begins by disrupting households and homes can ever end in anything but anarchy. The immediate result of all this—for this is only one incident—was the resignation of Boothroyd, and the separation of the Bronsarts, though without the intervention of the law. Apart, they learned that each could yield something to the other, and that existence together was not impossible. The elder Bronsart sprang from the soil. He was a self-made man who, in his childhood, had known bitter poverty. He had married his first wife for love, but his second had been heiress to a hundred thousand dollars which he needed badly enough in his business to marry it and take the incumbence with it. She may be described accurately, in the words of her flippant and unfilial daughter, as a talking toy that took itself seriously. To do Bronsart justice, he never expected anything of his wife, and did not worry himself or her by demanding the impossible. The daughter, Vonviete, was a curious compound of both parents, sometimes displaying the shrewdness of her father, and again, the bird-wittedness of her mother. She was a dainty bit of Dresden china, selfish, flippant and cynical, agnostic, thoroughly spoiled, and nothing would do this young lady but that she must fall in love with the austere Boothroyd. Her attachment was not reciprocated, but nothing daunted, she demanded that her father go at once and "get him," as she would have ordered him to furnish her with a dog or an automobile. She must have him or she would immediately immure herself in a convent cell, and as Boothroyd was not forthcoming we take leave of the Bronsarts, mamma quite pleased because it is distingue to have a religieuse in the family, and papa swearing great oaths at "saint factories," but there is no need to waste any sympathy on the dainty blossom supposed to have been enticed to her doom, for, in the first place, convent doors are not traps for the unwary.

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Vonviete was not even nominally a Catholic, and she would have been obliged to place herself under instruction and be baptized first, and with her volatile disposition the chances are that long before she received that first sacrament she would have enjoyed flirtations with half a dozen new men. Then there would have been a period of novitiation during which her endurance would be tested to the utmost, and a girl who had never known an ungratified wish or a limit to her expenditures would have had a sorry time of it trying to live up to two of the three ecclesiastical vows, voluntary poverty and entire obedience. And even then, no matter how much enamored she might have been with her habit, and the importance she attached to it, if the spiritual directors did not see in her the material for a religieuse she would not be accepted. Hundreds of Catholic girls, born and brought up in the faith, educated in convent schools, and actuated by higher motives than pique over a love disappointment, make trial of conventual life every year, and satisfy themselves of their unfitness, so there is no occasion to shed any tears over Vonviete. "The Work of Our Hands" is somewhat loosely constructed, a fault which the author is likely to correct in her later works. Mrs. Keays was brought into prominence through her "He That Eateth Bread with Me," in which she took up one phase of the divorce problem. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Double Trouble

Herbert Quick's novel, "Double Trouble," has already enjoyed a serial publication under the unwieldy title "The Occultation of Florian Amidon." It ought to find a host of appreciative readers among that large class which enjoys a mild flirtation with mysticism, and as the author has confined himself to telling a story, and not writing a tract, there are no scientific theories to be absorbed by the way. Florian Amidon was a banker in a Wisconsin town. He was a bachelor, and a conservative and exemplary citizen, a man of old family as such things go in America, well educated, traveled, and regarded by his fellow townsmen as a possession of which to boast. Being somewhat run down from too close application to his business, he determined to take a vacation, for the purpose, as he said, of discovering whether he owned the bank or it owned him, and in order to take full advantage of his experiment, he left no clue to his itinerary and set no limit to his absence, but put his affairs into the hands of his brother-in-law and confidential partner. On the train he met and conversed with a number of people, who afterward testified that there was nothing unusual in his manner or actions when he left the main line at a small way station where he was to make a connection. While waiting here alone on a summer night, Florian Amidon fell asleep, and when he awoke it was mid-winter, five years later, and he was on his way to New York, as he gathered from the remarks of the porter, who addressed him familiarly as "Mr. Brassfield." Amidon busied himself with all sorts of conjectures as to who this Brassfield could be, and how he should have been confused with the stranger, whose clothing, baggage and correspondence, as well as a comfortable supply of money, he found in his possession, but apparently no one else questioned his right. Evidently Brassfield was intent on business transactions and legal affairs of which Amidon had not an inkling, and he began to dread both the inevitable exposure of the substitution and the probability of meeting some one who would recognize him and demand an accounting for his own singular disappearance. In this frame of mind he set out for a walk, and was attracted by the sign of a clairvoyant and hypnotist. To her he applied, explaining his perplexity, and under the influence of hypnotism she drew from him the amazing fact that for five years he had been living in Pennsylvania, carrying on business as an oil promoter, making a new fortune for himself and associating intimately with people whose very names were now a blank to him. Of course the "double trouble" arose from the efforts of the restored Amidon to bring to a successful conclusion the affairs of Brassfield, and at the same time avoid arousing suspicion, and the method suggested by Judge Blodgett, who was retained in the case, was to have Amidon place himself under the influence of the medium, with Blodgett as a witness. Then he was questioned closely as to his intimate affairs, where he lived, who were his associates and what were his pursuits and avocations, and needless to say, these were often at complete variance with those of his Wisconsin career. The superficial, cock-sure practical joker, politician and "smart" business man of the Pennsylvania oil region and the conservative western banker were almost complete opposites. "Double Trouble" will make a good vacation novel.

—The Bookworm.

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STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, City Hall.

San Francisco Commercial Agency, }
Plaintiff, } Action brought in the Justices
vs. } Court, in the City and County of
Harry J. Pollard, } Defendant, } San Francisco, and Complaint filed
The People of the State of California to Harry J. Pollard, Deft., Greeting;

You are hereby directed to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer to the complaint filed therein; within five days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County, otherwise within twenty days.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or Plaintiff will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

This action has been assigned, and you are directed to appear before John R. Daniels, Esq., one of the Justices of said Court, at his office, City Hall, in said City and County.

Make legal service and due return hereon: By order of the Presiding Justice of the Peace of the City and County of San Francisco.

Given under my hand this 9th day of December, 1905.

GEO. S. McCOMB,

Justices' Clerk.

By CHAS. J. McDONNELL,

Deputy Clerk

G. H. PERRY,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF
SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. No. 99,040.

Clara E. Harper,
Plaintiff.

vs.

Charles W. Harper,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to Charles W. Harper, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and five.

JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.

By JAS. R. McELROY, Deputy Clerk.

(Seal)

WM. TOMSKY,

Plaintiff's Attorney.

313 Bush street.

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Estate of ALBRECHT KUNER, sometimes called Albert Kuner, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, J. J. Lermen, Room 607 Kohl Building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JUDITHA KUNER,

Executrix of the last will and testament of Albrecht Kuner, sometimes called

Albert Kuner, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 24, 1906.

J. J. LERMEY,

Attorney for Executrix.

Room 607-12 Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal.

TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV

Saturday, March 10, 1906

No. 706

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Langdon's Spurt

A new reformer was born last week in the person of District Attorney Langdon of this city. He is now basking in the lime light and the political prophets are predicting for him a great future. Contemporary fame is easily achieved these days among a people who are almost as volatile and excitable as the French. And the converse of the proposition is also true, for fame is subject to sudden obscurity from the most trifling causes. The skeletons of forgotten reformers are bleaching in the sunlight over the whole length and breadth of this peninsula. Let us hope that Reformer Langdon was not born merely to strut a brief moment before joining the innumerable caravan of deposed and despised purifiers of public morals. We hope that Mr. Langdon has come to accomplish something. This is a splendid field for him to operate in, one fruited deep with open and self-glorifying corruption, but it remains to be seen whether he has the proper poise to prove more of a force than a symptom. He began his career well and the public was with him from the start. It is important that he should retain public confidence, and that he cannot do if it be made to appear that he has solely the interests of District Attorney Langdon at heart. To succeed the reformer must exert himself as a moral force, not as a political job-chaser. We have not the slightest reason for suspecting Mr. Langdon of being moved by anything but a high sense of duty, but we were seized with misgivings when, immediately after his assault on the allied gamblers of the city, certain misguided individuals proceeded to boom him as a gubernatorial candidate. If the District Attorney is intent upon forcing vice into the background and dispersing the gamblers and blacklegs that have long infested the community with the permission of the police authorities, it will not be difficult for him to win substantial public favor. There should be no objection to his deeds constituting the theme of eulogy, but it would be very unfortunate were it to be made to appear that he was merely making political capital. We are inclined to take Mr. Langdon seriously because he does not appear to be of the type of the average reformer, the sacrosanct individual who deprecates everything feasible and boosts nothing but ideals. When he says that he is merely doing his duty he does not seem to affect the modesty that cannot be differentiated from the pride that apes humility. So far he has not conducted himself after the manner of the newspaper reformer. Instead of suspecting everybody he appears to believe in the honesty of all other public officials. This attitude is not characteristic of reformers. Mr. Langdon's credulity is such that he appears somewhat unsophisticated.

For example, he has expressed his confidence in the police, and yet everybody is pretty certain that the police have been "standing in" with the gamblers and with all sorts of petty criminals. Some person or persons in authority have been selling police protection. It is well known in every large city that when vice flourishes it is because somebody in authority is being bribed. The demoralizing influence of a faro game is not confined to the patrons. Its viciousness is principally due to the corruption for which it is responsible. Neither Joseph Wingate Folk nor William Travers Jerome made his reputation as an aggressively honest public servant by driving gamblers out of business. Both preferred to drive out of office the men with whom the gamblers had been doing business. Perhaps our District Attorney intends to supplement the good work that he has done by getting evidence of the guilt of some of the scoundrels who are responsible for a great deal of the crime that has taken place in this city during the past two years.

Hearst on Root

"It is known," says Mr. Hearst, "that the gentlemen who manage the Republican party—namely the trust owners—intend that Corporation Lawyer Root shall succeed Roosevelt as President." And Mr. Hearst assures us that the people of the United States will never cast their votes for Mr. Root "or for any man who has spent his life making money obeying any kind of a law-breaker that chose to hire him." This is not the first time that Mr. Root's potentiality as a presidential candidate has been discussed. When he accepted his present portfolio it was said that he did so with the understanding that he should be next in line for the Presidency. This statement was pronounced by Republican authorities as sheer nonsense. While confessing that he would make a great President they said that Root himself knew that he could not become the Chief Magistrate of the Nation because of his intimacy with both the labors and the motives of the financial autocracies which threaten the integrity of this country. Perhaps this view of the matter is sound, but it is unjust, in our opinion, to Mr. Root. That gentleman is a public servant who has been tried and found not wanting. As a public official he has vindicated his independence of the men by whom he was employed in private life. As Secretary of War he proved one of the ablest men who have sat in the Cabinet. He performed a prodigious service not only for his own department but for the Government in general. He was recognized as "the strong right arm of the Administration." There never were intimations that he conducted his department in the interest of the great corporations with which he, by reason of his great ability, had held professional relations. When he retired from the War Department his ability and force of character were appraised in these remarkable terms by President Roosevelt:

"In John Hay I have a great Secretary of State. In Philander Knox I have a great Attorney-General. In other Cabinet posts I have great men. Elihu Root could take any of these places and fill it as well as the man who is now there. And, in addition, he is what probably none of these gentlemen could be, a great Secretary of War. Elihu Root is the ablest man I have known in our Government service. I will go further. He is the greatest man that has appeared in the public life of any country, in any position, on either side of the ocean, in my time."

After John Hay's much-lamented death the whole nation rejoiced that the President won back to his Administration the services of a man possessing the qualifications recited in the foregoing tribute. And as Secretary of State his brain power has stood him in even better stead than when he was reorganizing the army and reconstructing the Philippines. His genius has more naturally manifested its highest possibilities where he is now than where he was.

The Root Ambition

As Mr. Root is not a man of illusions, but is a cool-headed, philosophic statesman and a practical politician also, we doubt that he returned to the Cabinet because of any fixed conviction that he would be the Republican to succeed Mr. Roosevelt. Yet it is not improbable that the motive impelling him was his ambition to become President. In going to Washington he gave up probably the greatest professional income at the New York bar at which he is unquestionably the peer of Mr. Choate. And like Mr. Choate, having a fortune ample for his needs, he felt that "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth." At the same time it may have occurred to him that the office of the American Secretary of State was one at which the most vaulting ambition might be content to stop. If, however, he should look further than the Department of State, and he should receive the endorsement of President Roosevelt, who has said that he will not be a candidate for re-election, it is by no means certain, as Mr. Hearst would have us believe, that the people would repudiate him because his transcendent ability won fees in the long ago from men who could afford to hire the most gifted members of the New York bar. No doubt he could be injured in a measure by appeals to the prejudices of the ignorant, but it could be urged with great force to his credit that not even the powerful trusts could dissuade him from entering the service of his country when called upon by the President to abandon his lucrative private practice. And we are inclined to doubt the sincerity of that sterling patriot, William R. Hearst, when he vociferously proclaims the impossibility of Elihu Root. As Mr. Hearst is himself a candidate for the Presidency, it is not likely that he would be warning the Republicans against the fatuity of nominating Root if he really believed that the people would not vote for that gentleman. Indeed, Mr. Hearst's early cry of alarm might be taken as significant of his keen appreciation of the popularity of the Secretary of State.

The Next Arctic Expedition

Briefly it has been stated in the despatches that Captain Ejnar Mikkelsen was coming to this city from New York to make preparations for his Arctic expedition to the north of this continent. Of Captain Mikkelsen very little is known in this country, but he is a man in whom we are likely to be taking a great deal of interest before long. In England and Germany full endorsement has been given to his detailed plans, to the great desirability of research in the field which he purposes to occupy, to his scientific and physical fitness for the work, and to his proved capacity for it as shown by his participation in the fruitful Arndrup East Greenland expedition and in other Arctic enterprises. On his arrival in this country a few weeks ago he was confronted with an unexpected difficulty. The Royal Geographical Society and a few individuals had provided him with ample funds for the equipment of a small expedition, and he had made arrangements to be taken north on one of the whalers that leave this city every season for the Alaskan coast and the mouth of the Mackenzie. Unfortunately eleven of these whalers were frozen in the ice on the Arctic coast just as they were preparing to return home. Mikkelsen learned that only two whalers would leave San Francisco this year and that neither of them would engage to land him at his destination. He informed the American Geographical Society of the frustration of his plans, and that body decided to enable him to leave for the North on his own vessel, and when the expedition

leaves this port it will be under the joint auspices of the Royal Geographical Society of London and the American Geographical Society. The chief object of the Mikkelsen expedition, it may be interesting to know, is to explore the southern part of the ice-covered ocean known as Beaufort Sea, for the purpose of finding certain islands that are believed to exist there. All the known lands of the Arctic rise from the continental shelf, or, in other words, that part of the sea floor extending from the edge of the continent at depths of only six hundred to one thousand feet before the bottom sinks to oceanic depths. In this part of the Arctic no explorers have got beyond or even to the northern edge of the continental shelf. Shallow waters were under the *Jeannette* throughout her two years' drift, and she found three islands. The experience of the *Jeanette*, the movements of the currents and the nature of the tides, all point to the conclusion that there must be unknown lands rising from the continental shelf that impedes the free movement of the currents and the tides. Mikkelsen will undertake a long sledge journey over Beaufort Sea in the hope of discovering some of these lands. He will take care to keep within the continental shelf, because he has no hope of finding land to the north of it, and if circumstances permit he will endeavor to fix the edge of the shelf. He will not be settled at his base of operations on Banks Land in the Parry Archipelago of the Arctic before the approach of the early Arctic winter this year. Then he must establish a supply depot far to the north on that island from which to set out on his sledge journey in the early part of 1908.

When Lifts Were New

A morning contemporary sermonized the other day on the remarkable activity of William Cullen Bryant who, at the age of eighty-four, had contempt for contrivances for the encouragement of laziness. He mounted the stairs to his offices every day, scorning to use an elevator. William Cullen Bryant died in 1878 when elevators were still comparatively new conveniences and very much dreaded by timid people, and also by aged people who were quite sure that no good could result from the use of such new-fangled devices. In those days office buildings ranged from three to six stories in height, with staircases constructed for regular use, with broad, low treads, light halls, and convenient hand rails, not as now, almost perpendicular hen-ladders, winding round dark shafts, and put in

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mainly for emergencies such as fire or the disablement of the lifts. In the middle seventies cautious people who did not carry accident policy were wary about trusting themselves in cages. If William Cullen Bryant had lived a little later, and had found his editorial office somewhere above the tenth floor of a modern sky-scraper, there is not a doubt in the world but that he would have availed himself of the advantages of the elevator. William Cullen Bryant never wasted his time answering telephone calls, either, and he was content to ride in horse-cars, and to read by gas or oil light, not because he was so imbued with wisdom that he could not be alienated from old habits but because he had little opportunity to contract new ones. George Washington never went flying across the continent in an express train; he never sent or received a telegraphic despatch, and when he sent his tobacco and rum to Liverpool and London and received invoices of finery for himself and his family, he was content to wait the slow voyaging of sailing ships. Martha Washington never made use of a sewing machine, nor did Henry Clay or Daniel Webster employ a typewriter. One might extend the list indefinitely, but it is just as well to bear in mind the commonplace fact that progressive people make use of all the aids and inventions of their age, and that to do without conveniences that are not even dreamed of is not in itself a virtue. No doubt if our own shades are permitted to visit the earth at the end of a century's sleep they shall find many new and wonderful contrivances which we should gladly avail ourselves of if they were extant now. There are people still living who can remember when our common vegetable, the tomato, was cultivated as a curiosity and when sewing thread was bought in skeins, if indeed it was not spun in the household, and wound into balls by patient fingers. Who cannot recall seeing old letters folded so as to leave a blank space on the outside for the address, sealed with wafers, and despatched without envelopes? The methods resorted to in order to insure their contents from prying eyes are no more of a proof of their literary excellence than is the fact that Bryant walked upstairs an indication of his wisdom in thus preserving his life. There is no particular merit in old fogysm, and when it comes to extolling the merits of the eminent editor it should be remembered also that under his administration the vapid nonsense that is displayed on the editorial pages of today would have been consigned to the Bryant waste basket.

Why Flowers Are Rare

A writer in the *Critic* calls attention to the difference between English and American women in the matter of love for flowers. "The humblest cottage in England is ornamented with vines, and the humblest garden gay with flowers. The dearth of flower gardens in this country, that is among the poor, or even the well-to-do, is one of the first things to strike a foreigner. You can travel for miles through the New England farm countries, for example, and it is rarely that you see a flower garden. There may be shrubs or trees, but no flowers." The New England winters may act as a deterrent of floriculture, but the same condition can be noted here, in California, and our soil is so prolific and our climate so encouraging that plants which require careful attention elsewhere will grow without nursing if they once become rooted, yet there are blocks after blocks here in San Francisco, where the little plot in front of the houses is paved with cement, or if left free, is grown up with chickweed, mallow, dog-fennel or sheep sorrel, and the straggling remains of rose bushes, heliotrope and geraniums make heroic efforts to escape strangulation from the weeds. One hour's work would

effect a transformation, and afford as much exercise as a tennis match or a dizzy round of the skating rink. School children could be as profitably employed in making a home garden as in "nature-studying" the wild flowers which they are rapidly exterminating, and the housewife would be wasting no more of her time in gardening than she does now in gossiping over the telephone or running down to her club to talk about the "city beautiful." In the northern counties, where the winter climate approximates that of the Atlantic coast, women take a pride and pleasure in their window-gardens; and the fame of a geranium—a very common one at that—which blossoms through the winter, is a township topic of conversation, while people will go out of their way to look at the first spring rose. We read of the infinite care that is bestowed on callas elsewhere, in order to have blossoms for Easter decoration, and we know that here they blossom all winter in the open air and are practically impossible to kill. We know that heliotrope is carried down in the cellar in the East to protect it from the frost, and that rose bushes are in need of swathings in straw in order to keep them alive, while the Eastern florists' catalogues lay stress on their "early" flowering varieties which will blossom in May under favorable conditions but here, where but the slightest effort is rewarded with blooms, the flowers we get come "ready made" in a box from the florist's. Children who are brought up without growing things around them will never learn to love flowers. All the book-learned nature-study that is crammed into them will not teach them as much as a foot square of earth and a handful of seeds to plant. If there were more garden-cultivation there would be less work for the juvenile courts. All the schemes for beautifying the city will fail as long as we have unsightly back yards, patches of weeds in front, and talk of the beauties of window boxes.

Juvenal said: "No man ever became extremely wicked all at once." He lived before the days of Standard Oil.

Is there any very perceptible difference between the so-called "dramatic critic" and the plain, all-round press agent?

A man shouldn't object to being called a little fool merely because he is six feet in height.

By the time the canal is dug the utility of air ships will obviate the necessity of it.

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Herbert Law Discusses Our Future

BY THEODORE BONNET.

When the daily papers published the news of the conveyance of the Fairmount hotel to Herbert E. and Dr. Hartland S. Law those two gentlemen were hailed as public spirited citizens. Everybody felt that something of great benefit to the city had happened, for, only a short time ago, misgivings regarding the future of the Fairmount were widespread. It was thought by some to be ahead of its time, but it was argued shrewdly that, as the city was growing apace, we should soon be neck-and-neck with the big, stately palace on the hill. As soon as the Laws took possession and announced that the building was to be enlarged sentiment changed. It was felt that the Laws knew what they are talking about. There were no longer any misgivings. It was said that in taking hold of the Fairmount the Laws vindicated their confidence in the future of San Francisco. They did that years ago. That is why they are wealthy today. They expressed their confidence in San Francisco long before the Rialto Building was designed. Several years ago they were on the point of erecting a big hotel on Nob Hill. Years before that they were bringing the northern end of Van Ness avenue into the market. The Laws have foresight but it is not in the nature of prophetic vision. It is not an extra sense. It is a faculty for grasping potentialities.

Mr. Herbert E. Law was quoted the other day: "I think San Francisco," he said, "is destined soon to become one of the great cities of the world." "Why do you think so?" I asked him after reading the interview published by the *Bulletin*. He made reply in a written statement, the most comprehensive I have ever read on a subject of interest to all California. This is his statement:

"It is difficult for the average person to comprehend and grasp the significance of the world's great movements because of their complexity and the meagreness of information to be had concerning them. Take for example the happenings of the past three years in the Orient, with their tremendous bearing on San Francisco's future. It was supposed that the loss of Port Arthur to the Russians would mean an end of Russia on the Western Ocean, and that the large trade relations and shipping intercourse between Russia and the United States would in a great measure cease. But instead of losing that great trade, the Pacific Coast has retained it and gained more. During the war Russian statesmen foresaw the probabilities and while Port Arthur was still in a state of siege, they began the projection of their railways to Vladivostok, intending to make that the great port for Northern Manchurian trade, giving to the United States still greater, nearer and cheaper intercourse for the exchange of commodities with that limitless Manchurian section, where great prairies and immense forests of splendid timber and mineral deposits exist to an extent almost beyond conception. All the development and need of that country come naturally through the United States. The loss of Port Arthur and Dalny has been turned into a victory both for Russia as a nation and the United States as an arena for immense commerce. The country will not be developed to its reasonable possibilities in our lifetime. This is but one phase of our strength of position. Heretofore Shanghai has benefited largely by the Manchurian carrying trade, but with Vladivostok for Manchuria, the American distributing centre for China will be Yokohama, Kobe or Nagasaki, or the trade will go direct. There will be great curtailment of the cargoes at Shanghai landed there for trans-shipment from Europe by

the Suez Canal. The cargoes may be sent at less expense to the North direct. These advantages to us are apparent. It will be seen that the supposition that our trade might possibly be lessened by reason of Japan's splendid powers of imitation and internal development of manufactures, etc., is not well founded. In my opinion greater stimulus will result and we shall profit therefrom. Whatever the outcome of the present unrest and boycott of China may be, it will ultimately result in the right sort of relations. Japan will also be a large trader. No country lives entirely within itself. Japan will not be unlike other civilized countries in this respect. The outlook, therefore, in the Orient is exceedingly good. We can and will stimulate our trade by wise legislation, encouragement of friendly intercourse, courtesy, and by an aggressive policy of interchange of products—a willingness on the part of our merchants to send out their ships and take the chances of trade and with it the chance of profit which follows. This they will do. It is natural. It is the order of things. We have made mistakes and we have been narrow and contracted in the past, but that is a condition which always exists at the beginning. We are seeing how to do things better—we are more earnest and more anxious. We are mending our ways and correcting our errors and when we get all through the people of the West will have accommodated themselves to the situation. We are also going to profit from activities on the Isthmus. Whether the railroad is developed and made to carry all the traffic that is now tributary, and which should be urged, the canal will come along and will be a power of immeasurable influence and help. Railroad development will doubtless precede it. The natural route of steamers from the Panama Canal to the Orient is via San Francisco. When my brother, Dr. Law, was in Germany last year he had made for me a very large globe with all the trade lines indicated as governed by distance, tides, circles and general conditions which had to be taken into account in ocean transportation. If a line were drawn from the Pacific end of the canal direct to the short circle which marks the route across the ocean, it would pass through San Francisco. But a line drawn to mark the most direct steamer route to the short circle would pass this port at a point within half a day's journey by ship. Now it is reasonable to assume that ships en route to the Orient from the canal will put into San Francisco, first as a coaling port and second, as a distributing port. It pays better to use the tonnage capacity of steamers for freight than for large supplies of coal. Proceeding along this natural line to the short circle, the route lies farther from land and this distance increases so that no other port north is feasible. This means that the Northwest will get only the traffic of the trans-continental roads. No other city of the coast will likely derive benefit from the canal, except reflectively.

"The traffic development by land has had unprecedented growth in the past few years. Millions of dollars of Eastern money are being invested in the West, in railroads making their common centre San Francisco. Ten years hence men will look back and wonder why they did not recognize the very apparent signs that are seen at every turn. One of the greatest railroading achievements, from an engineering standpoint and from a standpoint of rapid railroad building, is being conducted by the Ocean Shore. Every four miles of the railroad is being built. Whether this represents altogether the money of our local friends and is simply a local road for suburban traffic, are ques-

tions that have not been raised. If it is for local trade only, it shows an amount of expenditure and an amount of development that have never been equaled on any local roads with which we are familiar in the West. The new Alameda ferry has evidently some connection with another Western bound railroad. Six years ago Mr. James Hill told me he "would come to San Francisco." The Gould road is already here. There are two additional trans-continental lines now looking over the ground for terminals. In the history of the entire West's growth, have you ever seen anything approximating the activity that now exists or the extent of work that is now being done and which is centering in San Francisco? These phenomena indicate that in the minds of the great financiers and tradesmen of the world trade operations in San Francisco are going to become sufficiently great to warrant extraordinary methods for early com-

petition. To get an adequate idea of what is already being done, examine the bank clearings. You will find that they surpass the wildest dreams of an earlier period. In 1896 they aggregated \$683,000,000. In 1905 they increased to \$1,835,000,000, and now they exceed the combined clearings of Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, Salt Lake, Helena, Fargo, Sioux Falls and Spokane. Glance over the records of the past five years and you will notice a widening range and an increase unprecedented in the history of any city whose growth has occurred in the lifetime of the average man. Chicago is the only city that I recall paralleling it.

"The real estate market has never been equaled. In all the real estate operations, observe, there have been few having to do with outside lands. The property changing hands is interest bearing. In this respect the class of real

(Continued on Page 26)



As They Are Writing

Being a Semi-Philosophical Semi-Poetical Inquiry Concerning the Reason That Men Writers Have Ceased to Acknowledge Their Writings and Why Lady Writers for the Local Press are Signing Their Names Day by Day to Everything They Write.

BY DEMOCRITUS.

Have you observed that woman is, apparently, the dominant force in local journalism? I have. Nearly all the names signed to newspaper articles nowadays are those of women. Only on rare and exceptional occasions do we read a man-signed opinion or a man-signed man-view of current event. To be sure we have Ashton Stevens and Peter Robertson with us once a week; but these are habits and we all know how hard it is to break ourselves of a long-indulged habit. It is the name of the writer that compels the reading of the article—the matter and the manner of the article is of no importance until we know that it is the matter and the manner of Ashton Stevens and Peter Robertson; it may be matter worth while and a manner to stand comparison with that of Matthew Arnold or Max Beerbohm; unlabeled it is, but a primrose by the river's brim in the popular estimation—wholly indistinguishable from other primroses on other river brims; nothing more.

Before I enter upon my fulsome adulation of our lady writers let me inquire why the men writers are so reluctant to court the notoriety of the signed article? Is it modesty that restrains them? or has mature judgment informed them that there is little in the life of the day that is worth writing over signatures that have borne the burden of weightier subjects? I merely make this inquiry; I do not pretend to the knowledge that can answer. Why is "Pop" Cahill in obscurity? (I detected him in a delicious drive at Peter Dunne the other day—a complete jest in a few pregnant lines descriptive of the great advocate's fluency in the language of the French and his belief that the Davis will is "a forgery of many epithets.") But why does not this inimitable satirist come out into the open? Why does he hide the light of his genius under the bushel of anonymity? Why is he in escrow like a scared and hunted Rockefeller? Why does not "Pop" Cahill have a "following" like the lady writers?

Then there is Ned Hamilton with his Stevensonian style and his wonderful faculty for the apt allusion; and Al Murphy, whose humor was so much more humorous than Dooley's, and John McNaught, whose balanced sentences and scholarly diction are a delight to the cultured;

and John P. Young, who has done so much in the man-signing period of local journalism to popularize abstruse and arid discussion of the dismal science; and Thomas Nunan, whose inspiration is from the stars and the precession of the equinoxes; and Edward O'Day, a self-made classicist familiar with the by-ways of history and able by a deft turn of a phrase grammatically impeccable to reanimate the dead past for the edification of those who read the record of the living present; and Karl Von Hermann, new to the writing tribe of San Francisco, lured to us out of the end of the earth to weave for us little tales like those of Maupassant upon the basis of a Labouchere's world experience in the style of a Gautier and with the virility of a Conrad. Why are all these, and others whom I would like to mention, inglorious if not absolutely mute? why are they unhonored and unsung save by a poor pen craftsman like myself whose praise is as the utterances of Cassandra in the unbelieving ears of the multitude? I merely ask the question preliminary to the commendation I am about to bestow on the feminine contingent that has invaded the journalistic field, as it is sometimes called, and usurped the prerogatives (if I may be permitted to use an outworn phrase) of our old-time signers. If I could answer my question I would not have asked it.

Neither is it my intention to name the lady writers as I have named some of the men writers. I refrain for two reasons. Women are vain and jealous. If I praise these women as I think they deserve, each of them will need stilts instead of French heels to carry herself amid the throng of the unmentioned; and, furthermore, I could not so measure the ambrosia as to please each dame and demoiselle—there would ensue a dark brown taste in the mouth after the eager quaffing because some rival pensteress or penstrix had received a sweeter draught.

One of these lady writers is an especial favorite of mine. When I read her printed thoughts I think of apple blossoms snowing a clover patch, and it is even-tide in the dairy districts, the hour when lowing kine meander adown the gently-sloping lane to the milking shed. And I can

(Continued on Page 33)

Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

Langdon—lid on.

Keeping up appearances nowadays means keeping poor.

Money never talks so glibly as when it has been spent over a bar.

It looks as though the rate bill will be railroaded out of existence.

It takes a troop of soldiers to follow up the work of one missionary in China.

Forty deaf mutes held a banquet at a local hotel last week. It was a very quiet affair.

History seems endeavoring to repeat itself. Jack London is preaching the same sort of anarchy that Jack Cade of London once preached.

The recent fatal prizefight has proved almost as good as a political campaign in furnishing the preachers with a theme for quotable sermons.

The Associated Press tells us that a man in Colorado, caught in a snow-slide, was dug out by his dog in ten minutes. The despatch is incomplete, the writer having neglected to tell us who held the watch—the man or his dog.

Harry Orchard says he feels like a new man since confessing to the murder of Steunenberg. He will feel like a dead man if the law takes its course.

"A new broom sweeps clean, but an old one knows where the dirt lies." District Attorney Langdon seems to have the characteristics of both the old and the new.

The Los Angeles girl who used both chloroform and gasoline in ending her life must have dreamed in her etherized agonies that she was an automobile at full speed.

"It will be the greatest fight of the age," enthusiastically whoop the dailies. "Poor Tenny was sacrificed on the altar of a brutal sport," mournfully chorus the dailies.

From recent references in the despatches to the beneficent activities of Mr. Stuyvesant Fish it appears that the gentleman with the historic name has long been hiding his light under a bushel in the role of husband to a lady who won distinction by giving a monkey dinner.

Mrs. Robert P. Hill intends giving away Shasta daisies at the National Federation of Women's Clubs in St. Paul for the purpose of advertising California. To supplement the good work somebody should distribute bottles of San Francisco fog, the greatest tonic in the world, a salt-laden antiseptic, once upon a time regarded as a deadly poison, but now appreciated for its virtues and for its prophylactic and germicidal qualities.



On What to Read

By Harry Cowell.

No one has lately asked my advice on the much-mooted question of "What to Read?"; but, holding with Balzac that it is delightful to commit a folly, I pleasure myself by offering it all-unsought.

So busy is life today, so noisy, that, in order to get the ear of the world, the man who has something to say must needs "write at the top of his voice"; and this good taste will not suffer him to do. Like Beauty, Wisdom never shrieks. Though none listen, yet will she speak, not loudly, but low. Rather than yell at you she would go without a hearing to the end of time. My word for it, therefore, no clamorous ill-bred book is of her writing—or Beauty's.

Let readers, then, beware of the writer who, after the manner of the street orator, begins by shouting on the first page; nor hope that he will end by giving them a work of art. He is of the devil, intent upon his pay. Heed him not, but rather, this my warning.

So great, however, has the confusion become that criticism can scarce hear its own voice, much less make itself heard; and withal discernment is so rare that the very children of light are in need of a prophet to exhort them, saying: Be not led away from the worship of Beauty by the pseudo-genius who from time to time arise to supply half-education with the vociferous reading matter which it, ignorant of itself, demands.

Here, at the risk of being myself thought an alarmist—one of the loud-mouthed—by such as cannot read the signs of the times, I must say that, as it seems to me, the recent abnormal growth of journalism is apt to result in the decay of literature, unless the useful art be kept distinct from the fine art in the mind of the public.

Journalistic work, even at its best, is not literature—even at its worst. Grant Mr. Kipling genius. For all that, he is a journalist, not a man of letters. Among reporters, no one, perhaps, ranks higher than he. Deny genius to Walter Pater. Neverthe-

less he is a man of letters, not a journalist. His place, if not foremost, is yet with artists.

A literary artist, no matter how terrible his subject—the fate of *Œdipus*, for instance—never does violence to one's emotions, never lays rude vulgar hands upon one, causing the soul to cry out, "You hurt me!" as Joubert has it. The use of brute force betrays the artisan.

Of the many modern dramas treating of ugliness and the dark, none is greater, more "effective," at least, than "Ghosts." But is not Ibsen's masterpiece so far inartistic as to cause all but the most insensate souls to shrink away, crying out, "You hurt me! You hurt me!"? No Grecian hand would so ruthlessly bereave its work of beauty and light.

Books of beautiful terror, whose effect is to shrivel the soul, are, as a rule, to be avoided. It is better to "see the dawn with Shelley's eyes" than to see ghosts with Ibsen's.

We all know with what joy the body feels itself expanding under the influence of April sunshine. In a manner not unlike to that, the soul rejoices to feel itself greatening under the influence of genius. More or less joy, in connection with a feeling of expansion, is to be had of almost every true work of art.

To be sure, a book may be the work of artistic hands, and yet be gloomy, obscuring the beauty of things. That, however, is not to be held against it, as if a fatal defect, so long as the gloom is that of a cloudy April day not utterly joyless, not wholly without mid-spring effects.

As to myself, I am not yet prepared to choose my literature for its mid-springs effects upon the soul; although nothing is easier than to choose less wisely, in a day when fact affords a welcome escape from fiction; when a page of science contains, on an average, more sweetness and beauty and light than does a page of "art."

On the Tamalpais Slope

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

There's an amber light a-quiver on the eucalyptus trees;
 There's a splash of fiery crimson tints the wood,
 And the tiny brook speaks softly to the perfume laden
 breeze
 That replies as though it plainly understood.

From beneath the leaf strewn brush-pile there is seen a
 wary nose
 Peeping out in nervous caution and affright
 Ere its owner ventures yonder to a spot where breakfast
 grows
 With the dew left fresh upon it by the night.

As a touch of quiet sadness marks the song the martin
 sings
 Near the old nest, long deserted in the glen,
 So do hearts imbued with sorrow ever turn where mem'ry
 clings
 And in fancy live their happiness again.

There's a power that turns us ever to'ard the helpful light
 of hope
 Though the chiefest of our projects totter down,
 And my guiding star is yonder on the Tamalpais slope
 When I sink beneath the tumult of the town.

March, 1906.



The Spectator

That Great Murder Mystery

The murder mystery at Stege, the ghastly story that the *Examiner* sprung in good faith last week, promises to go down in local journalistic history as one of the great fakes. Wherever the newspaper men congregate, they discuss the affair with gusto, and tell of similar things that have happened. The *Examiner* was absolutely sincere through it all. It was believed in the office that one of the great stories of the day had been unearthed. There was justification for the first installment of the story—that wherein it was related that four clam-diggers had found on the beach a human head, which disappeared when they went after the authorities. The finders of it insisted to the reporters that it was no bleached skull they found, but a gory head, lately severed from a human body. For two or three days the papers indulged in speculations and deductions regarding the missing owner of the head. Of course it was the murderer who had taken it from the clam-diggers' hiding place. Then came the great sensation—the *Examiner's* story of finding in a box buried on the beach the body to which the head belonged. Then the climax—the *Examiner's* acknowledgment the next morning that the body was the skeleton of a tramp buried more than a decade ago, and that the head was what the elements had left of a skull. The reporter who was responsible for the fake was an Oakland man, an assistant to Charlie Brennan, the *Examiner's* Oakland correspondent, who was at Stege working on the story when the skeleton was found. Realizing that the story must be wound up with some semblance of sensation, he telephoned to the assistant in Oakland, telling him to play up the latest find as well as possible. The reporter exceeded his instructions. He wrote a whooping story. He clothed that mouldering skeleton in flesh. He told how the dead man must have led a leisurely life, as his hands were soft and his nails well manicured. The body, he said, was that of a well nourished man. The feet showed that he had not walked much. Of course, on top of that he had to do a lot of theorizing. It was easy to deduct that the vanishing head belonged to the body. It was only natural that such a man, evidently one of leisure, wealth and refinement—as witness the manicured nails—could not be missing long

without inquiry being made about him. And Stege—well, according to the imagination of this reporter and those who assisted him, Stege was in a condition of wild, boiling ferment. When the other papers had no announcement the next morning of the great find, the *Examiner* editors began to wonder if there was anything wrong about it. They knew when the true story came in. And the reporter whose dream of manicured nails had wrought the trouble was fired. Other things might have been forgiven—but not those manicured nails.

Other Great Fakes

Probably the greatest fake ever unloaded by a San Francisco daily was the great Hornbrook story that appeared in the *Chronicle* during the Chinese-Japanese War. There landed in town one day from a Trans-Pacific steamer an individual named Hornbrook. He had a story of a sea-fight between Japanese and Chinese battleships. None of the world's great naval fighting machines had been in battle up to that time, and there was much speculation as to how serviceable they would be. Hornbrook was full of information on the subject. He was full of the most thrilling tale that was ever shrieked through the columns of a newspaper. He sold it to the *Chronicle*, and the next morning that paper had the first news of the first battle between the Oriental fleets. Hornbrook certainly was a

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Dumas. He told how these great fighting engines blew each other into the quivering, smoke-wreathed heavens. Men, according to him, were blown clear out of sight—even higher than the ships went. It was a tale of swift and awful death, devastation and destruction. The *Chronicle* devoted columns to it, and had pictures as weird as the story. By the time it was found out that Hornbrook had relied entirely upon his imagination, as there had been no fight, he was out of town with the price of the story. The *Call* has not escaped fakes either. Ten years ago, when there were rumors of a successful airship sailing all over California, the *Call* bit harder than any of the other papers, and after its contemporaries ceased to pay much attention to the story, published column after column of apparently authentic reports of the airship having been seen hovering over all parts of California. I remember that Swinerton drew for the *Examiner* a series of pictures of Editor Shortridge turning his head to gaze after the airship until he twisted his neck off.

The Fairmount Deal

When it became known that Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs had transferred the Fairmount hotel to Herbert and Dr. Hartland Law there was rejoicing among men who are concerned for the welfare of San Francisco. Financiers and men of large property interests felt that the deal would prove of vast benefit to this city. There was consequently great rejoicing in financial circles. It is known that the Laws, both for sentimental and pecuniary reasons, are eager to stimulate the growth of this metropolis, and when they took hold of the big hotel project it was tantamount to a declaration of faith and confidence, on the part of two shrewd business men in the city's future. Though there were several hotel men desirous of leasing the Fairmount, the size and situation of the hotel occasioned some misgivings as to its commercial value. It was looked upon by some, who were under the impression that the city is already well supplied with hotels, as a purely experimental project, but when the Laws exchanged two fine pieces of income property for the chaste and stately palace on the hill, the conclusion was unanimous that it was destined to prove a bonanza. And though it was announced that the Laws intended to enlarge the building nobody was astonished. It seemed to be taken for granted that the Laws knew what they were talking about, and I am quite sure they do. I am glad that Mrs. Oelrichs made the deal because while the hotel was on her hands she was unintentionally creating the impression that it was a white elephant. Being a woman she found it hard to make up her mind, and as she has had business experience of a kind that made her quite sceptical it was not easy to close a bargain with her. The matter of the lease had been hanging fire so long that several local capitalists got together and offered to organize a syndicate to run the hotel and take Mrs. Oelrichs in. Rudolph Spreckels, the Laws, the Magees and others were in the combination and they were ready to take the lease on Mrs. Oelrichs' terms. At once the hotel looked so good to her that she wanted fifty per cent of the stock. The syndicate went to pieces on the spot. And then came the proposition from the Laws.

A Touch of Sentiment

Rarely does sentiment enter into business, but it was injected into the Laws-Oelrichs transaction and imparted a pleasant flavor to the deal. When the agreement of transfer was drawn up it was learned for the first time that Mrs. Oelrichs had not viewed the Fairmount merely as a commercial enterprise. Though it had occasioned a great deal of anxiety it had become her pet project and she looked forward to the day when it would not only be regarded as one of the most attractive and creditable features of this city, but would become famous for its grandeur and magnificence. It was learned that Mrs. Oelrichs had made trips to Europe for the special purpose of familiarizing herself with the appointments of the most artistic hotels of the old world, that she had interviewed the most renowned decorators and artists and had purchased draperies and ornaments that are unsurpassed in any hotel in Europe. The Laws and others who listened to her were amazed at the technical knowledge she displayed and when she finished Herbert Law took occasion to assure her that the name of the Fairmount would never be changed, and he added, "The finest suite of rooms in the hotel will be named the Oelrichs suite and they will always be at your disposal free of charge."

Features of the Fairmount

A great deal has been written about the Fairmount but the public have not the faintest conception of what is to be offered when the doors of the Nob Hill hotel are thrown open for business. It is not generally known that visitors have been religiously excluded during the progress of construction, and for no other reason than that the owner wished to have the pleasure of surprising and dazzling the people of San Francisco. Thousands have admired the exterior and though it suggests a palace of Alcinoüs, the simple splendor of those white walls conveys not even a faint hint of the interior system of refined artisanship diffused like a general atmosphere of beauty and richness. But there is more than the ornamentation and richness of material to command admiration. For perfection of detail it will be unsurpassed. For example, there is to be a large ball-room in which absolute privacy can be secured. It may be reached without entering the hotel and will be connected with hat, cloak and retiring rooms and also with a banquet room. But perhaps the most important feature is the concert or convention hall. The shame of this city is that it has no such hall. Melba

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told us that we should blush for our provincialism in this respect. With the Fairmount we are to have not only a hotel but also a hall in which to enjoy the art of great vocalists, the spellbinding of great orators or the music of a symphony orchestra. And Mr. Herbert Law believes that the lights will be blazing in the windows of the Fairmount before the fall of the year.

Kennedy Answers Maguire

The controversy between Judge James G. Maguire and P. J. Kennedy having been opened in the *Examiner*, should have been closed in that journal. It was closed to the satisfaction of the *Examiner*, but not to the satisfaction of Mr. Kennedy. That gentleman was permitted to make the opening statement of the case, but not the closing, as he should have been under the rules of controversy. Hence his appeal to me to give publicity to his reply to Judge Maguire's statement of the case. According to Kennedy, Maguire played recreant to the trust of Kate Kennedy, his confiding friend, in failing to use some of the money bequeathed to him to defray the cost of publishing her writings on Single Tax. Her instructions were in writing and Kennedy says he read them to Maguire, who was pleased to accept the trust. The writings were collected for publication and submitted to Judge Maguire. "I called on the Judge time and time again," says Kennedy, "to urge the publication, but could get no satisfaction, so I parted from him in disgust some fifteen years ago and have never spoken to him since." Judge Maguire has said that it was Miss Kennedy's biography that was to have been published. "In all my intercourse with the Judge," says Kennedy, "biography was never mentioned. In his interview in the *Examiner* he says he offered to pay for the publication of a biography. He never made any such offer, for he well knew it would be insulting. I wasn't begging favors from him. The Judge displayed poor taste in ringing in my sisters. They had nothing to do with the matter. I was dealing with him and am responsible for what I say. The Judge pleads modestly and says, 'P. J. Kennedy seems to take offense at my not undertaking a work that I was unfitted to do.' Unable to write a preface! Strange admission coming from a learned judge and experienced book-maker—*vide* his Ireland and the Pope a work of great research published some years ago. The Judge accuses me of being antagonistic to him. Why, when he ran for Governor some years ago I was besieged by reporters to learn what caused the friction between us. My answer was that it was a personal matter. Was that antagonistic? The Judge has been advertising himself in the columns of the press, vaingloriously boasting of his generosity and claiming to have done so much that I am astonished he hasn't claimed that he published Miss Kennedy's writings and paid for them out of his own pocket. His rodomontade is pettifoggery, meant to divert attention from the main question, deceiving no one but the Judge."

Rader's Shrewd Observation

Said Dr. Rader to Abe Ruef: "The suspicion is abroad that there has been a rupture between the office of District Attorney and the City Hall. Is there any founda-

tion for such a feeling?"

Said Abe Ruef to Dr. Rader: "None whatever. If there is any honor attached to the District Attorney's reform, the Administration shares that honor. While I have no right to speak for others, I will say that the Administration rejoices in any measure that makes for law and order."

Said Dr. Rader to the readers of the *Bulletin*: "I was impressed with Mr. Ruef's candor. His words indicate that there has been no rupture between the Administration and District Attorney Langdon," etc.

It is evident that Dr. Rader is a fine interpreter of his mother tongue. Mr. Ruef's words unquestionably indicated that there had been no rupture. Indeed, I should say that they more than indicated that there had been no rupture. Moreover, I am of the opinion that Dr. Rader would have been guilty of no exaggeration in saying that they were calculated to convey the impression that there had been no rupture. Without fear of contradiction he might have asserted that Mr. Ruef's words in a measure justified the conclusion that there had been no rupture, or that Mr. Ruef actually intimated that there had been no rupture. And, by the way, Dr. Rader's words indicate that he is writing for the *Bulletin* at space rates.

Phelan Dines Langdon

In fewer than twenty-four hours after District Attorney Langdon was made famous through his raid on a gambling hell he received an invitation from that eminent civic patriot, Mr. James D. Phelan, to break bread with him at a table for two in the Bohemian Club. Mr. Langdon accepted the invitation. I presume that Mr. Phelan complimented Mr. Langdon and gave him a few pointers on the policy that a reformer should pursue to achieve his ambition.

What the Gamblers Think

The gamblers who were driven out of business by District Attorney Langdon are in a white heat over what they seem to regard as the "double-cross." After listening to

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their version of their troubles one is inclined to the conclusion that they had good and substantial reason for believing they would be permitted to do business. They claim to have contributed the greater part of the campaign fund for the election of Schmitz, believing they were to be encouraged in contributing atmosphere to a wide-open town. They ask if anybody is fool enough to believe that they would have gone to great expense in getting ready for business if they had not good reason to feel that they would not be disturbed. They scoff at the suggestion that the District Attorney acted without the consent of the Administration. They prefer to believe that when the Administration saw how wide-open the town was becoming it suffered from an attack of cold feet.

Smoot and the Preachers

I have no quarrel with the preachers in this Smoot matter; I am absolutely indifferent to Smoot as a personality; and I am of the opinion that the Mormon religion is a fool religion conceived in the basest superstition, nurtured by brazen and audacious deception, and sustained by all the tricks known to the trade of the theological charlatan. But this adverse opinion concerning the "revealed" absurdities of Mormonism does not blind me to the fact that Senator Smoot is an American citizen legally and honestly elected by American citizens to represent American citizens in the Senate of the American republic. As far as I can ascertain Senator Smoot is not charged by the preachers with any crime; it is not urged that he is a polygamist or that he has ever advocated open and notorious plurality of wives; and, quoting the substance of a resolution recently adopted by the Protestant ministers of this city, the objection to Smoot is wholly upon the irrelevant assumption that "his connection with the Mormon church is contrary to patriotism and loyalty to American principles." This is weak; it is puerile; it is a mere subterfuge for the bigotry that lurks beneath. It is, in fact, a complete acknowledgment that the opposition to Smoot is solely on account of his "connection with the Mormon church." If he had been a Presbyterian, a Methodist, a Baptist, or anything else within the sacrosanct purview of the ordinances of the two-and-seventy jarring sects no word of objection would have been uttered to the Senator from Utah even though he were the unanimous choice of the Mormon church. It is significant in this controversy that only the Protestant sects are involved; the Catholics are attending strictly to their own business, neither objecting nor advising. It is possible that the prelates and priests of the Catholic faith believe that a family quarrel should be settled in the family quarreling, but I am inclined to give the Mother Church credit for a toleration acquired by long and bitter experience in the practices now revived from a darker age by the Protestant brethren.

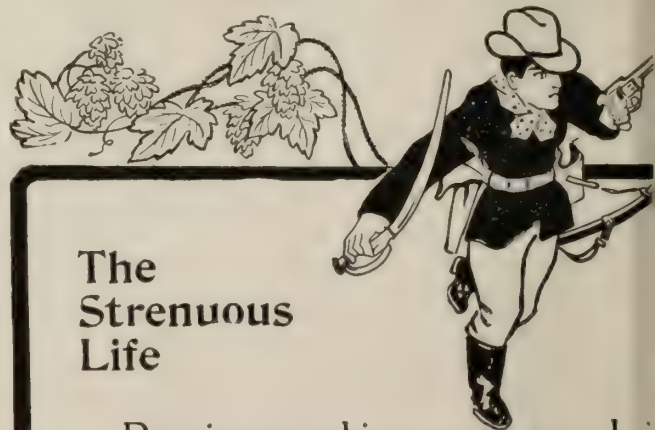
Food For the Waste Basket

David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University, has issued an edict prohibiting the newspaper correspondents from sending college news to the newspapers and announcing that hereafter "official news" will be forwarded by the Secretary to the various editors. If I were inclined to be serious in this matter I would enlarge on the fate of that "official news" after it reached the editors of the newspapers. But I regard this incident in the queer

career of Stanford as a joke—one of those unconsciously humorous situations in which President Jordan is constantly placing himself. What do the editors care for the "official news" of Stanford? The waste baskets of every newspaper office in San Francisco are full of that sort of "news." The editors don't want "official news," they want news, and that is why they pay money to correspondents at the universities. President Jordan takes himself, his school and his "official news," too seriously, whereat he is ridiculous in the eyes of men.

Stanford's Private School

On the other hand, as I have had occasion to remark before, President Jordan and the trustees of the Stanford University have an absolute and a despotic right to make any laws they see fit for the government of the institution. It is a private school, endowed with the money of the people through the man that appropriated it from the people by means of the Contract and Finance Department of the Central Pacific Railroad. If President Jordan or the trustees of the institution desire to gag free speech or any free expression of opinion emanating from the immediate environment of the school, they cannot be prevented from doing so. Even a unanimous public opinion cannot affect this incidents in the history of this narrow-gauge Sorbonne. The circumstance that the people of California have remitted the taxes of this private school, on the specious plea that no tuition fee is charged, does not give the citizens of California the right to demand twentieth century methods in the government of the institution, as would be their right if the Stanford method were adopted at the State University. If President Jordan sees fit to gag the correspondents at Stanford he has a perfect privi-



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lege in so doing. He is supreme as Madame Jinglesmack is supreme in her young ladies' seminary and finishing school—the authority is the same in either case. But in its last analysis the joke is on President Jordan and his “official news.” I can see now the sneer of contempt on the lips of at least five news editors as they toss President Jordan’s “official news” onto the floor as soon as they realize its purport—seven closely typewritten carbon copies in blurred purple ink; familiar, tedious and detestable stuff in the formal style of the hired secretary, conveying a mass of unprintable rot and deliberately suppressing the real news either from lack of the news sense or because the “officials” do not wish to let the public know what they are doing. “Official news!” Well, we shall see how much “official news” the papers will print from Stanford University.

“Jamie” Wilder and His Family

My Honolulu correspondent writes we: “James H. Wilder, with his wife and two children, has returned to Honolulu after a five or six years’ sojourn in Paris, Rome, and other art centres of Europe. “Jamie” graduated from Harvard in 1896, and is a member of the Hasty Pudding Club. He spent the two or three years after college traveling in Borneo, Java, and other out of the way places. He was in Guam only about six months before Admiral Glass captured the island and he and the Governor became fast friends—that same Governor who went out to meet the *Charleston* and apologize for not saluting because he was out of powder. From Guam and the Carolines Wilder went to Japan, and then came home and married a childhood sweetheart.

The Ward-Booth Engagement

My correspondent further writes: “Mrs. Victoria Ward has just announced the engagement of her daughter Lani with Robert W. Booth. The Ward family has always figured prominently in society here, though never ostentatiously. The family residence, “The Old Plantation,” has been a show place in Honolulu for more than a generation. It is situated in the midst of an extensive estate opposite Thomas Square, where sixty years ago Rear Admiral Thomas of Queen Victoria’s Admiralty restored the throne to Kamehameha III and independence to Hawaii. The town has grown all around it now, but the grove of coconut palms which surrounds the house and the rice fields that stretch off to the sea still survive. Mr. Ward brought with him all the more pleasing sentiments of the South as they existed in the days befo’ the wah. During the Civil War he was the one Southern sympathizer in all Hawaii where New England sentiment predominated. Mrs. Ward was one of the Robinson girls who were belles during the reign of Kamehameha V. They are all rich widows now.”

A Lecturer’s Achievement

One of the young architects of this town gave a lecture on modern architecture to a very select audience the other night, and was afterward inveigled into holding forth on the beauties of the Cologne Cathedral. “At the conclusion of my lecture,” said he to me, “a woman known throughout the state for her near-culture came to me, ex-

plained that she was all wrapped up in architecture, and thanked me effusively for enlightening her on one point that she had never been able to understand before. ‘I’ve always wondered,’ she said, ‘where the colonial style of architecture came from. Now, of course, I see that it comes from Cologne.’”

“What did you tell her?” I inquired.

“I told her,” he ruefully replied, “that if my lecture had made that clear to her the result exceeded my most sanguine expectations.”

Even When He Sleeps

“As all the world knows,” writes Harry Cowell, “the wages of eating a bite too much just before bedtime is not infrequently nightmare. To me—no sybarite—the sin seems venial; the punishment, inconspicuously severe. Be that as it may, however, I bear without a word of grouch seeing my grannie’s people in expiation for my sin; falling endlessly, in eternal fear of the ever-receding ground; vainly fleeing pterodactyls and the like. But I must say that I do rail against the gods when a bit of cheese no bigger than a marble makes me a child again for a night, a schoolboy in that torture-chamber euphemistically called a class-room, put to the question by those monsters of cruelty, school-masters and school-ma’ams. Any form of incubus other than the inquisitorial I suffer in silence, sackcloth and ashes. That to me is insufferable. There one sits in dumb affright before the monstrous questioner, the saving answers ever on the tip of one’s tongue. Lover of learning as I am, the memory of my school days is a dread to me awake; asleep, a nightmare. The other night, the cheese being, so to say, a mite too small for a true devil’s

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drama, I was the victim of what is known as 'relieved tragedy,' in my case tragedy so strange, with such comic relief, as to be worth the telling.

A Dream Parody

"Methought I was in the old class-room at Arlington House, being quizzed by a demon in cap and gown. As usual, the answers were on the tip of my tongue, but, for the life of me, I could not open my mouth. All at once, the dream ceased to be vague and horrible. 'You, Cowell,' said a gray-bearded pedant, 'make a potato—a tuber,—speak after the manner of "I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree."' "That would be easy enough," I answered, for the first time in such a nightmare finding my voice, 'only I like Yeats' little poem too well to do it.' Did the bearded pedant mean smilingly to insinuate that the Irish bard, when he wrote the well-known lyric under the influence of David Thoreau, was in danger of becoming a vegetating idealist? Was it Dr. Douglas Hyde's visit to this city, or the recent death of 'Fiona Macleod,' that made me think of William Butler? I know not. All I know is that the thing in cap and gown, having assured me that it admired Yeats quite as much as I, advised me to put myself in the place of a poetic potato, and be quick about it, if it were so easy; which I did, with the following result (given here word for word as it was recited in the dream): 'I will arise and grow now, and grow a tuber free,

And a small family found me, in my own image made—
Nine or ten in a mud hut, as snug as snug can be—

And settle down in the deep-ploughed glade.'
The tittering of my fellow-victims woke me up, and the devil of it is I don't know whether I passed or not."

Hearst Tries to Get Older

There was a time when newspaper men complained that in no profession was talent so poorly rewarded as in journalism. Nowadays there are many journalists drawing higher salaries than are paid in the ministry or in the judiciary. University professors are not any more prosperous than the editors of metropolitan journals. The highest priced men in journalism are employed by William R. Hearst who was the first publisher to raise salaries. When Hearst wants a man he usually gets him, but he has tried in vain to secure the services of Fremont Older, managing editor of the *Bulletin*. More than a year ago he offered Older the managing editorship of the Los Angeles *Examiner*. Older preferred to remain with the *Bulletin*. A few weeks ago Older went to New York, and it was rumored that he was to become the managing editor of the *Evening Journal*, but he returned to town last Saturday and is again at his desk in the *Bulletin* office. It has been learned that Hearst sent for him in New York and offered him the managing editorship of the *Journal* at fifteen thousand a year. It was a tempting offer and Mr. Older took it under consideration, informing Hearst, however, that he preferred to live in San Francisco. It happened that Mr. Crothers, proprietor of the *Bulletin*, was in New York at the time. Crothers and Older met and the latter took an early train for San Francisco. I do not know what was said at that interview but whatever was said by

Mr. Crothers was what induced Mr. Older to turn down the offer of fifteen thousand a year.

Michelson Is Coming

Another bit of news from journalistic circles is in reference to the promotion of Managing Editor Robert of the *Examiner*, who now bears the title of Pacific Coast Publisher of the Hearst papers, having charge of the *Examiner* of this city and the *Examiner* of Los Angeles. The position of managing editor of the San Francisco paper is to be filled by Charley Michelson, who is now en route to this city. Charley Michelson is very well known here, where he was born and raised among the newspaper scribes and scrappers. He is a brother-in-law of Arthur McEwen and a brother of Miss Miriam Michelson of "In the Bishop's Carriage" fame. As an all round writer a decade ago he did some of the cleverest work on the *Examiner*. When Hearst gathered up his local talent to wake up the New Yorkers with the *Journal* Michelson was among those picked for good work. Since then he has married, picked up points in his profession and risen in rank till Hearst decided the other day that he was the best available man to look after his San Francisco interests.

That Star Letter

Who is "C. M. S."? This is the question that went from lip to lip in political circles when it was learned that a sensational letter dealing with political conditions in the state, and signed "C. M. S.," had been published in the Pasadena *Star*. The letter caused quite a stir, accusing Dan Burns, as it did, of treachery to Henry T. Gage in the State Convention four years ago, and alleging that Burns and M. H. de Young had entered into a political combination. This story was promptly denied by Mr. de Young but the denial did not arrest speculation as to the identity of "C. M. S." Those are Charley Shortridge's initials, and Charley Shortridge is a man possessed of a great deal of the information contained in that letter. But Charley Shortridge isn't addicted to the initial habit. He has never been known to screen his light. He likes to bask in its effulgence. He yearns for literary fame and when he writes he doesn't disguise his chirography. But perhaps he felt that the letter to the *Star* wasn't in his best style.

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A Rabbi's Wit

It came through the mail, bearing no signature. It is the story of a *bon mot*—not a brilliant one, but evidently somebody thought it worth a two-cent stamp. As it was written: "Last Friday afternoon at the Tivoli Opera House, on the platform from which Dr. Douglas Hyde spoke were seated a number of prominent citizens. Mr. Raphael Weill, who was on the platform, while in conversation with one of the Superior judges addressed him as 'Doctor.' 'I have made a mistake,' remarked Mr. Weill to the Rev. Dr. Bernard M. Kaplan who was seated alongside of him. 'I have called the Judge, Doctor.' 'Not at all,' rejoined Rabbi Kaplan, 'don't judges send men to the tombs occasionally?'"

The Tale of a Mine

R. Gilman Brown may not shine with his very excellent wife as a champion golf player but in a quiet way, for years past, he has been hiding his light behind a modest title and drawing down a very handsome salary as the engineer of the Consolidated Standard mine in Bodie. There was method in his modesty. Time was when the Standard was ranked among the mighty producers. Millions have been taken out of her deep-delved ledges. Some years ago Gilman Brown and his friends quietly got control of the stock, divided the big positions among themselves and settled down to prosperous careers. Very recently a clique of Standard stockholders living in the East drafted the luminous scheme of ousting the Gilman Brown combination and seizing whatever good ore bodies might still be left in the depths of the famous mine. At the annual meeting of the stockholders they captured the directorate, elected the executive officers and drove the Gilman Brown crowd out of every paying office in sight. It is to the golf links now for those heroes of a thousand and one fat pay days. But Gilman Brown and his sleek-fed henchmen are taking their defeat so serenely that the victorious Easterners are making anxious inquiries as to the why and wherefore. Local mining promoters explain that for a year or more Brown and his confreres have been unloading their stock at top prices on the Eastern phalanx so anxious to obtain it for fighting purposes that the invaders were artfully led into ambuscade while the old guard golf veterans retired with all the money in sight. However the Easterners have listed the mine on the Stock Exchange again and are bustling about as if there wasn't the slightest doubt that they would be able to get many more millions out of the old Standard.

Hammond Talks of Roosevelt

Charles Hammond, of Upper Lake, brother-in-law of President Roosevelt, has returned from his trip to Washington, D. C., where he attended the wedding of his wife's niece. During his stay in Washington he urged that action be hastened in the matter of the Stoney Creek Forest which is to be made a national reservation, and he enlisted the sympathy of the President. Mr. Hammond is a very enthusiastic admirer of the President. "It is amazing," he said to me the other day, "what an alert mind that man has. Though he seems to be on the jump all the time he never needs a reminder of an engagement, and he can drop one subject and take up another without wonderful facility. One day at lunch I spoke to him about the forest. 'You're coming to dinner day after tomorrow,' he said. 'After dinner I'll talk to you about it.' The dinner he referred to took place at the White House the night before the wedding. There were about thirty people present. Immediately after dinner he said to me, 'Come, Hammond, and tell me about that forest reserve.' Mr. Hammond, by the way, has been taking a mild interest in politics and this

year he intends to become a candidate for State Senator in the Second Senatorial District.

Monolith or Slab?

A correspondent who signs himself "An Irish Reader of Town Talk" writes, anent my statement in reference to a "monolith" erected at Fontenoy by Frank J. Sullivan: "It may be interesting for yourself and the public to know that the alleged 'monument' or 'monolith' has no existence in point of fact, and that all that Sullivan did was to have a marble slab, two feet by three feet, emplaced in the brick wall of a cemetery near the battlefield of Fontenoy, with an inscription thereon that it was erected by himself." This statement is printed for whatever news value it may have, but I decline to publish the comments of my unknown correspondent.

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Napa Soda



Photo by Bushnell

Cecilia Rhoda

The Tivoli's new prima donna.

Mrs. Joe Flint (Anne Apperson) is in Palermo with Mrs. Phoebe Hearst. Mrs. Flint is Mrs. Hearst's favorite niece. Dr. Flint did not join his wife in the Italian and Sicilian tour as he preferred to remain in Vienna, where he is taking a special course in medicine.

Papa's Gift Was of Bonds

I hear that H. E. Huntington's wedding gift to his daughter Elizabeth was of bonds that will bring in an

income of a thousand a year. Similar gifts were made to Clara and Howard Huntington when they married.

Wears Veils in the Country

The first to pull up stakes in town and depart Bling-umwards were the Peter Martins, who will occupy the George Newhall house until the owners decide to take possession. The Martins' house now in process of building is of unpretentious colonial architecture and will probably be ready for occupancy in the later summer. Mrs. Martin goes in for the simple life in the country, but she wears the smartest togs of any of the colony and takes great care of her complexion. One never sees her abroad without several thicknesses of veils concealing her features.

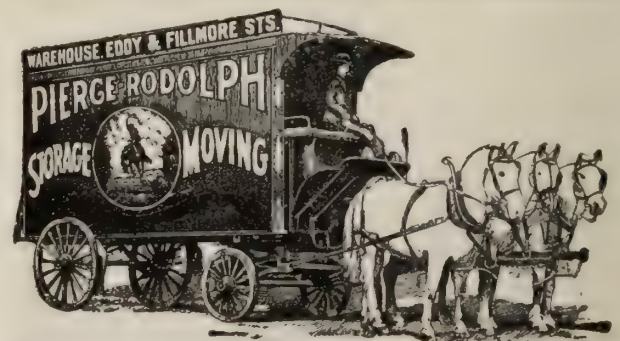
A Dinner of Brains

On Wednesday evening of last week Hubert Howe Bancroft entertained at dinner at St. Dunstan's some of the University Regents, and others, in honor of Professor Henry Morse Stephens. Among those invited were Governor Pardee, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Dr. Minot J. Savage of New York, Professor William James of Harvard, Bishop Nichols, Charles W. Slack, Rudolph J. Taussig, Rev. Dr. Bradford Leavitt, Charles W. Wheeler, Rev. Dr. Clappett, Dean Hodges of Harvard, Judge M. C. Sloss, Frank J. Symmes, Dr. Ellinwood, Eugene E. Hewlett, N. D. Rideout, Henry W. Ballantine, John A. Britton, William Thomas, Judge W. W. Morrow, Garret W. McEnerney, I. W. Hellman, Curtis Hillyer, Lovell White, Dr. Chester Rowell, Frederick J. Taggart, Jacob B. Reinsteins, Professor Bernard Moses, Guy Chaffee Earl, Joseph C. Rowell, Professor George Davidson, John E. Budd, Archbishop Riordan, James A. Waymire, Waldo Story, Rev. Father Yorke, James W. McKinley, Arthur W. Foster, F. W. Dohrmann, Paul and Philip Bancroft.

Czar Greenway has returned from his trip to Southern California.

Their Day Is Done

Where are the "sellers" of yesteryear? What unhappy fate has befallen David Harum (Scarum), The Red Badge of Courage, Frank Norris's Wheat Trilogy, Gertrude Atherton's Conquerors, The Doomsman, the Californians, Hall Caine's Deemster, and his Christian, The Helmet of Navarre and the multitude of "historical novels" that so travestied history, Booth Tarkington's "immortal fiction"



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made in Indiana, Marie Corelli's romantic fustian made while you wait, Richard Harding Davis's sublimated journalism, Gilbert Parker's Seats of the Mighty, Mrs. Humphrey Ward's platitudinous expositions of a home made psychology?—the list is interminable and I weary of recapitulation; where are these "best sellers"? why are they not still selling? Perhaps the publisher will answer that they are all sold; that everybody has read them; offering for proof of his assertion his original advertisements announcing that these "sellers" were in their —th edition aggregating anywhere from 100,000 to 300,000 copies already sold or ordered and the type still standing. All of which may be true—it would be wasted effort to dispute the word of a publisher; but, I ask again, where are the "sellers" of yesteryear? Who is reading them now? Is anybody re-reading any of them?

"Sellers" in the Cellar

I will be quite frank with the "literary cult" that I am addressing. I know what has become of some of these "sellers." I have seen them "marked down" from \$1.50 to 35 cents on the "miscellaneous" counters of the second-hand book-stores. Many of them were "almost as good as new," indicating one reading or a partial reading by a reader instinctively careful in the handling of books. It was, indeed, a piteous spectacle! Like pride-fallen parvenus they lay there in the dust and grime, utterly bereft of all their fleeting splendor, bedraggled by the mud of mediocrity, companioning volumes of antiquated medical science, cheek by jowl with schoolbooks discarded by progressive boards of education, piled higgledy-piggledy with worm-eaten theologies and cranky disquisitions on worn-out and forgotten isms—mean, miserable mendicants in the slums of literature vainly begging to be bought for 35 cents! Alms for oblivion!

In the Morgue

Another place where I have found the "sellers" of yesteryear is in the Carnegie libraries; but even here they are seldom "called for." It is the duty of a Carnegie librarian to provide the newest "sellers," and these have overwhelmed and trampled the "sellers" of yesteryear, pushed them back into the remotest corners of the library there to accumulate the dust of neglect and to feed the worm that dieth once he has fattened on a "seller" that has been, an author that has seen better days. Eventually the librarian orders a clean-up and a clean-out, and the "seller" of yesteryear is loaded into a wagon and conveyed to the second-hand book morgue to be finally interred in some potter's field within the purlieus of an alms-house or a prison when it has served the purpose of the benevolent old lady that "bought the lot" at a "reduction" for distribution among the paupers and prison birds to while away the tedium of poverty and expiation.

A Dead Bankrupt's Fame

In all candor, however, I must admit that there are "sellers and sellers." I gave an order six months ago to a bookseller for a complete edition of the works of Oscar Wilde. That order is still unfilled—not because there is

no complete edition of Oscar Wilde; not because he is out of print; not because the second-hand book stores have swallowed him; but because the demand for complete sets of Oscar Wilde's works is greater than the supply. Wherefore I am fain to admit that there are sellers of yesteryear who are still sellers.

New Cynicisms for Old Cynics

A revised version of "The Cynic's Calendar" is imperative. Here are a few suggestions for the new edition: "A Mizner and his Yerkes are soon parted." "There's many a slip 'twixt the Mizner and the million." "A Yerkes in the hand is worth two in 'a final settlement.'" "Solomon was wise, but he admitted that the way of a man with a maid was too wonderful for him. Solomon's experience with new-made widows was limited or he would have mentioned the inscrutable wonder of a widow's way with a man." "It is better to dine at the club than with a woman scorned." "You may bully a first-time bride, but you must wheedle the woman that has wept above the bier of her just departed." "A rich Yerkes may grievously offend Mrs. Yerkes; but a poor Mizner must behave with decorum and circumspection; there's a difference." "Marry in haste and let the lady repent at her leisure." A great many aphorisms of this quality might be offered, but these will suffice to remind the three cynics that compiled and invented the "calendar" that their merry task is still incomplete. There is much pertinent sarcasm at the expense of men and women in general in the current edition of the satirical chap-book, but its popularity could be largely enhanced if subsequent editions are more freely salted with personal allusion and spiced with the capsicum of a wit specifically applied.



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When Karolyi Moved

If you have not already met the Count Karolyi, the friend of D. O. Mills and thicker than cream with the Martins and Carolans of Burlingame, you should repair that omission as quickly as possible. For Count Karolyi is quite worth knowing. He is a Hungarian, very, very rich, young, a bachelor, and he cultivates a set of whiskers, brunette whiskers, like unto those of a Russian Grand Duke or—the porter of the Grand Hotel in Rome. Also, he is a pronounced democrat, at least in theory, and is said to be regarded by Franz Joseph as a somewhat dangerous person. If he is dangerous, however, he is dangerous in an extremely civil way. As proof of this, witness his adventure with the janitor of a smart apartment house just before his recent departure for Santa Barbara. (Cheer up! He is soon to return.) It seems that the Count, then living at the St. Francis, decided to move to an apartment. The apartment chosen was luxurious and in fine taste. As soon as he saw it he said that he would take it, and the next day, all his luggage loaded on a cab, with his valet beside the driver on the box, he drew up at the door of the house, prepared to stay. But in the foyer he came upon the janitor.

The Count and the Janitor

"I will now," said Count Karolyi, "enter my apartment."

"Skiddoo!" said the janitor.

"Peste!" said the Count—or words to that effect—"I am moving into the apartment I hired but yesterday."

"Nothin' doin'," said the janitor.

"But," said Count Karolyi, "this is an outrage! The apartment is mine. I saw it. I took it. I wish to have it, and at once." The janitor yawned. "Me boy," said he, "the apartment youse are talkin' about is let to another

guy, see? He ain't no count, but he's Johnny on the spot. When he makes up his mind, it's made up. Do you get that? Back, back, back to the St. Francis for yours. Nothin' doin'! Skiddoo!" Count Karolyi skiddooed. He returned to the St. Francis. Rumor says that he sent for an attorney to find out whether he could sue the janitor for the price of the cab. Probably the attorney told him nobody could sue a janitor for anything. So the nobleman let the matter drop. And so another of our uncrowned kings got the better of a foreign gentleman handicapped with good manners.

Mrs. Joe Tobin, Mrs. de Young, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Huntington, Mrs. Jack Spreckels, Mrs. Mark Gerstle and the Misses Hager are doing their energetic best to make Camille d'Arville's benefit for Mrs. Bessie Paxton, at the Tivoli next Tuesday, a success. Lillian Burkhart, McKenzie Gordon, Mrs. George McFarlane, Robert Lloyd's Harmony Club, Arthur Cunningham, Dr. Regensburger, Rafael Meany and Hermann Heller are among the volunteers for the program.

Walter Cox Portrait Exhibit

An exceedingly interesting showing of fine oil portraits will be made by the artist, Mr. Walter Cox, at his charming studio, 1835 Sacramento street, beginning Thursday the fifteenth and extending to the twentieth inclusive, between the hours of two and six daily. Mr. Cox has painted portraits of some of our leading society people which canvases lend especial interest. All art lovers are invited.

For St. Patrick's Day—The Shamrock, and the flag of old Erin are features of our St. Patrick candy boxes. Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

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Baroness von Sternberg

The American wife of the German Ambassador of whom my Washington correspondent writes as follows: "She has prepared a treat for the Napoleonic faddists in furnishing a room at the embassy in exact reproduction of the conqueror's retreat on the Isle of Elba. For years she has been collecting Napoleonic souvenirs, and she now has all the furnishings of the room which the Corsican used during his sojourn in Dresden while awaiting the return of his ambassadors to the Prussian King."

Senator Flint's Solecism

My correspondent also writes: "Senator Perkins of California, by reason of length of service, now stands thirteenth in the order of precedence in the United States Senate. Senator Flint of California has not yet discovered that in Washington to wear a frock coat and plug hat in the forenoon is a solecism. Washington's need of a social arbitre was never so great as during the present session. Even the President, who is democratic in his ideas and inclined to ridicule the solemnity with which some officials approach the question of prestige, is beginning to weary of surcharged air. The friction between the Chief Justice and the Ambassadors has led the former to seek isolation rather than accept a rating below the foreigners. Lady Susan Townley, daughter of the late Earl of Albemarle, is seeking the same rank in society here as would be accorded a peeress in other capitals. In Washington Lady Susan must accept the rank of her husband, who is the First Secretary and Councilor of the British Embassy; but this, she is not willing to do. Not long ago a scion of the princely house of Hatzfeld came to Washington as an attache of the German Embassy. He became affronted because he did not receive high places when he accepted the amenities of the natives. To them he was merely an under diplomat, and the proud position which his family occupies in the Almanac de Gotha met with no consideration. The Prince declined to remain in such a benighted capital, and now comes the rumor that Lady Susan Townley will not

endure the affronts put upon her and will see that her husband is sent to a capital where they know and appreciate the dignity attached to an Earl's daughter."

Lent, Dancing and Line Drawing

As Lent came early this year it is prophesied that the post-Lenten season will be quite a gay one. Society does not seem to be so religious as usual this year, but I notice Grace church still has a good share of fashionable penitents. There is talk of a bachelor's ball to be given immediately after Easter. Some of the Greenway list of jeunesse doree are talking it up. Bachelors' dances are not as a rule looked upon favorably by the sweet young things of society. Unless one of great Authority scans the list the young men who don't give a hang for nice distinctions are very apt to invite girls they like rather than those the snobs think they *should* like. For instance at one of these affairs a rash youth invited his stenographer and her presence was a great shock to two sensitive society girls who prided themselves on their exclusiveness.



Mrs. J. W. Burnham

Who is regarded as one of the most beautiful of Alameda's society women. Mrs. Burnham is prominent in women's club circles on both sides of the bay.

An Almost Adamless Blingum

The cry down Blingum way last week, I hear, was "Man-ah, pray, good Lord, send us man." Such was the scarcity of men that Mrs. Frank Carolan found it extremely difficult to make out a list for her Mardi Gras dance. One or two of her intimates managed to hustle a man or two over for a call at the Crossways a week before the ball, so that the hostess might at least have a bowing acquaintance before issuing invitations. The Blingum set is harder up for available men than are any of the town cliques. John Lawson and the Tobin boys have to bear the burden of acting as escorts and filling in at formal dinners. As they are regarded as hopeless bachelors, however, they no longer cause any thrills in the hearts of the Blingum spinsters. It is only when the English polo players come this way that the Blingum girls have any desire to make themselves fascinating. What's the use, say they, when there's nobody to care?

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Where Men Are Many

While the San Mateo golf-players bewail the lack of men, and the society girls in town grumble because the only men who will attend dances are callow youths without prospects, Sanford Lewald tells me he finds no difficulty in making up the masculine list for his club. "We make no pretensions to being 'smart,'" says the unaristocratic Greenway, "but every man who joins the *Entre Nous* is a citizen of financial standing, a man, too, who can afford to marry if he falls in love, either with a rich or poor girl. Some of the girls in the club have asked me why I don't get a few army officers in—why, what would be the good? The *Entre Nous* has been going on these many years without army officers. I believe in good, solid, business and professional men." That is also what the society mammas believe in, but it is so hard to get the men to dances. Dinners are about the only functions that will draw them. The mammas ought to ask Mr. Lewald his secret of magnetizing marriageable men into joining a dance club, or else they might combine forces.



Photo by Taber

"The Girl and the Squirrel"

From the painting by Joseph Greenbaum, to be shown at the spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association.

The Frank Johnsons' Honeymoon

No lure seems sufficiently potent to draw that happy young couple, the Frank Johnsons, into society. They have been deluged with invitations since their return from their wedding trip, but they prefer motoring *a deux* to dining or dancing in large assemblages. Their trip, by the way, was by no means strewn with roses. During the ocean journey they were both so seasick that they hugged their berths, I hear, during the entire passage. After landing, the bride became ill with ptomaine poisoning. Then they both had a wild attack of nostalgia and decided that the only cure was to turn right around and return home.

Choose **Repsold's** wines when serving a dinner—it's a compliment to your judgment. Inspection invited. 420 Pine Street.

Our Musical Atmosphere

Hugo Gorlitz, manager of Jan Kubelik, has been spending a great deal of time in the cafes since he came to town, and he is very enthusiastic over the quality of the music with which the patrons of those establishments are regaled. I met him a few days ago, and much to my astonishment, instead of talking about Kubelik and his wonderful virtuosity, after the manner of impresarios, he talked of San Francisco's musical atmosphere. "Your cafe orchestras," he said, "are superior to those of Europe. New York is not in it with San Francisco in the matter of cafe music, but that does not surprise me so much as to find that one can hear better music in the cafes of this far western city than can be heard in the leading cafes of the principal cities of Europe." Though comparisons are invidious, it would be ungenerous to refrain from giving publicity to the fact that Mr. Gorlitz singled out one artist for special mention—Mr. Bernat Jaulus—and not of him but of his orchestra was he specially complimentary.



Mrs. Cecil Powney

No. 22 in Eva Almond Withrow's exhibition. This portrait was painted in London, and Mrs. Powney is one of the young society women of the great metropolis. She is very prominent in the fashionable set.

The Withrow Exhibition

All styles of art are represented in Eva Almond Withrow's exhibition which was thrown open to the public on Saturday. At the "private view," on the two preceding days, there was a great showing of society, and a great many admirers of the portraits of Miss Grace Llewellyn Jones and the King sisters. Miss Jones's portrait is a very delicate painting, remarkable for lightness of color and a diaphanous atmosphere that almost deceives the eye into fancying it a pastel. The personality of the subject was brought out with a light and skillful touch. The effect is somewhat similar to that noticed in the works of Watteau and Elizabeth Le Brun. Miss Jones is seated naturally, holding in her lap a Venetian terrier, and in her right hand is a staff; on her head a drooping picture hat. Six or seven years ago, by the way, Crocos painted Miss Jones in Venice, and she has sat for many artists. Homer

King's daughters are the subjects of a large portrait showing them in a pose as charming as themselves. Miss Withrow has, as in the case of Miss Jones, captured that illusive expression which is so hard to transfer to canvas. There are other portraits, one of Mrs. Powney, a London beauty, and another of Mrs. Marga Murphy of Dublin. Of the seventy-two pictures shown, some are small sketches of Dutch, English and Californian scenes and all interesting. "Ebb Tide" is a characteristic study of an old woman. "Home Joys" is the largest canvas. The large pastels, "Fire," "Water," "Rainbow," "The Passing Cloud" and "The Crystal Gazer" are the best manifestations of Miss Withrow's creative and poetic faculties. These are impressions, "the longing search of the human artist after the vision," as Professor Ventura aptly expresses it.



Miss Josephine Cohn

Who had the role of Alien, the society girl, in Mrs. Will Maddern's play, "A Princess in Poverty Place," presented at the California Club last week. The photograph shows Miss Cohn in the costume she wore on the occasion.

Matteo Sandona, who has just returned from Honolulu, will go abroad very soon, to spend two years in study in Paris. I hear that Sandona will not visit Italy because he would probably be drafted into the army for three years' compulsory service. Sandona enjoyed a regular "boom" in Honolulu, his chief promoter being the Princess Cupid. No other artists visiting Honolulu received so many commissions for portraits.

An Exceptional Prize-Winner

Of the many prizes offered for short stories since the days of Edgar Allen Poe, none that I know of has been won by a true man of letters for a true work of art. Why? It is hard to say for sure. Artists are rare; do not compete, it may be. The Muse is a jealous goddess. One cannot serve her and money. Publishers offer prizes to the end of securing tales such as will most effectively amuse the

public, move it, win its applause—not such as ought to do so. Of necessity, publishers are, in deed, if not at heart, philistines, rather than apostles of æstheticism. Be the reasons for it what they may, the result of prize competitions, as seen in print, is from the point of view of art, extremely disheartening. Now comes *Collier's*, personifying the unexpected that happens, the exception that proves the rule, and gives its quarterly bonus of a thousand dollars to Georgia Wood Pangborn for her "At Ephesus," a short story of real merit. This prize-winning work of Mrs. Pangborn's is so far art that it gives you not the bald fact but a beatific sense of it all the author's own. You feel that you are right in being touched by it, in giving it your approval. It has, if not style, at least a something which, like style, forces you to think, do your part, as a reader. It is a distinctive illusion of the world, of life, that you get in Mrs. Pangborn's moving prose; that is to say, the writer is an out-of-the-way personality, with power to set forth in select words her preferences, things as she sees them, such aspects of the many-sided human comedy as appeal to her. In fine, she is, if one may so speak, a man of letters and her "At Ephesus" a work of art.

An American Mandarin

Stories involving the nerve and verve of J. F. W. Archibald are always pleasant stories. Archibald, as I demonstrated the other day, is not only a man of infinite resources but he is absolutely without fear of consequences that would inevitably ensue if any other man should resort to those resources. While in Canton previous to his pilgrimage to the north to advise Kuropatkin how to avoid defeat (advice that was rejected by the Russian misfit with disastrous results) he "chummed up" to Consul-General McWade and one day while that misrepresentative of the American republic was in the middle stage of a frolicsome ebriety induced him to make special and personal application to the Viceroy for an investiture of a fifth-class mandarin. It happened that the Viceroy and Consul-General McWade were as Orestes and Pylades for friendship, owing to certain dark and mysterious traffic that was afterwards the official undoing of McWade. The Viceroy could refuse the Consul-General nothing and he easily granted the boon on the petition thus presented. In due time Archibald received a "diploma" of imposing dimensions covered with the Chinese characters which being translated informed him that by viceregal decree he was thereby created a mandarin of the fifth class entitled to wear a crystal button on his cap and a belt clasped with gold and adorned with a silver button. If he elected to wear his insignia as a civilian he would be distinguished from other civilians by a silver pheasant on his breast; but if he assumed a military rank he would display a silver bear in brocade as his escutcheon.

A Profitable Disguise

Subsequently Archibald used his rank as a mandarin of the fifth class in his avocation of Far Eastern photographer for *Collier's*, and he boasted that after he had revealed to the Chinese officials whom he desired to "snap" that he was of their class he never missed a trick. "I am mandarin for revenue only," he explained when his fellow correspondents tried to belittle his pretensions. "I am in

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this business only for the fun of the thing, but I believe in working it for all it is worth as long as I stay in it."

Fooling a Great Diplomat

On his arrival in Shanghai Archibald found Monsieur Pavloff an exile from his ministerial post at Seoul whence he had been driven by the Japanese. Archibald immediately laid siege to the Russian diplomat. He wrote a series of short articles for *Collier's* in which he elevated Pavloff into the wisest, most capable, most astute diplomat in the Far East. He submitted these articles to the thoroughly discredited Minister and when by this means he had completely hypnotized the wisest, most capable, most astute, he asked him for letters of introduction and recommendation to Kuropatkin, Alexieff, and all the civil and military authorities of Manchuria. Pavloff gave the letters and Archibald passed the lines at Newchwang ahead of Douglass Story of the *London Express*, who had a personally signed order from Count Lamsdorff, and H. J. Whigham of the *London Morning Post*, who carried credentials countersigned by Alexieff and Kuropatkin themselves. Monsieur Pavloff has searched in vain for those laudatory articles which his friend Archibald promised to send to the American newspapers.

Archibald's Clothes

I once chaffed Archibald on the finicky correctness of his attire in circumstances that did not require full dress and in which, frequently, such garb was absurdly incongruous. "My dear fellow," he answered, "I appreciate the foolishness of that sort of thing even more than you do, seeing that I am more accustomed to the foolishness than you are; and I assure you that it is no easy task to carry around with me two large trunks packed with togs for all occasions. But it is my business to impose on the people with whom I have business dealings and there is nothing that will impose on these outlanders or even on the way-faring man of our own country as readily and as effectively as a spike-tail coat and a dress shirt. I was not always onto that phase of human nature. I learned the trick from my dear friend Dicky Davis—that Admirable Crichton of

journalism, literature and society conventions. He and I campaigned the Boer war on that sartorial proposition and I have found it effective strategy in all my subsequent campaigns at home and abroad."

A Poet Defends Rockefeller

Joaquin Miller, laureate of the Sierra, being interrogated over the telephone by a needy Space Writer as to how he would spend Rockefeller's money if he had it, answered in the manner of a poet as might have been expected, having no pretensions to the wisdom of a philosopher or the experience of a politician. Among other things the Bard puts in a plea for Rockefeller, insisting that the Rich Man was not always a rich man and that he got his riches by industry, energy and invention, and characterizing the clamor about "tainted money" as "the yellow press playing to the gallery." The Poet closes his prose panegyric of Rockefeller with a reminder that before he went into the oil business that commodity was impure, high-priced and perilous to burn. There is not the slightest doubt that Joaquin Miller is a poet, and a pretty good poet as poets go; but we cannot expect a poet to know much besides poetry, especially if he is a good poet. What do poets know about money or its use, for example? and how much less must they know regarding the acquisition of money—the various and devious methods of the money-getter; the piracies of modern commerce, the highway robberies of modern railroad traffic, the larcenies of trade. A poet is a poet and nothing more—or less; and it is just as difficult to make a sow's ear out of a silk purse as it is to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Joaquin Miller is a silk purse; Rockefeller is a sow's ear.

In the Light of Other Days

In the matter of oil itself—its purity, price, and safety—the Bard is as little competent to pass an opinion as in the matter of the rectitude of the oil man. Poets are not addicted to the use of oil for any purpose—they do not even put it on their hair. Sappho wrote her love ditties by moonlight; Homer wrote his epic by torch-light; Horace wrote his odes and satires in the sunlight that made the



The best view ever taken of the Greek Theatre, University of California. This view was taken on the occasion

summers warm on the Sabine farm; mad Tasso wrote his "Jerusalem" in the twilight of a dungeon; Petrarch wrote his sonnets to Laura's eyebrows in the starlight; Milton dictated his poems in the dark, for he was blind; Wordsworth wrote his Ode to Immortality in an English fog; Tennyson wrote In Memoriam by gaslight; and Joaquin Miller wrote the poems that made him famous by the flickering flare of a tallow candle. No great poet has written his poetry under the flame of an oil lamp—it wouldn't be poetry if it were written by that aid—oil and poetry will not mix. So what can Joaquin Miller or any other poet know about oil or its products? What right has Joaquin Miller to sit up on his Heights and presume to instruct us inferior mortals on the quality or reduced price of oil? or in the manner in which we should regard the oil merchant? Upon what basis of fact or knowledge does the author of "The Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller" undertake the education of common man in the things that only the common man can know and feel? And let me recall to this ancient singer what he himself said on this very subject, reminding him that he once advised "the coming poet" to flee to Byron, Keats, Shelley, Browning, from the commercial centres, "out from under the mists and mirk into the sunlight to sing." It is not often that I have an opportunity to hoist a great poet with one of his own dithyrambs; therefore I am filled with exultation on this memorable occasion.

His Raise of Salary Declined

I was pleased to hear that the salary of the Rev. Charles R. Brown, minister of the First Congregational church of Oakland, had been increased from \$6,000 to \$7,000 a year. I expressed my pleasure last week, and I said I was sure Dr. Brown would justify his faith by his works and assist by his own effort to lighten the burden of the "wage-slaves" whose bitter lot he so eloquently bemoaned in a recent address before the Yale Divinity School of students. Dr. Brown has declined to fulfill my expectations. More than that, he has declined to accept the raise. This declination came as a great surprise. It may not be unprecedented in the Congregational ministry, but

so far as I know it is unique. It should be construed as highly creditable to Dr. Brown, who, I am told, is a man of fine ideals and unquestioned sincerity. Perhaps it would have been better if Dr. Brown had accepted the raise and distributed the money for charity, but in this sordid age the spirit exhibited by him is not to be appraised lightly. It may have a wholesome effect far more important than the succoring of a few of the needy. I cannot help feeling, however, that Dr. Brown's action will not be generally approved in the ministry. Even now I can fancy that I hear some clergymen scoffing and accounting for the declination on the score of Dr. Brown's private fortune. On good authority I learn that the pastor of the First Congregational church is a man who does a vast amount of good work and that in the prosecution of his labors he disburses a large part of his salary.

The Grants' New Home

The Joe Grants appear to be trying to outdo all their acquaintances in the magnificence of their new town-house in Broadway. Not even the Spreckels, Flood or Irwin houses will be so superb in decoration. There will of course be a tapestried room. Tapestry is all the go now. Mrs. Will Crocker owns the finest collection of tapestries, but the Mayo Newhalls also have a priceless set.

Captain Leonard Wildman, U. S. A., will explain the workings of the wireless telegraph to the California Club ladies on March twenty-seventh, and Dr. Albert Atkins will talk about "Electricity as the Basis of Physical and Mental Activity."

Europe Again

Mrs. Will Crocker will again spend the summer in her favorite traveling ground, Europe. I hear that Mrs. Crocker for a time had serious thoughts of changing her residence to New York, where she has many warm friends including the Whitelaw Reids and their set. However she finally decided that Blingum and San Francisco are good enough for her, with Europe in reaching distance. Mrs. Crocker, by the way, is still wearing heavy mourning.



phony concert under Professor Wolle's direction, by A. C. Pillsbury of the "Examiner" staff.

Saint Cecilia

Adapted for Town Talk.

The woman looked at the child, and the child looked at the woman, and Cicely Maynard looked at the two of them.

"I don't think I quite understand your point of view," she said. "I think if I had been in your place I should have acted differently."

The woman smiled bitterly.

"I dare say you would," she said. "I dare say many women would, but, you see, we can only act according to our lights." And then she paused and raised her eyes to Cicely's. "I hope you never will be in my place," she added.

Cicely turned quickly.

"I'm so sorry," she said in her impulsive, girlish way. "I wish I could help you."

"You do help me," the woman answered; "you let me talk and that helps me. It's so long since I cared to talk to anybody as I talk to you."

"Go on talking," Cicely said simply. "I like to hear you, even if I don't agree with you."

"It isn't likely that you would agree with me," the woman said, and smiled her bitter smile again. "Things are so different with us now that you couldn't possibly look at life from my standpoint. I hope, for your sake, they may always be as different."

Cicely looked back at her, and, as she looked, she felt, even more keenly than usual, the peculiar fascination of the woman's personality—a fascination that had drawn her to the house time after time since their first chance meeting. And what a chance that first meeting had been—the merest chance in the world!

"You were very kind to me," she said, with grateful remembrance.

The woman's face darkened.

"Was I?" she said. "Well, perhaps I was, though I'm not given to being kind to people. You see, you're the sort of person that one is kind to instinctively, and so—"

She broke off sharply, and Cicely looked at her thoughtfully, wondering, as she had so often wondered before, at the strange freak of fate that had placed her in her present position. She was so obviously different from her surroundings, so obviously made for other things, that the contrast was keenly cruel, and it hurt the tender-hearted girl to see it.

"Are you engaged to be married?" the woman asked abruptly.

Cicely shook her head.

"No," she answered.

The woman looked at her earnestly.

"Are you quite free?" she asked, in the same abrupt way.

"Isn't there anybody in your life—anybody who loves you, or whom you love?"

Cicely flushed crimson.

"Well, there is somebody," she admitted.

The woman was still looking at her.

"Is he a good man?" she asked.

Cicely flushed again, and hesitated; but she always told the truth—even when she didn't want to.

"No," she answered reluctantly. "I'm afraid he isn't quite what we understand by a good man."

"Ah!" the woman said, with a shrug of her graceful shoulders. "That's why you love him, of course. Good women, like you, always love men who are—not good. I suppose he's very fascinating. Bad men generally are."

Cicely's thoughts flew once more to the man she loved.

"Yes," she said, "he's very fascinating, and—and I don't know that we ought to call him bad. I think—I think, he may have been good once. Perhaps he has had a great disappointment, or perhaps somebody has done him a great wrong. He seems—"

The woman interrupted with a short, cynical laugh.

"He seems made for better things, I suppose," she said. "Oh! I know that sort very well, and the influence they have over women. There is no bad man in all the world so dangerous to a woman as the man who was made for better things."

Cicely sighed.

"Perhaps he will come to better things some day," she said.

The woman laughed again.

"Perhaps he will," she said; "but I shouldn't pin my faith to it if I were you. They don't, as a rule—that sort." And then she paused for a moment. "I suppose," she added presently, "you'll marry him if he asks you to?"

"Yes," Cicely answered simply.

(Continued on Page 36)



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Herbert Law Discusses our Future

(Continued from Page 7)

estate activity is characteristically different from the uncertain qualities of other coming cities where speculation is the motive. There has practically been no speculation here to my knowledge. The properties are bought and sold on their income values. The hotels cannot accommodate the people that come to them, and premiums are being paid in Los Angeles to insure accommodations for the traveler bound for San Francisco. The office buildings are full of tenants; many of them have waiting lists. The tenants are solid business concerns. Our great difficulty in the past year has been to accommodate the growing tenant. It has been constant expansion.

"Another source of income to San Francisco is to be derived from the development of shipping, etc., of the United States Government at Fort Point. Large wharves are to be built and a great transport service established and operated. It will be the Naval base and the Army base of supplies for the West and the Far East. There is no reason to believe that there will be any greater centre of activity in this respect in the United States. The travel to the Coast has never approximated the present traffic. This is not limited to Los Angeles, which in itself is remarkable, but San Francisco has had enormously increased traffic, as has also the northern end of the coast. The growth that has come to San Francisco is not growth that has left other cities. Every city along the coast has been growing. The wealth and greatness of San Francisco do not depend upon its individual possessions, but upon the general possessions of the Coast, as a whole, and the general activity and prosperity. One surveying the situation must necessarily take into account not alone the immediate surroundings, but everything that converges to and has a call for interchange. A great deal of our present activity is due to the stimulus given by our young men who are growing up and taking the place of the older generation. They are seeing things modernized; they are doing things modern ways. They are resolute, active and aggressive. They are doing far more than they are generally accredited with doing. The young business man is putting forth every bit of energy and effort that he possesses in the development of his business and the broadening of his operations. If he isn't getting quite all the trade that could be had, he is getting more each day. It must be borne in mind that this trade and development of ours have come very, very rapidly, and it is not to be expected that everybody should rise to his opportunities. But the young business men are getting acquainted with big things and how to do them. It is probably true that in no country in the world are there more capable men than those who are becoming big men along the Western coast. I think we have great reason to be proud of them. But we are not so big as we want to be, or as we intend to be. The men who made Chicago were no broader or bigger than the men who can and will make San Francisco. The men here have caught the spirit and the idea. They are realizing that great achievements are merely the accumulation of small things well done. They are making every day count and every hour of the day and every opportunity. They are talking about their city; they are interesting people in it and there is a spirit of greater co-operation and earnest aggressiveness, which to me is very, very noticeable. My faith in San Francisco and its future is based not on its opportunities alone, but on the character of our men who are to do the things that are to be done. No advantages or series of advantages would count without the personal equation."

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The Stage

Mrs. Burnett's Play

With a strong and uncompromising prejudice against stage children and a desire to do something that would at-test my penitential spirit in this Lenten season, I ventured into the Alcazar to be bored for a brief while by "The Little Princess." In my pious purpose I was thwarted. Instead of being bored I was entertained. "The Little Princess" is a little work of art. When little children are dragged into the limelight of an adult drama to exhibit their precocity among men and women they invariably destroy illusion. Such does not appear to be the case in a play dealing mainly with children. At any rate it is not the case with the Alcazar play; "a fantasy of childhood," it is called, but a fine psychological study of girlhood is what I should prefer to term it. Mrs. Burnett has given us through the medium of her puppet, Sara Crewe, an analysis of the mind and heart of a very charming little girl. Sara Crewe is an exquisite character study. Sara Crewe is fashioned of the material out of which God peoples the earth. The characterization has that important element—universality—which makes the dramatic personality a flesh-and-blood individual and insures illusion. We have all seen Sara Crewes in real life, little girls endowed with sufficient imagination to enable them to color their own existence, with souls through which they conjure all the joys of living. Of that divine species is Mrs. Burnett's little Princess, Sara, who makes a palace out of a hovel by giving rein to her sense of beauty. The other characters in the play are of wood but one real figure is a work of art and is sufficient to commend the whole. "The Little Princess" is a play for adults as well as for juveniles. It is an emotional play the passion of which rings true. In the role of Sara Crewe Effie Bond is delightfully girlish. Her success in simulating immaturity is astonishing. Miss Bond is advanced in the twenties but her Sara Crewe is the junior of Ollie Cooper who is not a year older than fourteen. Ollie Cooper's Ermyngarde is more mature than Effie Bond's Sara Crewe. Another clever bit of deception as to age is practiced by Anita Murray who is about seventeen and who lopped off about five years to make short dresses unanachronistic. On the whole the performance at the Alcazar is deserving of very high praise. As a "production" "The Little Princess" ranks with those artistic triumphs of the O'Farrell street stock—"Old Heidelberg" and "The Admirable Crichton." Especially creditable is the great second act scene, the transformation of the bare garret into a richly decorated apartment hung with vivid tapestries. The speed of this change accomplished in full view of the audience is astonishing.

Theodore Bonnet.

Hamlet at "Pop" Prices

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies." This old line was running in my head on Monday night, at the Alhambra's production of "Hamlet." Now there is no reason why the Alhambra should not produce "Hamlet," but there seems something incongruous in the transition of a company from Theodore Kremer to Shakespeare in a night. It strikes me that it takes as much courage for an actor to play Hamlet at the Alhambra as it would for a

soldier to face death at the cannon's mouth. To dare the ridicule of the nonbelievers, the jeers of the scoffers—that is what Herschel Mayall did on Monday night; and he won out. Easily, too, for those who came to stay through two acts sat through the remaining five. Though Mr. Mayall is not a scholarly Hamlet he is a picturesque one. He presents the eccentric and melancholy hero in a series of beautiful poses and achieves some pretty tonal effects by giving a melodious reading of the lines. If he did not rise to great heights it was evident that he was not unfamiliar with tradition and that he had the courage of his own conception of the psychology of the tragedy. With better support Mr. Mayall might have made a far more satisfactory impression. However, Corrigan's Grave Digger, Webster's Ghost and Miss Ranken's Ophelia were very close to

"Tommy Atkins" Mahr

Would Agnes Mahr inspire the enemy with fear? Were she a Russian would she have put the Jap to flight? Perhaps so, if he thought her a vision from the spirit land. Rather, however, would he have been beguiled from his post by this charming little Tommy Atkins who capers on her tiptoes. Miss Mahr is a high-stepper, and she marches on her toes with a lightness one cannot associate with the big-footed, slow British soldier. Her dancing is a feature of the Orpheum's bill this week. Al Carleton, with George Cohan's latest optimism in melody, is the gallery's favorite. Miss Burkhart has another of her dainty sketches, and the living pictures with electric fountain trimmings, the "Enchanted Grotto," are picturesque.

At the Grand

"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" is the usual big extravaganza, somewhat dusty, it is true, from the road, but with all the features in which lovers of the spectacular take delight. Isabelle Underwood is a real Prince Charming and Rose Sartella a winsome Princess. Barney Bernard gets a warm, loud glad hand all for himself as Lena, though he is by no means up to his usual mark in this role. The Louvre Seminary Girls and their band are the big hit of the production.

Next Week's Bills

Our old friend Jack Raffael is with the "Little Johnny Jones" Company, coming to the Columbia next week. This musical play by Geo. M. Cohan has enjoyed runs in Chicago and New York. Bobby Barry will be the American jockey.

Next week's offering at the Majestic theatre will be a military comedy-drama entitled "The Bold Sojer Boy," played by Andrew Mack, who assumed the role of Lieut. Adair, a young Irishman serving under the "Stars and Stripes." In the production at the Majestic this part will be played by Donald Bowles. The other parts will be distributed among Mina Crolus Gleason, Elsie Esmond, Margaret Maclyn, John D. O'Hara, L. R. Stockwell, George Bloomquest, Chas. Inslee and Frank Bacon, who will play the part of a Chinaman. Following this will

Special Sale of Pictures.

We have now on exhibition and sale some of the very best things in pictures—broken lines at job lot prices. These are going rapidly; well worth your consideration. Sanborn, Vail & Co. 741 Market street.

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come "A Virginia Courtship."

"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," with its Drury Lane environment, will remain another week at the Grand. Barney Bernard, Isabelle Underwood and the Louvre Seminary Girls' Band are among its drawing features. Sunday matinee, March 18th, George H. Primrose and his big minstrel company, the largest organization of its kind that has ever toured this country, will begin a week's engagement. In addition to a large number of vocalists and comedians, a complete orchestra of soloists, under the direction of Professor Carl Schilling, will appear.

"Isle of Spice" has made a hit at the Tivoli and its fourth week begins Monday night. In future, the Tivoli will give matinees on Sunday as well as Saturday, and the prices for all matinees will be only 25 cents and 50 cents.

In "Mrs. Deering's Divorce," to have its first stock production at the Alcazar next week, Edith Evelyn will have Mrs. Langtry's original role of Mrs. Deering, with Charles Waldron as the languid English captain. "The Modern Magdalen," Amelia Bingham's play, comes next and then Willie Collier's farce "The Dictator."

Herschel Mayall will appear as John Storm in "The Christian" at the Alhambra, with Bertha Creighton as Glory Quayle. The great mob scene will call for one hundred extra people.

Marshall P. Wilder, the diminutive wit, Thomas Keogh and company in "The Way He Won Her," William J. Sullivan and Clarice Pasquelena in "A Newsboy's Appeal," and a new song and dance duo, Watson and Morrissey, will be at the Orpheum, also Lillian Burkhart in "Jessie's Jack and Jerry."

Bothwell Browne's ten Gaiety Girls, with E. Francis Young, in "Quo Vadis a La Mode," the Onzos and the Bell trio will be the Chutes novelties.

Tree On Pinero

Some of the London critics have pronounced Pinero's "His House in Order" a masterpiece among masterpieces. Max Beerbohm of the *Saturday Review* says he wishes he

could concur, he enjoyed it so much. "Pinero," says Beerbohm, "is a born playwright. One always does, more or less, enjoy his plays. That is his strong point. His weak point is that when one goes home and thinks over the play that one has just seen one is always ashamed, more or less, of one's enjoyment." Tree says that in all Pinero's later plays you will find one common denominator—a careful study of some woman. The study is the central thing in the play. The men, for the most part, are negligible, conventional types, drily and arbitrarily drawn. "His House in Order" is characteristic. Nina Jesson, the heroine of the play, is the one person in the play who talks like a human being. She is the second wife of Filmer Jesson. Her predecessor, Annabel Mary, was accounted a paragon. She had just the virtues which commended themselves to her husband. She looked very beautiful, gave him no trouble, and saved him no end of trouble. She kept "his house in order," and was altogether the ideal wife for a man bent on public life. Soon after her death, he was bewitched by Nina. The spell has not long survived matrimony. Nine knows nothing about housekeeping. Nina is childish and high-spirited. She shocks the relations of Annabel Mary—the Ridgeley family. She shocks Filmer, insomuch that, day by day, he is becoming less and less a husband, and more and more a sorrowing widower. The Ridgeleys prosecute and insult the second, up hill and down dale, every moment of the day. "It is inconceivable," says Tree, "that any man could be so egregious a poltroon as the husband who countenances such conduct." In the course of time the wife discovers a packet of letters showing that the first wife was false to her husband, but she was persuaded by Hilary Jesson, her brother-in-law, to make no use of them. Says Tree: We can believe that Nina might be persuaded to make no use of the compromising letters, and thus forego her revenge on the Ridgeleys; but we refuse to believe that she would let herself be led to this renunciation by such a catch-penny windbag as Mr. Hilary Jesson. At a crisis in her life, she could not have listened patiently to him for one moment. Not, for that matter, could she, at any time, have put up with the



MARSHALL P. WILDER

"Prince of Entertainers and Entertainer of Princes" who will enliven proceedings at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon

Ridgeleys. Either she or they would have had to leave the house. Thus Nina herself becomes incredible to us. And thus is illustrated the iron law (which I have just invented) that one real character in a play is not enough. If the others be unreal, even the real character will be shorn of its reality. Figments though the Ridgeleys are, I was really anxious that Nina should put them to rout. I really was touched by her magnanimity in handing the letters to Hilary, and really annoyed by it. I was really delighted when, in the fourth act, Hilary, provoked beyond bounds by the continued insolence of the Ridgeleys, and by his brother's continued acquiescence in it, drew the letters from his breast-pocket and thrust them into his brother's hands. Judged on a low plane, 'His House in Order' takes very high rank indeed. And it contains one line which is a real masterpiece of dramatic wit. Filmer Jesson, having read the letters, stares blankly into space. His ideal has crumbled away. His soul is in darkness. "To think," he says, "to think that she—so methodical, so orderly—omitted to destroy these letters!" Neatness, which had been outwardly her ruling passion, is inwardly his; and it surges up in him now, taking precedence of all his despair and his wrath and his humiliation. His words are perfectly in keeping with his character. But to have found them for him was a master-stroke of insight; and to have allowed him to speak them, before an audience wrought up to emotion, was a master-stroke of daring; and these two master-strokes together form what I have called a master-stroke of dramatic wit. Mr. Pinero must allow me to congratulate him."

Frederic Belasco has returned from New York, with contracts for all the latest dramatic successes that have been released, for the Belasco and Mayer stock houses. The list includes "Wolfville," "Colorado," "Letty," "Quality Street," "Brother Jacques," "Imprudence" and "The Beauty and the Barge."



EFFIE BOND

The Alcazar's charming little ingenue



STELLA TRACEY

And some of the "Little Johnny Jones" Girls, next week at the Columbia

Except Paderewski, no musical artist has been the hero of so many sensational newspapers paragraphs as Jan Kubelik. His physical characteristics, his propensity to fall before Cupid's arrows, his Countess wife, his twins, his menage—have we not been treated to wonders of picturesque word-painting anent them? From all one hears about him, Kubelik must be a singularly fascinating chap. I recall a novel, "The Diary of a Musician," published about two years ago, which was said to have Kubelik as its hero. This hero, a certain Herr X, was the "bold bad man" of the melodrama. So cold-blooded was he in his amours that the first object of his attentions died of neglect. An English girl who fell in love with him killed herself because of his indifference. A Russian countess pursued him all over Europe but was treated with haughty disdain by Herr X. When told by wire that he was the father of a daughter he was nearly torn to pieces between his wild joy at the news and his inability to recall the mother's name.

Alfred Sutro, the most talked of among the "new" playwrights, is the son of a country physician of England. His desire was to become a writer, but to fit himself for a literary career without fear of poverty he decided to go into business. He became a produce commission man in London and later a manufacturer of glucose. At thirty he had made a fortune and retired from commercial life. He wrote plays, and his subsequent success is known to us all.

Paris Chambers, the American cornet virtuoso who is under engagement to Rudolph Aronson for a tournee in the United States and Canada next fall, scored a recent success at the Queens hall concert in London, performing, for the first time in England, arias from Tchaikowsky's "La Dame de Pique" and Saint-Saens' "La Cygne," also Chopin's G minor nocturne, with piano, organ and harp accompaniment. Mr. Chambers will concertize in Germany after his London season.

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All of the favorites in the cast. Scenery of Matchless Magnificence. A story of unrivaled dramatic interest.

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A MODERN MAGDALEN

As Given by Amelia Bingham

SOON—William Collier's THE DICTATOR

The Financial Field

The volume of business during the week under review was about normal. Bond transactions aggregate \$378,000 and trading in shares amounted to 6,876, divided as follows: 940 Lighting, 1,697 Water, 1,130 Miscellaneous, 348 Banks and 2,761 Sugars. The Mutual Electric, as well as the Central have finally been absorbed by the S. F. Gas & Electric Co. This eliminates lighting stocks from the Stock and Bond Exchange quotations, and leaves the daily lists rather bare. I do not know how the brokers will take it but they ought to do something to increase the number of securities dealt in else the public will lose interest in the business. Contra Costa after a steady advance to 49 1-2 declined to 46 1-2 but it looks as if the decline had been desired by the large holders to induce selling. In the Miscellaneous group Alaska Packers made a decline to about 54. Sugar stocks showed a little more activity and strength. The Paauhau Plantation Company's annual report is highly satisfactory. The reports from all the plantations indicate another favorable season. The Planters Refinery in Crockett will offer refined sugar this week. This should add materially to the profits of the combined plantations.

There has been a change in the personnel of Zadig & Co., Nat T. Messer being succeeded by E. P. Barrett.

The steady and rapid growth of the Continental Building and Loan Association, under the management of William Corbin, has necessitated a move to larger quarters to accommodate the increased business. The Continental is now located in the quarters so long occupied by the Wells Fargo & Co. bank at Market and Sansome streets.

—The Financier.

The Caterer Par Excellence

San Francisco is noted for its French restaurants, but the French restaurants for which it became famous are fast disappearing. One of the survivors is Jules' in Pine street between Montgomery and Sansome. Jules Wittmann, the proprietor, is a caterer who prides himself on the character of his cuisine and who gives his personal attention to the marketing, thereby insuring the service of the choicest and best.

On page 25 of this issue are reproductions of the dining-rooms in the homes of J. D. Spreckels Jr. and the John Scott Wilsons. The decorations of these rooms were installed by L. Tozer & Son.

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MARIE GORDON
One of Manager Bishop's Clever Players

Arthur Byron, who is playing the role of John Burkett Ryder, the money king, with the road company presenting Charles Klein's play, "The Lion and the Mouse," is demonstrating his right to be considered a versatile actor. Last year with Maude Adams he played the widely different roles of the Little Minister and the Cockney lover in "Op o' My Thumb." He began the present season as the hero of "In the Bishop's Carriage," and is now appearing as a hard-hearted financial genius of sixty years. Margaret Illington of the company is a noted whip. She will enter and drive her roadsters in the open air horse show to be held at Elberon, N. J., in June. Miss Illington's horses are now at her father's stock farm in Bloomington, Ill.

The Musgrove Australian players, headed by the magnetic actress, Nellie Stewart, made such a success in their first three nights at the Mason theatre in Los Angeles, that the management immediately arranged to have them return and play a whole week. While they have been touring the south there have been so many inquiries at the Majestic as to the possibility of their playing a return engagement that Manager Musgrove has arranged for an engagement of two weeks in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," which will be given with every attention to detail and the same mounting which before characterized the production.

—The Playgoer.

The young baritone, Leon Rennay, who has made a success in London and Paris drawing-rooms in his artistic rendering of songs of Massenet, Hahn, Faure, Pirone, Weckerlin and Chaminade, has been engaged by Rudolph Aronson for the United States and Canada.



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As They Are Writing

(Concluded from Page 7)

Imagine that the dairymaid may have abandoned the bucket and stool for the goose quill and tripod.

Another of these lady writers affects me quite differently. When I read what this one has written I am listening to the fugues of Bach as they are rendered by the orchestra in the gay and gladsome cafe. I hear the laughter of joyous women and merry men and the popping of corks and the bustle of the life worth living, and my torpid liver leaps to that life once more to dance a mazurka with my spleen.

One of these lady writers revives in my memory all that I have read of the famous coterie of the Hotel de Rambouillet; I am once more a part of the century that gave us the literature made by Racine, the Corneilles, Moliere, Quinault, Scuderi, Cyrano de Bergerac, Scarron, Tristan and Jodelet—the Golden Age of Louis XIV and Prince Conde. Is it not an evidence of unusual genius in a lady writer when her writings evoke remembrances like these?

Still another of these daily chroniclers of feminine small beer (if small beer may be personified and appropriately sexed) invariably excites my imagination to thoughts of woodland streams that "burbylleth vp pretyly" "whan that Aprille with his shoures sote the droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote." I hear the birds singing as they sang in Chaucer's time, "smale fowles maken melodye." And in spite of the fact that this lady writer spells more intelligently than did the Father of English literature, I cannot help feeling that if she had written in the fourteenth century contemporaneously with Langland, Gower and gentil Geoffrey, she would have aided much in fixing the Midland dialect as the literary language of England. As it is, I am convinced that this writer is doing her full share in shaping the literary method of the distant future.

In the writings of another of these lady writers I seem to hear the low sad murmur of a yearning heart, unsatisfied, out-reaching, eager, yet diffident, as if half ashamed of her own reflection in the mirror of her sub-consciousness. I think I read here, between the lines of this lady writer's stuff, in the unwritten suggestion, so to speak, a soul record similar to that of Marie Biskertchef (I have probably misspelled the sad-souled maiden's name, but that is immaterial), or the passionate longing of an Ella Wheeler Wilcox, or the darker mood of a Marie Corelli—I am not quite sure, but I think so.

Now do you wonder, or do you blame me for suppressing the names of the lady writers of the daily press whose writings have so poignantly affected me? Suppose I had put a name in each of those paragraphs—what do you think would have happened? But I am wise, and I have not read the fable of Paris and his apple of discord without deriving some profit from the reading.

Briefly, however, I must now put on the wig and robe of the committing magistrate, to speak judicially. Rephrasing the metaphor, I must smother at least one fly in this jar of fragrant ointment. It is my opinion that these lady writers suffer from self-comparison—as explained last week in my secular exegesis on that subject. These lady writers write too much, as the lady in the play protested. We are compelled to judge their inferior work by their mistress-pieces and we are prone to deny deserved merit to the inferior because the superior are so much superior. We cannot avoid the feeling that all the work of any of these lady writers for the daily press should have been more even—else why do they sign their names to everything they write? Are they not aware that their sins will find them out more readily if they placard them in the market-place? Is feminine vanity so blinding that it obscures the feminine judg-

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The Charlemagne Apartment Residence, situated on Geary street near Van Ness avenue, is an imposing and elegant dwelling place. The beauty of the wide marble entrance is but a foretaste of the ample room and comfort throughout. Each apartment is entered from a spacious hallway opening to exceptionally large rooms finished in mahogany and weathered oak.

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Just now, however, on account of the approaching summer season, some of the occupants are leaving for their summer homes and the apartments thus made vacant are being engaged by others. People who have contemplated moving this spring and who desire such surcease of household cares as this place especially affords, will do well to speak thus early for a share under its hospitable roof-tree.

ment? Is feminine vanity so persistent and imperious that it must be fed with cat meat? Is it not better to bask in the glory of one great achievement than to shine half resplendent in the pale glow of a hundred ineffectual tallow dips? All of us, men writers as well as lady writers, are good, indifferent and positively bad as our inspiration, mood, or subject directs; but only the men writers have sense enough to know the difference, and thus knowing, to exercise the courage of an honest conviction in spite of the vanity that makes them want to see their names in large print.

I am a man, therefore I have not signed my right name to this poor stuff.



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Music

The Pugno Concerts

On Wednesday night next Raoul Pugno, one of the greatest pianists living and the first of the eminent artists of the French school to play in this city, will give his first concert at Lyric hall under the management of Will Greenbaum. The program is a most interesting one beginning with a group of old works by Bach, Handel and Scarlatti. This will be followed by an interesting Chopin group including the Ballade in G minor and E flat polonaise; Beethoven's Sonata op. 27, some Schumann numbers, a Pugno number and a Liszt Rhapsodie. At the Friday evening concert Beethoven's Sonata op. 31 and Schumann's "Fasching-schwank" are the principal attractions while at the Saturday matinee the program includes the Concerto Italien of Bach, a Mozart Sonata (D major) and compositions by Couperin, Rameau, Weber, Grieg, Schubert, Vincent d'Indy, Chabrier and Pugno. Complete programs may be obtained at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s where the sale of seats opens Monday morning. Prices for this engagement will be 75 cents, \$1.00 and \$1.75.

The Kubelik Concerts

Jan Kubelik, the Bohemian violinist, will play for the first times in San Francisco on the afternoons of Wednesday, Friday and Sunday, March 21st, 23rd and 25th, at the Tivoli. This is Kubelik's first visit to America in four years and it will be his last for some time to come, for at the end of his present visit he will go on a tour around the world that will prevent his return to this country for two seasons at least. Kubelik will play exceedingly interesting programs, his selections being from some of the most difficult works of Handel, Beethoven, Bruch, Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski and Paganini. He will be assisted by Ludwig Schwab, accompanist, and Agnes Gardner Eyre, solo pianist. Seats will range in price from one to three dollars and when the sale begins at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s next Wednesday morning there will undoubtedly be a large line of music lovers in attendance.

Operetta for Purim Festival

The Sunday school children of Temple Emanu-El will celebrate the feast of Purim on Sunday next, March 18th, by the presentation of a juvenile operetta based upon the Bible story of Esther. Miss Josephine Cohn drilled the children in the dramatic part of the operetta, which calls for Oriental dances among other features. Cantor Stark cleverly adapted the music from grand opera, light opera, popular songs, and many from the quaint and traditional Jewish melodies, which have become an important feature in the reformed Jewish services in this country. The principal roles are in the hands of talented children, in addition to a chorus consisting of one hundred voices. An orchestra of twenty-five instruments has been specially engaged. Cantor Stark will be at the conductor's desk. The affair is invitational.

The Second Symphony Concert

It was a most exhilarating sight, that vast audience filling the Greek theatre last Thursday afternoon, on the occasion of the second symphony concert. The enthusiasm over the enterprise which is designed to give us a permanent symphony orchestra was apparent even before crossing the bay, for street cars were crowded with concert-goers who packed into the S. P. and K. R. waiting-rooms talking "symphony" with eager interest. It was a smartly dressed crowd, too, that wended its way up the hills of the university grounds to the acropolis. There were men in the audience that filled every one of the non-reserved seats and almost all the reserved section, but as usual at matinees, women predominated. It was a larger audience than that at the first of the Wollé series, and no doubt the audiences will grow at each concert. Four of the numbers given by the orchestra under Dr. Wollé's direction were by Mozart, and two by Wagner. The symphony was that in G minor, the second and third movements being especially well played. The two menuettos that followed—the allegretto movement from the "Jupiter" symphony and allegro from the E flat symphony—seemed like fairy music. The overture to "The Magic Flute" followed, in adagio and allegro. Dr. Wollé's readings of Mozart were all one could wish, but the Wagner numbers—the "Siegfried Idyl" and "Rienzi" overture—I have heard better done. Wagner and Mozart do not seem to fit, somehow, on the same program. It is as good as a play to watch the leader's movements. He really leads with his shoulders. His hands make motions—not many—but his shoulders do the rest. In the Siegfried Idyl those shoulders were as undulating as a muscle dancer's. The program for the next concert, on Thursday, March fifteenth, will be: Symphony in C, Schubert; prelude to "Lohengrin," Wagner; overture to "Der Freischütz," Weber; From "The Damnation of Faust," Berlioz—Minuet of the Will o'

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the Wisps, Ballet of the Sylphs, Hungarian March. The three following symphony concerts will occur on March twenty-ninth and April twelfth and twenty-sixth, the series closing on April twenty-sixth with the rendition of Handel's "Messiah" by the university chorus of three hundred voices and the full symphony orchestra. The orchestra has been increased to fifty-seven, among them nearly every musician of note in San Francisco. Some of these give up paying pupils to play in the orchestra and thereby assist the cause of art. Others who lead orchestras in the theatres and cafes have to take their hours of rest for the symphony practice. Giulio Minetti, the concertmaster, is one of the busiest teachers. Ferdinand Stark leads the Louvre orchestra, Bernat Jaulus the Fiesta musicians, Genaro Saldierna is the Columbia theatre orchestral leader. C. A. Rossignol is a composer and violinist of more than local note. Verdier, Koenig, Carlmüller, Lada, Schmitt, Heinsen, Knell, Weiss, Regensburger, Goerlich, Neubauer, Oesterreicher, Schlott—these are but a few of the well-known artists' names who are in the symphony orchestra. Nathan Firestone, the clever lad who occasionally does a solo at the Fiesta, is with the violas.

Mendelssohn's famous oratorio, "Elijah," part one, was sung at the First Congregational church, Oakland, last Sunday evening, by the chorus choir of sixty voices and soloists, under the direction of Alexander Stewart. Miss Virginia de Fremery, the organist, played special organ numbers by Mendelssohn and the regular soloists of the choir was augmented especially for this service. The part of Elijah was sung by Henry L. Perry. This was the twenty-first oratorio service given by the choir. In addition to the music of the oratorio, Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup and Mrs. Carroll Nicholson sang as an offertory the duet for soprano and contralto from Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

A quartet choir has been engaged by the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer in this city, and Misses Irene Meussdorfer and Mae Miller, pupils of Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, have been appointed respectively to the soprano and contralto positions. Mr. Frank Onslow, the tenor, has been engaged for the same choir.

On Thursday evening of this week Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fickenscher are giving their regular monthly recital at their studio, 1474 Washington street. The participants are Mabelle Cooper, Edna Haywards, Julia Mulcahy, Juanita Stewart and Serelda Wilson of Mrs. Fickenscher's pupils; Edith Benjamin, Ray Stuart and Serelda Wilson, of Mr. Fickenscher's.

The Camm Recital

One of the most artistic song recitals I have attended for a long time was that of Mrs. Dorothy Camm, in Lyric hall last Thursday evening. A good deal was expected of the singer by those who heard her before she went East and knew how diligently she had studied while there, but expectation was more than gratified. Mrs. Camm can hardly fail to achieve success on the concert stage. Her fresh and youthful voice, while not remarkable for warmth or depth of feeling, is used intelligently and with the nicest of art. Poise and finish have been added by her later studies. It would be difficult to find fault with the interpretation of any one of the songs on her varied program, which included Handel, Wagner, Brahms, Strauss, Henschel and MacDowell, all given with the closest attention to detail. She was most spontaneous in her two Henschel songs, or else there was more of the art which conceals art. Particularly well rendered were the Vidal "Chant d'Exil," and the Tchaikowsky "War ich nicht ein Halm." Fred Maurer as accompanist was superb. He always does well, but I never heard him do better. The program in full was: Aria—Lusinghe Piu Care (Alexander) Handel, Traume, Wagner, Windrose, Sinding, War ich nicht ein Halm, Tchaikowsky, Standchen, Strauss; Wen du Nur, Ach, Wende diesen Blick, Es sei ein Traum, Von Waldbekrantzter Hohle, Brahms; Si Mes Vers Avient des Aisles, Hahn, Chant d'Exil, Vidal, Spring, Sing Heigh-Ho, Henschel, Long Ago, MacDowell, The Nightingale's Song, Nevin, Phillis Has Such Charming Graces, A Pastorale, Old English. At the program's close the audience was still loth to go, and recalled Mrs. Camm so heartily that she had to return and sing again.

—The Music Critic.

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Saint Cecilia

(Continued from Page 24)

"With the idea of leading him to do better things, of course," the woman went on.

"Yes," Cicely answered again.

The woman looked at her for a moment, with a smile of amused disdain, then all at once her cold face softened.

"Poor child," she said.

Cicely bit her lip.

"If," Cicely went on, "I had been in your place, I should have stayed with my husband. I shouldn't have left him as you did, and refused his money, and, and—everything. I don't forget anything that you have told me, and I know it would have been hard, but I should have stayed. Oh! yes, I should have stayed."

"Yes," the woman said, "I am quite sure you would."

Cicely gave her an appealing glance.

"Yes," she said, "you married him. He was your husband, and then there was—the child."

The woman shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes," she said, "there was the child. That's why I didn't stay." She looked down at the child as she spoke, and Cicely saw her eyes soften into passionate tenderness as they rested on the delicate flower-like face that was pressed against her arm. "That's why I didn't stay," she repeated, and stooped to kiss the rosy lips. "I could have borne it for myself, but I couldn't bear it for—the child."

And Cicely was silent, for she felt that the tragedy of the woman's life was beyond her. It had gone to depths whither her simple experience could not follow.

"Mind," the woman said presently, "I don't say that the fault was all my husband's, any more than it was all mine. We were both to blame, but fate was more to blame than either, for fate threw us together, and lured us on, till we mistook fascination and infatuation for love—and married. Yes, fate was to blame. If my husband had married another woman, he might have been a good man. If I had married another man, I might have been a good woman. As it is——" She broke off abruptly, and Cicely filled in the blanks according to her lights.

"I have sometimes thought," the woman went on musingly, "that if he had married a woman who was a bit of a saint, perhaps things might have been all right for him. He seemed made for that sort of woman. But there was nothing of the saint about me, and so——" She broke off again, and again Cicely filled in the blanks according to her lights.

"But I have the child," she added a moment later. "Whatever I may have lost, I have the child." And once more she kissed the little face that nestled on her arm.

"Yes," said Cicely, "you have the child. Whatever you may have lost, you have the child. But your husband—what has he?"

The woman's face hardened again, and grew bitter as she looked back at Cicely with cold defiance.

"He has," she answered, "as far as I know, all that he wants. He has money and position, and society and friends, and, what he probably values above all things, his freedom. What can he want more?"

"Love, perhaps," Cicely said softly. "I think a man wants love, whatever he may be."

The woman laughed her most cynical laugh.

"Oh!" she said, "if he wants love, he can have it galore. I don't doubt that it's showered upon him by all sorts and conditions of women, in and out of season. He's one of the most popular actors on the stage, and you know what that means—or, if you don't know, you can guess."

She paused and looked at Cicely, and Cicely looked at her, and all at once, by instinct rather than reason, a vague fear rose up in her heart.

"An actor?" she repeated. "Will you tell me his name?"

The woman hesitated.

"I don't see why I shouldn't tell you," she said doubtfully. "It can do no harm. His name is Leslie Norton."

And the fear was realized.

For a moment Cicely's heart stood still, then bounded on with heavy pulsing throbs that seemed as if they must choke her; and that moment held all the concentrated sorrow and regret of a lifetime. This was the end of everything for her, the bitter end of everything. Fate could deal her no harder blow. For the man she loved was Leslie Norton, and Leslie Norton was this woman's husband.

She stood silent and motionless, lost in a whirl of memory.

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till the woman's voice broke the silence, seeming to come from immeasurable distance.

"Do you know him?" she asked.

Cicely pulled herself together, and recalled her wandering thoughts with an effort.

"Yes, I know him," she answered, and their eyes met.

Perhaps the woman guessed the truth in that moment, though she made no sign, for woman's instinct is quick, and seldom at fault. At all events her voice sounded softer when she spoke again.

"The next time you meet him," she said, "think of me and—the child."

* * * * *

"The next time you meet him, think of me and—the child."

The words haunted Cicely, as she hurried along the streets that led from the woman's humble lodging to her own luxurious home. She could not get away from them. They rang in her ears.

They echoed in her heart. They were written in letters of flame on the pavement at her feet—letters that burnt her eyes as she read them:

"The next time you meet him think of me and—the child."

"Hullo!" said a man's voice, breaking in suddenly upon her bitter thoughts. "What are you doing here, Saint Cecilia? I didn't know that your 'slumming' brought you into these streets."

A faint note of disapproval and displeasure made itself heard in the voice, and an uneasy frown flashed swiftly over the face that looked down at Cicely's, to fade as swiftly, leaving a smile in its place.

Cicely looked up, flushed and startled.

"I—I didn't expect to meet you," she faltered.

"No," said Leslie Norton, with some amusement, "I dare say not; but it's always the unexpected that happens, you know. I go 'slumming,' too, sometimes, you see."

Cicely was silent. She was thinking, as she had been bidden

(Continued on Page 40)

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Automobile Topics

An Actor Chauffeur

Robert Edeson has decided to enter the motor car meet that is scheduled to be held in Long Island during the second week in June. Mr. Edeson, who is an enthusiast on motoring, has placed an order with a prominent New York firm for a racing car and at the close of the present season will go in training as it is his intention to drive his own machine in the races.

The following letter was received by the Pioneer Automobile Company from Mr. D. F. McCarthy, the mining man of Tonopah: "Our Winton arrived yesterday, was unloaded from car and run to Clifford Hill and back, a distance of one hundred miles, the same day by five o'clock P. M. Both Mr. Hirst and Mr. Haines occupied the front seats. We had a good and satisfactory run and are more than pleased with the automobile."

One of the first American made machines to adopt Hess-Bright bearings is the Thomas Flyer. They have seen several years of service on foreign machines, however, where they are considered the thing. The Thomas also has the new chain oilers on main bearings of the crank shaft, a fact which cannot be overlooked by those who see the automobile in its true mechanical light.

Europe in a Lightning Conductor

The European automobile tours will undoubtedly be heavily patronized this summer. Think where one goes for \$1,000, or, to be exact, \$985.00. First-class passage on one of the ocean liners and touring through the continent. All hotel bills, cost of theatre tickets and even tips, paid by the management and, wherever possible, the automobile is used. Think of bowling along a billiard table road in France, on the twin springs of a model K Winton, for that is the car which will be used. We who tour, roads or no roads, cannot well appreciate such a trip through such a country. E. P. Brinegar, of the Pioneer Automobile Company, will furnish information to any interested parties on the Pacific coast.

Champion Automobile Owner

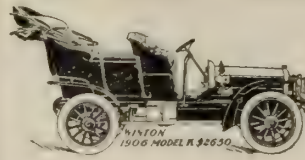
John Jacob Astor is reported to be the champion automobile owner. He maintains a stable of twenty cars reputed to be worth about \$100,000. Only recently he purchased three touring Autocars for his wife to use. Mrs. Astor is becoming an expert driver and bids fair to be one of the best chauffeuses in the East.

One of the purchasers of White steam cars is the Duchess of Manchester, who secured recently a car of the limousine type.

A Royal Victoria Columbia was received this week by the Middleton Motor Car Company and is on exhibition at their salesrooms. The car is the first of its type on the coast. Two costly Columbias with double victoria modes are owned by prominent motorists of San Francisco, but in the new model the forward seat is very similar to that of the standard touring car. The rear body is of the victoria type, with curved door and commodious hood. The ma-

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chine comes direct from the Chicago automobile show, where it attracted a good deal of attention. It is a notable example of fine body work—in fact, one of the handsomest cars ever seen here. Finished in brewster brown, with front seats in black leather and those in the tonneau in broad cloth in a slight shade of brown, the whole design of the car is exceptionally harmonious and graceful.

Our Knocking Habit

A well known New York automobile salesman arrived in town last week, intending to enter the automobile business in San Francisco. He visited the different automobile companies to size up the situation, and, in speaking of it to me said: "In all my years' experience in business, I have never found such a condition as exists among the dealers in this city and I wonder that they can sell any automobiles at all, on account of the 'knocking' done by automobile salesmen. For instance, in one large garage, I was treated to a long drawn out 'knock' against one of the best known and most satisfactory large gasoline cars. The 'knocking' salesman, to make it strong, said that a recent purchaser of the above car was so dissatisfied that he would sell his new car and purchase a type sold by the salesman's firm. Half an hour later, I visited the salesroom of the 'knocked' car and was surprised to see posted in a conspicuous place a letter written by the banker who owned the car stating that he was more than pleased with it and would not have as a gift the machine of the make sold by the other man. This sort of salesmanship may do in California, but it certainly wouldn't do in New York or other Eastern cities. I believe every 'knock' is a boost. If I were in the market for an automobile and a salesman commenced to 'knock' a car, it would favorably attract my attention toward that particular machine."

An autogrammist says that: "In the transmission case of Time there is no reverse gear. A fast in the gasoline tank produces no speed. The wicked stand in slippery places, but the automobile, irrespective of its moral nature, is likely to skid."

Hugh Center, a retired capitalist of San Jose, is enjoying automobiling in his new White steamer. Mr. Center will leave for the south in his car as soon as the weather clears up.

Magnus Kjelsburg and his wife left San Jose for Los Angeles last week in the millionaire's new White steam touring car.

—*The Chauffeur.*

Ellen Terry's son, Gordon Craig, has written a pamphlet, "The Art of the Theatre," illustrated from his own designs of stage setting.

Paul Kester, the dramatist, is a brother of Vaughan Kester, author of "The Fortunes of the Landrays," one of the season's "best sellers." The Kester brothers were for four years owners of the historic Woodlawn mansion in Virginia, the estate George Washington willed to his adopted daughter, Nellie Custis. Vaughan Kester now owns Argyll Castle in Westmoreland, England.

Margaret Wycherly, who played Lydia Carew with James J. Corbett, in "Cashel Byron's Profession," has been succeeded in the Proctor productions by Amelia Bingham. This Bernard Shaw comedy is soon to be done at the Alcazar.



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JUNCTION MARKET, SANSOME AND SUTTER STREETS

CONTINENTAL OFFICES IN THE FOREGROUND

These premises were formerly occupied by the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank.

Saint Cecilia

(Concluded from Page 37)

to think—thinking of the woman and the child. There was no room in her heart at that moment for any other thought.

"Is there," she asked, "by chance, a tea-shop near here where we could talk quietly? I have something to say to you."

Leslie Norton looked round him doubtfully.

"Well, it isn't a very nice neighborhood," he said; "but, if I don't forget, there's a tea-shop a little farther on, where we should be all right. I might have something to say to you, too."

"Let us go there," said Cicely, and they walked on together.

When they had found the tea-shop, and were comfortably ensconced in a corner of the deserted room, with tea and muffins on a small table between them, Leslie Norton looked inquiringly at Cicely.

"What have you to say to me, Saint Cecilia?" he asked.

She looked back at him and, in spite of yourself, her eyes softened as they rested on his face. It was a fascinating face, with its mocking eyes and dare-devil smile, but it was not a good face, though it seemed to Cicely that it might have been good once, in the days when it was younger and smoother, before it was so deeply lined and scored with marks of the world's wear and tear. But, good or not good, it was the one face in the world for her—the face of the man she loved.

He looked troubled, she fancied, and the clear-cut, cynical lips were graver and sterner than usual; and her heart went out to him at once.

"You're worried about something," she said, with the ready sympathy that was one of her greatest charms to a world-worn man like Leslie Norton. "I wish I could help you."

He looked at her musingly, with thoughtful, brooding eyes, before he answered.

"Right, Saint Cecilia," he said at last. "I am worried about something, and I'm afraid it's something a bit beyond you, though you generally manage to help me." He paused and looked at her again. "It's about a friend of mine," he went on slowly. "He's a married man, but he and his wife separated a year or two ago. I needn't go into the reasons. There was fault on both sides, but I dare say he was the most to blame. Men generally are. However, I think he never really loved his wife, and now he has met a woman he does really love, and the question is—what is he to do?"

He paused again, and Cicely looked steadily back at him, meeting the mocking light of his eyes with calm serenity.

"There's nothing," she answered quietly, "that he can do but just bear it. That's all. He must just bear it."

Leslie Norton looked at her again in the same thoughtful way.

"There's always the Divorce Court, you know," he said, and for a moment there was silence.

"The Divorce Court!" Cicely echoed, and her eyes were filled with horror-struck wonder as she raised them to his. "The Divorce Court! Oh! but for a divorced man or woman to marry again is a deadly sin. Such a marriage is no marriage at all. It's a deadly sin. Nothing less."

There was another silence, and then he laughed aloud.

"A deadly sin," he repeated. "Yes, I thought that was what you would call it, Saint Cecilia. A deadly sin." For a moment his eyes rested on her face with a curious look in their eloquent depths, then he squared his broad shoulders. "So much for my worry," he went on. "Now, tell me what it is you have to say to me."

She hesitated a little, for it did not come easily to her to say that which she had to say.

"I've made up my mind," she said slowly, "to give up the world, and join a nursing sisterhood. That's all. It may not interest you very much—but I thought I should like to tell you."

He looked at her questioningly.

"It interests me very much," he said. "But isn't it a sudden decision? When did you make up your mind?"

"Only today," she answered, and her voice sounded quiet and natural even in her own ears.

He looked at her again, and then he laughed once more.

"So you're going to be Saint Cecilia in sober, solemn earnest," he said. "I named you well, after all. Well, well, such is life."

The laugh hurt Cicely almost like a blow, and she said nothing, but as he met the look in her eyes his face changed suddenly.

"If only," he said, in a low tone. "If only—" And then he broke off sharply. "Ah! Saint Cecilia," he added, bitterly, "those two little words 'if only' stand between us poor mortals and so much of the happiness of life."

He did not know that she could fill in the blanks in his

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broken sentence, but she could, and the knowledge that had come to her that day seemed to crush her heart beneath its leaden weight. And, as she looked at him, the words that the woman had spoken came back to her:

"I have sometimes thought that if he had married a woman who was a bit of a saint, perhaps things might have been all right for him. He seemed made for that sort of woman."

Well, she herself was a bit of a saint. He had said so when he laughingly named her Saint Cecilia. He had often said so. And perhaps—perhaps—

"What is, is, you know," she said, and sighed. "We can't alter things, and so we must just face them as they are. That's all we can do."

"Saint Cecilia," he said, "will be Saint Cecilia to the end, it seems. Well, well; so be it. We must go our different ways, you and I, my sweet Saint. You have chosen the better part, and I am sure it will not be taken away from you. As for me—well, I always accept the fortune of war, and, after all, nothing lasts for ever:

"Come what come may,
Time and the hour run through the roughest day."

So they went their different ways, and the ways were so very different, and lay so far apart, that they never crossed again.

Roger Pocock's Philosophy

GATHERED BY THE READER.

All living creatures, editors included, would be gentle and charming but for their business necessities.

Not for our opinions, intentions or ideas shall we be

judged at the last, nor for our scribbles on foolscap, but for the things we have done. Fancy having to face the Day of Judgment with no credentials but literary "appreciations" by eminent writers of books.

Some fool has noticed that a rolling stone gathers no moss. Why should it? I have never observed any moss on stones of value, or seen a mossy stone that was not rotten.

—(From "Following the Frontier.")

Hocus Pocus

A COMEDY.

Comments of the Press in the Papers.

It was anything but a success.—*The Moon.*

People will not go to it.—*The Star.*

The best we got was the worst of it.—*The Earth.*

No play of the season compares with it for crudeness and rudeness.—*The Spark.*

For inanity and insanity it has no equal on the American stage.—*The Beacon.*

Comments of the Press on the Posters.

A success.—*The Moon.*

Go to it.—*The Star.*

The best.—*The Earth.*

No play of the season compares with it.—*The Spark.*

It has no equal on the American stage.—*The Beacon.*
—*The Laughter.*

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF
SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. No. 99,040.

Clara E. Harper,
vs.
Charles W. Harper,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to Charles W. Harper, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and five.

(Seal) By JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.
WM. TOMSKY, By JAS. R. McELROY, Deputy Clerk.
Plaintiff's Attorney,
313 Bush street.

Notice of Stockholders' Meeting.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of the Pacific States Type Foundry for the election of Directors for the ensuing year will be held at the office of the corporation at No. 508 Clay street, San Francisco, California, on TUESDAY, the 27th day of March, 1906, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day.

By order of the President.
W. F. SHATTUCK, Secretary.
San Francisco, Cal., March 2, 1906.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 1. No. 100,567.

F. MEYER,
vs.
PAUL HERMANN SCHREIBER,
JOHN DOE LEVIN and
JANE DOE,
Defendants

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.
ALFRED FUHRMAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: Paul Hermann Schreiber, John Doe Levin and Jane Doe, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this third day of March A. D. 1906
[Seal] H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV.

Saturday, March 17, 1906

No. 707.

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THEODORE F. BONNET - - - - - EDITOR
CHARLES S. SMITH - - - - - MANAGER
RALPH A. GROVER, - - - - - MANAGER OF ADVERTISING
146 Second Street, Sixth Floor. Telephone Bush 713.

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Address all communications to Town Talk Publishing Co., 146 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Our Future

According to the California Promotion Committee the population of San Francisco and its suburbs—Alameda and San Mateo counties—is now 750,000. It is estimated that the population of San Francisco is five hundred thousand. This is believed to be a conservative estimate based on the school census and on the number of water-rate payers. Everywhere is to be observed evidence of the growth and development of the metropolis of the Pacific. Edward White, one of the editors of the *Bankers' Magazine* of New York, has informed the editor of Town Talk that he has written an article in which he predicts that within twenty-five years San Francisco will have a population of two million. This should not be regarded as an extravagant estimate of our growth in the immediate future. Our increase of population in the past five years equals the total population of the city of Los Angeles and if it continue to increase at the same ratio every five years we shall have two million people in less than twenty years. And if we take the view of our future that is entertained by Herbert E. Law, who has given the matter a great deal of thought and who is very familiar with economic and industrial conditions affecting San Francisco, we shall be justified in the conclusion that there will be no diminution of the ratio of increase established during the past five years. According to Editor White San Francisco occupies an exceptionally strong position among the cities of the Coast for the reason that its industries are very largely controlled by local capital. The industries of the other large cities are dominated by Eastern capital, and in the event of financial depression on the other side of the Rockies the effect will be instantaneous upon those communities.

Exciting Class Prejudice

A corporation controlled by several young gentlemen, happily conspicuous and respected in local society, drifted into financial straits the other day, whereupon it was assumed by certain aristocrat-baiters of journalism that the stricken financiers would avail themselves of the advantages to be derived under the bankruptcy statute. Worse than that—it was intimated that they had been trying their hands at frenzied finance. Thus do the journalistic inciters of class prejudice jump to unjustifiable conclusions in their eagerness to besmirch the proud and haughty scions of the plutocracy. There was not the slightest

foundation for the assumption that the son of the builder of the *Oregon* and his associates contemplated settling with their creditors in any amount short of one hundred cents on the dollar. Admitting that their liabilities are greatly in excess of their assets, does it follow that they will permit themselves to be absolved by law of all indebtedness over and above the amount to be realized out of the property of the corporation? To be sure it is their privilege to go through insolvency and settle with their creditors only to the extent of the assets of the corporation. Indeed in availing themselves of the privilege they would be strictly within the commercial proprieties. The individual must never be confounded with the corporation of which he is a stockholder. If individuals were identified with the corporations which they control, so that they were bound to be held responsible for the acts of the corporation, many of our best families would suffer social ostracism. It would be in furtherance of public morals to hold the individual morally responsible for the acts of the corporation, but think how depressing such a state of affairs would be on capital. Capital must be encouraged at any price. It is not our purpose, however, to discuss abstract and abstruse commercial ethics. We are dealing with the aristocrat-baiters of the press, the promoters of class prejudice who have seen fit to assume that a member of a distinguished Californian family would permit himself to be absolved of indebtedness in a court of justice while possessed of ample fortune to pay every cent he owed. Such an assumption is tantamount to suggesting that he would evade payment of a promissory note by pleading the Statute of Limitations. Conventionally speaking, a commercial debt is not a debt of honor, but let us not forget that there are some men who conceive it to be their duty to meet their obligations to their full capacity.

Political Chaos

Another political party has come into existence in this state, and it purposes putting a ticket into the field this year. The new party is to be recruited from all other parties and to be composed mainly of people who are impressed with the importance of municipalizing public utilities and reducing the number of special privileges enjoyed by the successful of commerce. This new party is expected to fill a long-felt want, to give people an opportunity to support some of the principles which are believed to be essential to the promotion of certain high ideals. It is intended to hasten experiments with certain socialistic theories of government. Some of the politicians of the older parties fear that it will prove a strong factor in the next campaign, and they are quite sure that it will complicate the political situation. There are many reasons why the new party should be taken seriously. Party feeling was never at such a low ebb in American politics as it is at this moment. There are questions of great public interest, the solution of which has not been attempted either in Republican or Democratic platforms, and party sentiment on some questions has been modified to such an extent that it is hard to differentiate a Republican from a Democrat. The South is being converted to protection. Free trade is coming into favor in New England. Pittsburg, a Republican stronghold, has gone Democratic. New York city is becoming Social-

istic. Missouri sends Republicans to Congress. Folk is cheered by Republicans. La Follette is voted for by Democrats. The House of Representatives votes almost unanimously for the President's rate bill and the Republican committee puts it in charge of a Senator from North Carolina to have it reported to the Senate. The independent voter is being glorified by the press of the country and from a partisan standpoint we are told that we are approaching a condition of political chaos. In many states people nominate as they elect, by direct vote, and the power of the boss is on the wane. At this time to speculate as to the outcome is vain. It is the man, not the party, in whom the people put their trust.

The French Crisis

At this time it is pretty hard to determine the significance of the collapse of the French ministry on the eve of an appeal to the French electorate for a fresh lease of power. That appeal, however, is to provide the people with an opportunity to pass judgment on the attitude of the Government toward the Catholic Church. It is evident that the anti-religious struggle in France has, in a political sense, reached a crucial point and the outcome will be watched with a great deal of interest throughout the world. It remains to be seen whether religious feeling is sufficiently strong in France to impel the people to rebuke the Socialist Party for its persecution of the clergy and its suppression of religious associations. For more than five years now the French Republic has employed its time and power in waging war on the Catholic Church, and yet almost the entire population of France professes, nominally, at least, the Catholic faith. If the people have become convinced that the Government has been moved by a spirit of bigotry rather than by the patriotic purposes professed from time to time, they will undoubtedly effect a change of Administration despite the enormous strength of the great political machine supported by many thousands of officials. It is pretty generally conceded now by impartial observers that even though the charge of imperialistic tendencies originally made against some of the religious orders was well founded, it was but a pretext to serve the purpose of men whose prejudice against Christianity is but a shade less intense than their hatred of the Catholic Church. The first note in the anti-clerical concert was sounded in 1900, by Premier Waldeck-Rousseau, when he announced his forthcoming Association Law as "a point of departure in social revolution." The London *Tablet* pronounced it as measure "intended to render it next to impossible for a religious congregation to exist." The London *Spectator* declared it to be "the deadliest blow leveled at Catholicism since the days of the Terror." The London *Times* predicted that the measure would "envenom and perpetuate, more than ever, the divisions which at present make of France two hostile camps," and characterized the Premier's policy as "incompatible with that civil and religious liberty which has made England what it is." Waldeck-Rousseau avowed his purpose to be the abolition of religious schools and to give a monopoly of all State functions to those who have been educated in strictly secular schools—"a more monstrous denial," said the London *Spectator*, "of the principles of religious liberty it would be difficult to conceive." The law was passed in 1901 and then began the exodus of monks and nuns. The following year the general election took place and the Waldeck-Rousseau Administration threw its whole weight into the scale. The authority of the Administration in France, where there is excessive centralization of official power, exercises a preponderating influence, but in the

whole electorate the Government obtained a majority of no more than 200,000 votes which is practically the figure represented by the body of Government officials. Since that election the aggressions of the anti-clerical party have assumed a wider scope. It has been made clear that the Socialists are intent upon driving out of France not only the religious orders but the Church itself. Within the past few months the authorities have been enforcing the provision of the law separating Church and State which calls for inventories of ecclesiastical property. The *Gaulois* declared the other day that atheistic officials had deliberately profaned vessels of the sanctuary, even attempting, in some instances, to violate tabernacles. The result was a series of riotous scenes in some of the most celebrated houses of worship in France. Premier Rouvier, it was said, feared that the scenes of turbulence would impart an air of martyrdom to the clericals, and was eager to have the elections out of the way. So the probability is that the Administration is looking forward to a desperate struggle for existence. Meanwhile the clergy of the Catholic Church are energetically spreading the impression that the Socialists of France are waging war not only on Rome but on all Christianity. And such appears to be the case. Some time ago M. Delpech, a powerful member of the Ministerial majority, said, during the course of a speech in the Senate: "The triumph of the Galilean has lasted for twenty centuries; it is now his turn to die. The mysterious voice which once on the mountains of Epirus announced the death of Pan, today announces the end of that false God who promised an era of justice and peace to those who should believe in him. The deception has lasted long enough; the lying God in his turn disappears." In those utterances Delpech voiced the sentiment of a very powerful element in the social and political life of France. At this moment Paris is paying extraordinary homage to Nietzsche, the latest German metaphysician to undertake the revolution of thought, the man who has nothing but hatred for Christianity and its forerunner, Judaism; who declares that in the Christian system "neither morality nor religion is in contact with reality." Numerous French translations of his works have appeared in Paris and are being sold in popular editions. With the abolition of religious worship threatened and the popular zeal for ultra-estheticism growing apace, it may not be long before Paris has a repetition of the unholy orgies of the days of the Terror, when the shameless embodiment of the goddess of reason was set up on the altars of God.

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The Vulgarly of Divorce

A religious weekly takes exception to Hamilton Maie's reference to "the incredible vulgarity of divorce," when there are a thousand higher and graver reasons, religious, social, ethical and moral, for its condemnation. The writer of the critical paragraph evidently forgets that the class of people whose conduct has called for the agitation of the question at such length are not to be reached by moral or religious arguments. The men and women who apply time after time for the nullification of their self-assumed bonds, on trivial and insignificant provocation, have neither morals nor religion, and there are enough of them to defy ordinary social conventions and form a society of their own. They care nothing for the teachings of any church, and the only morals they recognize are the conventions of their own set. In this age of individualism, family means less than tribe, and the only restraint which is likely to affect them is their dislike to being rated as common. Let women who run into court with every grievance once understand that their actions are exactly on a level with those slatternly housewives who spend their time hanging over the front gate and discussing their domestic affairs with the neighbors, and they may, possibly, be induced to keep their troubles to themselves. What is the use in quoting the Ten Commandments to a wife who thinks she is entitled to a separation with alimony because her husband's complexion is at odds with "the darlinest doggie in all the world," and what appeal does duty make to one who has never restrained a whim in the whole of her existence? The tendency of modern life is not towards the production of heroes, much less heroines, and people who must resort to soothing drugs and anesthetics for every slight pain are not likely to develop much moral grit. There are very few, at this stage of civilization, who take the ground that marital separations should never be countenanced. Even the Catholic Church, bitterly opposed to divorce, admits that there are conditions under which a separation from bed and board is wise. The laxity of divorce procedure is not in the grounds admitted, but in the lack of proof that the cruelty, incompatibility or desertion really exists. It is preposterous to believe that if a man were really given to the pastime of beating his wife to the extent which would justify her in taking the world into her confidence, he would still be received by her social circle, and that some other woman, fully cognizant of the alleged details, would be willing to take her chances with him inside of a few hours. Neither is it credible that the gross infidelity, failure to provide, intemperance, or any of the other charges so lightly made, invariably have their foundation in fact, and yet have no effect on the social status of the malefactors. About the only way to influence these people is to place marriage in the same position as other games of chance, and to make standing by the contract as much of an obligation of honor as the payment of gambling debts. Let it once be understood that welching is dishonorable and that squealing is just as caddish as in sporting matters, and there would be a decided let-up in the race towards divorce.

The Predictions of Veritas

Our old perennial friend "Veritas," most prolific of writers, bobbed up in the columns of the *Bulletin* the other night with a long letter addressed to the editor on the gubernatorial outlook. He informed us that he has been traveling about the state, talking politics, and that he "found among Democrats a unanimous opinion that if the Republicans make the right kind of a nomination for Governor this year they can elect their man." In this let-

ter our old perennial friend betrays many symptoms of senility, but in some respects the letter is a very interesting production, for it is a fine sample of the transparent disingenuity that was characteristic of practical politicians of the old school that prided themselves on their cunning. Most of those old-time politicians have passed away; but a few of them survive in remote hamlets, and when they attend conventions occasionally they are regarded with the same interest that is excited by an antique in a museum. To give the impression that he has no personal interest in the coming gubernatorial contest, "Veritas" says that he is not a politician and has not been in politics since he ran for office in his native town in an Eastern state many years ago. In his travels he has learned that nine out of every ten Democrats "say that Henry T. Gage or George A. Knight would be a 'bad' nomination," because of the certainty of the opposition of editors de Young, Spreckels and Otis. But he knows that in order to defeat a man those editors have only to support him. "Veritas" also learned that "while Democratic opinion is against Gage and Knight, it is strongly favorable to Governor Pardee and 'Black' Hayes." After setting forth the result of his inquiries he called the attention of the editor of the *Bulletin* to the election returns of 1902 and 1904, which show that Pardee ran behind his ticket, after which he solemnly asserted that his observations led him to the conclusion that "it is going to be dangerous this year for the Republicans to nominate any man for Governor whom the people do not want." A profoundly sagacious conclusion that! How beautifully it matches that other erudite deduction: "if the Republicans make the right kind of a nomination for Governor this year they can elect their man." Verily, "Veritas" is a shrewd observer and safe and sure oracle. No rash prophecy does he make. He knows what he is talking about, for did he not travel through the state interviewing Democrats at the cross-roads, over yonder by the hay barn and down by the old mill stream? It would be easy to impart verisimilitude to his bald and unconvincing narrative were it not so prodigious a feat to find any Democrats in one's travels through the state.

Charles Hughes, the attorney, who won distinction by probing the insurance scandals, has had the audacity to permit himself to be boomed for Governor of New York though he knows that Mr. William R. Hearst wants that job. For his rashness he has been called upon by Mr. Hearst to answer pertinent questions about his sins of omission. Now will you be good, Mr. Hughes?

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Out of the Shadows

(III. *The Cave of Spirits.*)

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

It is a place of myriad ghosts. Like the huge Pantheon at Rome, from circular walls its colossal dome vaults upward high and dim, pierced by pale windows through which sinks a spectral light. When it is day without, here, as in some hoary minster-nave, it is always twilight. The Pantheon at Rome is stored with the ashes and dust of men, but here are stored ashes and dust of mind, burthens and tissues of perished brains, voices of immortal song, forgotten dreams, unremembered rhapsodies and the titanic labors of many lives, triumphant once with thought. The bodies of these ghosts lie here dead and still; they are tangible to the hand, visible to the eye and through the voice audible to ear. They lie in their dim graves of the spirit, like urns in a columbarium, yet the air is haunted and thick with their emanations. Silently from the walls they look down upon their fellow-spirits, still pent in moving bodies, silently they look upon one another, silently they look up at the sickly day-light sifting through the dome. That light for many—nay, for most—is all the immortality vouchsafed them; elusive immortality for which they toiled so mortally. And we are that Posterity for whose benefit they so strove.

I stand in this grave-yard of the glory of the world and feel the presences of the Past flying about me on noiseless, invisible pinions. I see them crowding and streaming in the wan, mysterious light. Thought lies like an yeast within the air, which is pregnant with vast, mutely-clashing things and shapes, waging unending combats in the domain of the Idea. A purgatory of dead intellects, a limbo of fire-tongues of inspiration, a chaos of fuming nebulae, cursed with loss of light, and of unappeased clouds of many minds, shorn of their pristine lightning and disemboweled of thunder,—all this and all these, but no less, halos of light unquenchable, beautiful intelligencies that seem like one sweet sound and one angelic smile, spirit-structures like fixed or ascendant suns, surrounded by adoring satellites, towering intellects like skyward trees, prodigally shaking perfume and fruit to Earth, bright self-centred seraphs of genius with the form and the feelings of men, but with brow and plumes plunged in Heaven, and seeds of light sprung to life in air and bearing flowers which the winter of the world shall not destroy. There are looming phantoms, too; exhalations from modern brains, still bathed with living blood, which rise, overshadowing the rest, brandishing misty hammers, imminent with wreck, and pens filled with demolition, holding aloft smoking spectre-bombs to blow open paths for Progress; some with great, clear eyes of prescience, point their ruthless hands forward into the Future, whither, swift as light, my vision darts into the gap and beholds, stirring like a sleeping, uneasy ocean, endless hosts on hosts of humanity rising like bubbles from Nature's inexhaustible deeps and flowing downward, downward as they follow us through Time. In this region of a myriad ghosts, it is granted to me, a ghost, to review their shadowy legions.

Amiable person, whose fine eye descends this page, you know, you surely know that it is the great Library of the British Museum which I have been describing? Had you not immediately perceived that, I had accounted you obtuse as an oyster. Are you one that has an hunger for facts?

In the Library are sixty-seven miles of books, placed side by side, some two million, odd hundred thousands of

volumes; most books that have been published find their way here, even, I dare say, my own fledgling from far San Francisco! Here is housed the literature of the world, good and bad, ancient and modern, Egyptian papyrus, strange palimpsests, monkish vellum, innumerable manuscripts, first and last editions, Shakespeare's early folios and the latest abomination of some popular pigmy. The vast reading-room is circular, lined with books to the dome, was built in 1857; the stack-room is filled,—but get you to a guide-book or an almanac.

This is the tomb of Literature, its archives, its granary and its treasure-house. It is a charnel where old skeletons lie mouldering and their death rests in the air, like a taint. It is the enchanted cave where lies all that is noblest and greatest on earth, embalmed and mummified, frozen to marble, crystallized into classicism or burning with intrinsic and imperishable fire. Books on books, tiers on tiers. They wind around me and around; I dream of Babel's tower, its climbing plane and the confusion of tongues, but this is the tower of Biblos—a book tower. The concave walls, as I gaze, seem to revolve like the astral heavens and the serried volumes whirl by in a great, dizzy vortex like wheeling regiments in vari-colored uniforms which are their bindings, and in braid of gold, which is the blazonry of their gilded title-ranks. Are they not soldiers, too,—soldiers of the spirit battling for or against Darkness, for or against Truth and Beauty? for or against one another? Militant sages, prolific brood of Gutenberg's engine, staying Ignorance with volleys of leaden types, proclaiming Liberty and Light with lines of shackled letters impressed in Stygian ink. Totality of all human wisdom, poesy and lore, fruit of some six thousand years of faintly recorded human history, how is the world grown wise in some millions of volumes heaped together here! Yet were all that is here destroyed by flood or flame, all would yet be saved—elsewhere,—nor the great world-tragedy of the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, when the Caliph Omar, like a fiend, lit a torch that lit the world, then left it dark, be ever repeated.

Here, in the flesh, labor they who perpetuate all, who bale up profitable matters from the Past, who plant anew

(Continued on Page 39)

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The Cavern of Gloom

BY LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Come, throw those white arms of thine, dear, around me, pillow thy fair fervid cheek on my breast,
Listen again to the lips of thy lover, hear all the pain and the passion confessed.

Welcome awaits thee whenever thou comest, morning or eventide, midnight or noon,
Or when the tempests of winter are wailing, or when the faint fragrant breezes of June

Murmur their vesper o'er verdurous meadows, soothing to slumber the birds and the flowers,
Then, when the gloom gathers deeper and darker, whisper to me through the harrowing hours,

Once so familiar, but now all forgotten, faded and lost in a love that defies
All that Despair in the dark ever dreaded, all that Grief glared at with slumberless eyes,

Aching for day that but dawned to deride me, longing for night ere to noon it had grown,
Thus, through the years and their varying seasons, reaping the whirlwind, I lingered alone.

Vain as the vanishing fabrics that Fancy builds in a waterless waste to betray,
So in Life's desert the phantoms I followed, mirage-like mocked me, then faded away.

Onward I went till the bird-song was silent, dry every fountain and dead every bloom,
Foot-sore and weary, for peace ever panting, came I at last to the cavern of gloom.

Cold as a charnel and black as Cimmerian midnight the goal of my destiny seemed;
Little I thought that its sombre surroundings meant the dark durance that's never redeemed;

Meant what the strongest would shrink to encounter, yea, what the bravest would fly from with fear,
Should the curse come like a bolt that's death-freighted, thundering from skies that are silent and clear;

But the grim harvest that Grief weeps to garner, Fate whispered warningly to me when Life
Leaps in the pulses and laughs at the future, strolling where Hebe's red roses are rife.

Fancy oft smiled through the shades of my prison, breathing the words that were sweet to my soul,
Then, through the darkness, all weaponed to wound me, Pain with his merciless myrmidons stole;

Racked me and flayed me and tore me with torture, till near the last this great lesson I learned,—
Misery's midnight may glow with a glory, Grief's gloomy cavern by Love may be turned

Into a temple that soars through the shadows, kissed by the stars and caressed by the breeze,
Where swing the censers by Sympathy lighted, where the soul hears the pure psalms that appease,

Hymned by the lips of a Priestess whose passion hides in her heart when she enters that fane,
Crooning the slumber-song sweet unto Sorrow, chanting Love's sacred placebo to Pain.

March, 1906.



Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

The hardest thing in the world to see is the obvious.

Boston has a blind woman lawyer. With Justice and the Law both blind, what chance has the public?

"Californians are extravagant," said a visitor from this state in a New York interview. Well, who can better afford to be?

The strike situation in the East is very critical, but no one is predicting serious consequences to the mine owners or the strike leaders.

"The United States and Great Britain will aid Japan in policing China," says the despatches. "Piecing China" would be the better term.

Mrs. Yerkes Mizner is to found a free hospital in Chicago. She should establish a free marriage bureau for impecunious but willing young men.

In Italy a count convicted of infidelity to his wife has been sentenced to three months in jail. Thus titled aristocracy loses another time-honored privilege.

Depew has been in a sanitarium suffering from nervous exhaustion—not an exhaustion of his nerve, which is quite a different thing and quite impossible of conception.

The purpose of the ordinance limiting the speed of automobiles is to safeguard human life. Wouldn't it be wise to be mindful of that fact when dealing with the speed-lust fiend?

The cost of the maintenance of the navies of the great powers has increased fifty per cent. since the Hague Peace

Conference. Yet the advocates of international naval disarmament insist on another conference.

By professing an abiding faith in municipal ownership a San Francisco Supervisor can yield to the substantial arguments of an entrenched public utility corporation without arousing the suspicion of the mob.

The *Examiner* has been getting expressions of opinion on the subject of a third term for Roosevelt. The opinions are interesting but irrelevant. Mr. Roosevelt said immediately after his election that his second term would be his last. No friend of the President speculates on the probability of his breaking his word.

Impresario Strine announces that Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" will be sung for the first time in this city by the Conried Company. Tut! tut! Mr. Strine. San Francisco has a Tivoli. That opera was produced at the Tivoli many years ago. In matters musical San Francisco is quite frequently ahead of New York.

M. Auffray, Nationalist, and M. Jaures, Socialist, exchanged abuses in the French Chamber of Deputies the other day, and after the smoke of vocabulary had cleared away their seconds met to arrange a duel. However, the seconds saved the honor of their principals by deciding that a duel was unnecessary. French duels usually are, so far as results are concerned.

It is said that unless a miracle is worked Dr. Dowie, founder of Zion, cannot live much longer. Of course the miracle will be performed. But whether the doctor will permit himself to die and then raise himself from the dead, or diagnose his own case, pronounce himself in the shadow of death and then emerge therefrom, I am not prepared to say.



The German Imperial Family

This portrait was taken on the occasion of the Emperor's silver wedding. The household has since been reduced to seven, two sons, Prince Eitel and Prince William, both of whom appear in the group with their wives, having

established homes of their own. Those that remain are Prince Adalbert, the widely traveled, Prince August, Prince Oscar, Prince Joachim and Princess Victoria, the only daughter, the idol of the German nation though she is only thirteen.

The Spectator

The Hastings Heirs Embroiled

Rumors of impending strife among the Hastings heirs are current. A battle royal is threatened, one that will be prolific of highly sensational developments, rich in inspiration for the artists and scribblers of the dailies and of absorbing interest to the old families of California's aristocracy. There is a possibility of the differences being settled out of court, and on the other hand the explosion may occur before these words reach the eyes of my readers, for this is Monday and the dogs of war are tugging fiercely to get free. Much depends on the temper of that stately, dignified matron, Mrs. John F. Darling, who is now doing Europe, blissfully ignorant of the imminence of a troublesome lawsuit. She can avert trouble in a brief cablegram, but Mrs. Darling is a woman of rare courage and magnificent grit, and to her the prospect of figuring as a storm-centre has no terrors. In her lexicon in the years ago there was no such word as compromise, so it would not be surprising if, upon learning that there was dissatisfaction with her management of the estate of her incompetent sister, Ella Hastings, she turned her back on Europe and started for San Francisco eager for the fray. However for this particular controversy now crystallizing she may have no taste as it is likely to prove somewhat unpalatable, the instigator being her own daughter, the charming and cultured Mrs. L. C. Maud, now residing in Monterey.

The Judge and His Love Affairs

The Hastings estate consists largely of real estate holdings in this city and is valued at several millions. It was left by that distinguished jurist, S. Clinton Hastings, who was identified with the early history of this State. After the death of his wife, the mother of his children, he developed a romantic temperament, and after passing the three score period he took unto himself a young wife. Then his troubles began. From his young wife he was divorced, and a little later they remarried. To make the knot air-tight they were married four times, but one day a woman named Mrs. Keller bobbed up and claimed the old gentleman as her lawful spouse. Judge Hastings repudiated her and brought suit against her to litigate her claim and force determination of it before his death. And being a wise lawyer he anticipated post-mortem claimants by executing two trust deeds. Under one he drew the income of half his estate until his death and under the other his children were provided for. At the time of his death the suit against Mrs. Keller remained unadjudicated and there were two widows claiming a widow's portion. The heirs compromised with Mrs. Keller and so to this day nobody knows whether she could prove the contract marriage which she alleged.

His Heirs

Judge Hastings had six children who were the beneficiaries under his trust deeds—two sons, Robert and Dio, now dead, and four daughters—Clara, who is now Mrs. Darling, Flora, who married W. S. Keyes and is now dead, Lily, whose first husband was a Mr. Jerome and who was recently divorced in Paris from her second husband, a Mr. Onativia, and Ella, who was adjudged incompetent and whose estate is under the management of Mrs. Darling. The trustee to whom Judge Hastings assigned the entire management of his estate is William Giselman, and he is

still acting in that capacity. The trust is to continue until the death of all the children of the deceased, and then the property will be distributed to the grandchildren. Mrs. Maud is one of the grandchildren, being the daughter of Mrs. Darling by her first husband, Colonel Catherwood, and she is therefore interested in seeing the estate of her aunt Ella economically administered, but what her exact grievance is I am unable to say. Trustee Giselman knows but he won't tell. Mr. Giselman is a man of peace and he is hopeful of an amicable adjustment.

Mrs. Darling in Court

Mrs. Maud's friends will be greatly surprised to learn that she contemplates summoning her mother into court for the purpose of having certain restrictions placed upon her. It takes a great deal of courage to confront Mrs. Darling in a court of justice. Once before was Mrs. Darling called on for an accounting. The demand was made by her brother-in-law, W. S. Keyes, who was represented by his brother, Attorney A. D. Keyes, and the latter put Mrs. Darling through a cross-examination in reference to the cost of supporting her ward. It was a very spirited dialogue, Mrs. Darling easily taking first honors, her flashes of repartee completely blinding her questioner. She kept the court-room in a gale of laughter. Once during the examination, I recall, Keyes wanted to know if she didn't consider certain luxuries extravagant.

"They would be for a Keyes," she said, "but not for a Hastings."

She also twitted him on the difference in the social station of the Keyes and Hastings families. Not many months ago Mrs. Darling was visiting the Mauds at their country home. They were apparently on very friendly terms at that time.

Edson Coming Back for More

The gold-brick men of politics are bestirring themselves, for Mr. E. B. Edson is coming to town. Mr. Edson is the Siskiyou millionaire who was seized, four years ago, with a devouring ambition to become the Governor of this

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state. He is a good-natured farmer with many fine qualities of mind and heart, and he would probably make an excellent Executive if he were a little less unsophisticated. He has spent too much of his time in Siskiyou and not enough in the haunts of men who are familiar with the ways that are dark. Four years ago Mr. Edson fell into the clutches of the Philistines and it is estimated that they separated him from twenty thousand dollars before the first sound of the gavel at the Republican convention. They made him think that he had the fight won though not for a single moment did he loom up as a possible nominee. They caused him to be talked about and instigated the writing of letters to him from all parts of the state assuring him of solid delegations. He believed the writers and felt that his agents were doing great work. A politician to whom he showed a letter from Pasadena in which he was promised a solid delegation wrote to a friend in that town for information concerning Edson's correspondent. The friend replied that the man was a waiter in the Hotel Green. But Edson appears to be a glutton for punishment. He is coming back for more and is going to open headquarters in this city.

The Spreckels Paper

The friends of John D. Spreckels have been very much alarmed over his physical condition for some weeks. He was under the care of a physician in San Diego and it was reported that his condition was critical, but he rallied and gained sufficient strength to make the trip to this city. His nervous system is badly deranged and it is said that as soon as he is able he will go to Europe for a long rest. During his absence from the city accountants were employed in expediting the books of the *Morning Call*, a circumstance that gave rise to the report that the paper was to be sold. Some of the employes of the *Call* were a little nervous over the report. They heard that the Hayes brothers of San Jose were after the paper; also, that young "Jack" Spreckels was getting ready to try his hand at journalism. As usual whenever a newspaper is believed to be on the market Mr. James D. Phelan was spoken of as a prospective purchaser. The impression prevails in political circles that Mr. Phelan is as eager for a newspaper as a baby is for a new toy. The truth is that Mr. Phelan is not more indissolubly wedded to bachelorhood than to the notion that newspaper ownership is anathema. He has spent half his life dodging lures to journalism. The nearest he ever came to being a publisher was as the financial backer of a weekly paper now defunct. Mr. Phelan's besetting vice is political ambition, and he has had abundant exemplification of the fact that in San Francisco the shortest road to the most distant point from public office lies through the tares of journalism. It is different in the interior where editors frequently rise to the dignity of a small salaried commissionship. One of the Hayes brothers got as far as Congress and they have great faith in the potency of the press. They have been looking for an opportunity to break into local journalism. I do not know whether they have been trying to buy the *Call*, but I doubt that the paper is for sale.

Porter Is a Publisher

Warren Porter, of Watsonville, having decided to get into the fight for Governor, all other aspirants for the job are beginning to look worried. Porter is not a man of state-wide celebrity, but he has many warm friends who

exercise great influence in politics and they have already developed a great boom for him. He is principally known as a banker, a very rich banker, and member of a very rich family, but he is also a newspaper publisher. This fact is not so well known. Mr. Porter has no delusions about the influence of one's own press. He has no intention of asserting his prestige as a publisher for political purposes. Indeed he would, perhaps, prefer to be known only as a banker. His paper is the *Watsonville Register*, an ably edited journal, and one with a great deal of influence in Santa Cruz county. He has been somewhat active in Watsonville politics and at the last election secured control of the county machine, much to the disgust of certain people who have been guarding the interests of Governor Pardee.

No Dove in the "Black North"

E. J. Bowes is back from Europe with a large fund of "impressions" with which he has been regaling his friends of the Family Club. Mr. Bowes spent much time in the British isles, and was pleased to learn that California is an object of absorbing interest to Britishers. In many remote sections he met people who are looking forward to the time when they will be able to come to California to settle. In Ireland he heard a great deal about the Gaelic Revival, but he found that the dove of peace which Dr. Douglas Hyde has been telling us about had not reached the Black North. That section of the country is dominated by the people whose patron saint is William Prince of Orange, and among whom religious bigotry is of a most virulent character. Bowes found that Dublin and Cork were cities of culture, but in Belfast the people are ignorant boors. He there attended a theatrical performance throughout which the denizens of the gallery pelted the occupants of the stalls with refuse. Whenever a missile was well directed the audience interrupted the performance with shouts of laughter.

The Poet in his Prison

To the Cavern of Gloom I went on one of my periodical pilgrimages the other day, and was greeted at the threshold with the joyous laughter of a poet. The Cavern of Gloom is a paradox, being as it is the bed-room of Louis A. Robertson, one of the cheeriest men you ever saw. "The Cavern of Gloom" is also a poem, given to the lovers of poetry through the medium of this journal, the latest poem from the pen of Poet Robertson in which he depicts some of the emotions that are experienced by him in the lonely Post street prison where he holds communion with his Muse and occasionally enlivens a visitor like myself with the careless, exuberant rapture of his contentment. For Robertson is a stricken poet, sound of torso and of head but unable to walk out into the sunlight, denied the pleasure of heeding the beckoning of Fancy, doomed not to a mystic but an actual isolation. Two years have passed

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since Louis Robertson saw the stars without looking through a window, but only in numbers does he express his true feelings, occasionally alleviating the melancholy of his hours in sad refrain. His manner is that of a man who loves his fate to the core and rind. He enjoys existence, regrets nothing. He is a poet in his resignation, a philosopher too, one who knows this world is itself but a painful place of residence. If I had any of the functions anciently attributed to prophets I should prophesy for Robertson a great vogue. He has published three volumes of poems, the most of which appeared in Town Talk before being put between book-covers, and they are all out of print. There is very little demand for poetry nowadays, but Robertson's red-hearted poems of impassioned love, his chaste and sonorous sonnets, his lyrics on sacred subjects, have appealed to a very large circle of readers. He has not yet, however, achieved the celebrity that, I feel certain, will some day attach to his name. A fourth volume of his poems is now being prepared for publication and in it will appear "The Cavern of Gloom." Between minor poems he has been at work on his magnum opus, "Montezuma," a tragedy in verse. Plays, it has been said, are not written—they are rewritten. The rewriting of "Montezuma" has occupied a deal of Robertson's time, and it is almost ready for vitalization before the footlights. The polishing touches are now being put to it. In the reading it is hard to determine the playable qualities of a drama, but "Montezuma" reads like something more than a closet tragedy. The three acts of it that I have read are full of dramatic interest, big with dramatic incident. The dramatic instinct is rare in a poet but I am convinced that Robertson has it. His play is founded on a thrilling story involving myth and historical incident, abounding in stirring action and opportunity for spectacular scenic display. I can fancy that wizard of the stage, Dave Belasco, achieving a great triumph with "Montezuma."

It Was a Very Gay Ball

The news of the sensation of the recent Carolan ball, that was so deucedly exclusive, doncherknow, was very slow in leaking out. The Blingumites are not usually very successful in hushing up little stories of bizarre episodes, especially if they are of the flavor that gives zest to an Oolong orgie. But they have managed to keep pretty well within their own circle the amiable gossip provoked by the ladies who were dressed as storks at the Carolan ball. The stork, as everybody knows, has usurped the place of the bird of freedom since Teddy Roosevelt seized the reins of government, and consequently when the two ladies costumed to represent the emblem of the Family Club put in an appearance they provoked a deal of merriment. They heightened the gayety of the occasion by distributing tiny dolls, selecting childless matrons as the objects of their generosity. The significance of this proceeding was of course immensely appreciated. One lady was presented with eight of the miniature effigies. It was great fun, but among the merry fashionables were some highly sensitive women to whom anything savoring of jocular reference to the propagation of the species is shocking. After the supper, which was conducive, of course, to exhilaration of

spirits, the fun went at a faster pace, but despite the fact that joy was unconfined some of the puritanical belles withdrew. Since the ball it has been rumored that those who left early reprehended the intensity of the carnival spirit. The ball broke up very early, a circumstance that has given rise to the impression that as a society event it was not a success. Of course it was not conducted on the lines of a church social, but those who were in at the lively finish scoff at the quitters and declare that it was the most successful and enjoyable and fashionable masquerade ever pulled off here.

Willie and Anna

An Eastern correspondent writes me that the latest joke in the vaudeville theatres of New York is one to which the Countess de Castellane and our own Willie Hearst contribute equally. The story of the joke, and the joke itself, are appended. It appears that Tom Smith, secretary of Tammany Hall, and Max Ihmsen, Mr. Hearst's political manager, recently found themselves together at a beefsteak dinner. In the course of the dinner, Mr. Smith got permission to put this question to Mr. Ihmsen:

"Why is Mr. Hearst like Anna Gould?"

Mr. Ihmsen thought a moment and gave it up as a Tammany trick.

"Because each of 'em got a bum count!" gleefully cried Mr. Smith; whereat Mr. Ihmsen and the other diners appreciatively roared.

Mrs. Louis Brechemin will be greatly missed from the bridge set of which she has been one of the most enthusiastic members. However in New York, where Colonel Brechemin has been ordered, Mrs. Brechemin will find plenty of bridge-players as enthusiastic as herself.

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In her Mardi Gras costume.

A New Suitor for Miss Reid

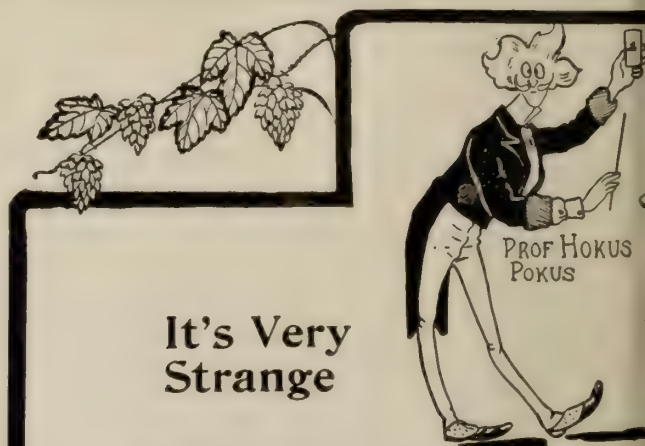
Just a little while ago we were told that Miss Jean Reid, Whitelaw Reid's daughter, was really to marry Lord Brooke, who had been adoring her openly for some years. But now, according to a Californian who writes to me from London, another match is spoken of for Miss Reid. The new suitor mentioned is the Duke of Leinster, who is only nineteen years old. Though he came into the title thirteen years ago, he will not come of age until two years hence and will not come into full possession of his estates till he is twenty-five. To a youth so eligible as he the English social-world has much to offer in the way of potential Duchesses, and British matrons will hardly let such a prize go to the American girl without a struggle. Leinster, who is Maurice Fitzgerald, is the premier Duke of Ireland, the title going back to 1766. "There is a curious story," writes my correspondent, "to explain the origin of the monkey which appears in the crest of the Dukes of Leinster. In the thirteenth century John Thomas Fitzgerald, who stood in the direct line of succession, is said to have been staying in his infancy in the Castle of Woodstock when, one night, an alarm of fire was given. In the confusion that followed the child was forgotten and the servants, returning presently to the search, found the room in which he had been left, in ruins. Soon after they heard a strange voice in one of the towers and, on looking up,

they saw a tame ape, which usually was kept chained, carefully holding the child in its arms. The young Earl, when he grew to manhood, adopted a monkey for his crest in remembrance of his rescue." Leinster is wealthy and has three country-seats. Miss Reid, by the way, is still in her teens and has never made a formal debut in society. In San Francisco she was entertained a good deal, the last time she was here with her parents and grandfather at the latter's Millbrae home.

The recent return of D. O. Mills to California was considerable of a surprise, as when he left there he said that he intended to remain abroad several years and would not bother about keeping up his Millbrae place. He left it in charge of his nephew, Edward Taylor, and the superintendent, Mr. Beatty, who has looked after it for some years. It is one of the finest country places in San Mateo county.

Evolution of a Diplomat

I am very much interested in the printed rumor that George von L. Meyer—not George L. von Meyer, as the *Examiner* persistently spells him—is to come back from his embassy to Italy to take Secretary Bonaparte's place in the Cabinet. Ambassador Meyer is as inspiring an example of luck, pluck and patience in combination as any I have ever known. He was not, it is true, born of poor but honest parents, though if there was a silver spoon in the house at the time it was one of a meagre few. He did not have to wait on a table in the good old summer times that divided the years of his career at Harvard. In fact, none of his privations were ever of such a desperateness that they compelled him to fail in any of the outward and visible signs of gentility demanded by Oliver Wendell Holmes—a well



It's Very Strange

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brushed hat, polished and unmended shoes and clean linen. But he had his own way to make, none the less, and the way he wanted to make was not a very easy one. Every boy in this fair land, of course, as any Sunday-school superintendent will tell you, can be President. Some of the boys, however, must prepare themselves for a tedious delay in this matter. And as being President was what appealed most to the young Meyer as the capstone of ambition, it will be seen that his aristocratic lineage and comfortable income might have counted as liabilities as well as assets. He realized this. So he began by studying as hard at Harvard as the poorest grind, for which he was rewarded by being graduated near the top of his class.



Fremont Older

The editor who refused William R. Hearst's offer of fifteen thousand a year.

His Political Progress

Then he married, after a brilliant and strategic courtship, a haughty girl who brought him a dowry of \$7,000,000. He secured a seat in the Massachusetts legislature. At the end of his first term he failed to get a re-nomination. He moved his residence to Hamilton, a suburb of Boston, home of the Myopia Country Club—where Robert Shaw first met Miss Langhorne, who is now, having

been Mrs. Shaw, to become Mrs. Astor—and heart of a Congressional district where silk stocking candidates have always been preferred. But Augustus P. Gardner also lived in Hamilton, also wanted to sit in the House of Representatives, and was, moreover, the son-in-law of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. A deadlock resulted in the progress of these two and a dark horse wearing common cotton socks carried off the honor they coveted. Meyer played golf and kept his counsel. Gardner appealed to his father-in-law. Senator Lodge whispered in the ear of President McKinley. Thus it was arranged that Meyer should be flattered by being made Ambassador to Italy just long enough to get him out of Gardner's path. It was even announced, at that time, that one Myron T. Herrick of Ohio would succeed Meyer as soon as he could put weights on his business. Meyer went to Italy, McKinley died, Herrick decided to become Ohio's Governor, Roosevelt refused to recall Meyer, who had proved himself a very able diplomat, and now Meyer goes a step higher. I refrain from telling what happened to Gardner, because I have no grudge against him.

The Meyer Memory

My personal concern in Ambassador Meyer's good fortune is based on as slight a reason as the similar feeling aroused in me by every pleasant thing that happens to William Jennings Bryan. And I am minded to tell both reasons, because—well, because it seems worth while. I first met Meyer when, during a summer vacation in Massachusetts, I once had occasion to ride twenty miles on a bicycle, at the dead of night, to get an important interview with him for three powerful newspapers. I had heard that he was very stiff in his intercourse with strangers, and I knew that he had a particular aversion to casual reporters. I was also aware that he moved in a set which calls the Hamilton tradespeople, shopkeepers and farmers, "peasants," which argued badly for a brisk young person in mud-spattered knickerbockers. But when I had roused a servant at the Meyer bungalow, and he in turn had roused his master, I found myself soon sitting before a cheerful



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open fire, a splendid toddy in one hand and an expensive cigar in the other, with a tall gentleman in pajamas leaning against the mantelpiece to answer my questions in the kindest courtesy. The interview was telegraphed and printed. I saw no more of Meyer for three or four years. Then, one cloudy day in Rome, I wanted to play golf. I was told that only the Secretary of the American Legation could supply me with the necessary card of privilege at the Rome Golf Club. I called, therefore, upon the Secretary, and while we were chatting the Ambassador himself came in. I rose to my feet for a formal introduction. But no introduction took place. For the Ambassador came straight up to me, shook my hand warmly, called me by name and said: "My dear boy, I am glad you did not leave Rome without coming to see us. I have long wanted to tell you how sorry I was that I let you bicycle to the telegraph office over those impossible roads, instead of driving you over in a dogcart and putting you up for the night afterward." A man with a memory like that does not miss many tricks.

The Bryan Anecdote

My other anecdote, thus made apropos, has a different setting. I had returned to the United States after eight months of service in Cuba and Puerto Rico as a private soldier in the regular army. On disembarking from the transport at Savannah, I was thrown by my horse on the dock and so severely injured that I became unconscious for several hours. I was told afterward that the ambulance in which I was immediately placed found all the regular hospital tents too crowded for my reception, and that I might have been carted about indefinitely had not a volunteer regiment offered to take me in with its own sick men. The next morning I lay in my cot among these strangers, brooding and homesick. Two or three surgeons entered the ward, accompanied by a man who wore no jacket over his blue flannel shirt, though that he was an officer was evident from the broad white stripe which ran down either trouser leg. This officer stopped for a cheery word with every patient, and so, finally, came to me, who had heard him called "Bill," and had racked my memory to identify his oddly familiar face. "Hello!" said he, "here's a new one." Then to the attending surgeon, "Is he Nebraska?" No," replied the surgeon, "he's a regular." The officer thereupon sat himself down on the stool beside my cot and talked with me as man to man. He asked me how long I had been away, how badly I was hurt, found out that I had not been paid since entering the army and that I did not want to let the home people know of my plight. And when at last he rose to leave he left upon my pillow a bright, new twenty-dollar gold piece. When he had gone, I turned to the man lying in the adjoining cot and asked, "Who was that officer?" "Gee!" said the next man, "don't you know him!

Why, that's Billy Bryan!" Which explains the fact that, although the twenty was long since returned, my vote for W. J. B. is perpetually mortgaged.

Scouring the Money Changers

The Rev. P. C. Macfarlane of Alameda is a preacher that does things. He not only preaches but he practices. The other day he preached against the sin of gambling and expounded against the graft of the police department. Then he stepped down from the pulpit and procured the arrest of the gamblers, incidentally bringing the police department before the bar of public opinion on a charge of gross dereliction of duty. That's the kind of preacher to hire—one that not only inveighs against pollution of the temple but removes the pollution when he finds that the custodians of the sanctuary are remiss; finding money changers trafficking under the very drippings of the altar he takes a scourge in hand and chases them into the street. The Rev. Macfarlane has excellent gospel precedent for his effort to cleanse the civic temple of the pollutions he finds there.

Parsons and Parsons

Comparisons are proverbially odious but they are inevitable in this instance. Two preachers of Oakland, the Rev. Whitaker and the Rev. E. E. Baker, were recently loud in their denunciation of crime, graft and civic uncleanness, but that is as far as they were willing to go—when they were called upon to back their eloquent sermons with proof and prosecution they refused to meddle with an affair that they had themselves created; the Rev. Whitaker constituted himself a priest of the confessional and rested on the priestly privilege that permits a priest to retain the secrets of the confessional; the Rev. Baker, under severe cross-examination, admitted that he was a member of the Country Club and that he had made no effort to drive the demon rum from that exclusive and aristocratic environment. Thus were two godly men, earning their bread by the sweat of their theology, utterly discredited in Oakland and throughout the state. And great was the grief thereat. On the other hand the Rev. Macfarlane of Alameda is not only up but he is doing. He not only preaches a gospel of kindness to the hard working father of a family of spendthrift daughters, but he jumps in and collars the croupier of a stud-horse poker game; he not only invokes a blessing on the much-contemned mother-in-law, but he swears out a warrant against the man that sells pools on

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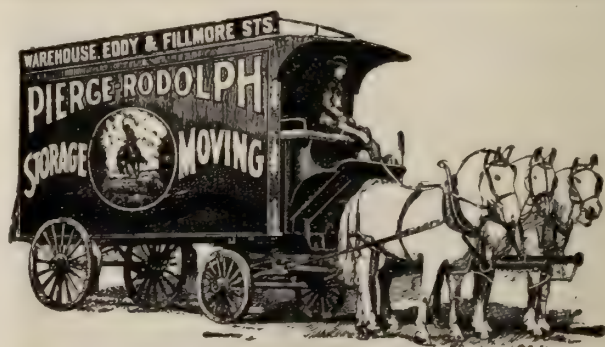
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the horse races; he not only preaches virtue but he compels virtue by assisting in the enforcement of virtuous laws. He raises the dead law to life and he performs the miracle that enables the sick in sin to take up their beds and walk. Good for the Alameda parson—a good citizen as he is a good parson.



Mrs. C. W. Deering

From the portrait painted by Matteo Sandona, during his recent sojourn in Honolulu. Mrs. Deering is a Chicago woman of immense wealth and great personal charm.

Two Kinds of Losers

Speaking of gambling—how about the bridge whist, the progressive euchre, and the five hundred gamblers? Are these not as vicious and as culpable as those that District Attorney Langdon is driving into the nets of the law? Is the woman that loses or wins money at bridge less a gambler than the tenderloin tout that loses or wins money at poker? Perhaps she is, but I fail to see the slightest moral difference. There is a difference, of course; the woman that loses at bridge "squeals," while the tout takes pride in sustaining his reputation as a "dead game sport;" the woman that loses at bridge loses money earned by hard labor by a fool husband, while the tout loses money that belongs to himself by right of conquest and personal enterprise. But both are gamblers in the exact definition of the term. I believe that the Rev. Clappett has said something on this text, and I have read that he has even gone so far as to name the amounts lost by women at bridge; but the admonition of the Rev. Clappett was as ineffective as is this paragraph, and for the same reason—the lack of specific designation; the Rev. Clappett did not name the women that lost at bridge; neither do I. But some day there will be written a sensational article in the daily newspapers—involving the scandal of a divorce, or an

elopement or a murder—and in that article it will be perfectly legitimate to trace the tragedy to its source at the bridge tables of our "best society." Then our hands will rise in holy horror and the spectacle will resemble a vast forest of leafless trees swaying violently in a sou' west gale.

Stories of Miss Anthony

The late Susan B. Anthony was asked during her last visit to San Francisco why she never married.

"Well," she replied, "one day when I was quite a young girl I saw a tombstone marked 'Relict of,' and I made up my mind that I would never be any man's 'relict.'"

On another occasion, someone asked Miss Anthony if she was a total abstainer.

"I am a worker for the temperance cause," she replied with one of her genial smiles, "but I am no bigot. I'm like Robert Bonner, who, when asked if he was a teetotaler, said, 'I should not call myself one. I had a glass of sherry when I came to New York in 1844.'"

He Met "Strenuous Bill"

"Billy" Meloney, the clever reporter, who left this city a few years ago and is now one of the stars of the *World* staff in New York, is still leading the strenuous life. During his career in this city Meloney had to use his muscle occasionally while hunting down news items and he was never known to shirk a fight or take the count. He did some brilliant work for the *World* during the insurance scandal, and last week he was sent to the docks at Hoboken to report the departure of President McCurdy for Europe. At the docks McCurdy's coachman tried to block Meloney's way. Meloney insisted on passing and the coachman struck him. Meloney went at his assailant and gave him a severe beating. On the following day the encounter was written up in the *Sun*, and it appeared from the account of the affair merely that Meloney had been struck. From a friend and admirer of Meloney I have received a letter informing me that the *Sun* story was written by an enemy of the Californian who has since lost his job for his misrepresentation of the facts. My correspondent informs me that the coachman was so badly beaten that when he appeared in court the next day he was swathed in bandages and looked like an Egyptian mummy.

Paid Five Thousand For a Painting

Mrs. Ida Evelyn Connor Russell, who purchased Theodore Wores' great painting, "The Light of Asia," for five thousand dollars, was two years ago the most widely discussed woman in San Francisco. The daily papers devoted columns of space to her temple on the ocean beach, her disciples and their doings. Mrs. Drexel, the two millioned "angel" of the Russell cult, figured largely in the stories. She it was who put up the money to buy the old Ocean House on the ocean beach and converted it into a luxurious

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home where those weary of the world might find retirement and peace. The occupants of the home on the beach are said to be wondrously happy. They are surrounded with every luxury money can buy, the women wear beautiful gowns and enjoy an atmosphere of culture. Mrs. Russell, by the way, was not always a priestess of Buddha. As Ida Connor she was well-known in the southern set, and attended a fashionable finishing school here, among her schoolmates being the Callaghan sisters and Dora Miller, who married Commander Richardson. Clover of the Navy.

Eureka's Fighting Editor

M. M. Vaughan, the Eureka editor who took three shots, last week, at the business manager of a paper which had criticised him, is a fighting editor of the old school. He is a Southerner by birth, and preserves the traditions of the South as regards swift retribution for an insult. He is almost helpless through paralysis, but his mentality has not been impaired by his affliction. He writes stuff full of fire and ginger, and delights in a journalistic war. Yet, as the incident of last week shows, he cannot gracefully take the medicine he administers to others. I last saw Vaughan when he spent a winter in this city ten years ago. Although he is not of the most cheerful disposition, his usual condition being one of pessimism, when he is caught in the right mood he is a most charming companion, his conversation evidencing wide reading and native culture.

Some Red Hot Verse

For several years Vaughan was editor of the *Advocate*, a paper published at Blue Lake, a redwood town several miles above Eureka. He was succeeded by two young Frenchmen, nephews of the owner of the paper, and they came near wrecking the sheet. Their tangled English was not only funny, but one issue that they got out had to be suppressed. It was not their fault. A former editor of the paper, a fat and jolly printer who was in charge prior to Vaughan's regime, made a specialty of pornographic verse of the worst kind. It was his habit to set it up in type and strike off copies for private circulation. One day, after the two young Frenchmen had taken charge, they found themselves, on publication day, short of matter. In looking around the shop they found some poetry in type, dust-covered and evidently long since used. It was just a fit for the space they had to fill. It was press time and they did not stop to read it. It was dumped into the form, locked up, and within five minutes the old Washington hand press, one Frenchman at the roller and another at the lever, was grinding out the weekly edition. It was not until nearly all the papers had been printed and many of them sent out by mail that the discovery was made that

the verses dumped in at the last minute were the worst in the fat printer's private collection. For once, copies of the *Advocate* sold at a premium.

The Everlasting Ella

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, lo these many years have I been wont to think of thee as the jenny-wren of journalism, wee homely songstress, tuning thy teeny tiresome lay, tilting the while thy pert little tail, to take the eye withal; flitting from barren twig to barren twig, a monstrous worm incongruous atween thy bit bills; or else, in thy diminutive nest secure, a tiny orb on either loophole of escape, brooding solemn-wise upon thy incredible eggs, so many, so small, so strangely addled or fertile with birdlings so witty and so droll; or, again— Enough, see how thy very name inspires to rhapsody this prosaic pen of mine! Now comes the *Examiner* of last Sunday, and, among many other things that aren't so, tells me editorially that I have been in error all these years anent their constant contributor; that Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in fine, far from being the jenny-wren of journalism, is a genius, an extraordinary genius, a *rara avis* among geniuses, a "gaudy, wonderful bird of paradise," which makes ordinary geniuses look in comparison like so many jenny-wrens. How erroneous must be my way of thinking; how unjust my literary judgment! Could thought possibly be more remote from the truth than mine has been, and still is, I fear me? For Mrs. Wilcox is poet, essayist, playwright, philosopher, and God only knows what else besides; so that what is asked of me in behalf of this extraordinary genius, this wonderful bird of paradise, is to think of ordinary geniuses, Shelley and Keats, Montaigne and Lamb, Sophocles and Moliere, Plato and Kant, as jenny-wrens. God-a-mercy, I

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cannot. Picture her as a genius all-glorious in glad rags, and them as geniuses *sans culotte*, I cannot. Mr. Hearst's "genius-contributor" has, we are told, "taught herself to write poetry and prose." This is too much for credulity itself. That any woman should have done that and then resisted the temptation to publish a bit of one or the other is unbelievable. If Mrs. Wilcox has really and truly taught herself to think, to write both poetry and prose, then is she a genius, not of incomparable gaudiness, but of incomparable modesty; and, for aught I know to the contrary, or can imagine, that other impossible thing, a woman too young to have a past and yet not too young to take her own advice: the rarest of rare birds whose paradisaic warblings in print in the newspapers we should treasure in our heart of hearts.

Days for Wizards

Three wise men of California are earning fame for themselves and celebrity for the state. Two of these wise men are "creators" and one of them is a discoverer. The "creators" are Luther Burbank and Professor Loeb; the discoverer is Professor Edgar L. Larkin. Luther Burbank "creates" queer plants and useful vegetables; Professor Loeb "creates" animal life; and Professor Larkin discovers things in the sky. All of them are "popular." Burbank is especially "popular" and is now the happy possessor of a "day" which also happens to be his birthday. It is proposed to "celebrate" Burbank Day every year in Santa Rosa and Alameda by giving the school children a holiday and turning them loose to plant trees and Shasta daisies. I would therefore suggest two more "days"—a Loeb Day and a Larkin Day. On Loeb Day the school children can devote themselves to experiments with solutions of sodium chloride and calcium chloride alternately applied to the muscle fibre of rabbits under vivisection or guinea pigs butchered to make a Loeb holiday. For Larkin Day I would advise that the astronomical observatories be opened to the school children and that the telescopes be given to them for playthings. Perhaps it would be more accurate to call it a Larkin Night—a Larkin Night Entertainment, so to speak—for telescopes are more interesting to children after dark when the stars are shining. These are merely suggestions formulated in justice to Professor Loeb and Professor Larkin, both of whom are indisputably as wise in their specialties as Luther Burbank is in his. Therefore I thought that if "days" are to be calendared in honor of Burbank they might be set apart for Professor Loeb and Professor Larkin also—there are 365 days in the year (as Professor Larkin can demonstrate mathematically and astronomically)—and if we can afford to give one of them to Wizard Burbank we shouldn't miss two more for Wizard Loeb and Wizard Larkin.

Local Missionaries Snubbed

Uplifting the benighted is discouraging business. The women suffragists who are trying to put an idea of right living into the heads of the residents of the Bay Shore tract will testify to that. These ladies have secured a hall in the district mentioned, and they planned enthusiastically the reform of the residents. It was discovered that

the women needed uplifting. They had been so busy raising children and preparing meals for their husbands, who are workmen, that they had been left behind in the march of progress. The rights of women, the science of domesticity, the ethical relation of the home to the community, were questions they had never discussed for the simple reason that they had never heard of them. They had the disgusting habit of leaning over back-fences, gossiping of the number of hours' overtime Jim or Mike had worked during the week before, how the lodge dues were being raised, Frankie's progress at school, or the airs that that upstart girl, Mayme, was putting on. The lady suffragists observed all this with pain, horror, disgust and pity, and planned for an abolishment of such barbaric conditions. So it was announced that a Sunday lecture would be given at which problems of vital interest would be discussed. The Sunday—a very recent one—arrived. The suffragists went out dressed in their best—for it must be shown by example, by delicate insinuation, that modish clothes were every bit as easy to wear as hand-me-down wrappers, besides being much better looking. The suffragists arrived in state—and in automobiles. Carriages came, too, and altogether it was the bravest array ever seen at Bay Shore. There were one hundred and fifty of the visitors. And the audience that gathered to hear them numbered just twelve. The rest of the barbarians were out at the park, or the beach, or over at the coursing park watching the hounds run. My typewriter falters at extension of the cruel tale or at comment on it.

The diminutive prince of wits, Marshall P. Wilder, who is now appearing at the Orpheum, is a great favorite with his fellow Lambs' Club members. At one of the Lambs' dinners, an anniversary affair, Wilder was called upon for a speech. When he stood up to respond his head scarcely appeared above the glass-tops. Before he had spoken two words "Gus" Thomas, the playwright, interrupted. "Mr. Wilder," he said, "perhaps you do not know that it is customary for a speaker to rise when addressing the members of this club."

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Miss Florence Benjamin

Whose engagement with Walter Levin was a recent announcement. Miss Benjamin is secretary of the Sabbath school of Emanu-El. She is a niece of the Peixottos and Davises.

A Little Mixed Shakespeare

No one doubts either the learning or the eloquence of Charlie Shortridge, whose fame as an after-dinner speaker is almost as secure as is his brother Sam's. But even the best of us sometimes go astray in our classics after the dust of years begins to accumulate on our college textbooks. It was the other day that Charlie was submitting to an interview, in the course of which he waxed eloquent and fluent, and, to embellish his conversation, quoted from high literary sources. Dante was drawn on, Homer introduced, and others lesser known. Finally Shakespeare was called into the conference. "I tell you," the eloquent Charles went on, "that things were different in those days. What would you, what would any man, think of Othello doing such a thing when he was making love to Ophelia?"

He Heeded the Remonstrance

A happy bridegroom whose matrimonial dove cote is established in McAllister street began beating his trusting young wife before the honeymoon had waned. It was his caprice to lock her in her apartments whenever he left home for an evening of enjoyment with old friends of bachelor days. When she wailed her protests he would fall upon her with such violence that her screams greatly disturbed the peace and quiet of the neighbors. One of the latter, a strong-minded woman, called upon the modern Petruchio and threatened prosecution. He was perfectly

"The Sailor's the Thing!"

The glorious Spring is here and with it the "Sailor" makes its advent. The ladies hail with delight the fact that the "Sailor" is the "hat d'resistance" for the Spring and Summer 1906. So chic, so neat, so natty, so becoming, so practical, so popular. No hat so charming, so exquisitely beautiful, so artistic, the very acme of simplicity. Adapted for any and all occasions. Look about you, and what do you behold, everywhere, the "Sailor" in its endless varieties. It has won favor with all classes. Milan braids predominate in its manufacture. When trimmed by the deft hand of the milliner, it fits every face to a nicety. You must have a "Sailor" to be in the swim.

charming about it. Not for worlds would he annoy a neighbor. It was stupid of him not to have thought of this. He was grateful for having the matter brought to his attention. It positively should not occur again. Tranquility reigned thereafter. The strong-minded lady was delighted, and ventured to congratulate the formerly abused bride upon the effectiveness of the remonstrance. "Oh, there is really no difference," explained the victim tearfully, "I am regularly beaten just the same, but since you spoke to him he first smothers me with a bed-quilt, so that nobody can hear me." It is the thoughtful little consideration like this that mark the true gentleman and the ideal citizen.

He "Snapped" the Lieutenant

"Miss Wilhelmina Busch did not start her wedded life with the best of omens," writes my Los Angeles correspondent. "It was a rainy day and the big drops fell heavily as she drove to the Church of the Angels in the Garvanza woodland. The road on both sides for many rods was lined with fashionable folk in autos and 'plebs' on foot, all gathered to catch a glimpse of the principals in this most interesting of international romances. After much scrutinizing and eavesdropping we have all decided emphatically to refute the suggestion hitherto made that the dashing German lieutenant of the Mounted Hussars had mercenary motives in wooing the daughter of Adolphus Busch. Scharrer, from the time of his arrival in Pasadena, impoverished the flower and bonbon market and was more than once surprised in affectionate demonstrations. Upon one occasion a newspaper photographer caught him walking with his fiancée whose wrist he held in a firm clasp. When the lieutenant realized that they had been 'snapped' he offered fifty dollars for the negative. Papa Busch was exceedingly affable during the preparations for the wedding and presented both the young people with handsome checks, telling the lieutenant that he might lose as much of his own as he pleased at Monte Carlo, which will be visited during the honeymoon.

Tipton Is Watching

"Rumor here has it," further writes my southern correspondent, "that James Addison Reavis, the perpetrator of an international fraud which set the nation agog some years ago, is contemplating an entry into the journalistic field in Los Angeles county. The recent presence of Reavis in Downey, where he formerly taught school, has caused excitement. By a curious coincidence Will M. Tipton, who exposed Reavis' scheme to secure possession of Arizona and New Mexico by an ingenious plot involving forgery, perjury, the defilement of church and government records and the creation of a fictitious but long line of Spanish grandees, is in Los Angeles at this time. He

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is watching with interest for further news of Reavis's movements. Reavis worked for twenty-five years upon his plot for depriving settlers of 12,500,000 acres of land. He came out of the New Mexico prison a pathetic figure, aged and decrepit. His scheme to secure possession of two territories rested upon the supposed relationship of his common-law wife, an Indian half-breed, to the mythical Don Miguel Nemecio Silva de Peralta de la Cordoba y Garcia, de Carillo de las Falcas, whose titles were enough to cover nearly a roll of wall paper and who was supposed to have been sent to America by Philip of Spain to investigate a secret grievance and who returned to receive the grant of lands comprising the territories of Arizona and New Mexico as his reward. Reavis went to Spain and there attempted, it is said, to insert false documents in the records as he had previously done at Guadalajara. He was detected and forced to flee. But his plot was so well worked out that he was enabled to live in luxury for some time through the support of rich men from various parts of the country. It is said that the Southern Pacific paid him \$50,000 for right of way through his 'grant' and that the Silver King Mining Company followed with \$25,000 to release his claim to their property. He is supposed to have cleaned up about \$300,000, and he went so far as to file suit against the Government for \$10,000,000 for keeping him out of his estate. It was after years of investigation that the exposure was brought about chiefly through the bad Spanish in Reavis's royal cedula and similar small points."



Mrs. John Charles Adams

One of the beauties of society. Mrs. Adams is noted for her originality as well as her beauty, and the unique and delightful quality of the entertainments she hostesses. She is as prominent in society on this side of the bay as in

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Oakland, her home being "The Adams Place" in the latter city. She is a devoted mother to her three little girls and one boy. This boy, by the way, is the pride of the Adams clan, being the only grandson.



The Adams Children

The four children of Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Adams. This picture is from a snapshot taken by Mrs. Malcolm Henry at the Adams Place, Oakland.

Journalist's Nephew Weds Musician's Daughter

The fact has not yet been made public that Miss Sylvia Holmes, daughter of the musician, the late Henry Holmes, is a bride. She was married very recently to Henry Pixley, nephew of Frank Pixley of *Argonaut* fame. The wedding was a very quiet one. Mrs. Pixley inherits her father's talent for music, and is an enthusiastic devotee of the violin. Pixley, who is in the real estate business, has recently returned from the Philippines, where for several years he saw service as a government engineer.

Silver for Heroes

I don't quite understand why the citizens of this state should be called upon to provide a silver service for the cruiser *California*. A cruiser is built, equipped, manned and maintained for fighting, not for the purpose of enabling the officers and their friends and guests to dine off silver platters. The rest of us are content with common china or expensive porcelain; why should the navy fare better in this regard than the plain people? I am no demagogue, and I lug in "the plain people" here only by way of superlative contrast—and because the plain people must pay for the silver service. I know all about that "hero" business; I am aware that our naval officers are supposed to hold themselves in readiness for any emergency that may arise endangering the safety or the honor of the Republic; I am even well-informed in relation to our rumored intention to send these heroes into the China seas

Now, When Orchards Are Blossoming

Is the time to ride through Santa Clara valley and among the foothills. Interurban electric cars from broad-gauge depot, San Jose, make round trip via Saratoga, Congress Springs, Los Gatos and Campbell.

to smash a few Manchu junks and to land a lot of marines of the horse variety at Wunlung-fu or at Singsongpo to "protect American interests" and missionaries from the heathen coolie raging in his blindness—I know all this, but for the life of me I cannot see how a silver service contributed by the superheated patriots of California is going to stimulate the innate heroism of our naval contingent or assist in the invasion of the Middle Kingdom. If we are so bent on honoring heroes let the cities of California present services of silver to the heroes of their police and fire departments. Hired men, you say? Well, what in the name of Ruef or Schmitz or Sailor Furuseth do you call our naval men elderly and otherwise? Do they not receive good wages from a generous Government? Are they not, in addition to these wages, provided with food and clothing and lodging for the night? Are they not, in fact, better housed, better fed and in many instances better paid than our police or our firemen? Then why should we waste money on the superfluity of silver services for the marines? If they don't like such naval service as we have already provided, or if they think that we do not "honor" them sufficiently for their desert, let them retire—we can easily fill their places; no doubt Sailor Furuseth can find able bodied shell-backs as capable as those now waiting for an opportunity to display their heroism where it will do the least harm to the heroes. I am utterly opposed to this silver service proposition because I do not think it is necessary; I believe honestly that our navy is efficient enough without silver services; and I think the heroes of the cruiser *California* will fight just as gallantly, just as valiantly, after they have fed from pewter platters or cracked crockery as they would fight after dining with their intimate friends off silver.

Notable Exhibition of Paintings

A portrait exhibit of the very highest character is that being held by the widely known artist, Mr. Walter Cox, at his magnificent studio, 1835 Sacramento street. The opening day was Thursday the fifteenth and it will continue until the twentieth inclusive. Mr. Cox has done much portraiture abroad, particularly in London and Paris. The large gallery and studio are in the attractive home, and are especially suited to the exhibition and painting of large life-size and full-length portraits. The artist has recently finished a strikingly beautiful portrait of the lovely Mrs. Arthur Bachman in a gown of superb rose-colored velvet. Mrs. Inez Shorb-White, with her dark eyes and fair skin, dressed in rich Spanish lace, is the alluring subject of another canvas. Archbishop Orth of Victoria, dignified and scholarly, is depicted seated at his library table with an open volume before him. Dressed in brown velvet, trimmed with rare old Irish lace, Mrs. Shea is also portrayed with fine fidelity. A profile study of Miss Sarah Collier shows to great artistic advantage her delicate style of beauty. The unusually graceful head is the particularly charming feature of Miss Angus's Greuse-like portrait. Examples of the artist's ability to depict strength as well as dignity are the pictures of Archbishop Riordan and Archbishop Montgomery, loaned by the former for this occasion. Besides many other striking por-

traits, there are some fine historical and genre canvases. Indeed, this is a distinctly unusual exhibit which art lovers should not fail to visit.

Mrs. George D. Graham will leave next month with some of her friends for a year's trip abroad. The party will take in Europe, Egypt, the Mediterranean and other continental points of interest.

Mrs. Lydig's Spanish Cousin

Mr. Parke, one of Chicago's bank magnates, is visiting San Francisco with his wife and two children. Mrs. Parke is not unknown in San Francisco where as Marina Delgado, the ward of Admiral Beardsley, she enjoyed considerable social prominence some twelve years ago. Her father was a San Domingo sugar planter, and Miss Delgado—named Marina because she was born at sea—was orphaned at an early age, and the Beardsleys became her guardians. She is a very pretty woman of the slender type. Her cousin, Mrs. Philip Lydig, is a power in New York society. Mrs. Parke owns some of the finest diamonds in the world. One, purchased at the Paris Exposition, is a seventeen and a half carat pendant valued at \$15,000.

A Visitor from Indiana

Mrs. Clara E. Mitchell, wife of the late Mayor James Mitchell of Indianapolis, is making her first visit to California. Mrs. Mitchell owing to ill-health is not able to go about much socially but she is a woman of brilliant intellect and of rare accomplishments. Mayor Mitchell will be remembered as one of the administrators of the Emma Abbott estate. The prima donna was a warm friend of the Mitchells.

Upon their return from their automobile tour through Southern California the Joseph Chamberlains, I hear, are going abroad.

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Cafe Concerts

San Francisco was formerly famous for its French restaurants. Now it is famous for its cafes to which people are attracted through love of music as well as through love of the luxuries of the table. The management of the Cafe Zinkand purposes making a stronger appeal to music lovers by inaugurating next week a series of Pop concerts. Special musical features will be presented every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons from three to five.

The Poniatowski place at Burlingame has been rented by the H. P. Umbens, who will entertain some jolly house-parties there this summer. Mrs. Umbens is one of the season's brides. Miss Ethel Thomas, an heiress from Butte, Montana, who was a schoolmate of Mrs. Umbens in New York, will be the latter's guest this summer.

Guest-Racked Nerves

One of the bavardes of the daily press, it was the Chaperon, if a somewhat treacherous memory serves me at this important juncture, relates that a "matron" upon whom she called "after the guests had departed" from a mid-week "at home," told her that she was "completely unnerved and tired out" because the women callers were "indifferent whether they would drink tea or chocolate," leaving the selection to their hostess. This is indeed too bad. In the first place it indicates that the women who call at this house have no "minds of their own"; in the second place it indicates that the hostess has nerves of her own—sensitive, irritable, gossamer nerves that stretch and rack upon the slightest provocation. What this society matron needs is a long dose of rest cure—if she persists in this terrible effort to make her guests declare positively and without hesitation or equivocation whether they will drink tea or chocolate, she will find herself a hopeless invalid in some sanitarium before she is a grand matron; and gossip about her guests behind their backs with a professional bavarde will not save her—it may relieve her temporarily, and it may lessen the number of her "callers" when they read what she is saying behind their backs; but in the end she will have to retire from society to permit the patching of her shattered nerves. Poor nerves! Another warning against excessive tipping with tea and chocolate! Pity the sorrows of the slaves of fashion!

University Men Entertained

On Friday of this week the delegates to the Association of American Universities, in session for the first time on this coast, are to be dined at the Bohemian Club. The dinner will be presided over by J. M. Stillman, *praeses pro tempore*, who will sire the informal entertainment in the music room to follow. The delegates to the Association are: California—Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Alexis L. Lange, Armin O. Leuschner, Bernard Moses, Irving Stringham, Johns Hopkins, Ira Remsen; Stanford, David Starr Jordan, Casper Branner, John Maxson Stillman, Augustus Taber Murray, John Ernst Matzke; Catholic, Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty; Chicago, E. D. Burton; Clark, G. Stanley Hall; Columbia, William H. Carpenter, Frederick P. Keppel; Cornell, Jacob Gould Schurman; Harvard, William James; Pennsylvania, Dr. Clarence G. Child; Princeton, Andrew F. West; Virginia, E. A. Alderman; Wisconsin, Charles S. Van Hise; Yale, Theodore S. Woolsey. Of these seven are presidents of the universities they represent.

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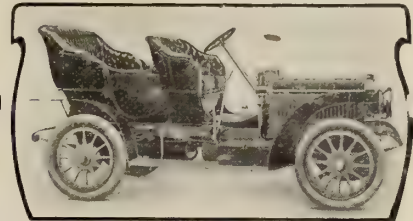
Back To Paris

Mrs. Hyde-Smith says she is going to *cher* Paree and will not return here for many a long year. In her early widowhood Mrs. Hyde-Smith resided in the French capital, where she put her two daughters, Margaret and Gertrude, in school. After her return here and the launching of the girls in society, it was thought their mother would be content to dwell here and amuse herself until the end of time at bridge, her favorite game. But Paris has its irresistible charms.

The F. W. Dohrmanns, who have been sojourning in Berlin, have gone to the Riviera. Mr. Dohrmann's health, I hear, has greatly improved during his travels. Mrs. B. W. Paulsen is now in Dresden but will join the Dohrmanns in Italy after a few weeks.

Mrs. B. H. McCalla and her daughter are spending a short time in the South where they are being much fêted.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has just ended a visit in Los Angeles, where she went to attend the Reynolds-Childs nuptials.



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Jan Kubelik

The Bohemian violinist who will visit us next week. Kubelik will be given a reception on Monday evening by the Sequoia Club when the receiving committee will include Mrs. John McNaught, Mrs. Al Gerberding, Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith, Mrs. Louis Long, Mrs. W. C. Morrow and other well-known women.

Proposed at the Rink

Miss Bessie Wilson, whose engagement with Claude Howland Smith was announced early in the week, is a daughter of the Alexander Wilsons. She has been very popular in society ever since she made her debut and her

collection of engagement cups is consequently large. Miss Wilson was a social success from the start, as was evidenced by the number of men standing in line at the Greenways and Fortnightlies waiting for a chance to get even half a dance from her. Some of those girls who were long on family but short on looks used to cast very green eyes in Miss Bessie's direction in consequence. I hear that Mr. Smith, who has worn his heart on his sleeve all summer, proposed at the skating-rink. Mr. Smith, by the way, is engaged in business in Ithaca, New York, and it is there he will take his bride after they have enjoyed a *lune de miel* journey in Europe. The marriage will take place, I hear, shortly after Easter.

The Double Engagement

The Allen sisters, whose engagements were announced this week, are prominently identified with the Huntington set, but when Miss Ruth marries Lucius Allen she will be received into that exclusive clique known as the Ross Valley set. The engagement occasioned little surprise, as the bavardes had been giving pointed hints of the expected announcement for three months at least. The wedding will take place in September, when Miss Beth Allen will also wed. Her engagement with Otis Burrage was given out this week.

Mrs. Browning's Birthday

The Browning Club's celebration of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's birthday had very much the aspect of a smart luncheon when, after the program, the members were served with refreshments at little tables. The program was very interesting. Mrs. Abbie Gerrish Jones had composed a song in honor of the occasion, a setting to Mrs. Browning's "If I Were Thou." Mrs. B. F. Norris and Miss Llewellyn-Jones read selections from "The Blot on the Scutcheon" and Miss Helen Heath sang the serenade from the same play—"There's a Woman Like a Dew-drop."

The Biddles

Del Monte is fairly swarming with Biddles. Five members are there of the famous Philadelphia clan, one of the lesser lights of which, by the way, Ethel Murphy married. They are sojourning at the hotel. As they are not intimate with any San Francisco families it is not likely they will be entertained here. Mrs. "Billy" Irwin has many friends among the Biddles, but she is not here at present to show them any attention.

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Ruby Norton

One of the witching witches in "Isle of Spice" at the Tivoli.

The Oelrichs Gowns

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs did not startle the natives during her recent visit with anything spectacular in the way of gowns. Usually on her rare visits she brings some style along that immediately finds imitators. For instance she started the vogue of plaid silk waists here, just as in New York she made violet cloth street-gowns the rage. Mrs. Oelrichs, I am told, becomes attached to a certain suit and puts it on every day until she tires of it, when she gives it away. She wore a black and white check suit with dashes of red during her visit here, and with it a black hat trimmed with pink roses.

Are Talking Europe Now

The "Gus" Taylors, who have been occupying the Jimmy Robinson home in Scott street all winter, will move down to Menlo Park for the early season. Later they contemplate a European trip. Pere Hopkins made a financial coup of some magnitude a while ago and as usual his daughters shared in his good luck. They are all sporting new jewels and are figuring on a trip abroad that will include the three sisters and their husbands. The Fred McNears are automobiling in the south but will soon go to Menlo for the summer.

Going Abroad

Even the Parrotts have fallen victims of the wanderlust. Most of the clan intend to emigrate early in the

summer. John Parrott will take John Jr. and the Misses Abbie, Emelie and Barbara abroad with him, but the twins and the others will remain in San Mateo with their mother. The de Guignes are expected to pay their annual trip to France in June, when they will visit the Viscomtesse Tristan (Josephine de Guigne). The Joseph Donohoes will also cross the pond.

A Blast of Criticism

S. F., 3-12, 1906.

Editor Town Talk, San Francisco:—Sir: Can't you give the owner of the *Chronicle* building a blast on his outrage of architectural taste and public pride in constructing his new addition? It is a deformity, almost a monstrosity—utterly devoid of symmetry, style or beauty. The magnifi-



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cent site is worthy of a grand handsome building, and if it was impracticable to elevate the old structure to correspond with the new one it should have been demolished and a grand harmonious one built. The owner has ample means, and in this matter has discredited his conceded good taste. He should have erected a building which would have been a pleasure to the people and a monument to himself.

Respectfully, M. VOYT.

The *Bookman's* editor says of Jim Corbett in the Shaw play, "Cashel Byron's Profession": "We went to the play prepared to scoff, but remained there to admire, for Mr. Corbett is really a very competent stock actor. He is perfectly easy, natural and spontaneous on the stage, and he carried off the part with a zest that was quite refreshing."

Miss Genevieve King has gone to Japan with her Boston friends, the Herricks, with whom she toured Europe two seasons. Miss Herrick and Miss King were school-mates together at Miss Ely's in New York.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Van Wormser were among the army people sailing on the *Logan* for the Philippines last week. Mrs. Van Wormser was Miss Witherill of New York, and since her marriage had been living at the Columbus, Ohio, barracks.

Mrs. B. Ohlsson's charming daughter, Elsa Thornsward, expects to make her grand opera debut in Germany in the fall. She has been studying in Berlin under Professor Emil Catenhusen.

The Financial Field

The usual amount of business was transacted at the Stock and Bond Exchange, showing a total of \$481,000, Bonds, and 6,323 Shares, divided as follows: 945 Lighting, 635 Water, 1,758 Miscellaneous, 20 Banks and 2,965 Sugars. As reported the Mutual Electric has been absorbed by the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company. The terms are said to be as follows: \$5.00 cash in April, 1906, and three further payments of \$5.00 each to be made in October, 1906, April, 1907, and April, 1908, the deferred payments to bear 5 per cent interest. Notwithstanding this the stock is selling at 18 3-4. Spring Valley Water showed considerable strength, advancing to 39. There was no change in the Miscellaneous group. Sugars, under the stimulus of higher quotations for "raw," showed considerable activity and scored quite an advance, extending through the whole line.

A new strike has been made ten miles from Manhattan, ore running from forty to fifty thousand dollars a ton. Manhattan prospectors are rushing to the new field, parties from Goldfield leaving by the hundreds. The strike is near the Aravada mine owned by John S. Cook, the banker of Goldfield. Zadig & Co. are going to place 100,000 shares of the treasury stock on the market at an early date.

—The Financier.

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The Stage

"Little Johnny Jones"

In the matter of sheer smartness "Little Johnny Jones," to employ the vernacular most suitable to the atmosphere of the show, is in a class by itself and wins all the way. Though the sport of kings furnishes the motive, the show is not redolent of the turf, but its appeal is mainly to people who enjoy the quips and mannerisms of the betting ring, the persiflage of the night life, the sparkle and color of the sporting world. It has the distinctly Broadwayan swing and true extra dry flavor. It has the cachet that marks the caste that scorches adown the grade to Pleasure's haunts. Its chorus is the real thing, not of the road weary, but of the electric lighted life, smacking of cold bottles, hot birds and gasoline wagons. We don't often meet such sprightly footlight fays so far from Herald Square. This is the day of the apotheosis of the chorus girl. It is hard to lure her beyond telephonic communication with Forty-second and Broadway until after the diminution of the candle-power of the love-light in her eye. It is only when some manager of the financial standing of Anna Held's husband insists upon shifting his whole troupe from Broadway to the road that the best chorus material comes this way. So only at long intervals do we find such smart and fetching aggregations of frolicsome femininity disporting before the footlights in San Francisco. But not to the smartness of the chorus alone does "Little Johnny Jones" owe its drawing power. It has many refreshing elements instinct with the fine Celtic touch of George M. Cohan, who has a genius not only for writing nonsense but for staging it, too. To catalogue in cold type all the absurdities and violences to common sense in which the show abounds, and then to add that it wins the joyous favor of the audience, would seem unwitting confusion on the part of the commentator, but such it would not be, for "Little Johnny Jones" is as amusing as it is absurd. It is melodramatic farce with a musical accompaniment. There is not the remotest use in telling the reader what it is all about because it has nothing at all to do with anything in particular. It begins in London, concerns a jockey charged with having sold a race, shifts to a steamship dock and winds up in San Francisco's Chinatown. It was written to suit the moods and tenses of the Cohans. It might just as well have been called "Little E. P. E. Troy" or "Big and Breezy Billy Barnes." However it is fine relaxation, and nobody cares that the action has no inherent connection with the sparse elements of interest in the story. There are delicious episodes of gracefulness and melody, some of which are all too fleeting. You see rhythmic dances and hear pleasant songs and witty sallies. Heels are flung in waltz measures and all other kinds of measures, and intermittently "The Unknown" comes on and says something and vanishes. "The Unknown" is Tom Lewis, a breezy American, a character creation worthy of a more artistic environment. His deep concern for trade of all kinds is the keynote of his character. There is a suggestion of the touch of Charles Dickens in this character, but its exaggeration is the exaggeration of Mark Twain. How suggestive of Twain is

the indignation of the man over the customs he encounters in England! He chides a man for refusing to take a drink, asking him how he thinks saloons are going to keep open if people won't drink. When going aboard a ship which he calls the water-wagon some one expresses the hope that he will not get sick. He flares up indignantly, being concerned for the welfare of the medical profession. "Can I do anything else for you?" asked a waiter. If "you could you wouldn't be a waiter," replied "The Unknown. The cleverest witticisms of the play fall from the lips of this character, and though Cohan wrote "Little Johnny Jones" for the exploitation of himself he made "The Unknown" the star of the piece. Cohan is not with the show, but he is hardly missed for little Bobby Barry gets out of the Cohan role all that there is in it. There are several clever people in the cast, but of the women Stella Tracy is pre-eminent, and she is especially clever in her imitation of a French danseuse. The only objectionable feature of the performance is the mangling of the name of this fair city. Mr. Cohan should be rebuked by the ladies of the Outdoor Art League. *Theodore Bonnet.*

Some Musical History

Manager Strine of the Conried Company, all unmindful of our own little Tivoli, tells us that the Conried company will produce for the first time in this city "Hansel and Gretel" and "The Queen of Sheba." The first named opera was produced at the Tivoli in September, 1896, under the stage direction of George E. Lask and the musical direction of Joseph Hirschbach and with the following cast: Peter, William H. West; Gertrude, Miss Zophiel Worth; Hansel, Miss May Tunison; Gretel, Miss Ella Prankard; The Witch, Mme. Mathilde Wilde; Sandman and Dewman, Miss Katherine Krieg. "The Queen of Sheba" was produced at the Tivoli Monday evening, September 19, 1898, with Max Hirschfeld as musical director and under the stage direction of George Lask. The cast was as follows: King Solomon, Sig. Maurice De Vries; Baal-Hanan, William H. West; Assad, Rhys Thomas; High Priest, William Schuster; Queen of Sheba, Marie Brandis; Astaroth, Helen Merrill; Sulamith, Elvia Croix.

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Next Week's Bills

"Little Johnny Jones" will continue at the Columbia, "The Heir to the Hoorah" being the next attraction. "The Lion and the Mouse" is coming. The Arthur Becker Lustspiel Ensemble will give the third German performance of the season at the Columbia on Sunday night, April 8th, of "The Oriental Express." Gerardy, the great cello virtuoso, will give us two magnificent programs at the coming concerts to be offered by the management of the Columbia.

Nellie Stewart will return to the Majestic on Monday night to play a two weeks' farewell season in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." The same cast, orchestra and scenic settings will be seen as during the Australian star's last engagement here. The prices during the Nellie Stewart engagement will be \$1.50, \$1.00, 50 cents and 25 cents. There will be a matinee on Saturday and a special "Pop" matinee on Thursday at which the prices will range from \$1.00 down to 25 cents. There will be no Sunday performances. Following this engagement the Bishop players will appear in a magnificent revival of "Shenandoah."

"A Modern Magdalen" by Haddon Chambers, the play presented by Amelia Bingham during her San Francisco season, will have its first stock presentation at the Alcazar. March 26th will be notable for the celebration of the Alcazar's five hundredth consecutive week, an unequalled record, and the attraction will be Richard Harding Davis's farcical comedy "The Dictator," in which William Collier scored his remarkable London hit last

summer, and which is to be his principal play during his coming Australian tour. After that, "Charley's Aunt."

George Primrose and his big minstrel company come to the Grand for one week only, beginning tomorrow (Sunday) matinee. The organization numbers seventy-five and includes vocalists, comedians, dancers, and an operatic orchestra of twenty soloists under the direction of Carl Schilling. The opening part is in two scenes; the first depicts "Ye Old Time Minstrels," who sing old time favorites, after which minstrelsy of today will be given. In the second part, George Primrose will revive his famous "Silver Shower" clog, assisted by twenty wooden shoe dancers. He will also introduce his latest novelty, "Cotton Blossom Coons" and "The Parson's Birthday."

"Isle of Spice" continues to pack the Tivoli and seems likely to break all musical comedy records in this city. It will enter on its fifth week Monday night.

The greatest revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" ever seen here is promised at the Alhambra. The scenery will be a special feature and every one of the nineteen scenes have been specially painted and constructed for this production. A pack of the finest and most ferocious bloodhounds on the coast has been secured and will heighten the realism.

At the Orpheum the newcomers will be headed by Abd'el Kader and his three wives, Fatna, Ackma and Flamer Kader, Algerians. Kader was long artist to the Sultan of Turkey and his three wives aid him in present-



ABD'EL KADER
and his three wives, coming to the Orpheum next week

ing lightning art paintings. Paul Sandor, also imported across the water by the Orpheum Circuit Company, will present his circus in miniature. The World's Comedy Four, unique singers, dancers and talkers, will appear for the first time here. Alf. Grant, singing monologist, will be assisted by Ethel Hoag in "A Little of Everything."

"Dida," a European illusion, will be presented for the first time at the Chutes this coming week. Gibson and Gibson will present their little comedy playlet, "The Burglar's Kit."

Sarah Bernhardt To Appear Here

Arrangements have been made by Manager H. W. Bishop for a short season at the Majestic of Sarah Bernhardt and her magnificent company. The tour of this great artist has been the most successful of any star who has ever visited America. In Kansas City last week the Convention Hall was crowded to the doors and the place seats over seven thousand. It is Manager Bishop's intention to make the Majestic a theatre of the highest rank and his securing such attractions shows that he certainly knows how to go about it. He has arranged with Impresario Will Greenbaum to assist in the good work of presenting the greatest attractions that can be induced to visit this city in every line of the amusement business.

Mrs. Deering in Stock

When I saw the Jersey Lily in "Mrs. Deering's Divorce" some seasons back I did not think the Fendall comedy was above par in cleverness. Perhaps the presence of the star distracted attention from the play, or perhaps her company was deficient. As seen at the Alcazar, "Mrs. Deering's Divorce" strikes me as a most cleverly construct-



HARCOURT BEATTY

As King Charles II in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" at the Majestic



SCENE FROM SECOND ACT OF "LITTLE JOHNNY JONES" AT THE COLUMBIA

ed comedy of modern society. There is just enough of it to be enjoyable. There are three acts, in which the plot is pleasingly developed, and the dialogue abounds in genial satires and cynicisms. Mrs. Deering is a society woman who has divorced her husband and is on the point of making another man happy, when she discovers that she really loves Captain Deering better than the other chap. The state of her heart is made known to her when she finds her husband posing as the suitor of another woman. Miss Evelyn plays the part with sympathetic comprehension, and as she in no wise reminds one of Langtry does not challenge comparison with the latter in the same role. The screen scene in the last act, which promises French flavor but is only so in suggestion, is much more cleverly managed by the Alcazar players than by the London company in whose hands it was wofully flat. Waldron is quite sufficiently blawstedly Bwitish as the Captain to satisfy the most exacting. Osbourne as the gay old Lord Granpier, Miss Belgarde as his wife, Miss Brownell as the amiable Mrs. Haydon, Miss Wilson as Mrs. Gordon, Glendenning as the flurried man-milliner, and Miss Rosa as the deaf old Duchess are all admirably cast, but Maher stands out once more, having assimilated the personality of Jimmy Foster in a way that bespeaks again the keenness of his imagination and the flexibility of his individuality. Miss Bond is too sweetly ingenue for the bachelor maid Miss Verner, but she brings her intelligence to bear with a meed of success. Miss Robertson is beautiful as Mrs. Dicky Fowler. This young girl has personality with a capital P, and whenever she is on the stage, even in an inconsequential role, she commands attention. I do not mean to say that she courts it, for she does not obtrude her personality in any way, but the personality is there and cannot be overlooked.

A Pretty Irish Military Drama

Just the right thing for St. Patrick's week is the fine Irish play at the Majestic, "The Bold Sojer Boy." This military play, written by Theodore Burt Sayre for Andrew Mack, has the real emerald green flavor and the hero is the dearest of Irish lads. He comes to America and becomes a lieutenant in Uncle Sam's army and has all sorts of stirring adventures. Young Adair is the darling of his

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March 26th—The Alcazar's 500th week

William Collier's Great Laughing Hit

THE DICTATOR

SOON—Everybody's Favorite, "CHARLEY'S AUNT"

regiment and was the idol of his audience as well on Tuesday night. Donald Bowles is right in the spirit of the character, and looks the part too with his bonny blue eyes and yellow hair. The part is liberally dashed with humor and pathos in equal portions, and Mr. Bowles moved his auditors to alternate tears and laughter. His voice is true and clear and the songs that fall to him are sung with good expression. His duet with Baby Martine, as the Colonel's little nephew, is one of the big hits of the play. The rest of the cast is excellent.

The Alhambra has a strong production of "The Christian," with Mayall as John Storm and Bertha Creighton as the tempestuous heroine, Glory Quayle. Agnes Ranken is Polly Love and Eleanor Haber has the role of the cockney maid Liza. I was thinking that Miss Haber would have done well with the part of Miss Verner in the Alcazar play, "Mrs. Deering's Divorce," which is right in the line of her recent successes. It is not an ingenue part, but calls rather for the gift of comedy. However, in stock companies there come some miscasts which are unavoidable.

Shaw On Amateurs

George Bernard Shaw recently wrote to the London *Tribune* to complain of "amateur theatricals" by which society people exploit their talents ostensibly for charity but in reality to win acclaim. He has been bothered a good deal by requests for permission to produce his plays free of charge. These are excerpts from his characteristic letter: A more unreasonable demand can hardly be imagined within the limits of practical human audacity. Even professional millionaire philanthropists like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Passmore Edwards reserve the right to choose for themselves the objects of their endowments. * * * * * Besides, the charity of amateurs is hardly ever really charitable in its motive. It is a mere coat of whitewash for an indulgence which is regarded as questionable, if not positively disreputable. * * * * * What makes this additionally exasperating is that while there is little difficulty in raising vast sums of ransom and conscience money from the rich in the form of charitable subscriptions, it is hard to get a farthing for the starving art of the theatre either from public or private sources. If all the money that has been wasted on charities by amateur actors had been devoted to theatrical art by building up local dramatic societies with repertoires, wardrobes, and even theatres of their own, not only would dramatic art be much more developed than it is now in England, but other arts would have grown up round the local theatres. Just think of what a playhouse would mean to a country town if it had its own dressmakers, its own tapestry weavers, its own armorers, its own embroideresses and its own dress designers and painters and machinists. The commercial plays, which are the despair of actors, but which they must produce or starve, are the favorites of our amateurs. They do out of sheer folly and vulgarity what our real dramatic artists do of necessity and give some saving grace and charm to in the doing. Richard Wagner said that the music of the great masters is kept alive not by professional concerts and opera speculations but on the cottage piano of the amateur. I wish I could say as much for the amateur theatre. As I cannot, I shall only beg your amateur clubs to let my plays alone and to assure them that as long as they persist in their present ways the only part I shall play in the matter of fees is the part of Shylock.

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Southern Pacific



SCENE FROM "A MODERN MAGDALEN" AT THE ALCAZAR

Frances Starr, lately appearing in "The Galloper," has signed a five years' contract with David Belasco, and is to succeed Minnie Dupree with David Warfield in "The Music Master."

Maude Adams' charming play, "The Pretty Sister of Jose," will have its first production by any stock company at the Alcazar.

Klaw and Erlanger desired to feature White Whittlesey in a new production which they make in April, but he was unable to accept because of his contract with Belasco, Mayer and Price, which includes summer engagements at the Alcazar and the Belasco, Los Angeles.

During the spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association at the Hopkins concerts under the direction of Sir Henry Heyman will be given on Thursday evenings, March 22nd and 29th and April 5th and 12th. At the promenade concert at the members' reception on Thursday evening of this week the program was: March, "Petits Pierrots," Bose; overture, "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart; "Hearts and Flowers," Tobani; "Manon Lescaut," Puccini; solo for Fluegelhorn, from the Trumpeter of Saeckingen, Nessler, Herr Franz Helle; waltz, "Fruit Euch Des Lebens," Strauss; The Voice of Chimes, Luigini; Hongroise, Roeder; "Dolly Varden," Herbert; waltz, "Spring and Love," von Blon; Blue Grass Echoes, Holt-haus; march, "Washington Post," Sousa.

The Death of Morgan

Helen Pertram is again a widow. The once popular prima donna of the Bostonians has had more than her share of tragedy. Thrice widowed and once deprived of a generous sweetheart through the operations of the law which prohibits embezzlement, hers has been a very exciting career. When her second husband, E. J. Henley, died

she was inconsolable, and for a long time she carried his ashes in a little bag tied around her neck. One night, on the veranda of the Cliff House, in an ecstasy of passion aroused by her sweetheart, the man who afterwards went to jail, she scattered the ashes of the dead nummer to the salt breezes that blow over the breakers, and swore undying affection for the lover of that moment. A few years later she became the wife of Morgan, and when the news of his



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death was spoken to her over the telephone wire she fell lifeless to the floor. Morgan was a magnetic chap and very eccentric. He had to obtain a divorce before he could marry Helen Bertram, but that is not mentioned in evidence of his eccentricity. Gretchen Lyons, the divorced wife of Lucius Henderson, was reported married to Morgan after she finished her season at the Alcazar with Ernest Hastings, but it was less than a year after that that his marriage with Helen Bertram was announced. Morgan was a great matinee idol, and one well-known San Francisco society girl made herself quite ridiculous in her efforts to court his favor. Morgan's best parts were Defarges in "The Only Way," in which he made an artistic success equal to Henry Miller's in the leading role, and as John Storm in "The Christian." He last appeared in this city as joint star with Maude Fealy, during which season they appeared in "Romeo and Juliet." But Morgan's Romeo was anything but romantic and was generally criticised as being more Hamlet than Romeo.

Cohan Writes of Himself

"The Spot Light" is the title of a weekly bulletin published in New York by Sam Harris. George M. Cohan, author of "Little Johnnie Jones," writes for it and sends me a copy every week. These are some of his latest flashes:

Well, boys, I'm on my third million.

Metcalfe doesn't like me. Oh, pink ribbons.

One thing I hope I never play—Providence, R. I.

I don't even drink soda water—what do you think of that?

Anybody can produce a play—the idea is to make money with it.

Just finished the first act of Nat Goodwin's play. Oh, you, Clyde Fitch.

I'm going to play four matinees a week next season. I need the exercise.

All you've got to do to make money in the show business is to do something.

When I close my season five years from now, I'm going to take a week's rest.

After looking over last week's statements, I'm forced to declare "I love my art."

A Paste-Bucket War

The imitative faculty is as strong in theatrical managers as it is in monkeys. Let one conceive an idea, old or original, and the rest scramble to utilize it. Just now the local managers are trying to outdo one another in the senseless "sniping" of water mains and ash barrels. This is fine for the bill posters, but expensive to the theatres and of no earthly use in stimulating public interest. The New York theatres, in the past ten years, have squandered hundreds of thousands of dollars in this foolish form of advertising, which has its root in managerial vanity. If one manager sees a rival's attraction gutter sniped he is made wild with desire to likewise plaster the town. Probably there is no city in America where this sort of thing is a more useless extravagance. San Francisco play-goers read the papers and have an uncommonly acute faculty for swiftly and correctly "sizing up" the value of a theatrical attraction regardless of what the papers say. It is significant, however, that the Orpheum and the Alcazar, both very shrewdly and skillfully managed, have remained non-combatants in this new local war of the paste-buckets. Both these houses have a fixed high standard of entertainment, and possess an enormous following. Their chief asset is the confidence of the public.

—The Playgoer.

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DRINK IT

IT'S THE WATER MAKES IT PURE

LASH'S BITTERS
TONIC LAXATIVE

At the Art Exhibition

She: I never thought you cared anything about pictures.

He: You knew I did—about yours, anyway.

She: Why, I don't paint.

He: No need to paint the lily.

She: Don't be silly. Have you looked at X's wash drawings?

He: I was under the impression that they were scrub drawings.

She: How hard you try to be witty. Why not be natural?

He: You won't let me.

She: Isn't that Clam Digger exquisite?

He: I wouldn't apply that adjective to a clam-digger.

She: You are too literal. You have no imagination.

He: See that interior. Isn't it sweet?

She: A sweet interior—you talk like a school-girl.

He: Look at that Hawaiian beauty—isn't she luscious?

She (coldly): I did not think you cared for dark beauties.

He: Sometimes.

She (walking away): Notice the harmonies in C's landscape.

He: I never thought C was a composer.

She: Stupid. How dense you are tonight.

He: No, it is you who are dense. You know that I am dying to speak to you seriously, and you won't give me a chance.

She: Look at that lovely Head.

He: I'd rather look at you.

She (smiling): Foolish boy!

He: How beautiful your cousin Maude is looking tonight. Why don't you ever wear hats like that?

She: Go and talk to Maude since you wish to leave me.

He: Well, I will.

She: Don't go without looking at this darling sketch of B's.

He: Isn't it natural, that donkey in the field.

She: Donkey—where are your eyes?

He: On you, as always.

She: You are complimentary.

He: You are so beautiful you blind me.

She (smiling): How absurd you are. Don't you see that Maude is looking this way?

He: Well, I'm going. I hate art exhibitions anyway, and only came to this one because you said you'd be here.

She: Why don't you ask me why I came?

He: To see and be seen. I suppose, like all the smart people.

She (softly): No, dear.

He (eagerly): Why, then?

She: Because you said you would be here.

He: Darling.

She (as he tries to take her hand): Be careful—Maude is looking.

He: I don't care if all the world is looking—will you really—

She: Yes—but wait until we are in a quieter place—let's look at the pictures now.

—The Sentimentalist.

March, 1906.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. No. 100,519.

Jane A. Walker, Plaintiff.

vs.

George F. Walker, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to George F. Walker, defendant.

You are hereby required, to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion and wilful neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file; to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and six.

[Seal]

HENLEY & COSTELLO,
FRANK A. COSTELLO,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A Letter from Pugno

Interesting letter received by Mr. Wulsin, President of the Baldwin Piano Co., from Raoul Pugno, the eminent pianist: "Chicago, January 7th, 1906. Dear Mr. Wulsin: I have just been having a great happiness in playing today in Chicago, the very beautiful Baldwin Piano which you placed at my disposal. I want at once, in expressing my gratitude to you, to tell you what I think of that magnificent instrument. It satisfied me in the most complete manner. I was able to obtain from it (at least I hope so) all the gradations of sonorousness. I lay stress upon this, as it is what interests me most. Many very celebrated instruments have a sonorousness which is not modifiable, which attacks the personality of the artist in restraining the palette which he requires in order to sing and phrase according to his desire. In your piano, on the contrary, the artist is able, in a way, to mold, to enlarge or diminish its sonorousness, according to his own will. What is more, there is great power in the bass, perfect evenness throughout the entire scale of the keyboard, easy mechanism, excellent pedals, and to crown all, a noble and expressive tone. I consider your instrument a perfect collaborator, and I am glad to tell you this with absolute sincerity, and beg you to believe in my best sentiments.

"RAOUL PUGNO."

Rosa Taussig's exhibition of her artistic book-binding has drawn many visitors to Elder's this week. Miss Taussig studied the craft under Douglas Cockerell of London and Cesare Tartagli of Florence and her work is of far more than passing interest. Also on exhibition at Elder's is Anna C. Crane's hand-tooled embossed and stained leather-work, of rare and beautiful design and execution.



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A Sunset Thought

BY ETTIE RODGERS.

The meadow-land waves like a scented sea
In green and purple; and the dewy breeze
Full of the sleepless night-bird's melody,
Sings over it; and homeward humming bees

Sip honey, pausing in their golden flight.
The sky is sunset-steeped; the deepest blue
Dying in rose, that, flecked with orange light,
Glow downward to the richer filmy hue,

Where the proud sun laid low his head of fire
Upon a bed of glory, and went down,
With one star kindling on his golden pyre—
A diamond throbbing in his blazing crown.

The purple meadows quiver like a sea;
And on their level limits, like a shield,
The white moon hangs; the leafed obscurity
Of alien trees that band the rustling field,

Is pierced with silver lances through.
The ghostly lilies from their cups of white,
Spill the pearly nectar of the dripping dew;
And locust plumes wave scented on the night.

The ample life of summer, long withheld
By icy bands, which fettered every vein
That in creative centres throbbed and swelled,
In sweet profusion floods the earth again.

For this the furrow held the waiting seed;
For this the sap its hidden forces spent;
Fulfillment long withheld in Nature's creed
For all of God's complete accomplishment.

The winter of the troublous day may long
Snow icy doubts upon the waiting heart;
But "God is good"—some time the breaking song
Shall shake the fetters and the springs shall start.

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Music

Madame Sembrich on Grand Opera

Marcella Sembrich will again be the colorature star of the Conried grand opera company, which comes to us after Lent. Sembrich will sing in "Martha" with Caruso, and with Eames in "The Marriage of Figaro," in which these two prime donne made such a great impression during the last of our Grau seasons. In an interview some time ago Sembrich made some assertions about grand opera that are quite contrary to popular belief. Said Sembrich: "It amuses me to hear German opera houses referred to as if they were the only places that supplied good music. As a matter of fact the singers at the Metropolitan are not equaled the world over. Of course they are stars for the most part. New Yorkers should be delighted that they are, even if it is possible for stars to sing only twice a week. That is the greatest difficulty for the manager who, like Mr. Conried, is ambitious to fill his company with the best artists in the world. Stars cannot sing, as the Germans do, two or three performances in succession. In German opera houses the women are engaged for five or ten years, and their public knows them. They may be good one night and not so good the next and it makes no difference. The people are devoted to their own singers, and they forgive them when they are not so good as they might be. But the situation is entirely different in New York. The women singers come here for a few months. They must keep themselves in the best possible condition, for the people who pay high prices come to the opera house expecting to hear the singers do their very best. For that reason it is necessary for us to keep in perfect vocal condition. That can only be done by singing not more than twice a week, and then with a certain period of rest between the performances. Besides, it rarely happens in Germany that a singer has to sing three severe roles in succession, whatever may be said to the contrary. If she sings, say Brunhilde on one evening, she will probably have Aennehen in 'Freischutz' or some such role in the next. The New York public hears the best opera in the world, and any attempts to make it more like opera in Germany would only damage it. There is much to be admired in German choruses, stage management and the artistic thoroughness of German operatic performances, and the orchestras are good. But the Metropolitan Opera House has nothing to envy in German singing."

The "Pugno" Matinee

The following remarkably interesting program is offered by Raoul Pugno for his matinee concert at Lyric hall this Saturday afternoon, March 17th. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s until one o'clock, after which they may be obtained at the box office at the hall: Concerto Italien. Bach; Les Roseaux, Le Reveille Matin, Couperin; Le Rappel des Oiseaux, Rameau; Sonate in D major, Mozart; Rondeau brillant, Weber; Papillons, Au Printemps, Grieg; Helvetia (Laufenburg), d'Indy; Scherzo-Valse, Chabrier; Deux Valses, Pugno; Fantasia in C, Schubert.

Kubelik Next Week

Pugno will be followed by Kubelik who comes next week, concertizing at the Tivoli on Wednesday, Friday and Sunday, the 21st, 23d and 25th. Kubelik's programs will be of the most varied and interesting character, ranging from Handel and Beethoven to Wieniawski and Paganini. Ludwig Schwab, accompanist, and Agnes Gardner Eyre, solo pianiste, will assist. The sale of seats is now on at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s.

Dr. H. J. Stewart has issued invitations for a pupil concert next Monday evening in California Club hall.

The program at the Howe Club concert last week was: Schubert, Marche Militaire, transcribed for orchestra by J. H. Howe, first played by Anton Seidl's orchestra; Buck, Festival Hymn, written for the World's Peace Jubilee held in Boston, choral and orchestral divisions; Cowen, The Swallows, Mrs. C. J. Weil; Verdi, Scenes from "Ernani," orchestral division; Barnby, Sweet and Low, Fanning, The Miller's Wooing, choral; Mozart, Gloria, "12th Mass," choral and orchestral; Clough-Leighter, Song of the Sword from "Tofano," Mr. W. Wright; Howe, Sing with till the Sons of Glory, choral; Wagner, Evening Star from "Tannhauser," trom-

San Francisco in a Nut Shell for 10 cents. Souvenir postal cards and other interesting novelties in souvenir department. Sanborn, Vail & Co. 741 Market street.

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sea, near old Monterey. The incomparable golf
links were never in better condition. The oiled roads are
superb for automobiling, and fishing and sailing on the bay
form an ever-present delight. Del Monte is not alone for the
ultra-fashionable, but is getting to be more and more the
popular resort of all Californians, and tourists never pass it
by. Special round trip tickets between San Francisco and Del
Monte, good Friday to Monday inclusive, including two days
board at the hotel, \$10.00. For more details, apply Informa-
tion Bureau, 613 Market street.

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bone solo by Mr. J. Kelly; Pinsuti, Good Night Beloved, choral; finale, American Fantasia (including several melodies from the South), choral and orchestral.

Under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary of the Second Unitarian church, Arthur Delroy will give his humorous expose of spooks at the Palace hotel next Thursday evening. There will be a short musical program to precede, under Mrs. H. E. Franck's direction, and part two will consist of "The Musical Spook."

The third symphony concert in the Greek theatre, U. C., occurs on Thursday afternoon of this week, with a Schubert symphony as the piece de resistance.

Dr. F. S. Palmer, formerly organist of St. Dominic's, is making a reputation for himself and the choir of All Saints', New York, for the excellence of the music rendered at that church. On Sunday evenings during Lent, under Dr. Palmer's direction, special music is rendered. Rhys Thomas, so well known here, was special soloist on March eleventh, and will again sing on April first and eighth in Dubois' Seven Words. The choir of All Saints consists of a solo quartet and choral.

On Wednesday evening of this week the vocal pupils of Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup gave a concert, too late for review here.

—*The Music Critic.*

A Famous Old Puzzle

THE TALE OF TEN TRAVELERS.

Ten weary, footsore travelers
All in a woful plight,
Sought shelter at a wayside inn,
One dark and stormy night.
"Nine beds, no more," the landlord said,
"Have I to offer you;
To each of eight a single room,
But the ninth must serve for two."
A din arose. The troubled host
Could only scratch his head;
For of those tired men no two
Could occupy one bed.
The puzzled host was soon at ease—
He was a clever man—
And so to please his guests devised
This most ingenious plan:

A—B—C—D—E—F—G—H—I

In room marked A two men were placed;
The third he lodged in B;
The fourth to C was then assigned—
The fifth retired to D.
In E the sixth he tucked away.
In F the seventh man;
The eighth and ninth in G and H,
And then to A he ran.
Wherein the host, as I have said,
Had laid two travelers by,
Then taking one, the tenth and last,
He lodged him safe in I.
Nine single rooms—a room for each—
Were made to serve for ten,
And this it is that puzzles me
And many wiser men.

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—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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Fencing, Elocution, and Stage Dancing. Prospectus upon appli-
cation.

Automobile Topics

Attorney Knight An Autoist

Lawyer George A. Knight has taken to automobiling. A year or two ago converts to the horseless vehicle would be content with a runabout or perhaps a small-sized touring car, but nowadays it is different. Powerful and sumptuous machines are the rage among the wealthy and Mr. Knight has proved no exception to the rule. His new car is a big Columbia, finished in a rather unusual but extremely striking shade of blue with a red running gear.

Irving A. Bachman, president of the Standard Portland Cement Company, has just placed his order with the Pioneer Automobile Company for an especially designed and trimmed model K Winton, color of body to be wine, to correspond with the other rigs in his stable. Mr. Bachman has just returned from the New York and Chicago automobile shows.

Keeps 'Em on the Jump

C. J. Heeseman, one of the best-known business men across the bay and vice-president of the Automobile Club of Alameda, kept the local motor car dealers on the jump last week. It happened in this way: Word went the rounds of the various dealers along "automobile row" that Mr. Heeseman of Oakland was in the market for a machine of high horsepower. Several days during the week the prospective purchaser was on this side of the bay, having consented to take demonstrations in various of the big cars. From what some of the agents tell me he certainly had them guessing. A 40-45 horsepower Columbia was the selection he finally made. It was Mr. Heeseman who proposed the erection of a clubhouse for the Alameda automobilists and the proposition was received with enthusiasm at the recent banquet of the club.

At the Pasadena hill climb, the Thomas Flyer distanced its nearest competitor by six seconds—a good wide margin. Everyone agreed that the time of 4:58 1-2 for this car was slow as on many points of the hill it was found necessary to throttle the engine for the sharp corners, yet at one point on the stretch the car made over sixty miles an hour.

Eddie Bald's Cups Here

Several of the magnificent prizes which Eddie "Canon" Bald, the famous auto racer and ex-national bicycle champion, has won in recent events are on exhibition in the window of a local jeweler.

The Pioneer Automobile Company has ordered for one of its customers a Thomas semi-limousine which, for elegance and comfort, should equal anything ever shown on the coast. This car has folding glass windows all around, so that it can be made into a regular limousine in a few moments, or, during fine weather, can be used as a touring car. It will be fitted with a new Jones annunciator, a device for telegraphing to the driver specific orders from the tonneau. The machine will be painted royal green and will have the usual Thomas detachable revolving seats in the rear.

D. G. Doubleday has purchased from the Pioneer Automobile Company a model K Winton, also a new piano box Oldsmobile runabout.

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**Diamond
WRAPPED TREAD TIRES**

**Concerning the record non-stop run
of a Rambler Car, over the worst roads
imaginable, at Philadelphia, February
20-23, 1906, the operators say:**

**We do not know of any tires that
have ever been subjected to such a
severe test as The Diamonds used on
this Rambler Car. We are surprised at
the way the tires came out, and from
their appearance feel safe in saying
that they would go over the same
course again without any trouble.**

**A. H. Bitner
J. L. Baugher**

**C. B. Cleaver
Joe Kachline**

**Operators of 1383-mile Rambler non-
stop car.**

**The WRAPPED TREAD
FEATURE AND WHAT'S
UNDERNEATH IT
DO THE WORK**

THE DIAMOND RUBBER CO.

AKRON, OHIO

Edwin W. Joy has gone in for automobiling and bought a White steam touring car. Mr. Joy's machine is the most completely equipped car in San Francisco. It has four acetylene lamps, prestotite tank, four baskets, two of which are large side-baskets and two golf baskets, one of the latter having a tank built just to fit it and in which can be carried anything from gasoline to champagne or from soda water to patent medicines as the owner prefers. It also has a clock, combination speedometer and odometer, gradometer, cape top, special lockers in the tonneau, special side pockets in the upholstery and an unusually complete outfit of tools and extras. The car is painted a lemon yellow. Mr. Joy's first trip in his new auto was to Livermore and return.

The latest edition of "Who's Who," we are told, records not only the number of sons and daughters of the who's whosers, but the numbers of their motor cars.

The idea that automobiles are expensive luxuries is not supported by the experience of Chas. H. Coit of Cleveland, who drove an \$1,800 Winton model C 10,000 miles during 1905 at a total repair expense of less than fifty dollars.

Otto Greenwald has been in the motoring game for a long while and has owned a number of cars. He has always borne the reputation of driving them for all that was in them. It was not however until he had purchased a 1906 White steamer and had been carefully instructed on its possibilities under the skillful tutelage of Al Piepenburg that he was arrested for speeding. It looks very much as if the new White was the speediest car Mr. Greenwald ever owned.

—The Chauffeur.

While the road is still a little heavy as a result of the late rains, still a number of auto parties have visited Byron Hot Springs during the past week. A few days of continued pleasant weather should put the road in the best of condition. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lutz of Oakland, accompanied by Mrs. Park Henshaw and Miss Miller of Chico, made the run in Mr. Lutz's new Maxwell. James Corrigan of Cleveland came in his new Mercedes accompanied by Miss Scott and Miss Messer of Cleveland. They are touring California and expect to remain at Byron for two weeks. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Manuel arrived in Mr. Manuel's Stevens Duryea accompanied by Drs. C. W. Dodge and H. M. Fine. Fred Myerstein arrived Saturday night in Mr. Myerstein's new Peerless, returning via Livermore and Haywards Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Horton also made the run in their new Winton. Among the arrivals for the past week were W. W. Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Hitchcock, Dr. L. P. McDonald, Mrs. W. W. Stetson and Miss Stetson of Seattle, Pay Inspector Z. W. Reynolds, U. S. N., and Dr. L. R. Webster of Oakland.

Among the arrivals at the Lankershim this week from San Francisco are H. M. Martin, M. Elsner, C. E. Carby, F. A. Cornell and W. M. Heyer.

Ladies' Grill Reopened

The Ladies' Grill at the Palace Hotel opened for luncheon on Thursday of last week, with entrance from Market street at the corner of Annie. There has been a perfect system of ventilation installed, with change of air every eight minutes. Four most beautiful chandeliers have been hung, containing eighty-four lights each, weighing about one ton and composed of brass and prismatic glass. The windows are handsomely draped and the carpet is in harmony with the other furnishings. The Ladies' Grill is now one of the finest dining-rooms in the United States.



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- (2)..... **OLDS Mobiles**
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- (5) and **RACINE Motor Boats**

The wise buyer examines all reputable makes before he purchases—we are selling to such wise buyers. WE INVITE YOU TO EXAMINE CRITICALLY ALL OUR CARS. Ask for demonstration.

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Expert Chauffeurs
Finest Garage in the West
Peerless Cars

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Cor. Golden Gate and Van Ness Avenues

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K N O X

Commercial and Pleasure Vehicles

The Mobile Carriage Co. has accepted the Agency for this Car.

Orders Are Now Being Booked

MOBILE CARRIAGE COMPANY

Golden Gate Ave. at Gough St.

Phone Private 770

Out of the Shadows

(Continued from Page 6)

in our fresher age the dormant seeds of dead and dusty ones, as farmers in Idaho sow grain from wheat-kernels found in Egyptian tombs and await green-waving fields. So we see many delvers here, toilers and dissecters, busy all, rooting in these rich hills for ore, culling forgotten fruit from old, sequestered trees, cutting into books till they bleed and pour the life of their genius into the ewers of these industrious, uninspired ones, afterwards to be mingled with weak water of their own and sent forth with a new face to live a little life and beg with their voices for the ears of the world.

Appalling is the sight of this multitude of books, but more appalling the sight of the multitude engaged in their making. How these animals of printed paper increase and multiply! Almost I rejoice that I have added to the deluge of books only a single volume and that I have the same excuse the maid-servant gave for having a baby;—that it was such a little one. From the centre of this vast arena, where are placed the catalogue-stands, the clerks and messengers, radiate many desks and tables. These are beset with men and women, old and young, of all sorts, of all nations, each one diligently endeavoring, each a little personal planet circling in its own orbit of thought, scribbling and poring, comparing and consulting, copying and compiling, book-worms, book-bats and book-leeches, savants and scholars, black beetles of divinity, old wrecks of other

epochs, pale students and lusty amateurs riding old books with whip and spur to make them capriole to present tunes, as festive Mephisto rode the wine-tun in Auerbach's cellar. There is demonry in the aspect. Were these pens, these goose-quills daggers or wizards' wands, these ink-pots were they hollowed skulls, this ink were it mortal blood or immortal ichor, then hardly more would these dingy figures appear to me as ghouls battenning upon the bodies of rifled tombs or as witches or sorcerers conjuring up the spirits of the dead to win something of their soul for modern literary mechanisms cunning with artifice. Thus do they all toil on in the grey, tidal silences a-whirr with wings.

Yonder old man with venerable brow and backward fall of silver locks, must surely be absorbed in high philosophy? Nay, not that. He has hired himself for a few guineas to a popular literary pander of the day and is collecting interesting "material" and "incidents" from old chronicles for the pander's threatened historical novel. Authors themselves are here, many of wide-blown, present fame, seeking "atmosphere" and "local color," unessential to an artist of fancy but essential to *them*. They pride themselves on their "correctness"; they exploit and rummage through the obscurest corners of Earth and the most distant periods of history, poor, be-deviled scribes, whose barren wits venture no cruise upon a plank through Imagination's sea. Their originality is a matter merely of reference. Behold here the sources of their smart and absolute sureness, of their patched feather-work that flutters for a day and for which, glutted public of horrible

DR. CHARLES FLESH FOOD



APPLIED AS A COLD CREAM ACTS AS A MEDICINE.

Wherever applied, its healing and nourishment is instantly absorbed by the pores. It strengthens and builds up the tissues underlying the skin and Firm, Healthy Flesh is the result.

DR. CHARLES FLESH FOOD is no new experiment. It has been in use for more than fifty years and during that time thousands of women and men have used it with entire satisfaction.

That it is not to be classed with "Cold Creams" and other things of like superficial potency is proved by the fact that it is prescribed by leading physicians and used in hospitals for the nutrition of invalids whose stomachs are too weak to digest food.

DR. CHARLES FLESH FOOD should be used by every woman who has the least desire to be attractive. It is the only preparation that will round out hollowed, thin cheeks or scrawny neck with **Firm, Healthy Flesh and Remove Wrinkles** from the face and hands, no matter how deep the furrow.

FOR DEVELOPING THE IMMATURE BUST or to make the breast firm, large and beautiful nothing can equal it. To prevent the breasts from shrinking after weaning baby, mothers should always use **DR. CHARLES FLESH FOOD**. It will also restore a bosom to its natural contour and beauty lost through nursing and sickness.

ON SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

SPECIAL OFFER. The regular price of **DR. CHARLES FLESH FOOD** is \$1.00 a box, but to introduce it into thousands of new homes we have decided to send Two (2) boxes to all who answer this advertisement and send us \$1.00. All packages are sent in plain wrapper, postage prepaid.

FREE. A Sample Box—just enough to convince you of the great merit of **DR. CHARLES FLESH FOOD**—will be sent free for 10 cents, which pays for cost of mailing. With this sample we will also send you our illustrated Book, "Art of Massage," which contains all the proper movements for Massaging the face, neck and arms and full directions for developing the bust. Address

DR. CHARLES CO., 108 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

taste, you give your gold;—you sycophantic reviewers and timid, misguided critics uncritical, behold these moles raising the mounds that cause you to roll in rapture as the presses roll, blowing your puffs of praise broadcast through the land and leaving mists of dark, grey nothingness behind you, as day by day you blunder onward to your own pits of oblivion.

There is a "decayed gentlewoman" (all this have I come to know in my visits) who is gathering data for an article, perhaps a book, on "The Greek Hair Fillet and the Modern Aigrette." Magazine writers come here to borrow the rattling arms of statistics and authorities, black-gowned dominies with Roman collars, spying on their enemy Science with secret fear, or divines preparing pulpit-thunder to combat its annihilating ray;—and there are learned men deep in research. One of them, with a mountain of books about him, is writing his life-work on "The Relation between the Nostrils of the *Platyrrhinae* and the *Catarrhinae*," a work on Evolution, intended to controvert the theory of a fellow scientist, propounded years ago. This greybeard draws, writes and makes admirable sketches from books and charts. He has come hither every day for many years. Yet his whole tremendous work may fall about his ears or he himself fall ere it be complete. In Science, but not in Literature, it is always the latest that is the best. I see a turbaned Hindoo mystic, buried in secrecies of Sanscrit tomes; beside him sits my friend, Dr. Loewe of Marburg, writing a technical treatise on Kipling's meters! Young men are here and young women, constructing school essays; others read for pleasure only. I see man-women and woman-men, reversed types bred from books, queer creatures, ossified to all the red-golden Life but living in grey mirage-worlds of their own. The rustling of paper, the creaking of quills, the swift hurry to and fro of attendants laden with pyramids of books, drop into the teeming silence like rain into the sea.

There are strange draughts and impulsive currents and eddies in the air. The readers and writers murmur against the trustees and complain of colds. They do not know that these are no earthly winds that chill their flesh, no ripples of rheum-bringing breezes common to common houses. They think the gigantic dome that overarches them is grey and filled with obscure dusk, because in London all things are so filled. Alas, they think this, unfancifully, as they toil amidst the things of spirit and fancy. I shudder as I feel these eerie winds on my cheek and in my hair. I know that all these draughts and air-streamings are not what they seem, but unheard voices and passionate breathings and sighs from the unpent spirits of the books that lie open all about, liberating their souls as from prisons. They sweep, they surge about, they fill the great vault above with their dense-crowded essences, making that dim duskiness there, a rout of phantasmagoric shapes, the same that once drove and dashed through the brains that bore them to the day. They blow icily upon the heads and hearts of the workers here, protesting, poor angry ghosts, against the wrecking of their peace, many, perhaps, whispering thanks for rescue from old oblivion. Often sudden gusts sweep sheets of manuscript to the floor, plucked away by swift, undiscerned hands from commentators writing books about books and from those who are heaping up, higher and higher, the shells and lumber of the spawning

presses, with their marring and distorting pens. In this wise is manifested the impotent indignation of spectral authors whose meanings they obscure or misrepresent. An Anglican bishop with fat fist strives to hold down a pile of fluttering sheets against the fierce grasp of some air-blown classic wraith whose truth he is seeking to pervert. Might I but send a shock of laughter echoing through this tall tremendous cavern to wake the living and restore the dead their sleep!

Below toil the human ants, aloft, as at first, the battle of the books and brains is waged, a noiseless warfare, vast with force and import, the energy of thought evolving light to guide man upward through Futurity. The day darkens and the gloom is great.

Suddenly a hissing, humming sound is heard on high, a flood of lightning bursts through the place and six immense arc lamps leap to splendor in the dome above like incandescent suns in some firmament of shadow. Even so, as held by old belief, sprang the spheres into being out of nothingness, singing as they sprang, a rolling choral harmony through the Universe, rousing the Cosmos into Life and into Light, all out of the Arch-chaos and the primal Dark. And now with us the electric arcs hum their intensest song. They are the Enlightenment of our age.



Special Announcement

A New Feature Direct from New York

The famous Hungarian Quartette, which entertained President Roosevelt, and made the Cafe Hungary one of the most widely known restaurants in New York City, will sing daily at the Techau Tavern, 109-117 Mason street, for Dinner and after Theatre, for a limited engagement. They bring a very extensive repertoire consisting of Operatic Selections, Ballads, etc., and will render them second to no operatic organization on any stage.

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I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.

Letters

The Two Churchills

Winston Churchill, the American writer, is said to have a superstition concerning the letter C, and to be convinced that if he does not make it prominent in his title, his book will not be a popular success. Whether there is any truth in the report or not, the fact remains that thus far he has adhered consistently to the third letter of the alphabet. There are "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," "The Crossing," and now, "Coniston." When Winston Churchill's first book attracted attention he was severely taken to task by one of the English papers for presuming to adopt as a pseudonym the name of a distinguished young English gentleman already well known in the world of letters. Of course a free born American could not be subjected to the same rules that British housewives apply to their servants, compelling them to relinquish their baptismal names in favor of friends or members of the household on pain of forfeiting their employment. The American author explained the position, that the name Winston Churchill was his by right, that he had committed no plagiarism or literary piracy in making use of it, and that his parents could not have foreseen the complication that would arise when they had bestowed it upon him. While every reader with any pretensions to intelligence, in this country, is well aware that there are two authors of the same name, it is not so in England, and the novels of our Winston enjoy a degree of popularity under the belief that they are the works of the young member of Parliament, who is half-American, his mother being the former Jennie Jerome, Mrs. Cornwallis-West. The American Churchill served two terms as a member of the New Hampshire legislature.

The Last Spike

Any one who has read all of Cy Warman's books ought to have as good a knowledge of railroading in all its phases as can be acquired by a "correspondence course." Mr. Warman was a practical railroad man before he took up writing, and his tales of the road have a genuine ring that it would be impossible for an outsider to bestow. "The Last Spike," the seventh of his series, just published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is concerned principally with construction work on the continental lines. The first story, "The Last Spike," which gives name to the volume, deals with the completion of the first transcontinental road and the event which probably means more to California than to any other of the forty-five states. Incidentally it is also a love-story detailing how the grit and pluck to buckle down to work won for a dilettante youth the girl of his choice. "The Belle of Athabasca" is a humorous adventure—humorous to all but the hero of it. "Smith, the Silent," who figures in several of the tales, was a path-finder at that particular time, pioneering for the new North Pacific road. His camp was a magnet for straggling Indians, among them a persistent old Cree squaw and her attractive daughter, who dogged them from place to place, and finally, in the hope of ridding himself of them, Smith bestowed on the ancient aborigine a coveted camp kettle, only to discover, later on, that he had therewith purchased the girl. Another story deals with the building of the first railroad in Alaska, and there are one or two which relate experiences with attempted hold-ups. There is tragedy and comedy, but throughout all there runs the common thread of a devotion to the ideal and a loyalty to the work, a love for the thing in hand which is the distinguishing mark between the artist and the artisan. There are seventeen titles in the index, abundant scope for variety. The volume, which is without illustrations, is especially attractive from a mechanical point of view. There seems to be a revolt against "picture books," and pictures here are not missed, for the narrations are so graphic that each reader must see his own and prefer them to any conception of an illustrator.

The Byron Story

Lord Lovelace, the grandson of Lord Byron, recently published privately, and for distribution among members of the family and intimate personal friends, the true story of the disagreement between the poet and his wife, and took infinite pains to keep the contents of the volume secret, but apparently his precautions have proved unavailing, for the newspapers, at least in America, seem to have got hold of the story, or some parts of it, and the old scandal is being revived with but little less gusto than if it concerned the lives of members of our own smart society. Lord Lovelace, who is the son of that

"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," appears to consider Lady Byron as of nearer kin to him than his

A
FITTING
FINALE
TO A
GOOD
DINNER



A
FITTING
FINALE
TO A
GOOD
DINNER

LIQUEUR PERES CHARTREUX

—Green and Yellow—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS (PERES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS' EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS LIQUEUR PERES CHARTREUX (THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL AS WELL, DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

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When Your Head Aches
Of course you cannot do as
much work as on days you are
just right.
You probably have never at-
tributed this to want of proper
GLASSES — better see us
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grandfather was, and the approximate intention of the book is to vindicate her. As Lady Byron has never been accused of anything worse than a bad temper and a contemptuous coldness towards her gifted husband, while he has been credited with all the crimes committable, it would seem as though it were rather he who needed the whitewashing. Lord Lovelace has based his book on the private papers and other documents which have been kept in the family safe. Ordinary prudence would have counseled their destruction, but there is no accounting for tastes. Lord Lovelace, who is a scholarly and serious-minded man of sixty-six years, and somewhat inclined to Tolstoism, took the precaution to send a copy of the manuscript to the United States, where it was put into type, and two copies printed and bound, in order to comply fully with the copyright restrictions. Then the type was distributed, the expense being incurred solely to enable the author to prosecute any publisher who might prove venturesome enough to reprint any portion of the story. A firm of English solicitors, it is reported, has been retained to commence immediate action, in such a contingency. It is also said that there is much of the matter which would make the basis for a rich crop of libel suits, but the fact that the volume has been printed privately, for personal presentation, and that not more than two hundred copies of the English edition and two of the American were produced, makes it, in a literal sense, not published at all. Lord George Gordon Byron, by the way, was not "the wicked Lord Byron," that title having been bestowed on his cousin and predecessor. The present wearer of the title is not specially interested in this performance of Lord Lovelace, since he is not a descendant but only a grandson of the cousin who succeeded the poet.

The secret of the anonymous authorship of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," "The People of the Whirlpool," "The Woman Errant," "At the Sign of the Fox" and several others of the popular novels of the last few years, has been disclosed. Mabel Os-good Wright is no amateur to be credited with a phenomenal and off-hand success with her first venture. She has been writing long enough to have made something of a reputation for herself under her own name, principally books for girls who are in the between stages, just out of fairy tales and juveniles, yet not ready for romances. Her "Aunt Jimmy's Will" is one of the best known of her former ventures. A new book, "The Garden, You and I," will appear during the spring.

Cutcliffe Hyne, author of "Captain Kettle" and "Thompson's Progress," if he were to use all the name he is entitled to, would be Charles, John, Cutcliffe Wright Hyne. He can carry it better than most men prodigally endowed, for he stands nearly, six feet four, and is otherwise as well developed. He is not dependent on the products of his pen for a living and might be called a professional globe-trotter, since he makes a point of traveling at least ten thousand miles every year over ground new to him. By way of encouragement to the ambitious it may be worth while to state that Mr. Hyne wrote persistently for six years before the returns from his labors yielded two hundred and fifty dollars a year.

Nelson Lloyd is something of an "unknown quantity" in literature. After his admirable "Soldier of the Valley," the natural supposition would be that he would drift in the direction of more or less historical romance, instead of which came his good-humored social satire, "Mrs. Radigan," and his next venture, "Six Stars," will be a collection of short stories dealing with the rural types of a Pennsylvania valley.

—The Bookworm.

Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the latest styles in stationery, monograms, visiting cards, etc.

Corey & Phillips, 600 Mission. Mercantile Lunch is served between 11 and 2. 13c. Cedar Brook Whiskey, formerly W. H. McBrayer—10 years old.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, Cor. Eddy and Mason Sts., S. F. Private dining and banquet rooms. Phone 429. A. B. BLANCO, Prop.



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136-144 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF
SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. No. 99,040.

Clara E. Harper,

Plaintiff.

vs.

Charles W. Harper,

Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to Charles W. Harper, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and five.

(Seal)

WM. TOMSKY,

Plaintiff's Attorney,
313 Bush street.

JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.
By JAS. R. McELROY, Deputy Clerk.

Notice of Stockholders' Meeting.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of the Pacific States Type Foundry for the election of Directors for the ensuing year will be held at the office of the corporation at No. 508 Clay street, San Francisco, California, on TUESDAY, the 27th day of March, 1906, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day.

By order of the President.
W. F. SHATTUCK, Secretary.
San Francisco, Cal., March 2, 1906.

TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV.

Saturday, March 24, 1906

No. 708.

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THEODORE F. BONNET - - - - - EDITOR
CHARLES S. SMITH - - - - - MANAGER
RALPH A. GROVER, - - - MANAGER OF ADVERTISING
146 Second Street, Sixth Floor. Telephone Bush 713.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, \$4.00; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$5.00 per year. For sale by all News-dealers.

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Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.
New York Representative, FREDERIC M. KRUGLER, Room 418, 150 Nassau Street.

The trade on the Pacific Coast is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal. East, by the American News Company, New York.

Address all communications to Town Talk Publishing Co., 146 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A Call For a Census

San Francisco is now rated officially as a city of 342,000 inhabitants, but it is estimated by the California Promotion Committee that the population of the city is now 500,000. That we have reached the half-million mark there is abundant reason for believing, and that being the case we should take steps to have the fact officially determined. If there has been an increase of nearly 160,000 in the population of this city in five years, it behooves us to take the world into our confidence. Nothing succeeds like success and our tremendous growth is significant of something in the nature of a municipal triumph. If figures by which our success can be proved are accessible let us have them, and let us give them to the world to the end not merely that people insecurely settled elsewhere shall sit up and take notice, but that they shall be persuaded to heed the advice given many years ago by one Horace Greeley. But not for advertising purposes alone do we suggest the taking of a census at this time. The provision that is made for the pursuit of happiness and the safeguarding of private interests in a city of 342,000 people is not adequate for a city of 500,000. The San Francisco of today needs more letter carriers, more policemen, more firemen and more street cars than the San Francisco of five years ago. It is therefore well for us to be officially reminded of the inadequacy of a service that we have outgrown. The school census is to be taken next month. Our commercial bodies should get together and arrange to have a general census taken at the same time.

To The Pole by Motor

It looks as though the North Pole cannot defy the perseverance of Arctic explorers much longer. Inventive genius threatens to bring it into the real estate market any day. It may soon be proved that everything necessary to make the Pole accessible is already at hand. We have the dirigible balloon which can be put to very effective use in the polar regions, and it is soon to be reinforced by the automobile. Henryk Arctowski, of the Belgian expedition, a gentleman who was born with a name that should make ice travel congenial, was the first to suggest the horseless wagon as a substitute for the sled, and a number of the officers of the Discovery expedition have said since their return from Victoria Land that if they had the work to do over again they would like to use automobiles on the inland

ice or across Ross Sea. Dr. Mill, in his latest book, says that light motor cars might be used successfully on the ice, and now it remains for somebody to perfect a vehicle that can be taken apart easily for transportation. Equipped with a dirigible balloon, a light motor car and the apparatus for wireless telegraph stations, an expedition should have comparatively little difficulty in overcoming all the obstacles that have heretofore been encountered by Polar explorers. At the rate at which transportation facilities and means of quick communication are being improved it may not be many years before a summer resort is established in the vicinity of the Pole.

Pulpit versus Stage

Once more does the pulpit protest against the theatre and as usual the protest savors of pharisaism. The local preacher who uttered himself in reprobation of the theatre, some days ago, affirmed his abhorrence of it on account of its immorality. If he had protested on the ground that it lures people from church, and argued that its influence is unwholesome because it reduces the number of God's worshipers, not by undermining faith but by entering into competition with the pulpit, then he would have our sympathy. We cannot, however, sympathize with a man who seeks to discourage competition by gross misrepresentation. We believe with the late Sir Henry Irving that the theatre is never below the average moral sense of the time, and that the inevitable demand for admixture, at least, of wholesome sentiment in every sort of dramatic production, brings the ruling tone of the theatre, whatever drawback may exist, up to the highest level at which the general morality of the time can truly be registered. Contemporary drama is always the mirror of the morals of the period. So if the Church is doing effective work we are made aware of the fact at the theatre. If the morals of a people are not all that they should be the theatre is not so much to blame as the Church. At this moment the ministers of many churches are destroying the faith of people that are inclined to be religious in the Christian sense. As theologians they are trying to arrive at certain knowledge of God and the destiny of man. No fault should be found with them for prosecuting inquiry for the truth, but we must censure them for making public the incomplete and unsatisfactory results of their researches since those results lead to nothing but destruction of faith in a system which is unquestionably conducive to sound morals. The reputable scientist searching for a specific for some disease does not communicate to the public the knowledge of his experiments until he has brought them to a satisfactory conclusion. He knows that if he did so he might work great injury. It would be well were the modern theologian to follow the scientist's ethics. If he did so he would have less cause to complain of the theatre. We regret to see the pulpit at war with the theatre at this late day—so long after the explosion of that curious puritanical fallacy of the inevitable contamination wrought by the stage. It is generally conceded now by cultured men that society has more of a corrupting influence on the stage than has the stage on society. The dramas of every age are unquestionably of a purer tone than the society of their day. Aristophanes satirized the evils of his day and devoted him-

self to the rekindling of the spark of patriotism in the bosom of his countrymen. Compare the freedom of the comedies of Plautus and Terence with the "Lives of the Caesars" and see whether those immortal dramatists wrote down to the morals of their period. Moral maxims ooze from the German drama, and though the French, because of the way in which marriages are managed in France, have been driven to the expediency of putting the wife at the apex of the eternal triangle, they nevertheless point good morals in many of their plays. Nobody that reads the newspapers will accuse the British dramatists of corrupting society, and as for the playwrights of this country, they are so restricted by puritanical sentiment that the dramatic art of America is a joke.

Inartistic and Unclean

We respectfully submit that if "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is too strong for our nerves Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner's indiscretion, as pictured in the daily prints, should be considered equally objectionable. That twentieth century romance as distorted in a recent despatch appears to be nothing more than a fleshly and sordid bargain between an alluring young man and an "elderly woman hungry for love." Such a story, even if true, is offensive for several reasons, not the least of which is that it holds an unfortunate woman up to obloquy. In dramatizing the ancient profession of his heroine Mr. Shaw was impelled by a moral purpose and his achievement deserves the highest commendation for its artistry. The author of the nauseating story wired from New York last Saturday can plead nothing that we know of in palliation of his performance. He gave what purported to be the bridegroom's version of the erratic widow's marriage, picturing her as something worse than a fool and making it appear that her passion for the young man caused her to assume a suppliant attitude of a most indelicate character. The popular notion has been that Mizner, moved by cupidity, cajoled the woman into matrimony, but the New York writer tells us on the authority of the frank and ungallant husband that she was the suppliant for his favors and that he bartered them as a shopkeeper would dispose of his wares over a counter. And he tells us that Mizner barricaded himself in his room against the tempestuous overtures of his bride; but with an inconsistency that utterly destroys the unity of the dramatic anecdote he drops the curtain on the scene of the woman's flight. Why she fled from the man who was shielding himself from her, we were not told. That is probably the problem of the play, and if so the plot is obviously implausible. Mrs. Yerkes is undoubtedly in need of a guardian, but we do not believe that she affirmatively appealed to Mizner's cupidity, nor do we give credence to the yarn that after winning her hand he battled against the storm of her affection. But whatever be the unsavory details we feel that they should be disinfected before distribution.

The March of Socialism

"The day for squelching Socialism with sneers" is past, says a New York paper in discussing the espousal of Socialism by Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, millionaire, grandson of a famous editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, son of another editor of that paper and himself for a time an editor, ex-member of the Illinois Legislature, former Commissioner of Public Works for Chicago, and Yale graduate. It did not require the conversion to the cause of so distinguished a man as Mr. Patterson to teach us that the day for squelching Socialism with sneers is past. As long

ago as the French Revolution we were apprised of the futility of scoffing at the doctrine of J. J. Rousseau, whose Social Compact is the Socialist's Magna Charta. The spectre of Socialism began to loom over modern civilization one hundred and fifty years ago when through the instrumentality of machinery and the discovery of new forces in nature stupendous impetus was given to industrial development and as a consequence there followed the degradation and enslavement of the working peoples of the world. Thinking men have reckoned with Socialism almost ever since. As long ago as 1879 the Czar of Russia said of us: "Your great industrial development has built up very large fortunes in few hands, and the conditions such large fortunes produce must bring on a class conflict that cannot fail to make a test of the stability of your institutions. The men who have those fortunes know only the law of greed; they have no respect for the rights of others and they will surely make an effort to use the strong arm of government to enslave the people. They will use the public franchise you grant with so liberal and so dangerous a hand to tax the people. They will organize into groups to increase their power and their aggressions will as surely drive the body of your people to the enactment of laws which may be most hurtful to the general prosperity." The Czar's prophecy has not yet been fulfilled, but we appear to be approaching the state of affairs which he predicted. Socialism is already a serious menace to the peace and prosperity of this country. It will not do merely to lampoon it as did a dramatist in one of his comedies several hundred years before the Christian era. In some countries of Europe where the aristocracy of wealth has succeeded to the aristocracy of blood, and where the Genius of Industry has been ranging as in this Republic, naked and unashamed, the Socialists are dictating terms to proud monarchs. In France, for the last six years, the Government has been controlled by the Socialists. In Germany the movement has made great progress. One leader in that country is said to control 3,000,000 votes. In Italy Socialism has become so strong that the Pope recently revoked the inhibition against Catholic participation in politics in order to offset the influence of the Socialists and lend stability to the Government. Socialism presents itself under various aspects and with apparently different objects, but all tending to one end, the change of all existing governments. In this country we have all the various Socialistic creeds represented. There are several classifications but they all may be traced to the one cause—dissatisfaction with economic conditions—and the centre from which they all

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radiate is the labor union, which is founded upon the principle that labor is the source of all value. Socialism is not, however, produced spontaneously among working people, nor is it confined to them. It frequently springs from sympathy, from a desire to mitigate the hardships of the poor. The millionaire socialist of the Patterson type is not unique. Saint Simon, who first projected the theory that labor is the source of all value, was a nobleman. The Russian apostles, Bakounin and Krapotkin, are princes. In this country many men become Socialists because industrialism has become the dominant spirit of the age, affecting the decisions of judges and statesmen and increasing the opportunities for personal and political corruption.

Pensioning Government Clerks

The government clerks who invited Secretary Shaw to address a meeting called for the purpose of discussing the question of civil service pensions must have been sadly disappointed when, instead of advocating the scheme he came out flat-footed and declared that it would be the best thing for them as individuals, as well as for the the service, if they were automatically displaced at the end of five or six years. In his opinion, instead of increasing in efficiency, at about the end of that period of steady employment, they have a tendency to become fossilized, and with the certainty of continuing in office with fixed salaries, they lose whatever initiative they have ever had and become more worthless every year except for routine duties, and less capable of hustling for themselves. The class of men who settle down in clerkships are not apt to have much energy to begin with. If they had they would not be likely to content themselves in clerical positions, and the work required of them is not such as will either create or foster ambition. They are more likely to be content to earn a living without too much exertion, and to be glad to escape the necessity for doing any planning or thinking for themselves. Improvement of the service is about the last subject likely to trouble them, and apparently, the idea that they are employed for work which must be done, instead of the departments being created for the sake of providing them with comfortable salaries, has never entered into their calculations. It is the same feeling which pervades every profession or occupation where there is no fixed age limit for retirement and positions are protected by tenure of office regulations. The local school department furnishes an example of the working out of the same thing. Teachers cannot be dismissed except for specific causes, and once duly elected there is nothing they need do but present themselves in their class rooms and perform such perfunctory duties as they cannot shirk. They are certain of their salaries every month and even in case they are dropped for cause, they invoke the assistance of the law, which almost invariably reinstates them with substantial damages, or at least full salary for the time they have been enjoying a vacation. There is one teacher now who holds a judgment of over twelve thousand dollars against the city for work she has not done. Some recent congressional legislation has provided for a steady diminution of clerical salaries for employees over sixty years of age, and the retirement of all above seventy years. The tendency of corporations and private employers is toward early superannuation, so that a man of forty years must have exceptional qualifications before he can secure a new position, and with the increase in the price of necessities, added to the rise in the standard of living, it is a fortunate man who can manage to secure a little provision for the inevitable rainy day, unless he resorts to speculation. The government

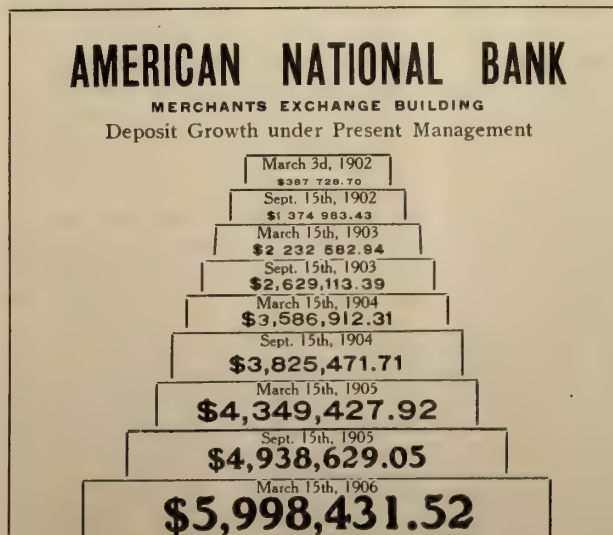
clerks who are so anxious to secure to themselves pensions from the public purse are amongst the least to be compassionate of all the working population. They are not called upon to risk life and limb, like soldiers and sailors, nor to endure especial hardships of exposure to the weather, like the police, nor do they face such dangers as are encountered by the men of the fire department. The motor-men and conductors of the street railroads, the men who work on the sky-scrapers and bridges, even the youths who are serving apprenticeships in foundries, all take greater risks every day of their lives than the government clerks do in the course of their whole service. There is no reason why these men cannot lay aside a portion of their earnings every year, or why they cannot insure their lives for the benefit of their families, as others do, and the argument that so much is looked to from them in the matter of keeping up appearances and supporting a social position is just as applicable to laundresses and longshoremen. It is a question of eating cake and having it. If present display is of more consequence than future comfort, then let them have the finery and good living now and accept the inevitable by and by, just as the people who will be called upon to furnish the pension funds by extra taxation must do any way.

Whittell pere, millionaire by marriage, appears to be a pretty hard man to please in the matter of a daughter-in-law. At the same time, if we are to believe newspaper gossip, he is not a very good judge of what constitutes a good daughter-in-law. He appears to have a preference for some society girl who would marry his heir notwithstanding the crass vulgarity of the latter's matrimonial experience.

A Chicago man visiting here says that the Pacific Coast will have a great future. What's the matter with its having a great present?

Just because it took ten minutes to strangle a Russian who was hanged the other day, the affair is characterized as a horrible one. Nobody seems to take into calculation the fun the assembled Mujiks got out of it.

People of very keen intellects will discover a connection between two recent pieces of information—that Rockefeller has lost \$3,000,000 in stocks and that gasoline has been raised in price.



Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

A press despatch informs us that Thomas F. Ryan is to succeed J. Pierpont Morgan as the fiscal agent in the United States of the Vatican. The Pope cannot be accused of intolerance in financial matters. The Rothschilds handle his money in Europe and a deacon of the Episcopal Church has long been his agent in America.

In Captain Robert Marshall's new play a Tory Prime Minister happens to split his skull in a fall on an alabaster staircase and forthwith he becomes a ranting Socialist. Will Jack London please tell us what started him down the Socialist grade?

The screech of the Sou-wester as it scuds across the main,
The rattle of the winter storm upon the window pane,
The grinding of the gramophone attuned to pitch quite high,
The roaring of the breakers when a gale is passing by—
All these ear-splitting noises are but impotent and meek
To the tuning of the fiddles for the symphony last week.

Considering the ease with which Terry McGovern's wife whipped him on Sunday, it is no wonder that he had to yield to Battling Nelson.

The trustees of the New York Life have agreed to return to the company's treasury the \$148,000 used for campaign purposes. Many a thief becomes repentant under the scourge.

It is said that the Prince and Princess of Wales have been very coldly received during their tour in India. If the British Government wants to awaken real enthusiasm among the nations, it might try a tour of bread wagons.

"Because George made a mistake and has acted like a fool is no reason why he should wish to remain a fool forever," says Whittell pere of his twice-married son. But don't you see, Mr. Whittell, that in buying a divorce for him you are making feasible another fool feat?

Aged and wealthy Mrs. Moxey says that love prompted the marriage between herself and her youthful spouse. Sure—love of him on her part, love of her money on his.

The canning industry has increased 45 per cent. in the past five years. No doubt the manufacture of embalming fluid and other preservatives has increased in proportion.

The Worker in Words

BY HARRY COWELL.

Beset as is the world of letters by many a noxious lie, none, I verily believe, has done it more lasting hurt than the half-truth in the old saw, "Poets are born, not made."

The scribe, as a species with numerous varieties, of which the poet is after all only one, could not but note the invidious distinction which the saying in its original form made. Naturally enough, then, almost inevitably, we came to have the additions, "dramatists, too"; "novelists, no less"; "essayists, as well"; "likewise, tellers of the short-story"; until the maxim, much enlarged, now runs, "Writers are born, not made."

The half-truth in the motto of "literary bureaux," "schools of journalism," and the like—"Writers are made, not born"—with its broad hint at the need of hard work, holds no such evil lure as the other; does literature no such ill-turn. Danger for art lies not in the idea of a genius as a prodigious worker with an infinite capacity for taking pains; but in the idea of a genius as one who does, without effort, the great things he is born to do, dashing off masterpieces of a morning, as the lark sings and the lily blooms.

"Poets, writers, artists all, are born, not made"—what a gospel that, what tidings of great joy, in the ears of a humanity whose two chief banes are—my word for it as well as Spinoza's—self-conceit, and the sloth arising from self-conceit!

That it takes a dozen years of herculean labor to make a writer, is the opinion of Balzac, man of letters born, if ever there was one, though, it may be, without the gift of words. To be a true novelist, he says—he, the truest that the world has yet seen—one needs to have explored the life of society to its very foundations; seeing that the novel is the private history of a nation.

"And what, pray, has your twelve years of sweat, of delving with painful pick and shovel, to do with me, writer

by the grace of God?" Thus with fine scorn one more favored of Heaven than the greatest of Frenchmen; one for whom it is less hard to write a novel, a short-story, a poem, an essay, a play, than it is for you or me to make a pie, to build a house, to set type, or do aught else that calls for skill.

"Writer by the grace of God!" Beautiful phrase, beloved of the vain and idle, what ugly things have been written in thy name! I never meet one of the born great men of letters, to be met with everywhere, but I am minded to tell him, apropos of nothing at all, that the *Comedie Humaine* is the work of a certain Honore de Balzac, writer by the grace of God and twelve years of sweat.

God's grace together with man's sweat make masterpieces; do what is best done; but of the two, sweat writes the better book. Genius, the grace of God, the part of mastery not worked for, earned, but had as a gift, if at all, is nowadays—the quantity being the same as ever—more evenly distributed than it was in days gone by,—much to the detriment of literature; for where, as with us, every one writes in the loose sense of the word, no one, it seems, writes in the strict sense.

Whatever may or may not have been true of times of towering genius and abysmal lack of grace, certain it is that in these latter dead-level days, men of letters must needs sweat, be self-conscious, know the how and the why of what they do. Sorrow and sweat, the dread terms of the curse, greatness in all ages has turned them to divine account.

The task which the writer, the worker in words, sets for himself, is to make something beautiful, or at least memorable, out of his material; even as the task which the sculptor, the worker in marble, sets for himself, is to make something beautiful, or at least, memorable, out of his

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Robertson's "Montezuma"

BY THEODORE BONNET.

It was supposed that only in an age like the Elizabethan—a lyrical age—would the poetic drama be taken seriously, but now such does not appear to be the fact. This is not a lyrical age and yet poetic plays are finding favor. Shakespeare is still holding his own, Rostand and Phillips have been rewarded for their perseverance in versifying for the stage, and Mrs. Fiske found that "Mary of Magdala" was profitable despite its cadenced dialogue. If Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Judith of Bethulia" failed to put money in Nance O'Neil's purse, it was because, like Swinburne's plays, the poetic biblical drama suffered from a lack of that essential, "continual slight novelty."



Louis A. Robertson

The poetic drama is as easily appreciated as any other drama providing it be good poetic drama. Gone are the circumstances, manners and customs that gave tone and color to the ancient and tragical episodes of the classical drama; strong has grown the desire to penetrate deeper into contemporary souls and solve current moral problems, but we still love to be transported back to the entrancing atmosphere of a lordly passionate life, we like to be reminded of the heroic, primitive emotions and have our sympathy evoked by the ambitions, the hopes, the fears of historic personages galvanized by the magic touch of the poetic dramatist. And the proper medium of expression in dramas dealing with those heroic themes is verse, but not every dramatist can defy the bondage of metre in striving for realism of dialogue. Speech does not flower naturally into harmonious forms, and the dramatist must be careful to avoid making his characters utter their thoughts as though they suffered from an impediment of speech.

It requires courage and perseverance to take to Shakespeare's footsteps but that is what our own poet, Louis A. Robertson, has done, and that is why I am writing of the poetic drama, or more specifically, of "Montezuma," not the "Montezuma" of the Bohemian Club's summer revels, but a play which germinated from that hastily prepared

but impressive poem. After a good deal of rewriting the poet succeeded in weaving the threads of his story into a compact web and he now has a tragedy in four acts, homogeneous and skillful of plot, consistently dramatic in substance, affording opportunity for tremendous show with a series of tableaux piled up with a fine crescendo of theatrical effect.

It is easy to be misled in the reading of a drama. The clarity of the visual representation may not be all that one might suppose. The action may not stimulate interest and create suspense to the extent denoted by the reading, especially if a very clear understanding of subtle motives be required, but "Montezuma" reads to me like a play that has all the essentials and nothing superfluous. I hope to see it fall into the hands of a manager with the confidence of my convictions.

"Montezuma" is a play to be commended both for its history and its poetry. As literature it is bound to take high rank, as a study of an historical personage it is of value to the student, as a play its merits can be determined only by the single test that the theatre affords. The tragedy is based on the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, a theme that is full of dramatic incident enriched by legend and with the same mythological background from which the classic writers derived the motives of their sombre plays. Good use has been made of the circumstance that the Aztecs looked for the coming of a War God whose symbol was a cross somewhat similar to the Christian emblem and which occasioned confusion in the mind of Montezuma who believed that he has received orders from Quetzalcoatl, the mythical deity:

"Watch for my messengers, oppose them not,

Kneel to the sacred symbol which they bring."

But he is warned by one of the characters in the play in regard to the cross:

"Be not too sure

Both copied from the same original;

They'll chide the priests from their apostate faith

And win from every brave but baffled chief

A warless welcome from their white-faced foe."

The first act opens in the great hall of audience in the palace of Montezuma at Chapoltepec, where the brother and the nephew of the king are discussing the change that has come over Montezuma since the arrival at the capital of Valmarga, who has become the King's mistress. She is an Aztec lady of high rank, a representative of the Tlascalcan tribe which has joined forces with Cortez, sent as a spy to the court of Montezuma. Valmarga is something of the tigress-like creatures of Sardou. She is the Eternal Womanly, an intrigante whose tragic career is painted with inexorable fidelity and great power and round whom the poet has woven the palliation of a great love. In her first scene with the King she gives an inkling to her method of swaying Montezuma:

What is this spectre that hath stalked between
Thy soul and mine? Thy lips are still as fond
As when they whispered first to me and taught
My heart to leap with Love's transporting bliss;
Thy hand caresses mine, thy breath is warm
Against my cheek, but in thine eyes I see
An unfamiliar light that shows thy thoughts
Are wandering far away. I sometimes wish
That thou wert not a king, then thou mightst learn
The love that thrones thee in a heart which fears
That all its faith is founded on a dream.

(Continued on Page 29)



Rembrandt, Photo

Miss Bevy Jackson

In the costume she wore as Folly at the Purim masquerade ball given at the Hotel Montrose.

life to the wine business. Several years ago, "Mannie" Chapelle, a San Franciscan who, through his intimacy with Jim Corbett, has a following in the New York tenderloin, secured a position as drummer for White Seal, the Kessler champagne. He was given ten thousand a year to make a good fellow of himself, and he did so with an heroic indifference to the integrity of his liver. In the course of time he established quite a reputation for himself as a wine drummer, for he cut a very wide swath along Broadway. One day the Mumm firm made a bid for his services and he signed a contract for twenty thousand a year. The Mumm people thought they made a great coup, and Kessler started out to mend his fences through the Tenderloin. One of the first places he visited was the Metropole cafe at Forty-second and Broadway, the corner referred to by Little Johnny Jones in one of his songs. It is the resort of theatrical people and politicians and had long been recognized as Chapelle's headquarters.

"How large is the mortgage that you people have on this place?" asked Kessler of one of the Considines, proprietors of the Metropole.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," was the reply.

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Kessler took out his check-book, wrote out a check for twenty-five thousand and handed it over. Needless to say there was no shrinkage of White Seal at that corner. It was not very long before Kessler exploded Chapelle's reputation as a wine drummer. And now it remains to be seen what he will do in this city when he goes up against Varney Gaskill with his sparkling Ruinart, and tries to out-manoeuvre Tom McCann with his Pieper Heidsieck, or to convert the lovers of Greenway's fruity Mumm, or the buyers of Jack Caffrey's Pommery, or the connoisseurs who swear by Veuve Cliquot's yellow label.

A Protest Against Baring Arms

One night recently in a popular cafe I was much interested in the study of the multitude and variety of bare arms within view from my table. I wondered why some of these women exposed their arms in this manner. These were not beautiful arms—and any person with the least pretension to esthetic taste will tell you that unless an arm is beautiful it should be sedulously concealed. Slender, lissome, willowy, thin, spare, scrawny women should cover their arms from the sight of men. Only those women that have flesh on their arms should expose them. It is not pleasant to see the elbow-joint striving to emerge through a thin layer of flesh at every movement of the arm of an otherwise beautiful woman. Such a spectacle detracts from the facial loveliness of woman, because the attention is directed exclusively upon the effort of the bone to break through. Neither should a very fat woman wear short sleeves—a very fat arm is inevitably suggestive of the washtub, especially if it is colored red. An unclothed arm should be a model for a sculptor; otherwise it is unfit for public display. Women should not permit their vanity to blind them to the effect that bony arms or beefy arms produce on the imaginations of a mixed company. A slim woman dressed to the chin can make the world believe that she is without angularities or sharp corners; but if she exposes her arm from wrist to biceps the world is wholly disillusioned. A fat woman is not so fortunate; she is fat, and that is the alpha and omega of that proposition—she must endure her fatness and trust to the sympathy of the community. But a really fat woman should not accentuate her fatness by wearing short sleeves, thereby losing the sympathy of the observing public, and subjecting herself to criticism from these who have set up an artistic standard in the matter of feminine arms, basing that standard on the arms of the goddesses sculptured by Phidias and Praxiteles.

The Apostles of the Beautiful

I attended a banquet the other night given by some energetic, enterprising citizens engaged in a movement for the beautifying of the city, and if it were not for the lugubriousness of the speeches I should have laughed.

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Photo by Taber

Miss Harriet Quimby

Cadenasso's portrait sketch of the well-known newspaper woman, formerly of San Francisco but now of New York. Cadenasso has not done much work in the portrait line, his forte being landscapes. He is one of the most successful of the local artists in depicting atmosphere, particularly the fogs and winds of the bay counties. He studied entirely in San Francisco and belongs to the Hopkins school of artists. Miss Quimby has been the subject of many portraits by the artists here, her elusive expression being however somewhat difficult to transfer to canvas.

Whatever is beautiful in a city springs naturally out of the life led by the people and which they prefer to lead. There is a noble instinct for giving the right touch of beauty to common and necessary things. Before achieving a beautiful environment we must cultivate a sense of beauty, we must school ourselves in estheticism. I looked around at the banquet and scrutinized the men who have set themselves to the task of making this city beautiful, and I should have been puzzled at the anomaly had I not received a hint from one of the speakers. From him I learned that the esthetic movement is in the interest of people who have the material welfare of the city at heart. That rapacious hunger for beauty which has become a serious problem in the healthy life of humanity has not yet been experienced by the men behind the Burnham scheme for mitigating whatever ugliness is due to our indifference to what nature has done for us. I did not see Mrs. Lovell White at the banquet, but I will not say that she was not there. I thought of her because she has done something toward starting a genuine esthetic movement in this city through the medium of the Outdoor Art League. Mrs. White has an instinct for the beautiful and her enthusiasm, like that of William Morris, is due to her artistic nature. If we had more Mrs. Whites in this city there would be more enthu-

siasm for the Burnham plans. Mrs. White is an educator and she is educating women in estheticism. Perhaps in time her pupils will educate their husbands who will then enter into the City Beautiful movement not merely for the purpose of enhancing their real estate. The ladies of the Francisco Club whose husbands are doing much toward booming real estate and promoting industrial development might do well to get in touch with Mrs. White. She could divert their minds from luncheons and bridge and tell them something about real culture.

A Letter from Mrs. Maud

While on this subject I am reminded of a letter which I received the other day from Mrs. L. C. Maud, now of Monterey, a woman of culture who has instinct for the beautiful, and who, though she was born to high position in local society, spends more of her time in her garden than she does at teas or in organizing clubs for the purpose of giving herself an air of exclusiveness. Mrs. Maud wrote to me apropos a recent editorial in Town Talk on the relations of flowers to the Beautiful. She wrote: "A very good article, 'Why Flowers are Rare,' and true indeed. People seem too lazy to do garden work out here and yet how easy it is compared to New England or Long Island, where there are so many quaint and beautiful old gardens. People don't plant enough trees, either. I have been trying to put some life into these townspeople and am in hope they will plant their streets and clean up their yards—*Some day*. But this is a Spanish town and proverbially sleepy. However women will go to any length to follow a fashion, and I have read it is the latest fad to do garden work; also, that for that special purpose rubber garments are being constructed by the couturieres—a short skirt, leggings and a wide rubber hat. Fancy! Personally I consider a kimono and a sunbonnet more comfortable and appropriate, for the pretty wash crepe kimonos are graceful among the flower beds. Why, every house should be covered with glorious climbers, and the fences with Cherokee roses, passion vines and nasturtiums. There should be oranges, magnolias, pepper trees and palms on every side, and yellow and white banksias should run riot up the trees to the very top. Have people no eye for the beautiful out here? The cultivation of flowers is so easy out here in this wonderful climate!—a half hour in the evening, a sprinkler turned on here and there, it does not take much of one's time once the things get a start. Oh, do try to awaken

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interest in these torpid, female breasts. They think of nothing but the finery on their own backs and nothing for that of nature."

Women's Club Politics

There is once more a flutter in the Society of Daughters of California Pioneers because of the approaching annual election of officers. It will be remembered that last year there was quite a hubbub in the society in consequence of the second term aspirations of Mrs. Sidney Smith Palmer, who was re-elected much to the dissatisfaction of the friends of Mrs. Henry Tricou, by whom it was said that the latter had become vice-president with the understanding that she would be elevated to the chair to succeed Mrs. Palmer. Mrs. Tricou and several of her friends, who felt that she had been done a grievous injustice, resigned from the society in disgust, and now they are very much interested in the present political situation in the society. Mrs. that Mrs. Alice Moore is a candidate for that position, and Mrs. Moore being the sister of Mrs. Palmer has the support. Ernest Leigh is now the vice-president of the society and naturally hopes to succeed to the presidency, but it is said port of the Administration. The ambitions of Mrs. Leigh were once before thwarted by Mrs. Palmer, but as she was accessory to the sidetracking of Mrs. Tricou the latter's friends are very much amused over the situation that now exists.

California Club Politics

In the California Club there is speculation over the prospects of Mrs. J. W. Orr, who, I believe, expects to succeed Mrs. Cotton in the presidential chair. Mrs. Orr was not seriously regarded as a candidate until after the defeat of the due-raising proposition so ardently advocated by that bright and energetic woman, Mrs. Lovell White. Mrs. White has long exercised great influence in California Club politics but it appears to be assumed that her forces were disintegrated during the contest over the fixing of the dues and that she will not be a factor in the next election. Prior to the overthrow of Mrs. White's forces Mrs. Orr would give no definite reply to questions regarding her political intentions, but since the reported elimination of Mrs. White she has not been so coy. At a recent meeting of the club she was referred to as "Mrs. Orr, our next president," and now it is understood that her boom has been launched. Some of the ladies of the club that know a thing or two about politics are of the opinion that her candidacy is premature, and that it was a mistake for her friends to put her into the field so early. Mrs. Baldwin is now being spoken of as available for presidential honors, and it is reported that Mrs. Emilia Tojetti has aspirations. As each lady has a strong following there is likely to be an interesting contest.

He Was Persistent

They are saying in society that Mr. Brockway Metcalf, who won the hand of Elizabeth Huntington, established a record as a wooer for persistency and tenacity. Some time ago it was thought that his courtship would be in vain as the object of his affections had emphatically declared that she would not marry him. But Mr. Metcalf would not be discouraged or denied. He made up his mind to win her and win her he did. Nowadays it seldom happens that a suitor finds the maiden coy. The average

society girl takes no chances and suitors are not given the opportunity to change their minds.

A Reporter's Novel

George Homer Meyer, a gifted member of the *Examiner* staff, who occasionally turns out a short story in his leisure moments, is soon to see his first novel between-book covers. It is entitled "The Nine Swords of Morales" and is a romance of old-time Mexican days in Sonoma county. It was published by the Henry Altemus company of Philadelphia and will soon be in the local book-stores. The story was accepted several years ago, but was held back pending the arrival of what publishers consider the psychological moment. Meyer has done some very artistic work as a writer of short stories, and as he spent his boyhood days among the Mexicans of Sonoma county, and has a knack for descriptive and character work, I should not be surprised to find that he has done some highly meritorious work in his first novel.

Mrs. Oelrichs' Gloves

Someday in the *Examiner* is loud in hullabaloo, primarily because Mrs. Oelrichs wears gloves at dinner, and again because she doesn't wear gloves at dinner. With hypocritical pretense thinly veiled in sarcasm this Juvenal of the press asks if gloves are worn at dinner in Newport; and observing that Mrs. Oelrichs on a subsequent occasion ate her victuals with eating implements manipulated with bare hands, assumes to believe that all Burlingame will welter in confusion as to the proper thing in gloves as those integuments may be related to gastronomical habitude. This is arrant nonsense; it is not even "admirable



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fooling"; it partakes of the character of the "wut" ascribed by envious Englishmen to the dense and pointless epigrams of the "unspeakable Scot." There are many reasons why Mrs. Oelrichs wore gloves while eating, any one of which is sufficient for all argumentative requirement by Mrs. Oelrichs; it is possible that her hands had not been manicured that day; it is probable that she preferred to eat with gloves; it is possible that she didn't notice the gloves, being so accustomed to wearing them; there are many reasons why Mrs. Oelrichs wore gloves, but it is not likely that she wore them to shock the formal sensibilities of a peeping scribbler whose first impulse on seeing Mrs. Oelrichs was to fall over himself in the effort to secure a better place in the dining-room from which to gape at the rich society woman whom he would seriously describe as a "social leader," meaning, of course, a leader in society. As for the baring of the Oelrichs hands on the second occasion when they were observed by Peeping Jeames, it is possible that the lady suspected the presence of the gimlet-eyed chronicler of small beer and removed her gloves in deference to her own modesty, thus seeking to avoid a conspicuous notoriety certain to ensue upon persistence in an innovation so abhorrent to the super-cultured instincts of one but half-accustomed to the vagaries of the rich and exclusive.

Why She Wore Them

But there is no need of any speculation on the subject of Mrs. Oelrich's gloved stunt. She did not dine *en gants* through mere caprice, as all her intimate friends know. Whist! while I tell you something—Mrs. Hermann bites her finger nails! And there's the secret of her gloved hands as sworn and subscribed to by her most intimate friends. Mrs. Oelrichs, like all modern women, has occasional attacks of "nerves," brought on by extreme pressure of business. And during such periods she unconsciously pecks at her nails with the result that she would never win "hands down" in a beauty show. While the Fairmount deal was on she took so many covert nibbles at her finger nails that they were reduced to the quick and she was very sensitive about the appearance of her hands. Her intimate friends know her penchant for "nails au naturel," so they were not surprised when she kept on her gloves at that now famous dinner. In fact, she only once dined in public without gloves and that was the night after the article appeared in the paper. She probably wished to show the world that she was not trying to introduce the fad of gloved dinners. Now that her business here has been arranged to the lady's satisfaction, she will be able to abstain from anything more than an occasional nip at her nails; and her hands will appear at New York dinners in their birthday gloves. No one was more amused than Mrs. Oelrichs at the gloved antics of several women who were guests at a dinner party given in a cafe in which Mrs. Oelrichs was dining with some friends. The kid glove imitators had evidently read that gloves were the latest smart accessory of a dinner make-up and their digits tightly encased in kid were proudly displayed to the public. Mrs. Oelrichs wears a rather loose glove and manages her cutlery beautifully, but her less dexterous imitators found it hard to "break bread" according to etiquette with their gloves on.



Mrs. Willis Peace

Dorothy Dustan that was, a recent bride. Her husband, Lieutenant Peace, is now stationed in the Philippines.

The Style She Set

The Clarence Mackays, we are told, are coming west again. Their last visit here was paid shortly after their marriage, and I remember that Mrs. Mackay set a fashion then that is still followed to a certain extent. Mrs. Mackay was in a box-party at the theatre and it was noticed that no sign of a glove upon it. Later it was remarked that



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Mrs. Mackay always removed her gloves at the theatre. All the smart set immediately discarded gloves at the theatre, and rings were permitted to flash ostentatiously.

Boozy Club Men in a Box

One of the most interesting scenes that took place at the Tivoli, one evening of last week, did not occur on the stage, but in one of the proscenium boxes. The whole audience saw it and the whole audience enjoyed it, for at no time during the enactment could anyone guess what the finale was likely to be. Four gentlemen of middle age, clean cut appearance, and immaculate evening attire, occupied the box. To all observers it was evident that they had been dining well, extremely well, that they were determined to shake the very best things out of the "Isle of Spice" for their own enjoyment, and still more evident that they were a unit in believing that the prettiest chorus girls immediately in front of their box were the very choicest morsels produced on the spice trees. They chortled in their joy, tipped alluring winks, and egged on the airy, fairy, Daphne-limbed young kickers to kick such kicks as would knock the lid completely off the performance. If they didn't drag the laughing bunch of "Goo Goo Girls" into the box it wasn't because they didn't try, but simply because their arms were not long enough to catch the tantalizing nymphs. One handsome chap reached so far out of the box that the others grabbed him just as he lost his balance and thus prevented a catastrophe that would have surpassed the balloon entrance of Teddy Webb in the play. This bibulous prank aroused the vigilant management to drastic action. The four men were politely invited to withdraw from the theatre. They were quick to recover themselves and to exercise the savoir faire of the well bred clubman surprised in a champagne peccadillo. On the way to the front door one of them whispered a few words to their escort. He unbent a bit, said never a word and resolutely marched along. The next one whispered a name or two and said something of business connections. Still the escort's face was a mark of offended justice. At the door, however, the handsome chap, who had been dragged back into the box by his companions, and who had steadfastly sought all the shadows in the march to the front, stepped quietly to the foreground. Very gravely and very gently he whispered a sentence or two to the escort. Then from his card case he extracted a pasteboard and exhibited it. What potent magic was in that bit of cardboard no spectator could guess. 'Tis enough to know that the grim-visaged and resolute usher became at once the incarnation of amiability. This transformed being besought the quartet to re-enter and see the rest of the performance. But they said, "nay, nay, they were 'down and out,' and deserved it." Very quietly they had an automobile called and disappeared in the direction of one of the city's swellest clubs.

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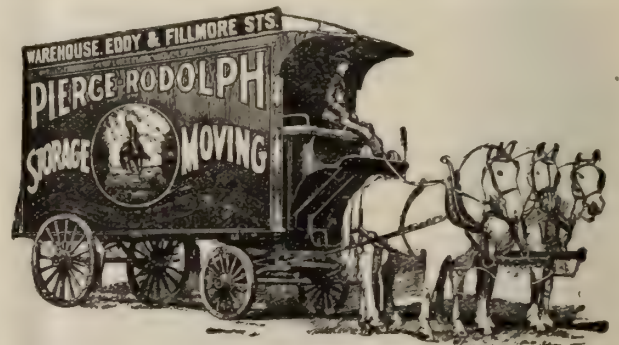
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The Bishop and the Stork

If Bishop Moreland were in touch with San Francisco society he would know that the fashionable women of this city are not deserving of censure for fighting shy of motherhood. In this city motherhood is strictly a la mode. There are no symptoms of race suicide in San Francisco society. Nearly all our leaders of fashion are mothers. Mrs. Will Crockier, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mrs. Winthrop Leicester, Mrs. Will Taylor and many others that I could mention merit the commendation of President Roosevelt. Several of our society families are quite numerous, as, for example, the Parrotts and the A. W. Fosters. The stork is always interfering with social functions in this city. Two weeks ago the daughter-in-law of a street railroad magnate failed to appear at the wedding of her husband's sister and in consequence it was rumored that there was dissension in the family. Yet her absence was entirely due to the stork. For the same reason one of our most prominent matrons will be unable to attend the wedding of Lurline Spreckels and Spencer Eddy which is to take place in New York in April. If Bishop Moreland had the entree to Burlingame he would know why a very prominent young matron has been obliged to postpone her visit to New York.

Feminine Financiers in Society

Judge Lindley made a very good bargain the other day when he bought the Joliffe home in Pacific avenue for twenty thousand dollars. And I hear that a prominent society woman profited by the deal, having negotiated it, thus depriving a real estate agent of a fat commission. I am told she pocketed five hundred dollars for putting the deal through. The commercial instinct is not confined to the men of society. Some of our most fashionable matrons who would be very indignant were it suggested that they were in trade are very shrewd financiers and know how to drive hard bargains. The leadership of a social set, I am informed, is worth a great deal of money. There are not only perquisites from tradesmen who are favored when big social functions are given, but there are tips from climbers who buy their way into the swim. There has been a story in circulation to the effect that a woman of wealth accepted ten thousand dollars not many seasons ago for services rendered in taking the representatives of a very commonplace new-rich family under her wing.



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Seen Through Chicago Glasses

S. E. Kiser, the star writer on the *Chicago Record-Herald*, has just been paying a visit to San Francisco, and in a recent issue of that paper he has been acting as a sort of Promotion Committee in telling the Easterners what he thinks about our town. What struck him most were the oddities of the city and the idiosyncrasies of its people. He has not yet recovered from the astonishment at the number, size, elaborateness and excellent gastronomic fare of our restaurants. One cause of their success he attributes to the large number of families that dine down town two or three times a week. The restaurants proved an easy nut for him to crack beside the problem offered by the styles in garments worn by the women. How women figure out the correctness of appearing on the streets in a light shirt waist and a seal skin cloak proves far beyond his comprehension. To his utter amazement he discovered women following all kinds of styles in all kinds of weather perfectly oblivious of the surprise it might cause in the minds of the outlanders. He is still wondering what the men who pay for the clothes think of them.

Young Spreckels Managing the Call

Last week I reported that there was uneasiness in the *Call* office in consequence of the rumor that the paper was to be sold. I have since learned that the paper is to descend from sire to son as did the *Examiner*. During the past five months young Jack Spreckels has spent nearly all his time in the *Call* office familiarizing himself with the business and he is already regarded as the manager of the paper. John D. Spreckels had a relapse early this week, and it was reported that he was in a dying condition and that his case was hopeless. He rallied, however, and his friends were informed that he was on the road to recovery.

The Gubernatorial Quest

The gubernatorial situation, so far as the Republican party is concerned, is less complicated now than it was a week ago. Frank Short of Fresno has announced that he will not seek the nomination, and Lieutenant-Governor Alden Anderson has come to the conclusion that this is not his year. There are now only four candidates who are taken seriously—Pardee, Gillett, Porter and Hayes. Governor Pardee is sending his agents over the State to get information as to his prospects and to make combinations wherever it is possible to do so. The Republicans of Humboldt county are putting a good deal of energy behind the Gillett boom and are preparing to make a hurricane fight for the Congressman. I hear they are going to try to persuade Edson to leave the Northern field open to the man from Humboldt. They were behind Edson four years ago

and they feel that he should join forces with them this year. Edson will of course fight Pardee for he has not forgiven the Governor for deserting the combination that was made in the State Convention four years ago when the anti-machine candidates got together.

Le Grand Pacification

The President may not receive all the credit that is due him from his own countrymen, though he is far from being neglected by the reward-passer. But over in France they are beginning to outdo even Jacob Riis. For, pondering lately over *Les Soeurs Latines*, which is published in Paris, I came across this:

A Roosevelt, Le Grand Pacificateur.

Gloire au grand Pacificateur
Du Japon and de la Russie!
A Roosevelt, l'homme de coeur
Des oranges, nouveau Messie.

Il vit le sang couler a flots
Sur l'Océan et sur la terre
Et des intrepides heros
Tomber dans une injuste guerre.


A ces milliers de combattants,
Il dit: "Freres, a bas les armes!
Courez consoler vos enfants,
Vos femmes qui versent des larmes.

"Retournez a vos chers foyers
Secourir orphelins et veuves;
Vous nous avez donne, guerriers,
De votre valeur maintes preuves.

"Peuples, cessez d'etre ennemis
Et quittez le champ de bataille;
Embrassez-vous, soyez amis
Et brisez canon et mitraille."

Alors un cri rejoissant
Retenit sur toute la terre;
"Vive Roosevelt, le puissant,
Qui sait mettre un terme a la guerre."

This vignette of Theodore as "le grand Pacificateur," who pleads "embrassez-vous," was doubtless kindly meant. But really I don't think they *always* "manage these things better in France." Do you?



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The Carter Cousins

My Honolulu correspondent writes, apropos the announcement of the engagement of Miss Sophie Judd and George Cooke: "Miss Judd is a daughter of the late Chief Justice A. F. Judd and a granddaughter of the Dr. Norman Judd who was the guide, philosopher and friend of Kamehameha III. The Judds are a Missionary family and Miss Judd is a cousin of Governor Carter, but that circumstance is not of much importance as Governor Carter has cousins all over the islands. Since the Judds came to the island they have never betrayed any symptoms of race suicide. You can scarcely find a member of one of the older Missionary families, or, indeed, of any of the older white families, who is not a cousin of the Governor. In the early days of the Missions here a society was organized among the children of the Missionaries. It took the name of the 'Mission Children's Society,' but as nearly all the members were cousins it became known as the 'Cousins' Society.' It is still in existence. None but descendants of Missionaries are eligible. There are now about fifteen hundred people who are eligible and they are all cousins. Governor Carter is among the eligibles. George Cooke, the fiance of Miss Judd, is the offspring of a Missionary family, but the circle of his cousins is rather narrow. His grandfather was A. F. Cooke who came to the islands in the thirties of the last century, and who, after ten or twelve years in the Missionary service, went into business with S. N. Castle, establishing the house of Castle & Cooke, still in existence and one of the strongest financial houses here. A. F. Cooke had several sons. His daughter, Mrs. Annis Montague Turner, enjoyed with her husband a very creditable career on the operatic stage. She is now living in San Francisco. Charles M. Cooke, who inherited the financial genius of his father and is now one of the richest men in Hawaii, is the father of the young man who is to marry Miss Judd. All of which makes the engagement a very important event."

The Mackeys of Chicago

Frank Mackey, the Chicago polo player who is coming to try his skill against the Blingum pony riders, has won more silver cups at polo than any other American player. He is well known on the other side of the pond, too, his wife being one of the most popular hostesses in the American colony. When Clara Alexander, the darkey dialect reciter from San Francisco, first went to London she found a very kind friend in the rich Mrs. Mackey who introduced her to Lady Deerpur and Lady Maxwell and their mother, Mrs. Bonyne, and other women of fashion who helped launch the Californian girl on her successful career as a drawing-room entertainer. One reason why Mrs. Mackey is such a favorite in the "hupper suckles" of London is that she knows how to entertain. She rented the house of Prince Dolgorouki, which is full of art treasures and which is beautifully adapted for large receptions. At one of her parties she had four grand operatic stars to sing for her guests.

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A Rumored Engagement

When Miss Una Fairweather, the beautiful daughter of the Henri Fairweathers, went to New York last year it was to continue her musical studies with view to a grand operatic career. And now I hear that Miss Fairweather is engaged to a wealthy New Yorker. Whether this means that she will give up the career her parents marked out for her, I do not know.

Alma Redding, whose dance at Menlo broke the monotony of the Lenten season, is to be a debutante in the autumn. As she is an intimate friend of the Drapers, she will probably be identified with that set. Her sisters, Mrs. Watkyns and Mrs. Gee, have become important factors in society here since they moved to town from the family home at Menlo.

The Whittell Divorce

Mr. George Whittell appears to be kept pretty busy adjusting the matrimonial affairs of his gay son. He was represented by one of the dailies as having said, anent his son's latest divorce suit, that he was responsible for it and was very glad to assist the young man to freedom. I have been waiting ever since to hear from the good ladies of California who sent to Senator Perkins a bulky protest against the seating of Mr. Smoot of Utah. Has Mr. Whittell done nothing to merit the reprobation of those virtuous dames? Does it not strike them that the courts of California are being brought into ridicule by this millionaire who seems to regard divorce as one of the privileges of the rich? How about the sanctity of marriage, the home as a unit of the nation, the

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His Royal Highness of Spain

Here is King Alphonso in brief—Alphonso Leon Fernando Maria Santiago Isidro Pascual Antonio, King of Spain, of Castilia, of Leon, of Aragon, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Navarra, of Granada, of Toledo, of Valencia, of Galicia, of Menorca, of Mallorca, of Sevilla, of Cordoba, of Cerdania, of Murcia, of Jaen, of the Algarbes, of Gibraltar, of the Canary Islands, of the West and East Indies, of India and of the Continente Oceanica, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Borgonia, of Brabante, of Milan, Count of Hapsburg, of Flanders, of the Tyrol and Barcelona, Senor of Viscaya, and of Molina, and a few minor things. It's like naming Pardee as governor of each separate county of California. The King has what is known as the Austrian lip, a characteristic not pleasing to the Spaniards, as it reminds them of Austrian influence long dominant at Madrid.

palladium of our morals and all those other things about which those good ladies were concerned when they were circulating their protest against the seating of Smoot? Of course the Whittells are prominent in society, but doesn't that circumstance make their indifference to the solemnity of the marriage vow all the more deplorable?

The Laurance Scotts are making extensive alterations in their house at Burlingame. They are at present domiciled at St. Dunstan's, where there is quite an aggregation of society people. Mrs. Scott's mother, Mrs. Crockett, is visiting Mrs. Henry Scott.

The Reason She Fled

Mrs. C. O. Alexander, who was expected home from Europe in January, has changed her plans and is busy helping her dear friend and hostess, Mrs. "Gus" Spreckels, buy chiffons for Miss Lurline's trousseau. The Spreckelses have lived in Paris so long that they know all the best

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King Edward's Niece

Princess Ena of Battenberg, who recently deserted the Church of England to qualify for the Queenship of Spain. She is said to have become a very fervent Catholic. From all accounts she is a girl after the Spanish King's heart for so ardently has she responded to his wooing that there is some talk of changing the date of the nuptials. The young people are so much in love that they don't like to have the engagement protracted. This is considered a most unusual state of affairs, for royal matches are usually quite formal and concern the State more often than they do the heart.

shops and how to spend their money with the best results. Mrs. Alexander writes her friends here that the trousseau is to be most elaborate. There was great regret, I am told, among Mrs. Alexander's friends when she decided to postpone her return. They wept bitter tears when she went away, but this fascinating woman, it is said, was very glad to leave town. After she chaperoned the Brewer sisters at their father's earnest solicitation, other motherless society girls, among them Olga Atherton, pleaded to be taken into her fold and Mrs. Alexander did not have the heart to resist. She was untiring in her efforts to give her charges a gay winter and worked the wires so as to get them cards for everything worth while. After awhile she found herself swamped with supplications from people who wanted to enter the "boarding house" of Mrs. "Mounty" Wilson's sister. But Mrs. Alexander did not relish the landlady role and fled to Europe to escape it.

Belvedere and the Blandings

When the Gordon Blandings first spoke of buying a home in Belvedere it was thought by the inhabitants of the yachting centre that this portended great social doings in the Corinthians' stronghold. They expected the Blanding home would be a sort of manor-house to the rest of the

A Panorama of Blossoming Beauty

Electric triangle trip through valley, orchards and foothills. Broad-gauge depot, San Jose to Los Gatos and return, via Saratoga, Congress Springs and Campbell.

village. However, the cottagers were disappointed, for the Blandings have entertained only their intimate friends from town at their Belvedere place, and in the most informal fashion. There are only two or three families in Belvedere in the same social set with the Blandings. I hear that Miss Susanne no longer cares for society and enjoys country life to the utmost.

New Hospital Project

There is a movement on foot among some of the prominent physicians of the town to establish a free hospital in connection with the medical college out on Parnassus Heights—the one that is affiliated with the University of California. As things are at present the students there are at a great inconvenience when it comes to practical study. The city and county hospital is at some distance from the affiliated colleges, and the emergency hospitals are not easy of access. The hospital projected would be in one of the buildings of the affiliated colleges, and all sorts of cases could come under the direct observation of the students. Although it is planned to have this a free hospital, it would not in any sense be a charity institution. It would be a place where physicians could send such of their patients as they wished to—and the latter, if they felt that they were getting something for nothing, could square things by donating something toward the maintenance of the institution. The primary need is money, and as soon as the plans come out of the embryo stage an appeal will likely be made to people who are able to furnish the funds for the founding of such a hospital. It is needed, as under present conditions the students are getting more medical theory than practice.

A Santa Rosa woman who took morphine to cure a headache found the remedy so efficacious that they had to bury her.

Waiting for a Verdict

Thus far the success of the symphony concerts at Berkeley has rested on the musicians. These musicians are all Californians. Only the director, Dr. Wolle, is a stranger within our gates—a welcome stranger, for he comes from Bethlehem, sometimes called “the musical centre of Pennsylvania,” which is equivalent to saying, “the musical centre of the universe.” I have not yet learned whether this eminent virtuoso from Bethlehem is satisfied with our crude Californian method of executing the music of the masters, but I am informed by the Wolle press agency of Berkeley that Dr. Wolle intends to make these concerts as “popular” as those he conducted in Bethlehem. The same agency (which works day and part of the night, including Sundays and holidays) is authority for the statement that as soon as the orchestra is enlarged and more fully rehearsed the concerts will be greatly improved. I infer, therefore, that Dr. Wolle is not yet fully satisfied with the work of our Californian musicians. The people, however, seem to like these concerts, if we may judge by the numbers that assemble to hear them. What the people like or dislike cannot be appraised on that estimate; the people are only a source of pecuniary supply for the director or those in charge of the series; the people are not supposed to know whether the music is good or bad; they merely stand in the place of the old-time “patrons” of art. On the surface these concerts are successful; but until we

hear from the still small voice of Dr. Wolle, we must withhold our judgment of the real conditions—perhaps our musicians are playing very bad music; we must wait for the final verdict of the great musician from Bethlehem.

Bethlehem Had the Pouts

It was in Bethlehem, I have learned, that Dr. Wolle was pronounced “the greatest exponent of Bach in America.” When that statement was made a New York critic remarked that “it was not to be gulped down without straining.” According to the same critic, Dr. Wolle’s “readings of Bach are full of mannerisms, many of which are unmusical; and his work sounds like that of a serious student who knows his subject intimately but has been living too long in a small community.” The leading New York critics disliked much of Dr. Wolle’s work but when they had the frankness to say so a howl of indignation arose and Wolle’s voice was in the chorus of resisters. The people of Bethlehem wrote to the New York papers and it was plainly to be seen that in their opinion Dr. Wolle sitteth at the right hand of Father Bach. One prominent musician—the leader of a permanent orchestra—was impulsive enough to wag his head in disapproval of Wolle’s liberties of interpretation. It was reported that this fact was carried to the ears of the conductor, and that he offered to refund the musician his ticket money and his

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fare home. This story I retail by way of warning to musicians who feel that though Dr. Wollé is a great organist he is not a world-beater as a conductor, our enthusiastic critics to the contrary notwithstanding.

Chew Encounters the Color Line

Ng Pon Chew, editor of a local Chinese daily, minister of our gospel and foe of exclusion, has a tale of woe to tell. Chew is an Americanized Chinaman, and he wants to bring his children up to be as near American as their complexion and their slanted eyes will permit them to be. With that end in view he moved out of Chinatown. He didn't go very far—just up the hill, within sight of the temples and yellow dragon flags, within nose distance of the smells, within sound of the fiddles and the cymbals. But he found difficulties in his path. His neighbors objected to having a Chinese family next door. So Chew moved. The result was the same, and again Chew carted his Lares and Penates to a new neighborhood. To make a short story shorter, Chew tried five different houses outside of Chinatown, and in not one of them could he find the peace, tranquility and Americanism he sought. After his last dispossession he went to the landlord.

"Who is it," he asked, "that objected to my presence in this alley?"

"The negro family next door to you," was the reply.

"Then," said Chew, "I threw up my hands. I'm moving back to Chinatown, and there will my days be ended."

Fugitive Genius

Professor James, one of the many learned pundits of Harvard, the Howison of that hoary institution, so to speak, wants to know why Stanford University should not immediately adopt as her vital policy the task of detecting and encouraging all vagrant genius that may supplicate the Stanford hand-out. Professor James seemingly presumes that genius is so plentiful that it needs only to be "detected" and thereafter "encouraged." He forgets that genius has in all times been conspicuously self-evident; that it required no sleuth of the schools to ferret it out nor any "patron," academic or merely opulent, to "encourage" it. Professor James must be getting on in years that he should talk so platitudinously in the pedagogic strain.

Academic Freedom

Moreover Professor James is somewhat inaccurate in his generalization of Stanford's status in this commonwealth. He says "her position is one of unprecedented freedom." Whereat laughter gurgles from the whispering pines of the Siskiyou to San Diego's wave-washed piers—from the towering Sierra to the turbulent sea. Who told Professor James that Stanford enjoyed "a position of unprecedented freedom?" Freedom in what respect? Freedom of thought? freedom of idea? freedom of speech? Has Professor James heard of Professor Ross and a dozen other professors of Stanford pinched out of that narrow environment by the squeeze of academic bigotry? Or was

Professor James repaying the hospitality of the faculty with this lip service? There is a hint in Professor James' panegyric that he would not refuse a "call" to Stanford himself. Let her call great investigators from whatever lands they live in, he advises, adding with abundant enthusiasm the afterthought that she can do this without presumption, because the advantages of the place for steady mental work are unparalleled. Professor is himself engaged in "steady mental work" and no doubt he would like to enjoy the "unparalleled advantages" of Stanford at a salary reasonably in excess of anything that might be offered by Harvard for his retention.

An Eccentric University

Another sententious remark by Professor James in this connection must not be allowed to pass into oblivion. He declared that the original foundation of the university "had something of the eccentric in it." That is true; and the professional philosopher might have discoursed at great length on that "eccentricity" even to a psychological disquisition upon the extraordinary art product of this "eccentricity" and the wonderful idea conveyed in the bas relief over the front gate of the school. Eccentric! The word is inadequate, but it is probably the best we have in the existing etymological paucity of our lexicons in epithetical terminology descriptive of the weird egotism of this art product and this glyptic presentment on the arch of the front gate. If Professor James had known all, or even if he had known enough, he would never have advised Stanford to abandon all "fear" of the eccentric and counselled further eccentricity to the bitter end. There was, in truth, no necessity for the advice nor the slightest need for the counsel.

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Enriching the "Art Centres"

J. Pierpont Morgan has paid \$50,000 for a job-lot of manuscripts by Robert Burns. This hint should not be neglected by our local millionaires interested in moving the "art centres" from Boston and Bethlehem to Berkeley and Piedmont. It will not be necessary to buy manuscripts at present, for Elbert Hubbard has not moved the literary centre farther west than Galena, Illinois, and Dubuque, Iowa; but the necessity for gathering original scores of famous operas into the Wolle conservatory at Berkeley must appeal to every music-lover in Alameda county; and it will not be denied that the original charcoal sketches and clay models of world-famous paintings and celebrated sculpture would greatly enhance the importance of Piedmont as an art centre and assist materially in establishing it on a permanent basis. Dr. Wolle is not a millionaire but he is "patronized" by millionaires and could easily procure the money necessary to buy original scores, or even the harpsichords and spinnets on which the great composers perfected their compositions. Furthermore, aided by his efficient and untiring press agency, he can compel the general public to aid him in this design by raising the admission fee to his symphony concerts in the Greek theatre. As for the art centre at Piedmont, that scheme is entirely in the keeping of the millionaires and can be provided for by a few strokes of the pen on a check blank. There should be no half-way in this art centre business. Millionaires are created to spend money for the benefit of the common people, and no more useful expenditure can be suggested than the establishment of art centres. But when a millionaire decides where he will establish his art centre let him endow it with the liberality of a millionaire and the artistic judgment of a connoisseur, whom he may hire for what in the estimation of an art patron would be a very moderate compensation.

The Coining of Words

When William Greer Harrison, during a decade ago newspaper controversy with Ambrose Bierce, criticised the latter for manufacturing words, Mr. Bierce silenced Mr. Harrison by retorting to this effect: "It is from the writings of such as I that dictionaries are made; it is for the use of such writers as you that they are made." That was clever of Mr. Bierce; but it has borne fruit in that it has encouraged less able writers to monkey with words with grotesque results. I hold Bierce directly responsible for a shock I received last week when reading a local lady critic's rhapsodies over the opening exhibit at the Mark Hopkins' Institute of Art. She said of a certain picture that it was "Meissonierish in its detail." With the name of the great French painter phonetically pronounced, this lingual creation is a horror—but think of it with the French pronunciation. And think of the dreadful possibility that other lady critics may follow this one's example—or that this one, encouraged by the imposing appearance of this creature of pen, may be encouraged to coin other—may I say Frankensteinish?—words. Soon we will have landscapes that are Keithonian and mural decorations that are Matthewsonian. Portraits will be classified as Sandonatic or Shawhanosian. We will have Patigonian sculpture and O'Ryanish miniatures. And there is no reason why the rule shouldn't apply to the drama—why we shouldn't have Coquelinian comedians, Irvingesque tea gardens, Treed managers, Bernhardtist tragediennes,

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Sembrichian and Carusonian singers. Literature should not be left out when there is an opportunity to speak of Moorish, Runkelish, Jamesian and Hugoistic novels; or Carmanine, Markhamistic and Swinburnesque poetry. Altogether, the language seems likely to be greatly enriched by the powerful writings of this lady critic.

Why Some Artists Balked

The showing of local art at the Hopkins is of such high degree of excellence that it is with regret I draw attention to the lack of interest shown by the members in the opening of the exhibition. The members' reception last Thursday night was a lugubrious affair, not even the sprightly music of Henry Heyman's orchestra being sufficient to lighten the general dullness. I do not see why the Art Association's fashionable members show so little interest in the openings of the exhibitions. They might for decency's sake drop in for a few minutes if only to make a bluff at caring for art, or to display a new frock or specimen of Parisian millinery. This indifference is not found in other cities. In London to be considered anybody one must be seen at all the openings of the art exhibitions, and it is about the same in New York. Why should our artists take the trouble of painting pictures to show at the Hopkins, and go to the expense of buying fine frames, if those people who can afford to buy them will not bother to attend the exhibitions? And this spring showing is about

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the best that has been seen at the Hopkins in many a moon, in spite of the fact that some of the most prominent of the local artists failed to send anything to the exhibition. Dickman, Martinez, Peters, Cadenasso, Joullin—where are they? I am told the reason these artists and a few others refused to send anything was that they objected to the manner in which the exhibits were to be judged. They say that it is not right to have only one artist on the committee, that it should be entirely composed of artists or at least have a majority of those who know what is what in art.



Bushnell, Photo

Cora Tracey

The beautiful and talented young contralto who is meeting with great success in "Isle of Spice" at the Tivoli.

The Pictures

The sensation of the season, if one may call a painting by this yellow term, is the exhibit of Susan Watkins, a French interior, at Fontenay aux Roses, a homely scene in which the treatment of sunlight is particularly noticeable; and the Portrait of a Lady of remarkable delicacy and beauty. Raphael's "The New Town Crier," Mr. Weill's recent purchase, has the place of honor at the end of the gallery. Mathews has a Cypress and a fine, strong painting which he calls "The Grape," a half-naked woman squeezing the juice from the ripe fruit with her firm brown hands. Julia Heynemann shows some of the results of her London studio sojourn. It is generally conceded that Miss Heynemann "paints like a man"; her work is virile and has none of the weakness one is apt to associate with

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women's art. Her "Sa da Isabel de Carmona" is a Spanish face of rare interest; "Lisabella and Her Nurse," a charming portrait of a little girl. Greenbaum shows his portrait of his mother and "The Girl and the Squirrel," both of which have been reproduced in Town Talk, and his portrait of S. Gump. Gamble, beside his landscapes, has a portrait sketch of a charming girl and a brown kitten, a most life-like little animal. Mrs. Strong, who sat for the portrait sketch, was at the exhibition on Thursday night and one had an opportunity to compare the model with the portrait. Latimer has two large redwoods in his usual manner, which has imitators, but no equals. Kunath has a delightful little study of card players, the expression on each face being worthy of study. Sandona sent only one painting, "Memories," an impression. Leslie Hunter has some good European landscapes, a Scottish scene being noteworthy. Neuhaus, Davis, Wachtel, Stanton, Alice Chittenden, Elizabeth Strong, Bloomer, Coutts, Judson, Bloomer, Mary Brady, Seawell, Sparks, Wores, Evelyn McCormick, Maren Froelich and Amy Dewing are among the exhibitors, and Earl Cummings has some fine things in the sculpture department. A little study by Stanton, "The Toper," is a pathetic story told without words. The portraits by Caroline Rixford Johnson and Olga Ackerman are interesting. Without larger space than that at my command I cannot do more than merely comment on the exhibit.

A Romance in the Art Colony

It was Cupid, I am told, that prompted Eugen Neuhaus to leave Germany and join the local artist colony. This tall, handsome young artist with the engaging smile was, so the story goes, pursuing his studies in painting in Berlin at the same time that a charming young woman from California was studying medicine. He lost his heart to the California girl, and when she returned home he could not be consoled, so he followed swiftly after her and the result was a happy marriage. Neuhaus, by the way, has been domiciled in San Francisco only about a year. He has already, however, made many friends and won good words for his pictures. He has a fancy for depicting sand-dunes which he invests with fascination.

Bloomer sent some of the results of his Marin county sketches to the spring exhibition, but I hear that he is not able to work much these days. He has had serious trouble with his eyes and an operation is necessitated.

Keith Shocked By His Own Work

There are parents who do not recognize their own children and there are persons who are unable to decipher their own handwriting when it is cold, but I have met only one artist who doesn't know his own pictures. Not long ago

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William Keith was visiting a friend in the Western Addition, when he took notice of a landscape on the wall.

"Who did that beastly thing?" he asked.

His host thought he was joking. "An artist named William Keith," he said.

"You don't mean to tell me I was ever guilty of that!" exclaimed Keith.

"I bought it while under that impression," said the artist's host.

"Well," said Keith, as he identified his signature, "I won't have anything like that in existence with my name on it." And the great artist took the picture from the frame, and the following day replaced it with one of his most recent works. And yet there are critics who say that Keith did his best work in the long ago.

At the Shrine of Genius

Canonization by the literary cults, the women's clubs, and the mutual admirers may not be such a bad thing, after all. The judicious, who grieve over the follies of men and women, are prone to sneer at this particular and peculiar folly; but even the judicious may be mistaken on occasion. Consider the case of Elmer Harris for example. This young playwright has been "taken up" temporarily by the women's clubs. These women have pedestaled their idol and are fairly hysterical in their devotion. They have gilded the feet of clay and they have fixed a new halo on the classic brow. All of which is good for Harris and harmless for the women. Harris has been but recently hatched from the Gayley incubator at Berkeley; he is new to the big world; he is full of ambition, enthusiasm, energy, hope; he has confidence in his ability to write plays because he has carefully studied the technique and special method of all the master playwrights. It seems easy to him in theory and he is eager to shape his knowledge into something practical. He knows what the great public, the ultimate critic, ought to want, and he is justified in a tentative endeavor to corroborate his opinion by trying his theory on the lap dog. If he is possessed of ordinary sense he will be able to differentiate the adulation of mere woman from sincere and capable judgment of the real merits of his work. The danger for Harris lies in whatever weakness he may have for the adulation of women. If he accepts this admiration without question or analysis Elmer Harris will go to his doom blindfolded, and the bandages will not be torn from his eyes until he hears the raucous yelp of the newspaper critic—that relentless, merciless, unscrupulous iconoclast whose contempt for "popular" or semi-popular idols exceeds the rage of Leo the Isaurian or the ferocity of Constantinus Copronymus.

Devotees at the Shrine

On the other hand the women that adore these celebrities, new and old, are subject to the uplift of their admiration. Adulation and adoration are the pinions on which women are wafted from earth to elysium. In the old days spiritual faith was the resource of the young woman until she could concentrate her thought and her desire

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The glorious Spring is here and with it the "Sailor" makes its advent. The ladies hail with delight the fact that the "Sailor" is the "hat d'resistance" for the Spring and Summer 1906. So chic, so neat, so natty, so becoming, so practical, so popular. No hat so charming, so exquisitely beautiful, so artistic, the very acme of simplicity. Adapted for any and all occasions. Look about you, and what do you behold, everywhere, the "Sailor" in its endless varieties. It has won favor with all classes. Milan braids predominate in its manufacture. When trimmed by the deft hand of the milliner, it fits every face to a nicety. You must have a "Sailor" to be in the swim.

on a man; under the practical and materialistic conditions of our modern civilization woman is privileged to worship man from early girlhood to the maturest womanhood. That is why the devotee of the age between Chrysostom and Petrarch is now a back number—woman has found something more substantial than a mere image to worship. This lionizing of young playwrights and bearded prophets by the women's clubs of this city is a positive boon to the maidens and maids of those organizations; it is the next best substitute for woman's privilege of being courted directly and personally. Moreover it is safer, entailing no after consequences of regret, only sorrowful retrospection and disappointment. When the lion has been duly and sufficiently paraded; when the image on the pedestal has been redraped and removed to make way for another; the memory is warm and bright with recollection as the sun of a summer's day remembered in the soft glow of the starlight. For my part I heartily approve the social, literary and women's club lion. Long may he shake his ribbon-knotted mane in the corrals of culture; long may he purr softly for fear of frightening the ladies in whose presence he stalks majestically; long may he live on cakes and tea flavored with jasmine and orange blossoms; long may he submit to the caressing stroke of the feminine hand, the admiring glance of the feminine eye, the honeyed praise of feminine lips—all impervious to the derisive sneer of the uncultured and callous-hearted Philistine.

A Chinese Classic

I would like to suggest to Ashton Stevens and Peter Robertson that when one of our Chinese theatres produces "Choy Tee," which I am told will happen again in the immediate future, they might do a fine, novel and artistic stunt in reviewing that masterpiece. Such a review would be, so far as I am aware, the first that "Choy Tee" has ever received. Here is a play which has not been manhandled by any critic since its first performance, the date of that performance being set back in the Forbidden City of the Yuen Emperors of China, more than five hundred years ago. It has had a run, speaking largely, of some hundreds of thousands of nights. It has been played over a territory considerably larger than North America. It has brought tears and laughter to the eyes and mouths of a collective audience as great as all the Anglo-Saxon peoples combined. When it had its first production there were no newspapers and no dramatic critics, and when in the course of ages both newspapers and critics were foisted upon China, "Choy Tee," the story of the royal women who dared, was too old and too venerable to be criticised. Hence the present opportunity.

The fairy play of "Choy Tee," which it would be quite worth while for everybody to see did anybody understand it, is one of the Hundred Yuen Plays coming from the

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fourteenth century. In the Yuen dynasty the times were bright for the arts. To be an artist was the fad for courtiers. Before that time there had been mummers at the harvest festivals and pantomimes in royal palaces, but when the Yuen courtiers decided to become actors they did it very well, illuminating the art with poetry and music. When the Western nations resumed the drama after the long slumber of the Middle Ages, they had Greek and Latin models to work from. There were no models for the Chinese dramatists, however. So the Yuen courtiers evolved a play of their own, with odd conventionalities and without climaxes. This play, and others like it, were chiefly vocalized histories, mixtures of fact, imagination and superstition, and sometimes a dozen plays were built round the adventures of a single hero. Which explains the prevailing belief, only partly true, that a Chinese play lasts a fortnight. When "Choy Tee" had its first production, then, our Western drama slept in crude miracle plays and moralities. It was two centuries to Shakespeare and about three to Moliere. Not one of the Western dramas written before that time is still known on the stage. But in China, the Yuens passed and the Mings sat on the throne. The Yuen plays were given over to professional actors. The Mings fell and the Manchus rose. Then the Yuen plays spread to the borders of India and Tibet, where they went on night after night, week after week, month after month. They were acted along the routes of the caravan trains into the Himalayas. Next came the invasion of China by white men, followed by the Tai-Ping rebellion. The actors of "Choy Tee" camped on the trail of the rebel armies. California opened and the mummers came over with the Cantonese merchants. And our mining forbears paid gold in dust to see "Choy Tee" produced in pine shacks. I could tell you the details of its argument, because I have been at some pains to dig them up. But I won't. I leave that pleasure to Mr. Stevens and Mr. Robertson.

Mr. Smith O'Brien of the firm of Meyer & O'Brien, architects, wishes it to be known that he was not the architect of the theatre building in the Mission which recently collapsed during course of construction.

The Financial Field

Business in the Stock and Bond Exchange during the week in review shows some little improvement, both in volume and in changes of prices. The tendency for some stocks has been decidedly strong, and in some instances material advances are to be recorded. Transactions in Bonds amounted to \$696,000; in Shares, 7,591, divided as follows: 935 Lighting, 573 Water, 1,895 Miscellaneous, 75 Banks and 4,113 Sugars. The Central Light and Power Company has increased its dividend from 3c. to 5c. The situation in the Mutual Electric remains unchanged. Considerable comment is made in financial circles on the action of the directors of this company in keeping their fellow stockholders in absolute darkness about what is being done or what has been done. The Spring Valley Water stock was traded in moderately without any change of quotations. The Miscellaneous group shows considerable improvement as to the number of shares dealt in, but most of them are Oceanic Steamship shares, which are selling at a nominal figure. The Sugar stocks comprise more than half of the total transactions, and show considerable firmness under the leadership of Hawaiian Commercial, which advanced to 84; Makaweli, a good second, advanced to 34 3-4, Paauhau to 19 1-4, Honokaa to 12 3-4, Hutchinson to 14 5-8, and Onomea to 29. The public evidently had come

to the conclusion that all these stocks had been selling undeservedly low, and as soon as the raw sugar market took a turn for the better, buying orders poured in, apparently with very little stock to supply them.

The Tonopah *Daily Sun* of recent date said: "Rumors have been afloat in the street for the last few days that a big strike had been made in the Standard mine. Marius Duvall, superintendent of the Tonopah Standard, when seen today, denied the truth of the reports. In talking of the work that has been done on the property Mr. Duvall stated that the shaft in the Tonopah Standard is now down 600 feet and has gone through the capping and is coming into porphyry. A number of small stringers have been caught in the bottom of the shaft which give average assays of \$40 per ton. The ore is of the same character as the Mizpah; namely, silver sulphide, carrying some gold. Operations have been suspended in order to install a new fifty-horse power electric hoist to take the place of the old plant which was small and not equal to the work imposed on it. Mr. Duvall said: 'When I started the Standard shaft I had no idea that I should strike an ore body in sinking, but expected to crosscut as soon as I got through the capping; but from all indications now, I think the chance very favorable of striking the ledge in the bottom of the shaft.'"

—The Financier.

Mr. "Jack" Cunningham, Manager of the Crocker-Woolworth National Bank Safe Deposit Vaults, has originated what is certainly a novel idea in this part of the country: a large clock in the middle of the sidewalk directly in front of the Vaults at Post and Montgomery. The glass covering on which pedestrians may walk is thirty inches in diameter, weighs seventy-eight pounds and is one and one quarter inches thick. The clock is run on observatory time and regulated by direct wire from Western Union Telegraph Co.; at night it is electrically illuminated and then particularly presents a unique appearance. It is certainly a premier advertising scheme and still a serviceable one to the pedestrians on the street. Mr. Cunningham has already applied for patent rights.

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The Stage

Reflections Arent the Theatre

Though the population of San Francisco has more than doubled in a quarter of a century there has been no perceptible increase in the patronage of theatres during that period. This is a remarkable fact. In the early eighties the Baldwin, Bush Street and California theatres were presenting first class attractions, a permanent minstrel company of exceptional merit was supported in the Standard Theatre in Bush street, the Tivoli was giving comic opera, and the Grand Opera House was open the greater part of each season. About that time, too, we had very good vaudeville performances at the Fountain Theatre in Kearny street. A little later the Standard Theatre went out of business but then followed the Bijou in Market street for a brief season, and later the Alcazar. The Fountain closed and then came the Wigwam. We have scarcely a greater number of theatres now and until recently we did not have as many, for the Majestic and Central are new arrivals. We have the Alhambra, it is true, but in the eighties Walter Morosco was giving melodrama in Howard street. We have cheap theatres but we had them also in the eighties. The Vienna Garden at Stockton and Sutter

was a very fine cheap theatre, and there were other cheap places of amusement such as Woodward's Gardens, the Bella Union, the Adelphi and numerous underground establishments in which were educated some of the best talent now in vaudeville and musical comedy. Is it not singular that with an increase of over two hundred thousand people, not to speak of a corresponding increase in the suburbs, the theatrical business has not enjoyed greater expansion? Nearly all the local theatres have been enjoying a very prosperous season. First class visiting attractions have drawn so well that Eastern managers have decided to be more generous with us and I hear that the Majestic is going in largely for high-class attractions, Sarah Bernhardt and Dave Warfield being among the early-comers. The Fairmount is going to have a very fine theatre in which Will Greenbaum will present some of his musical attractions, and I hear that there is some talk of making it a one-night stand for some of the big shows coming to the Majestic. The Columbia will get the cream of the Syndicate shows, and I believe that the crack company which is to present "Man and Superman" will return after a short road tour to do repertoire for a brief season. Gottlob and Marx, with an eye to the demands of amusement lovers



"THE WIDOW'S WARM RECEPTION"
Scene from "The Heir to the Hoorah" at the Columbia Theatre next week

of the Latin Quarter, are going to open a theatre in that section of the city and there is also to be a theatre in the Western Addition, so if expansion has been slow there is immediate prospect of rapid development.

The Grand Opera Season

Probably the most remarkable thing in connection with the announced repertoire for the Conried grand opera season, opening Easter week, is the fact that not one opera named in the prospectus was performed here during the first season of Mr. Conried's visit. At least thirteen out of the sixteen performances announced will consist of different operas. The singers of Mr. Conried's organization not only include all the artists who appeared here last season (with the exception of Madame Nordica), but in addition will include Emma Eames, who will be heard in "La Tosca," "The Marriage of Figaro" and in "Faust." Marie Rappold, the American soprano, whose record at the Metropolitan this year has been such a brilliant one, and who will be heard as Sulamith in "The Queen of Sheba," Elsa in "Lohengrin" and as Elizabeth in "Tannhauser"; Edyth Walker, the American contralto; Bessie Abbott, the young American girl and protegee of Jean de Reszke, who sang at the Grand Opera in Paris, will be heard in San Francisco as Micaela in "Carmen," as Mimi in "La Boheme" and as Marguerite in the second performance of "Faust." In addition to this, Pol Plancon, admittedly the greatest basso in the realm of French and Italian grand opera, will revisit San Francisco after an absence of over five years, and will be seen as Mephistopheles in "Faust," and also in the revival of "Martha." Campanari will also return to us and will be heard in "Le Nozze di Figaro," "La Boheme" and "Faust." The other singers include Caruso and Burgstaller who will be heard here as Lohengrin, Tannhauser, Siegmund in "Die Walkure" and Siegfried in the opera of that name. These two operas are chosen by Mr. Conried out of the Ring Cycle in order to give San Franciscans an idea of the manner in which he will present the entire Cycle here next year in connection with a great Wagnerian festival which is now under consideration. Among the other tenors are Bars, Dippel, Paroli and Reiss. In addition to Eames, Rappold and Abbott, Sembrich will appear in "Le Nozze di Figaro,"



MISS NELLIE STEWART
As "Camille", at the Majestic

in "Don Pasquale" and in "Martha," singing in the latter opera with Caruso, Walker and Plancon. Rappold and Marion Weed will also be heard in some of the operas. Olive Fremstad will make her re-entree as Carmen and Caruso will sing Don Jose, and Journet the role of Escamillo. In addition to Mlle. Fremstad's Carmen she will be heard as Venus in "Tannhauser," as Sieglinde in "Die Walkure," and as Brunhilde in the "Siegfried" performance. Conried's principal baritones include Antonio Scotti and Van Rooy. Otto Goritz will sing Telramund in "Lohengrin," Peter in "Hansel and Gretel" and Alberich in "Siegfried." In addition Parvis, Muhlmann,



Scene from "The Dictator", William Collier's Great Success, at the Alcazar

Begue, Dufliche, Franke, Blass and Rossi will be of the company, also Louise Homer. Messers. Hertz, Vigna and Franko will conduct the various operas. In addition to receiving orders for the season tickets, the Conried management is receiving applications for seats for one or more single performances, but through the mails only, and Manager Strine desires it especially stated that applications by mail from all points outside of San Francisco will be given special attention.

The Man with Three Wives

There is an Algerian Mormon and a section of his household at the Orpheum this week and not a single protest has been filed with the management. Abd'el Kader flaunts his three wives as well as his skill as a painter, and no member of the Society for the Safeguarding of Our Morals has had the courage to arise in the midst of the performance and affirm her disapproval of his object lesson in polygamy. Have the ladies of that society become complaisant? Has the open and notorious practice of plural marriage ceased to be repugnant to them? Or do they feel that as Abd'el Kader is merely in transit there is no danger of his exercising any corrupting influence? In my opinion Abd'el Kader is an insidious evil because he presents a strong argument in favor of polygamy. It is as though he were on the lecture platform pointing with pride to his achievement, to the evidence of the feasibility of three women being tamed by one man and of the desirability of capitalizing a man's ability to drive three women abreast. The absolute harmony of this family is shocking to my moral sense. It bespeaks the practicability of making love to three women at once and of making them all work for the fattening of the family bank account. It is prima facie evidence of the polygamous capacity of man. It is many things that I am reluctant to point out. Abd'el Kader is a menace to monogamy. He should be suppressed.

The Kubelik recital on Wednesday afternoon was given too late for review here. Another recital is to be given on Friday afternoon at the Tivoli, and another on Sunday afternoon.

The Primrose Minstrels

The minstrel show has its charms that soothe and a good minstrel company can always be relied upon to keep the man in the box-office busy. One of the best of the minstrel companies now on the road is the aggregation of burnt-cork talent now at the Grand under the chaperonage of Mr. Primrose, a veteran end-man and one of the most graceful song-and-dance artists. He has infused much of his own spirit into the members of his company and the performance goes with considerable dash. The company abounds in singers and dancers and Primrose has contrived for his show much of the atmosphere that was the mainstay of minstrelsy in the years ago. Indeed his performance is suggestive of impending reaction from the gilt-and-tinsel

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style of minstrelsy for which Primrose was partly responsible, as he was one of the proprietors of Thatcher, Primrose and West's "refined minstrels" which was the first organization to abandon the old methods.

Not Exactly Food for Matinee Girls

"A Modern Magdalen" is one of those outspoken plays the plots of which incarnadine the cheeks of modest critics who insist that we shall have nothing but wax-doll morality on the stage. In writing this play, which Amelia Bingham included in her repertoire for a season, Haddon Chambers emancipated himself from bread and butter plots and pictured real life as it is seen not in its pleasantest aspect. Katinka, who would have preferred the narrow path of virtue perhaps, sacrifices herself for her sister and becomes what gives the play its title. The Alcazar presentation of Mrs. Bingham's play gives Edith Evelyn a chance to do some really fine acting. Each week it seems that Miss Evelyn develops a little more dramatic power. She depicts the emotions of the heroine in this play with telling effect. Waldron, in the role of the father, belies his theory of his histrionic method for he surely keeps in touch with his audience.

The Feeding Bottle Drama

A scramble among American managers for "The Little Stranger" seems to have ended in favor of James K. Hackett. It is only three weeks since the play was first shown in London, yet its jump into popularity has made so deep an impression that several of our best-known promoters have engaged in heated competition for the American rights. The whole incident would be of little general interest, were it not for the fact that the situation reflects, more clearly perhaps than any other happening in recent months, the mean state to which the stage has fallen both here and in England. "The Little Stranger" came to the London stage a couple of weeks after the presentation of Pinero's "His House in Order," of which the London *Truth*, radical in its conservatism, goes so far as to predict that it "will remain among the Rembrandts of the English stage." The whole burden of criticism has been the same; the one opinion in London being that Pinero has surpassed his work in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Still, what do we find? The English press has given columns to "The Little Stranger," a play that draws plot from a baby's feeding bottle, against the paragraphs given to "His House in Order." English reviewers say that the play-makers no more appeal to the head than does a pumpkin pie. It is feeding bottle drama pure and simple.

"The Lion and the Mouse" comes to the Columbia following "The Heir to the Hoorah." Charles Klein, author of this play, also wrote Dave Warfield's hit, "The Music Master," and both plays are still playing to crowded houses in New York. The big special company to appear here is headed by Arthur Byron, Margaret Illington and Joseph Kilgour.

Juliet Crosby, after an extended Eastern visit, will reappear at the Alcazar in William Collier's farce, "The Dictator."

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Notice to aspiring playwrights: "Bob" Edeson is looking for a new play, and is now engaged in reading a bunch of those already submitted.

Recent arrivals at Del Monte included Miss Lillian Armsby, Miss Grace Buckley, Miss V. A. Buckley, J. I. Slawson, Mrs. J. C. Green Armytage, Miss F. Marvin, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Howell, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Ayres, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. H. Oakley Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Baker, Henry Phipps, H. L. Shaffer, L. C. Phipps, H. L. Walton, Miss Walton, Miss Moore, of New York. Florence Roberts was also at Del Monte for a few days. Her New York season opens April sixteenth at the Liberty theatre.

Among the arrivals at the Angelus this week from San Francisco are Mrs. C. W. Colton, Mrs. S. A. McGowan and Mrs. May Gift.

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The Sensational Trapezeist coming to the Orpheum next week

Next Week's Bills

For seven nights and Saturday matinee at the Columbia will be seen Paul Armstrong's American comedy, "The Heir to the Hoorah." Guy Bates Post, seen last season as Steve in "The Virginian," heads the company which includes among others Jane Peyton, Ernest Lamson, Nora O'Brien, Louise Rutter, Brinsley Shaw and Wilfred Lucas. The Arthur Becker Luspenspiel Ensemble is making preparations for the production in German of the comedy, "The Orientreise" (The Oriental Express) on Sunday night, April 8th, at the Columbia.

Five hundred consecutive weeks is a long time, but that is the period of stock performances at the Alcazar, which Belasco and Mayer will celebrate next Monday night. Richard Harding Davis's farce comedy, "The Dictator," in which Willie Collier starred in the United States and London and which he is to take to Australia, will be the bill. "Charley's Aunt" will follow and then a revival of "The Wife."

As many of those who have seen Nellie Stewart as "Nell Gwynn" have expressed a desire to witness her performance of one of the standard plays, the management has arranged to present the star in "Camille." Miss Stewart has played the role of "the Lady of the Camellias" many times. The special performances of this play will certainly attract big audiences. The gowns Miss Stewart wears in this part are said to be wonderful creations and one of them is said to have cost nearly \$2,000 in Paris. "Camille" will be given several times during the coming week at the Majestic and full particulars will be announced

in the daily papers.

"Scotty," the Death Valley miner, will make his debut in this city as an actor, tomorrow (Sunday) matinee, at the Grand Opera House, in a thrilling melodrama of his own life and adventures, written specially for him by Charles A. Taylor, and called "Scotty, King of the Desert Mine." "Scotty" has been appearing in it in the North with considerable success, which should not be regarded as surprising as the character he impersonates is himself. In his support appears his favorite mule, "Slim," who shares the honors with him in the spotlight. Eli A. Smith, the Alaskan mail carrier and his big pack of trained Mallasute dogs and timber wolves are among the features of the play. The engagement of "Scotty" is positively limited to one week. Sunday matinee, April 1st, Creston Clarke will present his big production of "Monsieur Beaucaire," the dramatization of Booth Tarkington's novelette.

The sixth and last week of "The Isle of Spice" begins Monday night, at the Tivoli, and those who have not seen it had better do so quickly, else they will miss a most delightful theatrical entertainment. Great preparations are being made for the next production, the musical play, "Miss Timidity."

Reid's emotional melodrama "A Midnight Marriage" will be at the Alhambra.

Bert Coote, once of the Alcazar and later as the star of "The New Boy," will present his comedy sketch, "A Lamb on Wall Street," for the first time in this city at the Orpheum. The Colby family of vocalists, musicians and comedians, composed of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Colby, Master Frank and little Byrle, will reappear after an absence of two seasons. Tony Wilson and Heloise, the "bounding acrobats," will offer their sensational act on the horizontal bars. Mlle. Josephine Amoros, a trapezist, and her sister will do an acrobatic stunt.

At the Chutes will be Emmonds, Emmerson and Emmonds, singing, dancing and talking comedians; Emily Nice, a pretty little serio comic late with the Rogers Brothers; and Lopez and Lopez, novelty musical artists.

(Continued on Page 31)



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Robertson's "Montezuma"

(Continued from Page 7)

Montezuma replies:

Oft do we share the glorious midnight gloom
 The gods give to their own, and watch the stars
 Fade while the birds begin their morning hymn—
 The slumber song that soothes us till the sun
 Climbs high and calls us forth to greet the day.
 Oft side by side we stroll where silver streams
 Murmur 'neath sheltering palms, and where the vale
 Is decked with bright and varied blooms that breathe
 Their fragrant incense to their Queen, the Rose.
 Her purple leaves unto our lips we press,
 But find no hidden thorn; Sorrow ne'er sends
 One sigh to mar the melody that Love
 Wakes in our hearts, yet deep in mine there hides
 A secret fear that I must not reveal.

The play is not copiously sprinkled with Robertson's amorous rhetoric. Nor did the poet fall into the error of putting long speeches into the mouths of his characters. On the whole the dialogue is rapid and effective. The puppets do not give themselves up to poetical fancies; instead of formulating theories they express sentiments and the dialogue ever tends toward development of plot. In the first act the exposition is clear and concise. It appears from the conversation that the Aztecs believed in the coming of Quetzalcoatl who, five hundred years before had departed from the country, promising to return and claim the throne. The Kings held the throne in expectation of his coming, and when Montezuma expressed the opinion that the Spaniards came from Quetzalcoatl, the priests and chiefs argued the other way and called for war. The high priest recommends sacrifice and Montezuma calls for a votive offering. Malric volunteers and is chosen. Val-

marga sees in him an exact counterpart of her first lover, Chochara, whom she believes to be dead. She is determined to possess Malric. The second act shows the parting of Malric and his betrothed, Zolanthe, after which Montezuma, attracted by her great beauty, offers to make her wife and queen. Zolanthe rejects the proposition with scorn. Valmarga is an unseen observer of this scene, and after the exit of the King presents herself to Zolanthe and offers to save Malric. Then follow in quick succession some very stirring situations, all growing out of Valmarga's scheme to possess Malric. She tricks the King who is painted as a weak and vacillating character, and persuades Chochara, who has returned, to take the place of Malric in the cell where the latter has been awaiting his doom. These incidents are best explained by quoting from the dialogue in the scene between Valmarga and Chochara, the language of which is as simple as any ever written:

CHOCHARA

Be brief, what must I do?

VALMARGA

Take Malric's place;

Tonight I'll hasten with him to the camp
 And prove to him that Cortez and his cross
 Were sent by Quetzalcoatl; that will make
 His sacrifice appear a mockery,
 And leave the War God hungry for his heart;
 Wilt thou, Chochara, take thy brother's place
 Till he and I return?

CHOCHARA

My orders are

To do thy will.

VALMARGA

I shall reward thee well;

Among the many gifts they've promised me
 Is young Cascama's fair and fertile realm.
 I'll throne thee there before a month hath passed.



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CHOCHARA

I crushed the virgin vintage of thy lips
 And found them sweet, but they are riper now:
 [Pointing to her chamber]
 I'd rather reign in yonder little room
 Than lord it over all Cascama's lands.
 Crown me with thy caresses there an hour,
 And Malric's part I'll play, though it should lead
 To where they stretch me on the Jasper Stone.

She moves toward the room as the curtain falls. If that is not drama I don't know what it is. It may not be drama in strict accordance with Aristotelian methods, but it is up-to-date drama in lines and passages marked by an imperial stateliness and a subtle and unforgettable melody.

The second scene of the third act is the palace prison where Malric has been living for three months preparing himself for the sacrifice. Here a most interesting meeting takes place between Malric and Valmarga. For weeks she has been trying to undermine his faith in Zolanthe and win his love. With the aid of the King's signet and a sash obtained from Zolanthe she wins his confidence, overcomes his scruples and persuades him to yield to the scheme of substitution. Chochara, who is his own twin-brother, taking his place. The fourth act, which takes place in the temple of the War God on a pyramid, abounds in sensational situations, the first being the sacrifice of Chochara on the Jasper Stone. The Spaniards appear in this act, Malric returns with Valmarga and is reunited with Zolanthe, a priest attempts to slay Malric for not propitiating the war god and Valmarga intervenes and sheathes the fatal blade in her breast. This may seem very much like melodrama, but in the atmosphere which the poet has deftly contrived his theme is profoundly tragic and his play bears a resemblance to the classic tragedies of France in its dignity and propriety, in the seriousness of it and in its freedom from the comic element so fondly relied upon in the Elizabethan era. The poet has steered around the banal. He has done much that poets have seldom been able to do in expressing themselves in the dramatic form. The embroidery of his imagery is used with discretion, he employs no purple language for trivial occasions, his lines make pictures as well as harmonies. He has fashioned a play out of myth and history in which he has beautifully contrasted ideal love and animal passion and so cleverly has he lubricated the complex mechanism of his plot with happy coincidences and fortuities that his scenes melt one into another without a jar. And through it all there is majesty in the lines that is stirring and impressive. The verse has plasticity, it is the verse of passion and it abounds in color. The character painting is vivid and both Montezuma and Valmarga stand out with cameo distinctness. In these beautiful lines we get a glimpse of the soul of the king in the midst of the misgivings that beset him:

Oh, for one guiding star! though it should blaze
 Above the baleful waters of Despair,
 Where Fate abides to drag me down to death;
 Or, with a kindlier light, to lead me on
 To where the gentle Quetzalcoatl smiles
 And grants forgiveness for my faithlessness.
 The chanted hymns that glorify the God,
 Remembrance hears; a requiem they seem,
 Rolling above Ambition's faded fire,
 Where Pride and Pomp in ashes lie.

I would like to quote more of the poet's beautiful lines, for in his own opinion some of the poetry of the play excels any that he had previously written, but my purpose is to call attention not to the literary quality of the work but to Mr. Robertson's achievement in the field of drama.

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LASH'S BITTERS

TONIC LAXATIVE

The Stage

(Concluded from Page 28)

Last Friday evening at the Macdonough, Oakland, "The Manoeuvres of Jane," Henry Arthur Jones's comedy, was produced by the Prytanean Society of the U. C., assisted by the Mask and Dagger and In the Meantime Clubs. Emil Kruschke directed the production and George E. Dickie business-managed it. The students' hospital fund benefited by the performance.

Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" has been dramatized by Eugene Presbrey for Kyrle Bellw who will have the role of the hero. There is a great problem in the novel which evoked discussion when the book appeared and which will likely have another ending in the play, just as "The Light that Failed" was spoiled for those who desired a happy if inartistic ending.

Indian Plays Coming

Donald McLaren's play, "The Redskin," having scored in New York, there are now signs of a deluge of so-called "All-Indian" plays, with impending revivals of such old time favorites as "Metamora," "Nick-o'-the-Woods (or "The Jibonainisey," as it was called when Joseph Proctor was wont to flutter the groundlings in the title character), and even "The Octoroon," in which the role of the Indian

was a favorite with the genre actors in the stock companies of a quarter century ago. Moreover, the vogue of the Indian, in its rococo manifestations, is to be discerned in the music farces and extravaganzas which are the subject of managerial announcement and, we suppose, preparation. Thus, the industrious R. A. Barnett of Boston called his recent piece for the Cadets "Miss Pocahontas," and it is soon to have a "professional" production; while John Brougham's famous burlesque of "Pocahontas," a favorite with our grandsires, is being "touched" up by not fewer than half a dozen of our practiced librettists for revival in up-to-date manner.

Broadway has rarely observed anything like the success of "The Squaw Man" in Wallack's theatre. The play is now in its twentieth week, and there seems no doubt it will round the season out.

Lawrence D'Orsay has scored a big hit in Augustas Thomas's latest comedy, "The Embassy Ball," in Daly's theatre. Mr. D'Orsay may develop a greater success in this than "The Earl of Pawtucket," which was written for him by the same author. The large audiences have pre-saged this, and the constant laughter throughout the three acts proves the great comedy hit made by both author and star. Mr. Thomas has fitted Mr. D'Orsay to a nicety in every particular. He has given him all the characteristics of "The Earl," yet more steeped in fun.

—The Playgoer.

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Letters

Miss Bonner's Latest

In "The Castlecourt Diamond Case" Geraldine Bonner has journeyed far from her accustomed scenes, for the action takes place in London and the characters are detectives, servants, light-fingered gentry and high lights of society. As the title will indicate, the story is one of the mysterious disappearance of valuable jewels, and the efforts of owners and police authorities to regain possession of them. Miss Bonner has adopted a style of narrative made use of by Wilkie Collins in some of his older novels, that of letting the participants each narrate what came under his personal observation, the next actor continuing the story. Lord and Lady Castlecourt were stopping at a hotel for the season, having rented their own town mansion, so that the only servants in their private employ at the time were my lord's man and my lady's maid, both old employes and above suspicion, yet they were the only persons in the rooms when the diamonds disappeared. The hall maid who was in charge of the rooms also mysteriously dropped out of sight, and though there was no evidence to connect her with the theft, the circumstance itself was suspicious. A baffling feature of the case was Lady Castlecourt's apparent indifference to the loss, her hints that the gems might have been mislaid and her dislike of any discussion of the subject. But at any rate some ten thousand pounds' worth of diamonds had disappeared from a locked room within half an hour of the time that the maid had seen them safe in their receptacle. What vicissitudes they underwent, what hair-breadth escapes the various temporary custodians experienced, and how they were eventually restored to Lord Castlecourt are all set forth in the successive narratives of Sophie Jeffers, the maid, Lily Bingham, the adventuress, Cassius P. Kennedy, London manager of an American business house, Daisy K. Fairweather Kennedy, his wife, and a very successful social climber, John Burns Gilsey, detective, and finally, the lady herself. As a specimen of the delightful unexpectedness and mystery of the tale, here is just a hint of the connection of the Kennedys with the affair: One evening the husband and wife were just about to sit down alone to dinner, when their doorbell was rung and there were ushered in Major and Mrs. Thatcher, who proceeded to comport themselves as invited guests. They seemed to know all about the Kennedys and to take everything for granted, but the Kennedys could not recall ever having met the Thatchers. They accepted the situation, concluded that they must have given an invitation and forgotten it, and not knowing whom they might offend or what obstacle they might plant in their social progress by "giving themselves away," they skated over the thin ice as best they could. When the ladies were left alone for a moment Mrs. Thatcher inquired feelingly and affectionately for "poor Amelia," and begged to leave something for her, unknown to the husbands. Mrs. Kennedy accepted the trust, counting on some freak of fortune to right matters later on, and when the guests had departed she examined the small chamois skin bag so unostentatiously dropped into an ornamental bowl, only to find herself with one hundred and sixty-two unset diamonds of various sizes in her hands, and the problem of how she could get rid of them—for she could neither keep them nor throw them away, while to go to the police with the true story of the night's adventure would be to cast suspicion on herself and lose for her the "bishop and two lords" whom she had attached to her visiting list. "The Castlecourt Diamond Case" is excellently well told, and deserves to rank well up in the library of detective stories which the editor of one of the principal literary magazines says he is collecting for his own pleasure. Published by Funk & Wagnalls.

—The Bookworm.

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Automobile Topics

A Big Auto Party

One of the largest automobiling touring parties which has ever made a trip of any length in the West is being formed by Captain C. W. Jargstoff to make the run from Los Angeles to San Francisco and return in White steamers. Plans have been completed and the success of the affair is assured. About the middle of May, after the Fiesta week in the south, is the date set for the tour. Over twenty machines will make the trip. The fleet will sail under the name of "White Squadron" and will consist entirely of White steamers, most of them of 1906 variety. The run will be made in easy stages with stops at Santa Barbara, Del Monte, Paso Robles and other points of interest along the way. C. A. Hawkins, general manager of the White Sewing Machine Company of San Francisco, will journey down to Del Monte with a force of local White owners to welcome the squadron from the south and they will spend some little time in Monterey and then continue on to this city. The return trip may be by the interior route, but that has not been decided. Captain Jargstoff is well known among the automobilists here. It will be remembered that it was he who accompanied Mrs. Follett of Honolulu and her daughter, Mrs. Mary Armstrong, on their tour in a White steamer through California last summer.

A Pioneer Autofend

At the automobile show recently held in Cleveland, Mayor Tom L. Johnson bought a Winton limousine. The interesting part of this purchase is that he will depose a machine which has seen more service than any car ever owned in Cleveland, the original Red Devil in that district. The car was built for Mr. Johnson in 1901 and was the first touring car built by the Winton Company. He had it fitted with a special high back, chariot-like tonneau, and used it in two successive campaigns for the governorship of Ohio and two campaigns in Cleveland for the office of Mayor. Repeatedly he covered every nook and corner of Ohio and spoke from the tail of the machine, and his remarkable distance-covering proclivities were the features of the campaigns. A year ago the mayor had the car fitted with a special limousine top and used it almost constantly in trips about the city in stormy weather, it being second only to the municipal car in service of that city.

Advantage of Underrating

The following item appeared in a recent issue of *Automobile Topics*: "It has always been the policy of the Electric Vehicle Company to underrate rather than overrate the horsepower of Columbia cars. The advantages of this policy, President Budlong states, are bound to be manifested in the long run. Every motor made by the company is subjected to a severe test, the brake horsepower being ascertained with absolute certainty. A few days ago a motor which had given two years of hard service in a Columbia was tested for the purpose of comparing its present capacity with its original rating, which had been placed at 32 horsepower. The testing experts who were watching the experiment were considerably surprised when the indicator quickly ran to above the 40 horsepower mark. Careful examination was made to ascertain whether the apparatus was working correctly and everything was found right, showing conclusively that the power of this particular motor had increased appreciably during two years' use. The car from which it was taken had been well cared for and kept properly adjusted at all times." It is frequently



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expected that a motor will improve after a certain amount of use, but ordinarily the owner hardly looks for improvement after a long period of service.

The Denver Show

The Annual Denver Automobile Show, sanctioned by the N. A. A. M. and M. & A. M., will be held in Denver in the Coliseum hall, April 18th to 21st inclusive, under the management of G. A. Wahlgreen, publisher of *Motor Field*. Several of the western manufacturers have applied for space, and a good representation of western products is expected, as well as the prominent makes from the East. The hall will be elaborately and properly decorated for the occasion. The Denver automobile shows are attended by dealers and automobile enthusiasts from all parts of Colorado and adjoining states.

Round and About

Roy D. Chapin, general sales manager of the Olds Motor Works, and his sister, Miss Daisy Chapin, are here spending a few weeks' vacation touring California. At the present time Mr. Chapin is making his headquarters with the Pioneer Automobile Company in this city. They will tour the bay counties and then go to Los Angeles, via Santa Barbara.

Cadillac delivery motor cars are becoming very popular in San Francisco and are seen daily on the streets.

Leon Roos made the trip to San Jose last Sunday in his big Columbia, the auto he purchased while in New York a short time ago during the annual automobile show. He had been looking forward to the trip for several weeks.

Miss Elsie Janis, who is starring in "The Vanderbilt Cup," has purchased a Thomas Flyer.

Two four-cylinder 30 h. p. Cadillac motor cars will arrive by express soon.

A. M. Shields, local manager of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, has been delivered his new White touring car and yesterday took his first trip in the auto. Mr. Shields is a veteran motorist and has owned a White machine several seasons.

Charles B. Shanks, general sales manager of the Winton Motor Carriage Company, who suffered a collapse at the time of the automobile show in Chicago, and who for the past few weeks has been taking a vacation in Florida, has returned to Cleveland and will soon visit the Pacific coast.

George W. Phelps, of the Half Moon Bay Development Company, has just purchased an '06 Cadillac touring car.

Dr. W. R. Cluness Jr. has purchased a 1906 White steam touring car. William P. Humphreys has also bought a White.

A despatch from Boston states that Chief Cheswell of the Fire Department has been provided with a powerful Columbia automobile and will hereafter answer all alarms in the machine. The car has a special equipment, including a big gong and a fire extinguisher.

Dr. H. Kugeler has just received his new '06 Cadillac touring car.

A carload of Racine motor boats is due to arrive at the Pioneer Automobile Company's place during the coming week. They are practically all sold. Another carload will leave the factory on the first of April.

Leon M. Hall has added another automobile to his stable, a Baker electric runabout.

E. J. Hooper has just purchased an '06 Cadillac touring car.

—*The Chauffeur.*

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Music

A Juvenile Operetta

A fashionable and beautifully dressed, in the feminine portion, audience packed the Columbia last Sunday afternoon from pit to dome. It was the Purim festival celebrated by the pupils of Emanu-El's Sabbath school with a production of "The Maid of Shushan," or "Esther, the Queen," a serio-comic opera. All the music in the operetta was either arranged or composed by Cantor E. J. Stark, who was musical director of the production, while Miss Josephine Cohn assumed the stage management. The performance was in every way a credit to the stage manager, musical director, scenic artist and the children who took part. The children were far better than most adult amateurs I have seen, and indeed they sang and acted better than many professionals. Not one sang off the key; not one forgot a line. Frances Brantwein, who had the title role, exhibited remarkable vocal and dramatic ability, and indeed reminded me of Adele Block in the same role (without the vocal embellishments) in "Mizpah." Edmond Herscher was very clever as the King and Jacob Jacoby was a capital Haman. The Voorsanger children, Bertha and Walter, were in the cast as respectively Miriam, a Maid of Shushan and Salomon, a peddler, and Josepha Stark was another of the Maids. Little Katherine Solomons, who had but a minor role, was given a solo which she sang with real grand opera finish. Philip Hoffman as Mordecai showed a gift for character work. It was a very long cast and I could not mention all the children in this space. The audience applauded freely and in the middle of the second act Cantor Stark was called upon the stage and given an ovation. Miss Cohn was also compelled to come before the audience and receive her share of the ovation.

Pupil Recitals

Miss Lotte Siegel's pupil recital in Steinway hall on March sixth was a very successful affair, the participants all doing admirable work. The program was: Quartet, Olga Friedman, May Newman, Gertrude Proll, Florence Freeman; Vedrai Carino from Don Giovanni, Mozart, Wiegenlied, Brahms, Through Sunny Spain, Mattei, Miss Proll; Until You Came, Metcalf, African Love Song, Nevin, Claude Wagner; Slumber Song, Mendelssohn, At the Making of the Hay, Liza Lehmann, Miss Friedman; duets, Autumn Song, Mendelssohn, Folk Song, Jadassohn, Miss Elsie Veen, Miss Freeman; Solvey's Song, Grieg, Die Geschichte vom lustigen Grassmucklein, Taubert, The Silver Ring, Chaminade, La Foletta, Marchesi, Miss Newman; Invocation, Faure, May Morning, Denza, Felix Wagner; For This, De Koven, Snowflakes, Cowen, Hark, Hark the Lark, Schubert, A Song of Life, Metcalf, Miss Veen; quartet, Moonlight, Spieker, Miss Friedman, Miss Newman, Miss Proll, Miss Freeman. Oscar S. Frank also contributed a few numbers to the program.

At the last regular monthly recital given by pupils of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fickenscher there was some exceptional work done by both the piano and singing pupils. Miss Edith Benjamin of Oakland played a Mendelssohn Song Without Words and a Berceuse by Schytte with exceptional charm. A very young girl, Julia Mulcahy, delighted the audience with some dainty Children's Songs by Grant Schaefer. The other pupils participating were Miss Ray Stuart, Miss Serelda Wilson, Miss Mabelle Cooper and Miss Juanita Stewart, all of whom acquitted themselves creditably. The pupil recitals are invitational and any one desiring to attend may send the name and address to Mrs. A. Fickenscher, 1474 Washington street.

On Monday evening in the auditorium of the California Club the pupils of Dr. H. J. Stewart gave a recital with the following program: Piano, Polonaise in E flat minor, Chopin, Helen Wilson; Recit. and aria, "Piano, Piano" (Der Freischutz), Weber, Mrs. Zilpha Ruggles Jenkins; songs, Bisesa's Song, "If My Love Were What the Rose Is," Foote, Florence Darby; Recit. and aria, "Phis grand dans son obscurite," (La Reine de Saba), Gounod, Mabel A. Peterson; song, "The Wren," Benedict, Mrs. Thomas Nunan, flute obligato, Mr. C. Neale; Recit. and aria, "Sous les pieds d'une femme," (La Reine de Saba), Gounod, Frank Figone; trio, "If My Song Had Airy Pinions," Hahn, Florence Darby, Ruby Roylance, Leola S. Stone; trio, Greeting, Mendelssohn, Mrs. Zilpha Ruggles Jenkins, Miss Roylance, Miss Stone; Recit. and aria, "Care Compagne" (Sonnambula), Bellini, Lillian Robinson; solo, "Dost Thou Know That Sweet Land" (Mignon), Thomas, Ethel Perkins; song, "Patrica," Mattei, Oliver Le Noir; piano, "Liebestraum," Liszt, Corinne Goldsmith; song, "Die Lorelei,"

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Liszt, Maud Hohmann; aria, "Ah! rendimi" (Mitrane), Rossi (1645), Miss Stone; Recit. and aria, "Ballatella" (Pagliacci), Leoncavallo, Estelle Miller; song, "The Worker," Gounod, Miss Roy-lance.

An evening with Rossini was given by Percy A. R. Dow's pupils on Tuesday evening of last week, at his studio in Larkin street, when a sketch of the composer's life was read by Mr. Baker and selections from Rossini's operas and orations sung by Miss Thomas, Miss Livingston, Mr. Pendleton, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Mendenhall, Mr. Burekhalter, Mr. Marrack, Miss Bane, Mr. Luscombe, Miss Mendenhall, Miss Monges, Miss Hipkins, Miss Gyle, Mr. Monges, Mr. Garthwaite. Misses Bumstead, Calvin and Levinson acted as accompanists.

One of the most interesting musical events of the season will be the appearance in concert of Gerardy, early next month at the Columbia. The great cellist will be heard in two of his finest programs.

The musicale at the Hopkins this Thursday evening under Henry Heyman's direction will have as participants Mme. Ida Gray Scott, prima donna soprano, Cantor M. Salomon, baritone, Miss Aida Umphlette, violinist, Miss F. M. Ross, violin accompanist, F. Dellepiane, organist and accompanist, in the following program: Organ, Sonata in F, Batiste, Mr. Dellepiane; Cavatina, "Robert Bruce," Rossini, Vulcan's Song, "Philemon et Baucis," Gounod, Cantor Salomon; violin, "Legende," Bohm, Miss Umphlette; Berceuse, "Joselyn," Godard, "The Dream," F. E. Sayer, Mme. Scott; organ, "Meditation," Steele, Mr. Dellepiane; aria,

"L'Africaine," Chant du Chasseur, "Dinorah," Meyerbeer, Cantor Salomon; violin, Humoreske, Dvorak, Hungarian Dance, Brahms, Miss Umphlette; "Song of Sunshine," Goring Thomas, "Spring," Henschel, Mme. Scott; organ, Reccessional March, Thorne, Mr. Dellepiane.

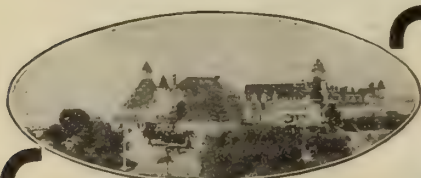
Two services of unusual musical interest have been given the past week. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was rendered at the Stanford Memorial church with the regular choir, one hundred and fifty strong, under the able direction of Dr. Blodgett with Mrs. Arthur Fichenschner as soprano soloist. Mrs. Fichenschner is also soloist at St. Paul's Episcopal church in Oakland, and at the praise service last week gave a fine rendering of the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria" and Rossini's "Inflammatus."

The Sequoia Club and Mayor Schmitt were not the only ones to entertain Kubelik. Madame von Meyerinek is giving a reception for him on Thursday of this week.

The Pugno Recitals

No other of the great pianists who have played here has given a recital of quite the quality of Raoul Pugno's. One was prepared for something out of the common in the interpretation of Bach, Scarlatti and Handel, but the extreme delicacy of his recital of those classicists is something impossible to describe. Pugno must be heard to be appreciated. There is nothing spectacular about his appearance. He looks something like Edouard de Reszke, a large, unpoetical figure. But there is poetry to spare in his fingers, something almost feminine in his touch. A

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first hearing of Pugno is like listening to a Mozart opera for the first time. Used to the robust Italian opera, at first a Mozart opera seems tame and archaic. The many little fancy frills and trills strike one as being beautiful as artistic millinery and on the same order. But after one gets the Mozart taste other composers seem boisterous and loud in comparison. So it is with Pugno. And Pugno excels in the interpretation of Mozart's music which above all others suits his peculiar talent. In his program on Wednesday night he did not give us Mozart, but instead played Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt and one of his own compositions, a picturesque Moonlight serenade. It was in the Bach Prelude and Fugue, the Handel Gavotte and Scarlatti Piece A major that he was at his best. His tone is as clear as crystal, his style graceful and unaffected. His technic does not startle by its tremendousness as does that of most of the German pianists. We know it is perfect but it is never obtrusive. In Beethoven and Chopin he was less happy in grasping the composer's motive, though the Chopin Berceuse was a beautiful thing, and the Schumann Grillen was the best of the Phantasiestücke movements. In the Liszt Rhapsody (No. XI) he began so softly that the brilliancy of the finale came as a great surprise. One unconsciously thought, "I did not know the old man had so much fire in him." The audience rose to a man and applauded until the pianist returned to play again.

The Third Symphony Concert

Not quite such a large audience assembled in the Greek theatre for the third symphony concert, but the state of the weather had something to do with that. It is enough to brave the long bay trip and crowded cars without running the risk of a wetting. However the rain stayed away and those who did not go were sorry enough when they heard of the fine program they missed. The orchestra now numbers seventy-one and the volume of sound has consequently increased. The symphony was Schubert's beautiful one in C, which was read by Conductor Wolle most intelligently and rendered by the orchestra with that fine comprehension we have become accustomed to from our musicians, nearly all of whom are artists to the core. The "Lohengrin" overture prelude, the "Der Freischütz" and "The Damnation of Faust" gave sufficient variety to the program, the last being played perhaps the best of all.

Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt will go abroad next month.

—*The Music Critic.*

The Worker in Words

(Continued from Page 6)

material. For the one as for the other, the love of form is the beginning of wisdom. A short-story by de Maupassant has form exquisite in its way as that of a statue by Phidias. For purposes of fine art, words are no less hard to work in than is marble. It took Guy de Maupassant, conteur born, with Flaubert for teacher, fully half of Balzac's dozen years to gain his mastery over them. Six times did this young Hercules try to make the French language tell, as he wished it told, the little story of Maitre Hauchecorne and his bit of string; and it simply wouldn't do it—not for him, de Maupassant, its master—not until the seventh heroic attempt, which gave us "La Ficelle" in its present matchless form.

The beauty of the finished work of the sculptor's hands is not the beauty that he saw in the block of Carrara, but inferior. Never yet had pen the magic to draw the thing as beautiful as the poet sees it. Lessing, is it not? who so grieves over all that is lost to the idea on its way from the soul to the heart, to the head, along the arm, into the fingers, and thence, through pen, brush, or chisel, out into the

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world of art.

Had he, alone of men of letters, cause for such grief? Out of the misty depths of being arises, say, an idea for a poem, which slowly takes a form vague yet lovely to the mind's eye. One tries to put it into words, and finds that it works out thus (Gray Old Age talks to Golden Youth):

"What sayest thou! Wouldst fain stand, O my child, in Love's land, where the sand, the sand, shifts under the feet; and the breath of the flowers, so sweet at morn, blows cold ere the day grows old, and the night falls on Love's land, where the sand, the sand, shifts under the feet, as you stand?"

No work of art, that. It is not prose; it has rhyme and metre. Though poetic, it is not poetry; for it is chaotic; nor would it be one whit more a poem, were I to break it up into verses each beginning with a capital letter.

But think of it as the vapor of a mad poet (you at once see why he lost his reason), and, the chaos being now fit, the formless thing is not without a beauty of its own.

Put that idea into imperishable form, I cannot, sweat I never so much. I lack the gift, am no poet. The will I have, and the words with which to do it are at hand—in the block, as it were—but the way is not open to me. I may not walk even with the minor bards such as Gray, whose "Elegy" is a poem by the grace of God and the sweat of twelve years. If any man tells me that words will do for him all that he wishes them to do, does he not tell me at the same time that he is not wont to ask much of them?

A great deal of what is written today as poetry is without form and void, while "with form but void," sums up in a phrase not a little of the rest. The like may be said of present-day prose.

The "born essayist" of the vain and idle is yet to be born. Stevenson's essays, genuine creations, neither formless nor void, did not come to him by grace without sweat. For that we have his own words. In his letters, as in Balzac's, is the old story of herculean toil. Here and there, indeed, his pages are marred by sweat fallen upon them, so to speak. Perfect pages have not the least savor of sweat. That, no doubt, is why we hear so much of the artist born, of the work of art done without effort. Do Montaigne and Lamb, I wonder, delight us more than Robert Louis, by reason of their having left in their works less telltale evidence of toil?

When self-conceit and sloth assure a man that he is a playwright, born to create immortal tragedy and comedy with not so much as a suspicion of sweat, they lie. Neither Sophocles, nor Shakespeare, nor Moliere, came to be master of dramaturgy by grace of God alone. The Greeks evidently thought that to compose a drama was to work, and, though we, as well as the French, by adopting their word, seem to think with them, our modern dramatists born are above learning what "ergein" means, and so are incapable of producing works of art.

Born writers, in the clutches of the two great banes, make too much of the fact that men of genius have written masterpieces seemingly off-hand. To say that Dr. Johnson, for instance, wrote "Rasselas" in a month—or less, was it?—is not to deny that it took him twelve years to write it.

Whosoever vainly gloriously imagines himself a creative genius born to do great things without effort would do well to ponder over the significance of that passage in Genesis which tells us that on the seventh day God rested from all his work which he had created and made.

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W. F. SHATTUCK, Secretary.

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HW417



TOWN TALK

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No. 709.



JULIET CROSBY

who réappears at the Alcazar Monday evening in "Charley's Aunt" after an extended Eastern visit.

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Langdon and the Police

When District Attorney Langdon started his crusade against the gamblers of the city, Town Talk was convinced of his virtuous motive but doubted that he had the courage to do all that the law empowers him to do in furtherance of civic purity. We were somewhat skeptical because of the District Attorney's conciliatory attitude toward the Police Department. He announced at the time that he had great confidence in that department, and yet it seemed that he ought to have known that the relations existing between the police and certain professional law breakers were not of a very creditable character. But Langdon's opinion of the police has changed since his first raid. His vision has become clearer; and the sentiments of the police respecting Langdon are uttered in tones that are several keys above a stage whisper. The police are amazed that a promising young official should dig his own political grave, and they marvel that in this fast and frivolous community a district attorney should be so unsophisticated as to prefer a record for aggressive honesty to a reputation for good fellowship. Atmosphere and environment play havoc not only with the morals but with the perceptions of men. District Attorney Langdon should be felicitated on having excited the enmity of certain police officials. The eloquence of their ululations is inspiring. Their ostensible grievance against Langdon is that he does not co-operate with the Department, preferring to act alone, thereby creating the impression that the police are not to be trusted. It is unfortunate that Langdon's method should seem to justify such inferences, but he should not be blamed for the imputation on the sterling honesty and integrity of the police. The whole city knows that if they did their duty it would be utterly impossible for the District Attorney to reflect discredit on them. We take no great interest in Langdon's efforts to prevent the Chinese from gambling for we should not consider it a highly beneficent achievement. If he were to expose the men who have been blackmailing the gamblers the achievement would be a notable one and its effect would be most salutary.

The Calhoun Policy

The directors of the United Railroads Company are not going to modernize the street railroad system of this city of their own free will. It is obvious that they purpose getting as much money as possible out of the franchises under their control and that they have resolved to spend as little as possible in providing transportation facilities for the people of San Francisco. The cheapest system to be operated successfully is the only system that finds favor with Mr. Calhoun and his associates of New York, London

and Paris, and they are not to be easily persuaded to abandon their Public-be-d—d policy. Nor are they to be frightened by threats of an opposition system. It would be very difficult for a rival to seriously impair the business of the United Railroads Company, so we should not become too enthusiastic over the projects of those public spirited citizens that are intent upon saving the city from a trolley fate. There is great satisfaction in smashing a despised monopoly but before delivering the blow it would be well to look ahead and assure ourselves that it is not going to be wasted. It is pleasant to know that we have public spirited citizens that stand ready at all times to lay their hard-earned dollars on the civic altar without any strings attached, but it would not impugn their honesty if the city authorities carefully attached a hawser to the franchise. Mr. Calhoun and his associates are a very exasperating crew of money-gatherers, and in our opinion they show very poor judgment in defying public sentiment as they have been doing in this city. Mr. Mullaly is certainly a pleasant and affable concession, but he isn't paid to placate the public. He is a gladhand artist for private circulation and he has proved a very fine contribution from the United Railroads to the social life of San Francisco, but he is doing nothing to assuage public sentiment, and if the people should begin holding indignation meetings and demanding an ordinance reducing fares, we fear that even the amiable Mr. Mullaly would find it impossible to check the storm. Furthermore, in the present state of the public mind it would be very unfortunate for Mr. Calhoun and his associates if dissatisfaction should arise amongst the employes of the United Railroads. It is easy at this time to predict how popular support would go in the event of a strike.

Brady Protests

"Billy" Brady, a theatrical manager, by whom freak dramas are exploited and who has probably done more than any other manager in America to vulgarize the American stage, complains of the critics who "use managers and shows as targets for their cheap sarcasm and wit." The whining of Manager Brady is not likely to excite the compassion of intelligent people, for they ought to know that he is in a measure responsible for the kind of criticism to which he objects. There is something highly suggestive of the irony of fate in the aspect which he presents. Cheap wit, cheap sarcasm, cheap sentiment—all the cheap things that constitute the clap-trap of the Brady drama, have become elements of dramatic criticism because it has been deemed advisable to write down to the cheap intellects that take an interest in such performances as are given by many of Manager Brady's companies. The plays with which Manager Brady's name is usually identified are not worthy of serious discussion. Manager Brady knows the theatre only as a commercial institution, not as a rendezvous of all the arts. He has never conceived it to be his business to raise the drama to the dignity of a department of literature. Manager Brady believes it to be the duty of the dramatic critic to judge plays from the viewpoint of the mob and by the standards of a public that knows absolutely nothing of the ideals of the stage or the aspirations of the dramatic art. Manager Brady says he knows more about the theatre today than does any dramatic critic in New York. That is probably true but it signifies nothing. It would be more to the point if he knew something of the drama as a real force in the spiritual and intellectual life of a nation and could differentiate an artist from an artizan. It is of course painful to be the target of cheap sarcasm and wit but Manager Brady would find it far more unpleasant were he to be dealt with seriously by competent authority for his offenses against art.

Our Official Patron of Art

The celebration of artistic genius by civil authority is all too rare in this country. Yet Mayor Schmitz's dinner in honor of Jan Kubelik would have been forgotten the next day by those who knew about it had not the occasion been made memorable by a few rich citizens who, in a burst of post-prandial exuberance, started a movement for the building of an opera house. In the average American city no visitor is considered sufficiently important to merit official recognition who has not achieved distinction as a soldier, statesman, politician or Captain of Industry. Every American community worships success, but commercial success is ranked above all other kinds. The value of artistic success is determined by pecuniary results. We have not yet come to appreciate art for its refining and spiritual influence. Hence the uniqueness of the dinner given by Mayor Schmitz, who takes pleasure in honoring the exponents of art, not by entertaining them in the privacy of a luxurious club, but in a manner that serves to draw public attention to the importance and dignity of esthetic achievement. In his official capacity he did honor publicly to Pietro Mascagni, who went back to Europe firmly convinced that there was only one civilized and cultured community in the United States. But in honoring such great artists as Kubelik and Mascagni there is something more to be attained than a reputation for culture. As the passion for military glory is fired by the celebration of soldierly achievements, so is an interest in art and an ambition to excel in art stimulated by whatever tends to exalt the exponents of art.

The Garden Cure

The very latest "cure" for people afflicted with abundant idle time in which to exercise their imaginations is the garden-cure. Some one has discovered that contact with the soil, and the exercising of the muscles which come into play in wielding hoe and rake and spade, in weeding and planting and watering, will effect a regeneration of the physical and moral health, so that hereafter we may look to see fat dowagers and slim maidens plying Adam's tools, and if not "eating bread in the sweat of their brows," at least having some rational excuse for their wind-blown hair and tanned hands and faces. The exertion of using garden implements certainly is not greater than that demanded for golf sticks and tennis rackets, the sun is as bright and the air as fresh among the flowers as on the links, and whatever advantages are gained from the exercise are not minimized by the jealousy, the backbitings and the snubs of rivals. One is not obliged to practice incessantly and to resort to drugs and stimulants to keep in form, years after year, and though the garden worker cannot achieve notoriety or win pieces of silverware, the rewards of agriculture come speedily even to the amateur, and there is a fellowship among tillers of the soil which no guarded grip or password can rival. One half the ills that afflict fashionable society are directly due to idleness, the lack of some steady employment or object of interest. Nervous prostration is almost exclusively a disease of the rich, not because people in humbler condition are without nerves. To travel by the swiftest steamer, to own the fastest automobile, and to go the pace in every direction—these are the chief aims of the idle rich. The joy of living is achieved at top speed, in an eternal hurry to get somewhere in order to start for some other place, or to finish, or abandon the thing in hand in order to rush at something else. Now a garden will not be hastened. All the money in Wall street poured out at the foot of a rose

bush will not make it bloom a month earlier, and seeds planted untimely will but rot in the ground. Neither tears nor tempers avail, and there is demand for nothing but patience and work. In the days when garden literature headed the list of best-selling books one astute critic drew from the perusal thereof a lesson for husbands—not to let their wives begin to make a garden lest shirt-buttons languish and meals go unprepared. But there was another lesson to be learned—that the woman who is absorbed in the cultivation of peas and lettuce, daffodils and roses, will not care to stray beyond her own garden fences. There is something to do, some miracle to behold, some new experience to garner. There is nothing else which will tempt the bookworm from the library without a regret, and nothing which will attach a child so firmly to the home as a little patch of ground in which to follow his own fancies. Even a small, plain dwelling is beautified by a garden patch. There is no criticism so often and so justly launched by the English against America as the crowded houses, even in the suburbs. All the architectural splendors of millionaire mansions are wasted because there is neither perspective nor background, and the towering height of the buildings with their entrance doors close to the sidewalks is typical of the lives of their owners—always in full view of the street. Even if the garden cure is taken vicariously, by walking about and superintending the labors of hired men, it will improve both the mind and body and develop a sincere longing for a City Beautiful.

Carnegie's Gold Bricks

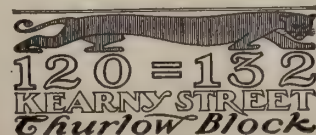
Controller Metz of New York City has come to the conclusion that the numerous Carnegie libraries donated to that metropolis are in the nature of gold bricks and that the city was bunkoed when it accepted them. As he views the matter, the investment is anything but a good scheme for the community must furnish the sites, pay the cost of maintenance and buy the books with which they are stocked. The city must also pay the first cost of the buildings, to be reimbursed from the funds deposited by Mr. Carnegie, so that the philanthropist has parted, up to the present time, with no more than the interest of the money which he promised to donate. As to that, New York City is no worse off than any other municipality which went into the begging business, except in so far as that else-



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where one library was all that was asked for. There has never been any secret about the conditions of the gifts, and if those who took it upon themselves to do the soliciting were in such mighty haste to lay hands on "something for nothing" that they did not examine the agreement thoroughly, there is no one but themselves to blame. Mr. Carnegie, looking back to his own youth and the restrictions under which he suffered through lack of access to books, decided that he would be conferring a lasting benefit on mankind if he made things easier for other poor youths. He did not stop to consider that circumstances have changed, that many of the volumes practically inaccessible to him are now out of copyright, so that, for less than the price of admission to a cheap theatre, any one so inclined may possess them. He forgot, too, that the shortening of the hours of labor has created an abundance of leisure and that the lengthening of the school term, together with compulsory educational legislation, has made it something of a feat for a present day youth to escape from books. The Carnegie libraries are all bounded by conditions which compel the beneficiaries to spend a goodly sum each year in maintaining them, and in default, they will revert to the Carnegie estate. This condition was deliberately imposed with the intention of preventing the institutions from lapsing into decay when the novelty wore off, and some of the earlier applicants for assistance have complained bitterly enough of the burden they so lightly assumed, but there is no escape from the toils except by surrendering the buildings. It will not be surprising if, in the course of the next few generations, the representatives of the donor will be found bringing suits to recover the properties in numerous instances because the trusts have not been administered according to agreement. Such suits are by no means uncommon, especially when the property in dispute has increased in value owing to the growth of the communities. There have been several instances in which heirs of the third and fourth generations have asserted their rights to church, cemetery or school house sites, given by their ancestors for specific purposes. In some instances, denominational services are held perfunctorily, and at long intervals, on the same principle that the lonesome horse car traverses the lower end of Market street—in order to maintain a legal title. If the Carnegie libraries turn out to be only gold bricks no one can blame Carnegie, for there was every opportunity to examine the goods. Even a bunko steerer cannot defraud those who refuse to deal with him. The victims of all sorts of confidence games, green goods, bogus pawn tickets or imprisoned Spanish noblemen in search of guardians for their heiresses are usually the victims of their own cupidity. They are all intent on getting a lot for a little, and if the heavy side of the balance should be their own they would have precious little to say.

Suicide and Matrimony

The question of race suicide seems to be absorbing more and more of the public attention in France, where various inducements are being projected with a view to persuading the younger generation toward matrimony, among others that of raising the wages of the women who work in order that they may save more towards their dowries and thus become the more speedily eligible to enter into partnerships. Heretofore it has been currently believed that the decline in the birth rate of France has not been through any disinclination to marriage, but in the strict limitation of the size of families, the thrifty and careful parents refusing to increase their necessary ex-

penditures beyond a certain fixed sum. The standard of living is established, and no extra little shoes and skirts are permitted to encroach on the theatre money, no extra housing and feeding to reduce the daughter's dot. In France, as in other of the older countries, marriage is looked upon as a matter of course, and unless a girl becomes a member of a religious community she expects to marry as inevitably as she expects to die. The dot is an important consideration. If it is sufficiently large other things may be ignored, but without something in hand no other qualification is an inducement. It is reported that a large number of French seamstresses and milliners come to the United States every year, lured by the better wages they can earn, and live practically as hermits, never going out or associating with any but their own class, saving every penny they can scrape to add to their dowries, with a view to making better matches than they could if they remained at home. When they have accumulated the amounts they have set their minds on they board the steamers for la belle France without having learned a word of the English language or seen anything of America beyond the streets between their lodgings and their workshops. In this country the good salaries which women command are in restraint of matrimony. It is argued that as long as women can earn as much as men, or even enough to support themselves in independence, there is no reason apparent why they should tie themselves down to housework and children. And as yet, unless where there is a title to be had in exchange, Americans have not come to the point of viewing with complacency the spectacle of a lover examining the bank account of his innamorata. However, there is no difficulty about inducing people to marry. Nature has taken care of that side of the matter, but the problem now is how to keep them married and how to persuade them to obey the scriptural injunction to increase and multiply. All the increased remuneration for work, government assistance to impecunious couples and other rewards will avail nothing if the parents are determined to limit their offspring to one or two, and all the pulpit thunder, newspaper clamor and tables of statistics that can be published will be useless against the objection of mothers to caring for more babies or fathers to providing maintenance for large families. Childlessness or restricting the number of children cannot be made an offense punishable by law, and even if it could be, it is by no means certain that large families are a benefaction to a nation in any other than the Napoleonic one.



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Mrs. James Follis and her Little Son
From the portrait by J. W. Clawson.

An Idle Talk on Gossipry

BY HARRY COWELL.

"Women can tell you everything about everything, Jupiter's marriage with Juno not excepted." Thus, nearly three hundred years before Christ, the chatterbox Praxinoe to her dear gossip, the incorrigible Gargo, in the fifteenth idyll of Theocritus, as translated for us by Matthew Arnold.

The whole dialogue between these two young married Syracusan women is irresistible. How lifelike and how astonishingly modern it is, for instance, for the one to chide: "What a journey it is! My dear child, you really live *too* far off." And for the other to apologize: "It is all that insane husband of mine. He has chosen to come out here to this hole of a place,—for house it is not,—on purpose that you and I might not be neighbors." And can it possibly be *une jeune mariee* of a yesteryear long before the Christian era that knows the eternal manly so well as to cry: "And now we must see about getting home. My husband has not had his dinner; and if you keep him waiting for his dinner, he's dangerous to go near."

Gossipry, pure and simple, this. There is here no poison of asps under the tongue. The chatter of your true idle-talker of the idle sex, with whom sophistication has so long become second-nature as to be indistinguishable from naivete, is as irresponsible as the chatter of a child, and as charming and harmless.

To ask of woman to give up so delicious and innocent a divertimento is moral pedantry, is sheer philistinism. Fain would I take part in it.

One rainy day, in an old-fashioned drawing-room, in a far-off country, many years ago, half a dozen women talked idly of everything under the sun—Jupiter's marriage with Juno not excepted—until a little pitcher that listened all-unheeded was brimful of wonderment. Ever since that day and hour I have been of the unalterable opinion that the pose which women assume for each other is much more natural than the pose which they assume for men.

The moment a man enters a room where idle talkers are gathered together, gossip as such ceases. No longer is the chattering free, incautious, from the heart. Women simply can't talk to us, of us, without talking at us, that is to say, for effect. With the very best will in the world, it is physically impossible for a woman to tell the truth to a man, seeing that she is the daughter of innumerable maternal forebears who perforce lied for dear life to no nominal lords and masters.

But this is another story, a long, sad, scientific story even less creditable to my sex than to that which of old proved the tongue to be mightier than the club. It grieves me sore, sweet chatter-boxes—it shames me for my fathers' sins—to note how at sight of me—even me—your artless prattle must needs beat a hasty retreat into the fastnesses of your hearts, as does that of school children at the approach of the birch-bearer; how instinctively all your subsequent words come to be sifted through the brain, with the result that the ensuing chat is studied, heady, purposive, as the chat of courtiers in the presence of the tyrant.

To hear the gossip heart of woman utter its idlest, inmost word on the marriage of Jupiter with Juno, I would gladly take it upon myself to give account therefor at the Last Day, and to pay the score out of my own pocket to the uttermost purgatorial farthing.

Those writers most entertain me who, without listening at key-holes, have somehow time and again overheard

the gossips tell each other everything about everything, the marriage of Jupiter with Juno not excepted.

How came the monkish Balzac to overhear so much intimate gossipry? Solve that mystery for me who can. No memory—howsoever phenomenal—of the days when he was a little pitcher would suffice for the making of that wonderful book of revelations, the *Comedie Humaine*; so full of axiomatic truth about the woman women hide from men. Had he an ear to match his eye in magic? The imagination of genius has doubtless incredible hearing as well as sight. Did some attending demon of the supernatural world in which he had such belief whisper it to his subconsciousness while he slept his five hours' sleep?

One thing is certain, Experience cannot write great gossip, make women tell you everything. Never yet did the heart of woman talk at its ease to the man's head laid close above it. To the best of observers, under the most favorable circumstances, the so-called windows of the soul reveal but little. As for me, the opacity of human flesh—the eye excepted—appalls me. And if any man will not take my word for it that female flesh is more opaque than male, let him read Jack London.

Truth is, my gossips, this life is, so to say, a grand masque where every one abides more or less strictly by the rule, False face, false tongue; and 'tis no doubt by order of the King that souls attend in disguise, and that this side death there is no unmasking. An unwritten law, it seems, allows a woman to make known her identity to a woman, a man his to a man; but diagonal disclosures are expressly forbidden.

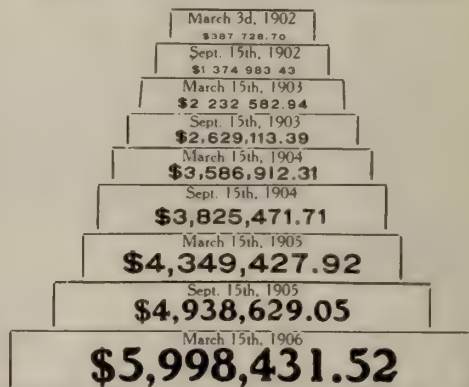
This, however, is not idle talk. It is head work, not heart play. I am, I fear me, too much given to thought to make other than a poor gossip. To think is fatal to idle talk. In truth, the one way for a man to write gossipry is to put it, as did Theocritus, into the mouths of women; they and they alone having native talent for it. But for his sex, Samuel Pepys might have been a genius. It is not meet for one of the thoughtful sex to chatter idly in his own person. The thing does violence to that sense of what is fit, to satisfy which is the very first duty of art. And yet pedantic pronouncementoes upon chitchat—what could be more inappropriate?

(Continued on Page 47)

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Morality in Its Dotage

Wherein is Set Forth the Fatuity and Inutility of Certain Professional Moralists Posing as Ethical Philosophers for the Purpose of Instructing Mankind in Matters of Universal Knowledge, Imagining That They Are Imposing the Charlatanry of Their Trade on the Populace.

BY DEMOCRITUS.

The professional moralist is invariably a weariness to the flesh of all who are not professional moralists. Martin Farquhar Tupper was a professional moralist and we know that Martin Farquhar Tupper was an unmitigated bore. His sojourn here below persisted for seventy-nine years and during sixty of those years he was a sore affliction. He ceased about seventeen years ago and those who have survived his presence on earth have agreed to give him apotheosis as the Human Ass—so insistent and so flagrant was his stupidity.

As Thomas Shadwell succeeded Richard Flecknoe, Esq., on the throne of British dullness so has Elbert Hubbard received the sceptre from Martin Farquhar Tupper, transferring regal authority over the broad empire of Dunces from English soil to the American continent. Hubbard is a worthy aftermath of Tupper; if anything he is even superior to Tupper "in full stupidity," and it may be said of him as Dryden said of Shadwell, "the rest to some faint meaning make pretense, but Hubbard never deviates into sense."

It was melancholy Jacques that met a fool i' the forest, a motley fool; who laid him down and basked him in the sun and moraled on the time. I am convinced that Elbert Hubbard is intellectually if not lineally akin to Touchstone. The difference between the Sage of Roycroft and the original fool i' the forest is in the circumstance that Touchstone knew he was a fool. Therein, perhaps, he was wiser than is Hubbard.

Other fools are basking in the sun, moralizing on the time, but Hubbard is just now the most conspicuous because he happens to be man-shaped while most of the others are women. They are all, apparently, inclined to an idiocy that is probably congenital and almost certain to slide easily into a premature dotage. These women are almost daily writers for the newspapers and some of their morality is in rime—when Ella Wheeler Wilcox tires of moralizing into prose she Silas Weggs into verse that is even prosier than her prose. I have not caught Dorothy Dix in verse but this female Hubbard frequently stands on her head and shakes her heels to make the groundlings laugh—to prove, no doubt, that woman has "a sense of humor." In this uncouth display it is plainly discernible that Dorothy wears yellow stockings; I suspect that the color of the stockings concealed by the skirts of the others is blue.

Hubbard, however, is master of the harem. Hubbard is unquestionably boss of the seraglio. The space-writing odalisques undoubtedly "look up to" Hubbard as a dutiful wife looks up to hubby. They respect him as the pasha of five tails is respected by his sequestered household. They recognize the virility of his style and the masculine strength of his morality.

Yet only a lot of fool women could cringe to a Hubbard. In truth he is not the oak to which the ivy clings in the old-fashioned poetry of the pre-Wilcox period—he is a species of soft-fibred eucalyptus absorbing moisture from the damp soil and giving scant sustenance to a lot of warty fungi; a parasite and a drain-pipe himself, he is excellent culture for parasites and is easily tapped for the diluted morality he has absorbed from the soil in which he is growing.

The Hubbard morality is typical; it is derived from the morality that has persisted since men sang the vedic hymns to the rising sun; it was preached in the deserts of Ethiopia before Egypt was ruled by the shepherd kings; it is older than the sphinx; it was condensed in the decalogue, it was expanded in the gospels; it was formulated by Buddha, it was preached by Mahomet; it was the basis of every doctrine that has swayed the religions of men, and it is epitomized in the proverbial philosophy of every people from the Aryan to the Maori. Now Hubbard is doling it out for the revenue of a space-writer on a modern daily newspaper. In the old days it was the dictum of Thou Shalt Not; in the Hubbard curriculum it is the advice of the old woman that continually insists that you ought to do as I say and don't mind what any other old woman may tell you.

Hubbard writes as if he imagined he were writing for fools. Perhaps we should not blame him for this egotism—some people are constantly looking into mirrors to find something worthy of admiration. It is possible that Hubbard thinks he is really writing something worth while. Personified stupidity cannot be expected to realize its own stupidity. From the point of view of the most intelligent ass other animals and even the owner of the ass must take on something of an asinine aspect.

I merely select Hubbard as an example. The world is full of similar fools preaching the same morality and preaching it as if it had never been better preached before. The pulpits thunder this time-worn morality; the editorial columns of the press reek with the effluvium of the decaying philosophy; the man in the street is pouring it into the ear of his saner neighbor; clubs of men and women are organized with no other purpose than to "discuss" it in its myriad phases; and in every instance those that preach imagine that their preaching is timely, interesting and necessary. They are blind to the fact that their hearers are as intelligent as they—the majority, probably, more intelligent. They pride themselves on expounding an original conception. They do not realize, evidently, that all men know all about it. They certainly do not realize that all men are insufferably bored by this iteration and reiteration of a trite morality—so trite that it has become a part of human existence.

These moralists are like thorns under a pot; they crackle and crackle and when the flame that made them crackle is subdued they are embers and ashes—the remainder has vanished in smoke.

I am tired of these pestilent fellows, these self-opinionated fools, these prating pedagogues, these noisy, snuffling, wheezing bellows, these sounding bladders emitting the rattle of arid thought like the rattle of dried peas in a tin skillet. They tell me nothing new and they tell it through noses that delight to poke into the business of other men. They assume the virtue of the Pharisee and they wear their phylacteries on wrist and brow labeled with all the beatitudes accruing to themselves supplemented with all the sins of their neighbors. If I had my way I would herd these fellows upon a steep place and drive them violently into the sea, as happened to the swine of the Gadarenes in the country over against Galilee.

Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

A Russian who claims to have invented a flying machine should negotiate with the Czar, who probably would like to have one handy.

Over \$6,000 was paid in London for an orchid known as the "Odontoglossum Crispum Pillanum." And still they say there's nothing in a name.

The Chinese pirates who looted a Standard Oil Co.'s launch near Canton must have realized that the only way to beat John D. was to adopt his own tactics.

Though divorce is absolutely legal, society would look askance at a woman who went through life making husbands in a perfectly legal way out of her lovers.

Whether we have an overhead trolley or underground conduit street-car system doesn't worry the average citizen half so much as the problem of getting a seat in a car.

A new and distinctly American word has been coined to express the spirit of unrest, dissatisfaction, suspicion,

and class hatred. The word is "Hearsteria." It is a good word, being very comprehensive and easily comprehended.

It doesn't seem to occur to the people who are vociferously howling for money for the relief of the famine-stricken Japanese that Japan might stop work on her battleships and do a little feeding on her own account.

Isn't it about time for Spain to enter a protest against the American method of upholding the honor of the American army in the Philippines? If Spain does not soon take advantage of the precedent established by this country when a butcher named Weyler was very busy in Cuba, it will be reasonable to infer that Madrid is utterly devoid of a sense of humor.

Since John D. Rockefeller went into hiding to avoid service of a summons to come into court and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the pulpit defenders of this most vicious of American citizens have been loafing on their jobs. Has the courage of their thrifty sycophancy oozed through the pores of their thick hides?



Mrs. "Laurie" Adams and her Little Son, Lawson III.

Mrs. Adams, who as Hazel Curtis ranked as one of society's beauties, has lost none of the charm of her girlhood. She is said closely to resemble Ethel Barrymore and in fact has been mistaken for the actress more than once.



Portrait Sketch of Mrs. Strong

by John M. Gamble, one of the notable pictures in the spring exhibition at the Hopkins. The portrait is a study in brown, shading from the warm tawny flesh tints of the lady to the dark brown of the kitten's fur.

The Spectator

Bell Doesn't Want to Run for Governor

Chairman Spellacy of the Democratic State Central Committee reached the conclusion some days ago that it was time for the Democrats of California to get together. Chairman Spellacy received something in the nature of an inspiration. It had a quickening effect upon him and he started out to round up the party leaders, intent upon getting the machinery of the gubernatorial campaign in motion. He succeeded in having a conference held in the office of that distinguished war-horse of the Democracy, James G. Maguire. The party consecrated to the perpetuation of Jeffersonian principles was represented by Spellacy, Maguire, Gavin McNab, ex-Congressmen Bell, and a few others. It was a notable gathering of patriots and statesmen. They modestly refrained from resolving that they were the Democracy of California, out of deference, perhaps, to the Iroquois Club, but they discussed the coming state campaign and agreed that they should select a standard-bearer. It was suggested that Bell should accept the nomination, but Bell did not receive the suggestion with enthusiasm. He explained that he wanted to land somewhere, feeling that he should serve his country in some capacity, but did not want to take any chances. He felt that he could be elected to Congress, and as he could get the nomination in the second district, he thought it unwise to seek the gubernatorial nomination while there was any doubt of its being vouchsafed him, because if he got into the fight and lost he could not gracefully ask to be nominated for Congress. Moreover, he preferred to run for Congress because he felt quite confident that he could defeat McKinlay, whereas he was not sure that he could be elected Governor. Before giving a definite answer he would like to know the Republican candidate, and he would also like to be assured that he would be the choice of the convention.

Hearst For Langdon

None of the gentlemen present had the courage to guaranty Bell the nomination for Governor. Bell himself had probably received a tip to the effect that it would be advisable to keep out of the fight, for he is in touch with William R. Hearst's friends and it has leaked out that the irresistible young journalist who contemplates the conquest of the Presidential chair by the power of the press has resolved to make District Attorney Langdon the central figure of the reorganized Democracy of California. At this moment Langdon is looked upon as a "comer," and it is thought that he will be able to rally all the discordant elements of the Democracy under the banner of Municipal Ownership, and infuse new life and energy into the party that went to pieces under the leadership of Franklin K. Lane. Hearst abandoned Schmitz two weeks ago, when the *Examiner* accused the Mayor of disloyalty to the principles of municipal ownership, so now there is a clear field for Langdon, and with the Hearst paper in Los Angeles and the Hearst paper in San Francisco making his fight, the opposition of the dilapidated McNab machine will have no effect. The state machine will be completely under the control of Hearst.

Madame Bakhmetieff Was Miss Beale

The dailies devoted a lot of space last week to pen pictures of the indignation of George Bakhmetieff and Madam Bakhmetieff which was provoked by the stubbornness of the managers of the Palace and St. Francis hotels, who

refused to entertain as guests above the first floor two distinguished dogs of noble lineage that belonged to the entourage of the proud Russian and his aristocratic wife. The reporters failed to recognize in Madam Bakhmetieff the sister of Truxtun Beale, daughter of the late General Edward F. Beale of California, who was American Minister to Austria in the seventies. Bakhmetieff was formerly Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington and it was then that he met Miss Beale, whom he married in Vienna during the period in which her father was the American Minister. Through his marriage with the Californian heiress Bakhmetieff became rich enough to rise in the diplomatic service, but he has not been very fortunate as he has been stationed in some very uninteresting places. He was at Constantinople and at Bucharest, and he was in Serbia at the time of the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Natalie. Now the Bakhmetieffs are en route to Tokio. They came to this city from Washington, where they were entertained by Mrs. Bakhmetieff's sister, Mrs. John R. McLean, in whose beautiful residence the Longworths spent the first twenty-four hours of their honeymoon. Truxtun Beale and Mrs. Bakhmetieff inherited the lion's share of the Beale fortune, Mrs. McLean receiving only ten thousand dollars, the reason being that she was the wife of a very wealthy man. The Russian Ambassador owes much of his success as a diplomat to his wife.

Rudolph's Present to Lurline

Lurline Spreckels and Spencer Eddy have shifted the background for their wedding from Paris to New York, then across the pond to London and finally back again to Paris which is now definitely chosen as the scene of the nuptials. Gus Spreckels has been able to put his business affairs into such shape that he can spare the time for a flying trip to France. Rudolph Spreckels, who intended to go to New York for the ceremony, has sent as proxy to Paris a ten thousand dollar necklace. There are many small diamonds in the collar and several clusters of solitaires. The fascinating Lurline is fortunate indeed to have an uncle who loves her ten thousand dollars' worth.

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When Stratton Splits Hairs

As Collector of the Port, Frederick Stratton has to exercise a lot of diplomacy; and his legal training fits him for the hair-splitting required in the course of his duties. It is one of the customs rulings that goods imported into this country must have plainly printed upon the packages containing them the name of the country in which they were manufactured. Recently a merchant had some liquor imported, and the bottles had on them the legend, "Made in Trieste," without the name of the country. The Collector let it pass. A few days afterward an importer had some liquor held up because the country of manufacture was not named on the bottles, the label merely bearing the inscription, "Made in Turino." The merchant protested. He knew of the Trieste case, and argued: "Why should that be passed, when my goods, made in Turino, a whole lot bigger city than Trieste, are held up?" It took Stratton some time to formulate a reply. "Well," he said at last, "I know there is such a town as Trieste, because I have been there—and that covers the spirit of the law; but I have never been in Turino, and I can't afford to pass upon such an important matter on merely hearsay evidence."

A Plea For Peter Mosquito

Miss Elsie Lavalley, a teacher in the Hayward grammar school, was recently exonerated by the Board of Trustees of a charge that she had inflicted a cruel and unusual punishment upon one Peter Mosquito, a ten-year-old pupil, said cruel and unusual punishment consisting in the flogging of Peter Mosquito aforesaid until his body was striped like that of a zebra, spotted like that of a leopard, and otherwise variegated like the flame-defying chameleon. According to the story of Peter Mosquito, when Miss Lavalley was through with him he might have been compared to anything that walks, flies, swims or crawls, except the insect whose name he bears. The teacher easily proved that she did not inflict a cruel or unusual punishment on Peter Mosquito and the trustees accordingly dismissed the complaint. Here endeth the story of the flogging of Peter Mosquito; and here beginneth the moral thereof and the admonition thereunto pertaining: Preliminary, however, let it be understood that this is no diatribe against Miss Lavalley, although the writer hereof earnestly disapproves of her conduct, acquitting her of all blame in the premises on the score of the necessity incurred under the rules of the school. The question, therefore, relates intimately to the rule of the school that permitted the flogging of Peter Mosquito. In fact, there are a number of questions: Why make a rule to flog Peter Mosquito? Why confine the rule to the flogging of Peter Mosquito and his particular tribe? Why exempt the sister of Peter Mosquito and her sex? Why flog Peter Mosquito in the grammar school and let the brother of Peter Mosquito in the high school escape with a reprimand, suspension or expulsion? Why make fish of Peter Mosquito and flesh of all the other Mosquitos? I challenge the Board of Trustees of Hayward and all the boards of trustees of all the school districts in California to answer these questions in any manner that

will conform with the requirements of logic, reason, justice, equity, or any sort of a square deal—for Peter Mosquito.

Fiat Justitia

We don't flog any of the students at the State University even though their misdemeanors are more heinous than any that might be committed by Peter Mosquito. The hazers of Annapolis were not flogged. The punishment of flogging has been abolished from the British Navy and the State prisons of America. A proposition recently to set up a flogging post in Washington for the torture of wife beaters was hissed out of Congress because, it was declared, flogging is not only brutal and ineffective, but because it reacts with brutalizing consequence upon the flogger, the authority ordering the flogging, and the community in which the flogging is inflicted. The same argument might be urged against the death penalty by hanging, but I am not now concerned with the death penalty by hanging. Besides, the person flogged lives to bear his brand of shame, while the person hanged forgets all about it as soon as he is hanged. My sympathies as well as my sense of justice are with Peter Mosquito. I do not condemn the lady that flogged him, but I cry out against the unjust rule that flogs only Peter Mosquito and lets all others escape the humiliating stroke of the cat. Either cease flogging Peter Mosquito or lay the lash on the backs of all the others, irrespective of age, sex, or previous condition of servitude. Don't make poor Peter Mosquito the scapegoat for the iniquities of his tribe.

J. Miller's New Jerusalem

Joaquin Miller, California's best-known poet, has written a book with the title "The Building of the City Beautiful." I am informed that it is written in prose, although, of course, the spirit of the work is wholly poetical. Furthermore, it is a work of the imagination. It deals with the impossible. Until I read the book I cannot say whether it most resembles Plato's "Republic," Thomas More's "Utopia," Francis Bacon's "The New Atlantis," or Swift's account of Gulliver's voyage to the country where the philosophers extracted sunshine from cucumbers. All I know about Poet Miller's book I have gleaned from the current review of the "book columns" in the newspapers and the publishers' advertisements; and to tell the truth, since reading these outlines, synopses and comments I do not feel like reading the book, and shall not do so unless compelled by an overwhelming sense of duty.



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Taber, Photo

Princess David Kawanānākoa

From the portrait painted by Matteo Sandona during his recent sojourn in Honolulu.

A Co-operative Municipality

As far as I can make out, Joaquin Miller's "The Building of the City Beautiful" is a looking forward to distinguish it from Bellamy's "Looking Backward." The City Beautiful is, apparently, a Milleropolis in the air filled with cloud castles of Spain. It is a city of the unorthodox where every citizen prays at his own shrine and where congregations are unknown; a city of satisfied and gratified utopians; a city of angels; a city of toilers that are also poets—a city, in short, inhabited by a population of Joaquin Millers. In this city there are no bankers, no landlords, no brokers, no soldiers, no jailers, no editors, no publishers, no book reviewers, no authors, no peddlers, no tramps, "no idlers, indeed, of any sort, set to watch ourselves." Poets, as I gather from the advance notices of this "seller," are only tolerated when they work with a hoe in the intervals of writing poetry with a sharp-pointed stick in the sand of the seashore. I hope that Poet Miller's book will "sell" in spite of the reviews. Never mind the inconsistency of a book on such a subject written by a poet that affects to despise money, a poet that builds a "city" after his own image upon the ruins of existing cities builded in the image of the mammon of unrighteousness; never mind the incongruity of royalties contributed by the people against whom the satire of the book is leveled; never mind the unique Millerism of the entire proceeding—let

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us in such faith as we may have, buy the book; let us read the book; let us condemn or praise the book as the humor takes us; confident that in these actions we are contributing to the material support of a man that needs the money, a man that feeds fat on the vanity of his achievements, a man that likes to be praised and is indifferent to condemnation, knowing in his own heart that he is only worthy of the adulation of the multitude. By all means buy Joaquin Miller's book descriptive of a bankerless, brokerless, moneyless city; for if enough money is paid for the book perhaps the author will make his City Beautiful a stern reality.



Taber, Photo.

Mrs. Walter Macfarlane

Who was Miss Alice Campbell. The sister of Princess David Kawanānākoa. Reproduced from the portrait by Matteo Sandona.

Europe, Matrimony and Chicago

In conversation with a sage society matron as to the reason of this unprecedented rush to Europe, she suggested that it is due to the paucity of eligible males in this section. Nearly all of the desirable ones have already been annexed, and the remaining bachelors are regarded as wedded to their single state. The engagement of Miss Lurline Spreckels with the brilliant young Spencer Eddy served to fire the ambition of some mammas of dotted daughters and their eyes now turn hopefully Europeward. If Europe fails, there are certain matchmakers who look to Chicago as a desirable matrimonial point. It was out of Chicago that the rich and aristocratic fiancée of Miss Newhall came.

"The Sailor's the Thing!"

The glorious Spring is here and with it the "Sailor" makes its advent. The ladies hail with delight the fact that the "Sailor" is the "hat d'resistance" for the Spring and Summer 1906. So chic, so neat, so natty, so becoming, so practical, so popular. No hat so charming, so exquisitely beautiful, so artistic, the very acme of simplicity. Adapted for any and all occasions. Look about you, and what do you behold, everywhere, the "Sailor" in its endless varieties. It has won favor with all classes. Milan braids predominate in its manufacture. When trimmed by the deft hand of the milliner, it fits every face to a nicety. You must have a "Sailor" to be in the swim.

The Parrotts

Europe will see more of the Parrotts this summer for Parrott pere is to take his three daughters across the pond, but not to splurge, for the Parrotts are never extravagant. The European tour may result in the acquisition of a few more foreigners—titles preferred. The Parrott estate has been very good to titled foreigners in need of a lift and as Parrott pere is an Oxford man who has no very high opinion of the American youth indigenous to the soil of California, the supposition is that he is in favor of foreign matches for his daughters. The little Count du Parc, who is a great friend of the Parrotts, was settled on by society as a prospective son-in-law, but it now appears that society was wrong in its prognostications. The Parrott sisters have inherited little of their mother's beauty. Abbie is the best looking of the sisters.

The Livermores Abroad

Mrs. E. B. Clement and Miss Mattie Livermore left for Europe last week. Miss Edith Livermore has been abroad for some time, with Miss Edith Pillsbury, and I hear they are having an extraordinarily good time. Miss Pillsbury went equipped with letters of introduction which gave her the entree to the ultra-Bohemian set of London. Both are writing of their experiences, and I am told with view to publication. The writing bee still buzzes busily in the society butterfly's bonnet. Miss Edith Livermore, by the way, is the eldest of the Livermore sisters and is a step-daughter of the present Mrs. Livermore who was Miss Eells. The latter's only daughter is Miss Beth Livermore.

Miss Stella McCalla, the Admiral's daughter, left last week for Europe via New York. In the East she will join her married sister and they will travel together. It is rumored that when Miss McCalla returns she will announce her engagement to a young Lieutenant who has been her devoted shadow for some months past.

When Mrs. Clarence Comes

Blingum is in a flutter over the expected arrival of Mrs. Clarence Mackay, and lavish preparations are being made, I am told, to receive the Lady Bountiful of Long Island in a fitting manner. Mrs. Mackay has become a very distinguished personage since her last visit here, when she was merely a pretty young woman of blue blood who had married a millionaire. Since that time Mrs. Mackay has gone in for literature and has become an authoress; she has made herself newspaperly prominent on a School Board; she has dispensed afternoon tea to hundreds of school-children after the fashion of England's famous Lady Bountiful; and she has introduced other English customs upon her estate. One of these, I have read, is distasteful to the American farm laborers on her place, those sturdy middle-staters who refuse flatly to be considered as peasantry. When Mrs. Clarence Mackay takes her walks abroad, it is said, to gaze with pride upon her acres of ploughed fields and orchards she expects every laborer who happens to be in the vicinity to keep his head uncovered until she has faded from view. Probably after

her visit to Blingum the same imported custom will be adopted in San Mateo county. Mrs. Carolan, by the way, expects to entertain Mrs. Mackay at the Crossways, it is said, and Miss Agnes Tobin will also entertain her friend from the East. The only relatives, I believe, that Mrs. Mackay has hereabouts are the Brighams, who are related to her through the Duers.

A Great Newspaper Story

Auditor "Sam" Horton, a veteran journalist, reminds me, in the following interesting communication, that he was the newspaper man who gave to the world the story of the Peralta Land Grant conspiracy, the chief figure in which recently appeared in Los Angeles after having emerged from the prison to which he was sent for his crime:

Dear Friend: I write these few lines to correct what I am certain is an unintentional mistake in your issue of the 17th instant. In that edition of your newsy journal you refer to the Peralta Land Grant and state that James Addison Reavis was exposed by Will M. Tipton. Who that gentleman is I do not know. Of this, however, I am certain; when I first entered the newspaper business at the time the *Examiner* editorial rooms were on Sacramento street below Montgomery, I happened to meet a friend who handed me a clipping from a paper published in an Eastern city which stated that Reavis had left that place a few years before and was then reported to be a millionaire in Arizona. That was all the information he advanced. I made inquiries and shortly learned that Benson, the land surveyor, was working with the "Baron of the Colorados." I called upon Benson that evening and made inquiries. He became greatly agitated, gave me many valuable tips on the story and then gathered a lot of books in his arms and started with me to the *Examiner* office, where he had a talk with Joe Ward, Petie Bigelow and other old-timers. He tried to persuade them to keep the story out of the press. They refused, and I was ordered to write it up. That night it was flashed over the country and became public property. I still have the clipping, which was handed me years ago, and for corroboration of these facts refer you to Mr. Benson, who a number of years later halted me on Kearny street and told me that he would have given me one hundred thousand (\$100,000.00) dollars had I



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not published the story. Among the many involved in the case were Attorneys Roscoe Conklin, Robert G. Ingersoll, Bissell, the New York partner of Grover Cleveland, and others.

Truly yours,

S. W. HORTON.

The Huntington Divorce

When the Huntington divorce suit was begun last week some of the friends of the family pretended to have been expecting the appeal for judicial decree of separation, but I doubt that anybody outside the immediate family circle knew that the millionaire railroad magnate and his wife had renounced forever their marital obligations. Years ago it was rumored that the Huntington domestic machinery was not running smoothly, but nobody thought that an incentive to a divorce suit would arise, both husband and wife having reached the age of discretion. Mr. Huntington has not been an infrequent visitor to the home of his family in the past few years, and consequently the impression prevailed that he was on friendly terms with his wife, no significance being attached to the circumstance that he spent most of his time in Los Angeles. He made his appearance at several large social functions at the Huntington family home, and two years ago when there were rumors of a divorce he came up to attend a large reception in honor of his daughter Marian on the occasion of her debut. He was at the marriage of his daughter, Elizabeth, and though it has been since remarked that his attitude toward his wife on that occasion was somewhat frigid, it provoked no comment at the time. Mrs. Huntington, by the way, has long been in feeble health, but though something of an invalid, she has done a great deal of entertaining this winter, more, perhaps, than any other woman in society, though her affairs have not been exploited to any extent in the papers, the reason being that she employs no press agent. Among the many who waved bon voyage to the Huntingtons last week was the Count de la Rocca who is said to be very fond of Miss Marian.

Mrs. Huntington and the Princess

Why the Huntingtons agreed to drift apart I do not know, but I do know that they did not fall out, as suggested by one of the dailies, in consequence of Mrs. Huntington's espousal of the cause of her sister, the Princess Hatzfeldt, when the latter was demanding a larger share of Collis P. Huntington's estate than was bequeathed to her. The Princess Hatzfeldt grew up in the family of C. P. Huntington in ignorance of the fact that she was the niece and not the daughter of the millionaire's wife, the first Mrs. Huntington. It was not until she reached her eighteenth year that she learned that her father was a Sacramento grocer, and it is one of the traditions of the family that her exhibition of temper on that occasion was startling. And thereafter she held herself aloof from the members of her family. It is related that after she became a princess she met her sister who had become Mrs. H. E. Huntington at a Nob Hill reception, but declined to recognize her as a blood relative. On that occasion Albert Gallatin, a former business associate of Huntington, said to the Princess, "I have just been talking with your sister." The Princess haughtily tilted her chin and in freez-

ing tones declared, "I have no sister." When she married the title she was given a million and later another million was consumed in the payment of the Hatzfeldt debts. Under the Huntington will she was bequeathed a million, and then she hired Joe Redding to contest the will. It was found that she had never been legally adopted, but it is said she secured some very important evidence on the strength of which she could have made a very lively contest. At any rate the heirs deemed it advisable to compromise. H. E. Huntington inherited the bulk of his uncle's millions, and I hear that he feels that the fortune was bequeathed to him in trust for the perpetuation of the Huntington name among the railroad princes of the world. He is a very thrifty millionaire and like his distinguished uncle he is not to be tracked through the world by the nickels he drops.

The Financial Question

The most generally accepted of the theories as to the cause of the divorce is that the Huntingtons could not agree as to the cost of maintaining a millionaire's household. But it is unlikely that any theory of the estrangement in circulation is authoritative as the Huntingtons were not given to open discussion of their private affairs. However, society was under the impression that Mrs. Huntington's allowance was not sufficient to enable her to live in the style usually affected by wives of multi-millionaires. Perhaps it was the smallness of the dots doled out to his children when they married that caused the impression that Mr. Huntington was prejudiced against splurging.

Phipps Liked Strawberries

Millionaire Phipps, the former partner of Andrew Carnegie, slipped into Santa Barbara's millionaire colony recently and immediately developed a marvelous craving for strawberries. Mr. Phipps's housekeeper calmly registered an order for ten boxes of the berries when the Santa Barbara market contained only eight and a panic was narrowly averted. Mr. Phipps wanted strawberries and the housekeeper disdained to consider anything else. Orders were telegraphed over the country but no more berries were forthcoming, wherefore it is chronicled that the household whose grocery bill is reported to be twenty-eight dollars a day experienced a great lesson in self-denial, for some one was forced that evening to say, "No, thank you, I do not care for strawberries."

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With Their Waffles

Readers of the *Examiner* have probably noticed that something has happened to that matutinal promoter of metropolitan gayety. No class of newspaper readers in San Francisco is more sensitive to innovation in the purveying of its news than is the bunch that devours the *Examiner* with its morning ham and eggs. Pop-eyed wonder is now the aid to digestion at the *Examiner* breakfast tables—the accompaniment, so to speak, of the corn meal mush that companions the mingled horror and frivolity of the first page, of the broiled smelt that savors the important conclusion of the merry story “continued on page 5, column 3,” of the griddle cakes that divide attention with the life-dramas written for the second edition, and the coffee gulped from start to finish of this daily epitome of comedy and tragedy, buffoonery and pathos, folly and wisdom. The readers of the *Examiner* are asking themselves if they are reading the *Examiner*, and they are only convinced by the familiar title on the first page and the running line on the inside. Yes, it is the *Examiner*, but how changed! how dignified! how almost decorous! No more light and airy persiflage; no more scoffing at things sacred and venerable; no more subtle satires to make its victims weep and gnash their teeth; no more striving for dramatic effect; no more freedom with the vernacular; no more snap; no more ginger; no more smash; no more dash; no more swingeing, swashing, swaggering.

They Are Perfect Gentlemen

On the walls of the *Examiner* editorial rooms are many placards, adjuring the reporters and writers to be good to the people, kindly, courteous, gentlemanly in their language and accurate in their presentation of facts. There are instructions, too, plainly printed so that the wayfaring reporter may not err though he be a fool, instructions in the gentle arts of courtesy and kindness to the people. It is not for lack of admonition and knowledge that the staff of *Examiner* writers has heretofore gone astray and wandered into the primrose paths of journalistic dalliance, but rather in defiance of admonition and despite the knowledge that they were expected to keep to the middle of the straight and narrow road that leads to the Journalistic Ideal. What the astounded readers of the *Examiner* have observed lately is the result of a new edition of these placards to replace those destroyed and those disfigured with sarcastic rejoinder and commentary interlined and impertinently tagged by the budding humorists of the local department. Only the “straight story” is permitted now in the *Examiner*, the story that must be told at least three times—once in the headlines, once again in the introduction, and again in the body of the article; like an Egyptian pyramid with a few bricks at the top, plenty of bricks in the middle, and as many bricks as the area will allow at the bottom. Moreover the “story” must be brief, following the idea of “Jake” Dressler’s famous epigram to the effect that the epic of the siege of Troy could be told in half a column.

Quelling Their Merriment

The executive by whom this wonderful metamorphosis has been accomplished is Charlie Michelson, the new managing editor of the *Examiner*, the hero of a hundred daring

“scoops” and deeds of derring-do in the good old days when the merry men of the *Examiner* were reckless paladins of journalism, knights-errant of the round table of William R. Hearst, seeking wicked ogres to destroy them, roaring dragons to buffet them in the dust, hapless maidens to rescue them, intolerable wrongs to right them, joyous meetings to enjoy them, windmills to tilt with them, bands of sheep to charge with lance in rest against them—all content if at last it should be their fortune to wear the favor of Dulcinea del Toboso or the helmet of Mambrino. But those are legends of a day that is done and Managing Editor Michelson, himself a knight “that fro the tyme that he first bigan to ryden out, he loved chivalrye,” is ambling on a palfrey docile as Sancho’s Dapple, when erst he cavorted on a charger that champed and flung foam from his jaw like soapsuds from the vortex of a steam laundry. The age of chivalry is no more for the merry men of the *Examiner*, not because there are no merry men, but because Mr. Hearst has decided that the *Examiner* and the merry men are old enough to discard knickerbockers and the prankish didoes of youth. Hereafter there will be little difference in news form between the *Examiner* and its grave and reverend contemporaries—the safe, sane and conservative *Chronicle* and the conservative, sane and safe *Call*.

Insult and Injury

It strikes me that the masculine co-ed of the State University is grievously although unconsciously afflicted with what the vulgar call the big head. My conclusions in this regard are based on what I read in the *Californian*, an organ of the student body. Some of the ideas therein are almost full grown, particularly those that relate to the cigarette and the pipe habit of the big boys. The other day some of the feminine co-eds objected to the practice of smoking on the bleachers at baseball games, complaining that the smoke befouled their clothes; whereupon the editor of the *Californian* sneeringly advised the masculine co-eds to smoke better tobacco. And again when the feminine co-eds persisted in their complaints this gallant college journalist ripped out an editorial anathema of all co-eds that objected to the smoking habit at the school. I am in perfect accord with these objectors. These children are too young to smoke as they are too young to guzzle beer or to run around the San Francisco tenderloin after dark. The taxpayers of the state hire enough scientific gents to teach their young and some of these scientists should teach the callow students at Berkeley that they risk runting themselves by excessive indulgence in tobacco; that they benumb and paralyze their mental faculties; that they poison their lungs and weazen their countenances.

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And if this scientific admonition does not avail President Wheeler and his teachers should see to it that smoking is prohibited within a mile of the university as the sale of liquor is prohibited. These boys smoke because they think it is man-like. They think that the feminine co-eds admire them because they can smoke without paling under the gills. But whatever they think they are not justified in sickening their editorial bulldog on to insult the feminine co-ed because she occasionally objects to the habit of smoking and complains that the befouling of her clothes with tobacco smoke is intolerable. These boys should remember that the feminine co-ed is an important element of the university and worthy of all respect. Eliminate the co-ed from the student body of the university and the remainder would not rank above a low average, owing to the prevalence of the tobacco habit and especially the cheap cigarette habit among the masculine co-eds. It is not becoming that the boys of the university should affect long-tailed coats and breeches with hip pockets before they have passed the shirt waist age and the knickerbocker period. They are not yet men and they should not forget that fact. Moreover, when they are inclined to blow cigarette smoke in the faces or upon the clothes of the female co-ed let them think of their sisters or their feminine relations by marriage and wonder how they would like it if those sisters or relations were subjected to similar annoyance. And how would they like it if I, for instance, should flout those sisters, etc., for complaining of such ungentlemanly conduct.



Photo by Taber

Miss Virginia Joliffe

Reproduced from the portrait by Matteo Sandona, shown for the first time at the last Bohemian Club artists' exhibition.

Earning the Increment

That eminent, eloquent, enthusiastic, insistent, perennial orator, Mr. James D. Phelan, is now devoting all the energy of his being to the molding of a public opinion that shall some day a City Beautiful decree with "gardens bright and sinuous rills" and many a "blossoming incense-bearing tree," and "forests ancient as the hills, enfolding sunny spots of greenery." It will be observed, I hope, that I have applied only epithets of mental perturbation thus far in this panegyric of our "leading citizen." (I was almost tempted to call him a "prominent" citizen.) Mr. Phelan is himself responsible for this resort on my part to the adjective of psychology. As yet he has not earned the guerdon of praise that is distinguished by the virile adjective implying action. He is indeed a "leading citizen"

because he leads the other citizens in the way they should go, and when he has brought them to the place where the City Beautiful is to be builded he announces himself the boss of the job, a sinecure that commands a maximum of wage for a minimum of labor. It is the intention of Mr. Phelan to encourage the building of a City Beautiful so that the wealth of Phelan may be that much more enhanced. A City Beautiful not made with the hands of Phelan would increase the realty values of the Phelan estate many hundred fold with the unearned increment thereof and Phelan would be like the man traveling in a far country, who called his servants and delivered unto them his goods, to one five talents, to another two talents, and yet to another one talent; and returning from his journey received from two of his servants double the number of talents entrusted to them but from the one-talent man only the talent he had received, which he had hidden in a hole in the ground, returning it to his master with the explanation that he knew his lord for a hard man, reaping where he had not sown, and gathering where he had not strewed.

A Poet Spoiled

Mr. Phelan is a citizen of infinite imagination. The muses lost an able votary when Phelan elected to serve in the temple of Pluto rather than at the shrine of Calliope,



Photo by Taber

Mrs. Louis Greenbaum

Reproduced from the portrait by her brother-in-law, Joseph Greenbaum. Mrs. Greenbaum is very prominent in smart Jewish society and is noted for her rare taste in gowning. The portrait shows her in a beautiful French dinner-gown of flowered silk. This painting was to have been shown at the spring exhibition but the frame was not finished in time, so as yet only a few of the family friends have been permitted to pass upon its merits.

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A Panorama of Blossoming Beauty

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for, while the tongue of Phelan has been scorched by coals from the embers of the Promethean fires his eloquence and his lyric genius have become attuned to the metallic monotony of the jingling guinea and measured to the ragtime pace of the real estate market. Mr. Phelan is a poet for revenue. He strikes the lyre with the plectrum of profit. He pictures in glowing diction a City Beautiful built for Phelan, but his own lily hands are not grasping the trowel. When his Timotheusian song has roused the civic ambition to the park and boulevard phase of energy then will Mr. Phelan sell his holdings at enormous prices to the men that do things, thus at last permitting the improvement of that Market street gore and all that property owned by himself and his brother-in-law. And when all is done he will point with pride to the palatial and colossal structures that he did not build, saying, "Talk about the Builders of the Commonwealth! what are they to me? what did they build comparable with what I have inspired to be built? Where would your City Beautiful have been if it hadn't been for Me? Therefore the least honor that you can bestow upon the author of all this grandeur is to name my city after ME—ever-glorious PHELANOPOLIS!"

Mob Mind in Nobdom

To the critic, sitting quiet in his Morris-chair, watching the world go by, high society, restless, running hither and thither after this or that novelty, presents a sorry spectacle. He must needs think of it—if at all—as a crowd of idlers, weak-willed, mob-minded, soft-brained, susceptible, the easy prey of fad and craze, the fools of fashion, hopelessly confusing newer with much better, the latest thing with the thing most to be preferred; instable, being blown round and round like so many withered leaves by every passing whirlwind. Here is a lady dressing as if her very life depended upon it, in a vain endeavor to escape her maid who follows fast and follows faster; and there, another playing bridge whist as if on that depended at least her bread and butter. What is a man of thought to think of women who "take up" with like hysteria and "drop" with like weariness a Celtic renaissance and a renaissance of roller skating? of women who shake hands head-high because, forsooth, naughty Ned of Old England had once a boil under his arm? of women—but my space is limited and the follies of fashionable society illimitable. In culture is salvation from all this. To know and love the best in books (be it in ever so small a way) would save from the best seller, from the mad bad sad fad desire to be up-to-date in literature. Knowledge of hygiene would make the happy possessor immune from the contagious health fads that from time to time become epidemic among the ignorant. I remember once hearing a prominent educator say of hygiene, psychology and sociology, that these three topics are the storm centres of faddism, and that to be fortified against folly here is to be secure from nine-tenths of the collective foolishness in the world. This same young scientist, by the way, has recently been setting high society by its long ears, all on account of things he said of it in lectures at Harvard.

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Wedding-Bells to Ring

The marriage of Miss Marie Wilson and Dr. Stoney will take place on the twenty-fifth of April but as the family is in mourning the ceremony will be very quietly celebrated. Dr. Stoney is, like his fiancée, a brilliant amateur musician. He has a voice of operatic timbre but I have never heard that he contemplated adopting the stage as a career.

Dewing-Blanchard

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Anna Dewing, daughter of Mrs. Mary and the late James Dewing, with Marion Sargeant Blanchard, will take place on April fifth in the Swedenborgian church at the corner of Washington and Lyon streets. Miss Dewing is very prominent in musical circles and is a finished pianist. She is a sister of Amy Bronson Dewing, the artist, and a niece of Mrs. William P. Todd and Arch Dewing of Oakland, and Mrs. Clarence Harmon of this city. Mr. Blanchard is a brother of Milton Blanchard, who married the well known contralto, Etta Bayley.

Adelphian Club Politics

It looks as though the election this year of a President for the Adelphian, the swell women's club of Alameda, will be free from wire-pulling. Politics are, of course, strictly against Adelphian rules. Nevertheless, two years ago Mrs. I. N. Chapman's election was preceded by agitation and frustration, and not a little warm talk occasioned by the energetic canvassing for rival candidates. But last year the election of Mrs. McGuern as president was brought about with little or no opposition; and the only opposition that comes to her re-election is from the lady herself, who



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does not want to serve another year. The members, though, seem determined that she shall continue to be their president. She is known to be very much in favor of the Adelphians having a clubhouse of their own, and the members who are in favor of that movement are anxious to have Mrs. McGuern at the head of the club, feeling that her well-known business ability will be a great factor in the attainment of the clubhouse.

The Batonless Leader

To a musical expert from New York I am indebted for the information that in leading without a baton Dr. Frederick Wolle, formerly of Bethlehem and now of Berkeley, is an imitator of Director Safonoff of the Philharmonic orchestra of New York, recently imported from Moscow at a salary of twenty thousand a year. Safonoff has been conducting without a stick for years, and he has become famous as the batonless leader. Members of the Berkeley Symphony Orchestra say that batonless leadership is not effective. They speak very flatteringly, however, of Dr. Wolle, not as a director but as a musical enthusiast. They say that his purpose is to communicate his enthusiasm to others, to win for the university recognition as a musical centre and then devote himself to oratorio work and turn the symphony orchestra over to some competent director.

Why They Wore Mortar-boards

I am told that the appearance of mortar-boards on the heads of the musicians at the last symphony concert was due to much strenuous effort on the part of Professor Armes and Victor Henderson, financial secretary of the U. C., two enthusiasts and sticklers for academic signs and symbols. That the musicians themselves felt somewhat sheepish and a bit top-heavy at the honor thrust upon them is putting the fact mildly. Being a sincere body of men and doubtless knowing more of the school of life than of the life of universities, I hear they considered the mortar-board a doubtful crown of glory. As for the inspired Wolle, he wisely wore no mortar-board. The wizard from Bethlehem cares nothing for meaningless baubles. He was raised among the simplest traditions, growing up in a community where the simple life is a reality; where a man who takes his grievances into a law court instead of having them settled in church is looked upon as a dangerous element. Think of the panic at Bethlehem if the news had gone back there that Wolle had worn a mortar-board!

The Reporter and the Lady

While not absolutely necessary that a society reporter should have a sense of humor, such an endowment is advantageous, as it lightens labors that are sometimes deadly dull, at other times trying on the nerves and patience. An illustrative instance has come to my ears in connection with a swell Jewish wedding of some months ago. A society reporter called on the bride's mother a day or so before the wedding, and was treated rather coldly. The mother did not see the necessity of giving names and facts, and was not backward in hinting that she looked upon the visit as an intrusion. The reporter, rather discouraged, was leaving with some very meagre notes, when the woman came running after him. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I forgot some-

thing. You may say"—this with great enthusiasm—"that the presents were magnificent and gorgeous, and included several checks—very large checks. Don't forget about the checks." And probably to this day she cannot understand why this—to her—most important detail was forgotten by the reporter.

Kessler Is Here

George Kessler arrived in his private car last week with his staff, including Louis Lewis, a New York advertising agent; Walter Williams, Sam Elyas, Roy Taylor, Joseph H. Deering, and Edward Hyneman. Since their arrival there has been enough White Seal opened to float a battleship. The wine business appears to be something of a fad with Kessler. He is one of the big operators of the New York stock market, and has made millions out of Tennessee Coal and Iron, of which he is a director, but his hobby is champagne and he spends more money to promote the sale of White Seal, which is bottled exclusively for him, than is spent by any other importer in America. As a spender he makes Scotty of Death Valley look like a measly piker. Though a multi-millionaire he is only forty-two years of age, and his fortune was acquired entirely by his own efforts. The object of his trip to this city is to establish an agency and secure for an agent the best hustler to be secured in these parts. He wasn't in town twenty-four hours before he was besieged by two score blue-blood society youths each of whom guaranteed to get the crack vintage of 1900 into every fashionable wine cellar from Pacific Heights to Burlingame. The Kessler party was entertained at the Bohemian Club Monday night.

The "Rough House" Hat

"If you are in doubt about your Easter finery, just get something light colored and well fitting," said a woman just back from Paris. "You may have a loose coat of silk or a snug looking Eton, but have a hat which looks as if it had been knocked and banged and sat upon. It may be of Milan or Florentine braid and of any hue that suits you, but the trimming must stand on end and must not look 'placy.' And if you wish to add the one touch that marks

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you of the elect, you must have a fan that matches your coat, and the fan must hang from a thick silk cord such as the one with which you catch back your curtain."

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bley will leave in April on an extended trip which will cover all the principal cities of the South and East. They expect to be away until the end of June. During their absence the George Tutties will occupy their house in Alameda.

Vaudeville For a Good Purpose

Mrs. de Young, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Hooper, Miss Hager, Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mrs. Winship, and Mrs. Sprague are among the patronesses of the entertainment being arranged for the organ and choir fund of St. Dominic's, to be given on May second in Native Sons' hall. Dr. Stewart has charge of the musical features, which will include numbers by Mackenzie Gordon, L. Redfield, Mrs. Blanche King Arnold, and Miss Camille Frank. Miss Ethel Hager, Allan Dunn, and Alfred McKinnon will do the clever little sketch, "Three's a Crowd," the Neapolitan Quartet will sing in costume and "The Broker and the Blonde," George de Long's playlet, will be given by a company of clever amateurs.

Philomath's Spring Festival

Ever an ardent admirer of the classicism of Greece, Mrs. Helen Hecht, president of the Philomath Club, deepened her enthusiasm during her recent visit to the sacred Hellenic groves and temples. The result of Mrs. Hecht's enthusiasm was the spring festival conceived and planned for Philomath's pleasure by its president. Miss Alice Coleman as Goddess of Spring looked the part and sang her solos with intelligence. The Goddess was escorted by eight charming handmaidens, who included Mrs. Clarence Walter, Miss Alice Cohen, and Mrs. Isidor W. Cohen.

The Hastings Contest

The Hastings heirs have not yet plunged into the contest to which I referred some weeks ago, but the storm clouds are still gathering. Mrs. John A. Darling, who has been traveling in Europe, was last week made aware of impending trouble and is now on her way home. It is doubtful that she will be able to assuage the indignation of her daughter, Mrs. Maud, who, I hear, purposes shutting off her mother's income until some court definitely determines the rights of all concerned. Before leaving for Europe, so the story goes, Mrs. Darling took the Napa country home away from Mrs. Maud and also deprived her of a considerable part of her income. Mrs. Maud's friends say that she feels that she has been very badly treated, and that she cannot be easily persuaded to forgive her mother. She is in a position, I hear, to make it very disagreeable for her mother, and Mrs. Darling, being aware of the fact, is doubtless in a very anxious frame of mind at this time.

Elaborate preparations were made for the marriage of Miss Edith Harris and Louis Levy of Seattle, on wedding at half-past six o'clock at the St. Francis. A large dinner to one hundred guests followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Levy will have a two years' honeymoon trip around the world before returning to San Francisco.

When Bessie Met Jean

Bessie Abott of the Conried Company is a singer who has taken giant strides in her profession. She began her career on the vaudeville stage, plunking a banjo and sing-

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THE REPERTOIRE

Monday evening, April 16th.—**QUEEN OF SHEBA.** Mmes. Walker, Rappold, Alten. MM. Dippel, Van Rooy, Blass, Muhlmann. Conductor, Hertz.

Tuesday evening, April 17th.—**CARMEN.** Mmes. Fremstad, Abott, Ralph, Jacoby. MM. Caruso, Journet, Begue, Parvis, Dufliche, Reiss. Conductor, Vigna.

Wednesday afternoon, April 18th.—**MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.** Mmes. Eames, Alten, Poehlmann, Sembrich. MM. Scotti, Campanari, Rossi, Dufliche, Reiss, Paroli. Conductor, Franko.

Wednesday evening, April 18th.—**LOHENGGRIN.** Mmes. Rappold, Homer. MM. Burgstaller, Goritz, Blass, Muhlmann. Conductor, Hertz.

Thursday evening, April 19th.—**LA BOHEME.** Mmes. Abott, Alten. MM. Caruso, Campanari, Journet, Parvis, Dufliche, Rossi, Paroli, Foglia, Fanelli. Conductor, Vigna.

Friday evening, April 20th.—**DIE WALKUERE.** Mmes. Walker, Fremstad, Homer, Alten, Bauermeister, Jacoby, Mulford, Ralph Weed, MM. Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Blass. Conductor, Hertz.

Saturday afternoon, April 21st.—Grand Double Bill—**DON PASQUALE.** Mme. Sembrich. MM. Dippel, Scotti, Rossi, Foglia. Conductor, Vigna. Followed by **HAENSEL and GRETTEL.** Mmes. Freund, Alten, Homer, Weed, Mulford, Call, Mr. Goritz. Conductor, Franko.

Saturday evening, April 21st.—**FAUST.** Mmes. Eames, Jacoby, Poehlmann. MM. Caruso, Campanari, Plancon, Begue. Conductor, Franko.

Monday evening, April 23d.—**MARTA.** Mmes. Sembrich, Walker. MM. Caruso, Plancon, Rossi, Dufliche, Foglia. Conductor, Vigna.

Tuesday evening, April 24th.—**SIEGFRIED.** Mmes. Fremstad, Homer, Rappold. MM. Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Goritz, Reiss, Blass. Conductor, Hertz.

Wednesday afternoon, April 25th.—**LA BOHEME.** Mmes. Sembrich, Alten. MM. Caruso, Campanari, Journet, Parvis, Dufliche, Rossi, Paroli, Foglia, Fanelli. Conductor, Vigna.

Wednesday evening, April 25th.—**TOSCA.** Mmes. Eames, Mulford. MM. Dippel, Scotti, Dufliche, Rossi, Paroli, Begue, Foglia. Conductor, Vigna.

Thursday evening, April 26th.—**TANNHAUSER.** Mmes. Rappold, Fremstad, Alten. MM. Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Blass, Reiss, Bayer, Muhlmann, Dufliche. Conductor, Hertz.

Friday evening, April 27th.—**FAUST.** Mmes. Abott, Jacoby, Poehlmann. MM. Caruso, Campanari, Plancon, Begue. Conductor, Franko.

Saturday afternoon, April 28th.—**FAREWELL MATINEE.** Opera to be announced.

Saturday evening, April 28th.—**FAREWELL PERFORMANCE.** Opera to be announced.

Public Single Sale Opens Grand Opera House Box Office, Monday, April 2, 9 a. m.

Single seats ordered by mail will be ready for delivery Monday, April 2nd, at 10 A. M.

Applications for seats for one or more single performances will also be taken through the mails.

Prices of single tickets: Entire orchestra floor, \$7. Dress circle, two rows, \$7. Next three rows, \$6. Balance, \$5. Second balcony, three rows, \$4. Balance, \$3. Family circle, two rows, \$3. Balance, \$2. Proscenium, palco, or orchestra floor boxes, seating six, \$60. Top proscenium boxes, seating six, \$40.

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ing coon songs with her sisters. After a few years of study she won a triumph at the Paris opera, and is now engaged in interpreting the roles of heroines like Mimi in "La Boheme," Micaela in "Carmen" and Marguerite in "Faust," for Heinrich Conried in the Metropolitan opera performances. Miss Abbott's real name is Pickens. She is a member of the well known Southern family of that name. She was born at Canton, N. Y. Her father was well-to-do, but lost his money, and so the sisters were obliged to go on the stage to support themselves. Bessie took the name of Abbott. The story that she owes her success largely to Jean de Reszke, the great tenor, is only in a measure true. As a matter of fact, Miss Abbott is an American taught singer, and owes her training to Mme. Frida Ashforth de Gebele, of New York. It seems that Miss Abbott met Jean de Reszke on a steamer going to England. She was about to play a vaudeville engagement at the Empire music hall, just after singing here with Chevalier in the burlesque "1492." She had also sung in the Christopher Columbus extravaganza. On the steamer de Reszke heard her sing some coon songs, liked her voice and said to her: "You had better study for serious work." Later, on his return to this country, when Miss Abbott was also here, he placed her under the care of Mme. Ashforth, and said at the time that he thought the foundation work could be better done here than abroad. On Monsieur de Reszke's dictum, a rich man here provided the means to enable Miss Abbott to study, though it is understood that Mme. Ashforth never received any recompense whatever for her work, which was done wholly out of good feeling, and also, perhaps, because of the hope of future reward.

Coffroth in a New Field

James W. Coffroth, the promoter of pugilism, who achieved a national reputation for his executive and financial ability in arranging and handling big attractions, is now exploiting a new field. He has secured a three-years' lease of the largest show building in San Francisco—the Mechanics' Pavilion—which he intends to utilize for all sorts of entertainments from revival meetings to symphony concerts. At present he is catering to people afflicted with the vertiginous passion which has been epidemic for months and which shows no sign of abatement. Skating rinks are springing up all over town, and a very fine one is soon to open in Central Park. Meanwhile Coffroth is keeping an Eastern roller factory busy and the enthusiasts of society are still flocking to the pavilion.

McAllister's Famous Book

On the bargain counter of the Emporium last Saturday I saw two copies of that once famous book by Ward McAllister I—"Society as I Have Found It." Fifteen or twenty years ago that book was rated, I believe, at something like five dollars a copy. As a bargain it is now held dear at fifty cents. Yet it was the most discussed book of its day. Frankly snobbish like its writer, who frequently asserted that to be a good American one must naturally be a snob, among its much quoted observations were:

"Men with whom you are only on a business footing

you should dine at your club, and not inflict them on your family.

"If you want to be fashionable, be always in the company of fashionable people.

"Always avoid shabby people upon the street.

"It is well to be in with those who are born to their position, but the support of the rich is more advantageous.

"It is bad form for any but slender men to sport white waistcoats and conspicuous watch chains."

A Passenger Agent Turns Author

C. L. Canfield, passenger agent of the Chicago & Milwaukee railroad is about to make his debut between book covers. A. M. Robertson has now in press a book written by Canfield entitled "The Diary of a Pioneer." Mr. Canfield is the son of a pioneer and he spent his young days in the mines of the Bret Harte country. His book deals with incidents of those days and of an earlier period, the knowledge of which came to him through his father.



Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car

FOUR-CYLINDER PERFECTION

It is concentration of effort that has made the Cadillac what it is. For five years its makers—the master designers and motor builders of America—have focused their endeavors upon a single object—to produce a faultless motor car. A consummation of these efforts is found in the magnificent line of 1906 cars, notable among which are the four-cylinder types. These models embody every point of excellence thus far found in any of the high-priced cars, either of American or foreign make. When you remember the remarkable efficiency of the famous Cadillac single-cylinder engine, and consider this same principle embodied in quadruple form, you will gain a slight idea of the serviceableness of these powerful four-cylinder models of the

CADILLAC

Among the many improvements is an automatic governor which limits the speed of the engine when the latter is disconnected, eliminating vibration and saving much fuel and energy. Another is the mechanically operated oil feed (found on all Cadillac models), which supplies oil to the engine in accordance with its speed, keeping it always in a state of perfect lubrication. Transmission is of the exclusive Cadillac planetary type with specially cut and hardened gears. The bodies are of unusual elegance, and luxuriously appointed. Wheel base of model H (30 h. p.) 100 inches; Model L (40 h. p.) 110 inches. Practically noiseless; comfortable and easy-riding as a Pullman Coach.

Let us send address of nearest dealer and our finely illustrated catalog A L, which will tell you more about the 1906 Cadillacs. A car to suit any purse, any requirement.

Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout
Model M, Light Touring Car

Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car
Model L, 40 h. p. Touring Car

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ROSS VALLEY

For Rent—Fine Residence of eight rooms. Stable and large grounds. Inquire 510 Montgomery Street, Room 306.



Amelia Gardner

Leading woman at the Majestic.

The Follis Portrait

One of J. W. Clawson's first local successes was his pastel of Mary Belle Gwin, a quaint portrait showing the beautiful girl in the pink velvet gown her grandmother wore when presented to the first President of the United States. And now the artist has painted another portrait of the same subject who is now Mrs. James Follis. Mrs. Follis is pictured with her little son, and the portrait has its color scheme just as if it were a work of decoration rather than portraiture. It is all in delicate cream and fawn shades, the pale green fauteuil being the only variation. Any number of sketches were made before the artist began on the life size pictures. I am told that he tried Mrs. Follis in blue, pink and yellow gowns, before the creamy satin was decided upon. There is more study given to the making of a portrait than the unlearned in art imagine. Clawson, by the way, did the portraits of Mrs. Biddle and Mrs. Breckenridge, the Murphy sisters, and Mrs. Athearn Folger, also one of Mrs. Winslow Anderson. He painted portraits in London and New York long before he decided to make San Francisco his home, and last year he did a good deal of portrait work in Los Angeles. Some day he intends to steal the time to finish a big nude, "The Sirens," for which he has already made the preliminary sketches.

Around the Studios

Arthur Elder, a newcomer here but well-known in the younger set of artists in London, is showing some of his water color sketches at The Workshops in Sutter street. Mr. Elder's pictures have been hung at several of the London exhibitions, I am told. Many of his sketches are charming bits of scenery in Sussex, Kent and Chelsea and landmarks along the Thames. The sky effects are wonderfully realistic. The artist has caught the glow that comes just before nightfall with a strong and sure brush. A great variety of subjects has been pictured, though Mr. Elder shows a fondness for water scenes.

Lucky Miss Simpson

School girl friendships are not as a rule supposed to stand the strain of after-tests but Miss Schilling, the popular Oakland society girl, has just proved that giggly-girly "crushes" sometimes ripen into tried and true friendship.

CAFE FIESTA

FORMERLY "TAIT'S"

H. W. LAKE, Manager

San Francisco's Premier Cafe

A sumptuous and attractive dining-place and after theatre society rendezvous.

MARKET AND POWELL STREETS

Entrance Opposite Columbia Theatre

The Paper on the Wall

looks well or it doesn't according to the taste displayed in its selection and the skill of the decorator.

Here you may select papers to blend with the wood finish, the furniture, and the uses of rooms.

Here are wall papers made of silk floss, at \$25 a roll, down to the inexpensive kinds, and each worth its price.

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Madam M. E. Hale

Announces that she has added a Corset Department to her Dressmaking Establishment and will carry a large assortment of high-grade corsets, making a specialty of the **GOSSARD** and **CROSBY** Models. These corsets are built upon the most approved scientific and hygienic lines.

Mrs. Markley, an expert corsetiere from New York, will be in charge.

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Mabel Russell

Who will appear with Chris Bruno at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon.

Miss Simpson, who accompanied the Schillings when they left for Europe, went as the guest of Miss Schilling. On her last birthday the daughter of the Schilling household was presented with an I. O. U. for a year's trip to Europe. When Christmas came her father asked her what she would like Santa Claus to bring and she straightway requested the pleasure of taking Miss Simpson to Europe as her Christmas gift. The other day Santa Claus fulfilled his promise and a happy time is in prospect for these two charming young girls.


Under Mrs. Crocker's Chaperonage

Christine Pomeroy accompanied Mrs. Will Crocker in her private car across the continent. Mrs. Crocker is

very fond of the society of young girls and she has played fairy god-mother to a good many. Miss Pomeroy will visit Christine Roosevelt and will probably be a guest at the White House for a few days. She will go abroad later and will return in time for the next social season in which she will be very active. She has genius for organization and her executive ability is almost as wonderful as was that of the late Mrs. Salisbury. She is now the moving spirit of the Gaiety Club which she organized, though she is no longer the president. In England she will mingle with the nobility for Mrs. Crocker has the entree to Lady Waterlow's set and she has rented a country place for the summer.

A Jug Handle Law

Over the bay, in Oakland, a goodly suburb of the wickedest city in California, inhabited by a godly people, the fathers conscript have enacted a law that no woman citizen of the corporation shall be served with potable intoxicants in any saloon, nor in any cafe or restaurant (there is a distinction in the designation) unless she also orders a meal of victuals. It is a well-meant law and one that must have welled up from the hearts of the law makers; for there is not the slightest indication from internal evidence that it was the product of the thing we call brains. The fathers conscript of Oakland have undertaken, in all purity of motive, to differentiate the female citizen from the male citizen, denying to the female citizen an inalienable right to drink at any bar under the Constitution if that right is not also denied to the male of her species. This is "class legislation" and is expressly prohibited by our statutes and forbidden in the fundamental principles upon which we have founded our great and glorious Republic. There is not a shyster lawyer in —well, not to be discourteous to our little sister city I will say there is not a shyster lawyer in San Francisco that could not drive a four-mule team through that anti-woman-drinking Oakland ordinance and wholly without fear of lacerating the ears of the mules. I am not saying that the ordinance is not a good ordinance; I am only informing the conscripts that their ordinance is no good.



Hearken!

Jackson's

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"The natural mineral water that has made the beautiful Napa Valley famous."

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Perfect Cuisine. Comfortable Rooms. Reasonable Rates. Transient and Permanent. Private Dinners or Entertainments. Booklet on application.

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How a Woman Drinks

This Oakland ordinance seems to be defective also in that it enacts no distinction between the mere woman and the perfect lady. I understand that the ordinance was primarily framed to save the young Oakland woman from the clutch of the Demon Rum so pestilently and pestiferously prevalent in Darkest Oakland. That was a laudable purpose and one that does infinite credit to the tender hearts of the law makers while it refuses to corroborate the assumption of those law makers that they are wise enough to enact laws. The ordinance permits the mere woman to eat, drink, and be merry, insisting, however, that before she drinks in merriment she shall eat in sober earnest. Now the perfect lady invariably eats and drinks, but the mere woman drinks and eats; one takes a little wine for her stomach's sake and the other never thinks of her stomach, taking anything the gentleman orders, in any quantity, for the effect that the stuff will produce. It is therefore evident that there is a marked difference between the mere woman and the perfect lady if we measure them by their respective drink habits. Then again, the perfect lady always orders something to eat in a cafe or restaurant, subordinating the drink to the food; the mere woman, on the other hand, under this ordinance, calls for a ham sandwich and nibbles through the wine card until she has accomplished her purpose. One half-pennyworth of bread is amply sufficient for the intolerable deal of sack that the mere woman of Oakland may consume without incurring penal liability under the provisions of this funny moral law enacted by the areopagites of the far western Athens.

Turning of the Worm

It is not likely that the club ladies of Oakland will rise as one lady in defense of the inalienable right of mere woman to drink at a bar like a man; neither will these ladies insist that if a man can drink in a cafe or restaurant without eating the same privilege must be granted to a woman. Yet as an abstract principle involving equal rights and no special privileges, no subject is more worthy of debate in the ladies' clubs of Oakland at this time. Everything else is debated there; and I observe that most of the club ladies are unusually busy on the outside endeavoring to prove to inquiring reporters that a club lady does not spend all her time in the club and that she invariably considers her home duties before her club duties. This pleases me beyond expression, for I have always been a consistent champion of the ladyclub in this particular. Notwithstanding the animadversions of Grover Cleveland, whom I venerate as I venerate all things obsolete, and in direct opposition to the inspired opinion of the Rev. Clappett whom I regard as the ablest exponent in this city of the Pauline doctrine that woman shall learn in silence with all subjection, holding with that infallible apostle that woman shall not teach nor in any extremity usurp authority over man, but to be in silence because of the indisputable historical and Scriptural circumstance that Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression; notwithstanding the authoritative utterances of these men, I say, I have invariably defended the ladyclub against every aspersion, every unkind swat,

every unfair criticism. I was getting a little tired of the constant occupation, especially as I received no thanks from the ladyclubs although others, persons of no singular merit, many of them utter strangers to the women of the ladyclubs, were continually roped to the lion paddock of the clubs. I am glad to hear, therefore, that the ladies are defending themselves, thus relieving me of a task that was beginning to be as tedious as it has always been thankless.

Whacking Up the "Timely" Magazine Article

A very good example of the Eastern magazine method is offered by the March number of the *Outlook*, a semi-religious New York publication that also dabbles in politics and is constantly urging Congress to amend the exclusion act so that the Asiatic Association of exporters and importers may increase their profits and enable the rich to procure coolie servants to take the place of the arrogant and high-priced white labor now employed in kitchen and boudoir. But that is not what I started to say; my purpose was gentle criticism of the magazine's "yellow" method in publishing "A Woman's Impressions of the Philippines" merely to afford an opportunity to print a photograph of Miss Alice Roosevelt at a time when her marriage with Nicholas Longworth was the current sensation in all the newspapers. The woman that had "impressions" in the Philippines was Miss Mabel T. Boardman, and she was "specially requested" to write this "account of her observations" during a two weeks' sojourn in Manila and Mindanao—the circumstance that Miss Boardman was "a prominent member of the party of Government officials and others under the charge of Secretary Taft which visited the Philippines last summer," lending added interest

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AT ALL DRUG STORES



Presidio Terrace

You're going to build a home.
Then you should know about Presidio Terrace.

It's the only exclusive residence park in San Francisco—no flats or stores allowed.

Entrance on Flist Avenue, opposite Washington Street, but 20 minutes ride from Eddy and Market Streets.

Smallest lot has 45-foot frontage. With improvements this sells for \$5600.00.

Every lot fronts on a well lighted, well paved, scrupulously clean driveway.

Every home will be surrounded with shrubs, flowers, bamboo plants, etc.

A magnificent panorama of Suto Forest, Golden Gate Park and the Presidio can be had from every home.

Come to us and get full particulars—then go out and see the Terrace—you'll be interested; we're quite sure.

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to a record that derives its chief interest from the fact that it is so badly written and so patently a "timely" article.

A Purposeless Excursion

Parenthetically I may be permitted to ask how long that Taft-conducted excursion to the Philippines is to engross the attention of the American public. It was a junket organized for no apparent purpose than to give a lot of Government parasites and Congressmen the opportunity to travel at Government expense or on "special rates" to the Orient and home again. Nothing of importance was accomplished except the courting of Miss Roosevelt amid novel and interesting surroundings. Those whose "impressions" might have influence on legislation for the Filipinos or whose "observations" might be valuable in guiding the policy of the Government in its dealings with the questions constantly obtruding in the Far East, will be spilled from the seats of the mighty long before their advice or counsel can be utilized, and a new order will cover their intentions with everlasting forgetfulness. Even the "Taft party" itself must some day pass into complete oblivion—slowly, to be sure, but inevitably nevertheless.

Traces of Civilization

Now to my original mutton. Miss Boardman was surprised "to find in the East, with such Oriental surroundings, a city like Manila, with its many traces of Western civilization and conditions which are not to be found in the neighboring countries." Miss Boardman may be a very close and accurate "observer" but she is certainly not a close or accurate thinker. Why, except for the reason I have mentioned, should Miss Boardman be surprised to find "a city like Manila" exhibiting to a Taft-conducted American traveler "many traces of Western civilization"? What did she expect to find?—a collection of nipa shacks inhabited by naked Tagalos? Miss Boardman, although a specially requested contributor to the *Outlook*, is evidently unaware that Manila was a flourishing commercial metropolis half a century before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock to worship God after the dictates of their consciences and determined to prevent everybody else from worshipping after the dictates of their consciences; Manila had more than a "trace" of civilization when the Dutch traders of Manhattan were haggling with the Indians for the purchase of that island, and on the day that the Dutchmen finally agreed to give the unsophisticated savages \$24 for their land thousands of Filipinos were praying civilized prayers in the stone cathedrals of Manila; when Governor Winthrop in 1630 founded Boston, naming it after Botulf's town in Lincolnshire, Manila had been trading with the Indies for more than fifty years; and when the White House in Washington, the city where Miss Boardman lives, received its first occupants in 1800, Manila had attained its full growth and had enjoyed its civilization for more than two centuries. Surely there

should be "traces of civilization" in Manila. But perhaps Miss Boardman did not stay long enough in the town to "observe" them or to receive the full "impression" that evidences of civilization usually make upon an intelligent observer.

A Muddy Metaphor

Without reviewing this ill-considered, half-baked article at tedious length, let me give an example of its baldness. "The problem is a great one," oracularly remarks the "impressionist" in conclusion, "but therefore the more interesting, the more worthy of a great people, and, if it is eventually solved, Manila will prove to the United States as valuable as Hongkong is to England, and the rich soil of the Philippines will bring back to us in manifold returns the bread now cast upon its waters!" Miss Boardman insists, therefore, that we shall eat bread soaked in the mud of the rich soil of the Philippines. But Miss Boardman is only a sample offender among those that whack up the "timely article" for the Eastern magazines. Besides, the proof reader and the managing editor ought to share some of the penalty for the Boardman sins.

The Kirkham Wrights, with Miss Marian and Miss Jeannette L. Wright, were among the late arrivals at Del Monte.

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Boys' Clothing.

There is a style—a fit—a finish to our Boys' Clothing not found in the clothing purchased elsewhere. We take unusual care in making our suits and overcoats, and much of the work is hand tailored, instead of machine made. For this reason the garments retain their shapes longer and wear better than boys' clothes generally do. Only tested fabrics are used. We show a great variety of pure wool fabrics made up in fashionable and becoming styles.

Prices moderate for clothes that are

Exceptional in Style and Merit.

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Regular French Dinner
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Sundays and Holidays
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A LA CARTE AND AFTER-
NOON TEA PARTIES A
SPECIALTY

Progenitors of the Bahaha

I sometimes wonder if men and women of modern civilization are degenerating into silly noodlecoots and dododinktii. Perhaps I should explain that a noodlecoot is an extinct species of reptile the fossil remains of which are found in the drift of the palaeolithic period—a primitive snake with rudimentary wings indicating that the animal was about to perform an evolution from its primitive condition into the higher functions of a bird of the goose species, when its development was arrested by fatal contact with the fish-eating hyena with which the poor hybrid had no power either mental or physical to contend successfully. The dododinkti was a brief manifestation of the climatic conditions prevailing during the early neolithic period—a bird emerging from what we would now call a coot, into a bat-like creature dwelling in caves by day and foraging the forests at night, rendered extinct by an innate misanthropy that drove it out of the cave when the first pre-historic man came to live there. In broad daylight the dododinkti was a prey for everything carnivorous that crawled, walked or flew, for the plesiosaurus squirming in pliocene mud, for the pterodactyle aflight amid the giant flora of that tropical period, and for the woolly rhinoceros lumbering through the post-glacial valleys and across the quaternary plains.

A "Cult" of Fools

It is a far cry from the original noodlecoot and the ill-fated dododinkti to the Bahahas of twentieth century (new style) Paris, but if what we hear of Bahaism is true we must infer, at least, that some of us are reverting to an original type supposed by scientists to have been extinct for not less than a thousand centuries. Bahaism as described in the despatches is a new mystic religious cult the devotees of which sit around sipping tea, eating cake and staring

into space or listening to the twaddling of their "high priest." The male Bahahas perform their devotions in "full dress" and the female Bahahas wear half dress, or "decollete gowns" as they are designated. These assemblies are called "seances," and it is supposed that the afflatus of a mysterious presence descends upon and permeates the "adepts." If this isn't noodlecootism and dododinktiism what is it? The importance of the Bahahas of Paris to the sane community of San Francisco is in the circumstance that Miss Edith Sanderson, sister of Sibyl Sanderson, "resides with the mother of the head prophet and is one of the most active of the devotees," being also engaged to marry the head prophet, one Dreyfus. Still I cannot get away from the thought that the frequency of these "cults" and the persistence of these fool notions indicates an atavistic tendency throwing a larger and increasingly large bunch of humanity back to the age of the noodlecoot and the dododinkti or even farther back to the period when the stupid dumdidifungus was the prototype of what we now call the inspired idiot.

Not a Book of Fiction

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, authoress of "The Randolphins of Redwood" and other novels of life in California in the early days, is in Petaluma composing another book of fiction. My informant told me that it is a book of fiction on which Mrs. Atherton is engaged, but I have my doubts. Mrs. Atherton doesn't write fiction if she can help it; and with her experience and personal knowledge she doesn't have to. As far as I have read Mrs. Atherton's books are biographies—the names of the people she writes about are probably fictitious, but the rest of it is Hallam and Gibbon with an occasional dash of Macaulay and a soupcon of Voltaire.



Girls' and Misses' Man Tailored Coats

Spring models now on display—the young ladies will admire the styles, the mothers will appreciate the conservative prices.

Coats in sizes to fit the little girl of three years up to the woman of thirty-eight bust; \$7.50 to \$35.

Sailor Costumes made by De Pinna, of New York. Ages six to fourteen years; woolen dresses, \$20; wash dresses, \$10 and \$12.50

ROOS BROS.

Kearny at Post



Emma Eames
As Marguerite in "Faust."

Petaluma and Munich

I am not surprised that Mrs. Atherton has retired to Petaluma-on-the-Slough for the purpose of writing her new historical novel. Petaluma-on-the-Slough is California's Munich-on-the-Isar. Petaluma is built on a plain; so is Munich. Petaluma is on a creek; so is Munich. Petaluma is the centre of a thriving egg industry; Munich is chiefly famous throughout the world for the superior quality of its beer. There are no cathedrals, palaces, castles, old monasteries or rathouses in Petaluma as there are in Munich, but we must not forget that Petaluma is still in its infancy while Munich is hoary with age—when Petaluma is 748 years old as Munich is, Petaluma may also boast of legend-haunted castles and tradition-tapestried monasteries. By that time Mrs. Atherton may hope to be a legend of Petaluma or a tradition on the lips of voluble guides relating the story of the Petaluma Frauenkirche or romancing about the former occupants of the Petaluma Nymphenburg. Much may happen to Petaluma in seven-and-a-half centuries, as much has happened in Munich. Mrs. Atherton, I have heard, loves dear old Munich because the atmosphere of the place is quiet and restful and because it is redolent of culture—the accumu-

lated culture of more than seven centuries. In Petaluma she will find the same quiet and the same restful atmosphere that she found in Munich. I am not sure that the culture of Petaluma is of the Munich variety, for culture like Bavarian beer improves with age; but Petaluma is certain to accumulate culture just as good as that of Munich in time. Mrs. Atherton may not live to breathe the aroma of Petaluma culture but others after Mrs. Atherton will absorb it as Mrs. Atherton absorbs the culture of Munich when she lives in that ancient capital of Henry the Lion, where the people are proud of the historical fact that their ancestors were put to the sword by the immortal Gustavus Adolphus. And if Mrs. Atherton may not live to participate in the culture of Petaluma she may at least live long enough to realize that she has been a large part of the nascent culture of the town, and that is destined to permeate Petaluma and make it as like Munich as two cultured cities may be. Moreover there is no reason why Mrs. Atherton may not have the town renamed Munich. Her modesty would probably prevent her from yielding to the unanimous desire of the townsfolk that it be named after her.

The First Baptist Church of this city will give its first oratorio service on Sunday evening, April 8th, with a chorus of forty voices and an orchestra of seventeen pieces, under the direction of A. A. Macurda. The orchestra is made up of some of the best amateur and semi-professional artists in our city. The work given will be Stainer's "Daughter of Jairus." The soloists will be Miss Helen Heath, soprano, Frank Onslow, tenor, and Alfred Read, bass.

The second concert of the season of the Minetti Orchestra will take place Friday, April 6th at Native Sons' hall. Miss May Ludlow will play flute solo with orchestral accompaniment. The program will be of the usual classic excellence and artistic interest.

Francis W. Smith, who for years was at Young's hotel, Honolulu, and who last season managed Tuxedo in the Santa Cruz mountains, has leased the Hotel Bon Air in Ross Valley. Mr. Smith's wide and varied experience in hotels, catering particularly to the pleasure-seeking public, should make this popular resort more desirable than ever.

ACCOUNT Olympic Club TOURNAMENT

The Mechanics' Pavilion
Skating Rink will be closed to Skaters Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 4, 5 and 6, will

Re-open Saturday afternoon, April 7 and continue every afternoon and evening as heretofore.

A Score of Flavors—Raspberry, strawberry, cocoanut, fig—these flavors and many more make Buttercup Taffies toothsome. Only at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

The new Central Park Skating Rink is nearing completion, and the opening will take place the 7th of April. Had it not been for the downpour that has prevented roofing and flooring, the new rink would long since have been occupied. An elaborate opening is planned. The first night is to be invitational, which will put it entirely upon a society basis. There will be a special skating feature for those who love fancy skating in Professor C. L. Franks and his seven-year-old daughter, Lillian, who came from Boston for this opening.

The construction of this building has been going on very quietly, and few have known the extent of the work that was going on in the old baseball grounds. The building is practically as large as the Mechanics' Pavilion, and its arrangements are more modern. The main building, which will be devoted to skating at first, is capable of seating 5,000 people outside of the skating floor, and this seating capacity is to be doubled by the construction of a gallery with a capacity of 5,000 more. This would enable the seating of a convention of almost any magnitude, for the floor space could be utilized for delegates with the public in the seats around the building. This gives San Francisco a second large building in which can be handled large public gatherings of any size.

But the promoters of the new place are going to turn their first attention to the popular fad of roller skating, and with this object in view the building has been constructed with particular attention to a new and well constructed maple floor. The new place will be managed in the name of The San Francisco Company, the permanent organization of which has been completed with the following officers and directors: President, Roy Mauvais; Vice-President, H. J. McIsaac; Secretary, Paul Goldsmith; additional directors, H. L. Estes and W. B. Standeford.

The volume of business transacted in the Stock and Bond Exchange during the past week has been of about the usual size. Dealings in bonds aggregate \$510,000; in shares, 7,282, divided as follows: 930 Lighting, 910 Water, 1,088 Miscellaneous, 35 Banks and 4,319 Sugars. Two assessments were delinquent during the week: one of them on the stock of the Oceanic Company, of about 13,600 shares, remained unpaid. The Kilauea assessment sent about 7,000 shares to the delinquent list.

THE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP "ALAMEDA"

sails for Honolulu, Auckland and Sidney on April 7th at 11 A. M. The steamship "Mariposa" leaves for Tahiti Monday, April 16th, at 11 A. M. Sailings to Honolulu every 10 days; every 21 days via Honolulu to Samoa, New Zealand and Australia; to Papete, Tahiti, every 36 days.

FAT FOLKS

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 7. No. 100,768.

In the matter of the application of THE PACIFIC ROLLING MILL COMPANY, (a Corporation) for Voluntary Dissolution.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE PACIFIC ROLLING MILL COMPANY, a Corporation formed under the laws of the State of California, has presented to the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, a petition for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation, and that Monday, the 7th day of May, 1906, at ten o'clock in the morning of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, has been appointed as the time, and the Courtroom of Department No. 7 of the said Superior Court has been appointed as the place at which said application will be heard.

WITNESS, my hand and the seal of said Court at San Francisco, this 26th day of March, 1906.
[SEAL]

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By J. J. GREIF, Deputy Clerk.

Goodfellow & Eells, Attorneys for Applicants.
324 Pine Street

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 7. No. 100,769.

In the matter of the application of THE CALIFORNIA REDWOOD COMPANY, (a corporation) for Voluntary Dissolution.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE CALIFORNIA REDWOOD CO., a corporation formed under the laws of the State of California, has presented to the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, a petition for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation, and that Monday, the 7th day of May, 1906, at ten o'clock in the morning of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, has been appointed as the time, and the Courtroom of Department No. 7 of the said Superior Court has been appointed as the place at which said application will be heard.

WITNESS, my hand and the Seal of said County at San Francisco, this 26th day of March, 1906.

[SEAL]
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. GREIF, Deputy Clerk.
Goodfellow & Eells, Attorneys for Applicants.
324 Pine Street.

The Heir to the Hoorah

BY THEODORE BONNET.

Nothing could more conclusively demonstrate the fascination which the depiction of mining camp life holds than the survival throughout a season of such a play as "The Heir to the Hoorah." The success of that play is proof that theatre-goers are so fond of the poetry and romance that spring from conditions incident to the quest of gold in regions remote from civilization that they will indulge the playwright that ministers to their sentiment to any extent to which he cares to go in exaggeration. "An American Comedy," Mr. Armstrong calls his play. But it is not really that. "A Sentimental Farce" would be a much better description of it; a paradoxical title, perhaps, but have we not a divine comedy? "The Heir to the Hoorah" is improperly classified by Mr. Armstrong because in a comedy the characters are presumed to have been taken from real life and to be free from shrieking exaggerations. Moreover in genuine comedy the incidents are such as might quite likely be experienced in real life. Mr. Armstrong's puppets are sharp exaggerations of types, especially in this year of our Lord, and the time of the play is the present. Bret Harte created characters similar to some of those in the Armstrong play but Harte's humor was the humor of exaggeration. As to the course of events in the play, it is not at all natural or credible. It is too much for an ordinarily developed sense of the ridiculous and therefore it is farcical. In the circumstance it is to be regretted that Mr. Armstrong did not call his play "A Sentimental Farce." The proper designation of a play is a matter of no small importance. Everything in the theatre depends on illusion and to perfect the illusion the playwright must persuade his audience into a receptive mood. A play that is compounded of sentiment and farce is a little incongruous, but if you know what to expect the combination won't jolt you. If you know just what the playwright is driving at you will be more likely to laugh with him than at him. Mr. Armstrong has shown that the admixture of sentiment and farce is more than acceptable to American critics of the drama as well as to American playgoers, for his "Heir to the Hoorah" has been praised by the wise men of the East and has met with great favor. Nevertheless I am sorry that he tried to write a comedy for he has a genius for farce, an unflagging inventiveness in absurdities, but his play is not wholly satisfying to me because there is too much sentiment in it for genuine farce and too much absurdity in it for genuine comedy. In other words it is a crazy-quilt play, a tissue of pleasing and highly diverting improbabilities and extravagances—just the play for you if you don't like the intellectual drama, if you are bored by Shaw and it pleases you to surrender yourself into the hands of the playwright by a species of self-hypnotism and suggestionize yourself into unbounded faith in the existence of such persons as Mr. Armstrong has deftly fashioned. In the first act you see Joe Lacy, the uncouth miner, transformed into the semi-polished husband of an aristocratic lady with a snobbish mother who is ashamed of her son-in-law. You see Lacy insult his brother and partner because they had not donned evening dress on the occasion of a dinner at his house. As the play progresses it would occur to you, if you were not completely and hopelessly under the Armstrong spell, that if Dave the brother and "Bud" the partner had appeared in evening dress, Joe Lacy might have dropped dead from heart disease. It appears that in the eyes of Dave and Bud there was nothing

in the world quite so preposterous as evening dress. And Joe Lacy was presumably a man of similar temperament—an uncouth, simple miner with all the courage and spirit that are popularly supposed to dwell in miners' breasts. However he had been somewhat transformed by his marriage. He permitted himself to be dominated by an impossible mother-in-law, to be humiliated by her and to be insulted by his weak, silly and impossible wife. In the presence of others Mrs. Lacy tells her husband that she doesn't love him, that she loathes him, and he, his passion for her unabated, leaves home and goes abroad. The second act opens eight months later. Joe has returned to the mining town and is lodging at a hotel, his wife and mother-in-law still being in possession of his home. His brother and partner are arranging a dinner in his honor, and they have instructed everybody to appear in evening dress. This act is pure farce and very good farce. During the course of it you are prepared for some side-issues wholly irrelevant to the central theme which concerns only the separation of the husband and wife and the reconciliation that you know is bound to happen in the end. All that the audience cares to know is how the reconciliation is to be effected, but in this second act Mr. Armstrong threatens to complicate matters by divulging the fact that during the husband's absence his wife has been frequently visited by an Eastern capitalist. This, however, proves to be merely a side issue since in the very next act the husband receives an anonymous letter informing him of the capitalist's visits and has it out with the capitalist on the spot. The man confesses that he insulted the miner's wife and was ordered out of her home. In mining camps quick justice is meted out to men that insult married women, but in the Armstrong play the husband does not lose his temper when he learns of the insulting of his wife. He merely orders the man to leave town and the man makes his exit. The wife knows nothing of this scene. The domestic breach has not been widened as in the manner forsoothadowed in the second act when the author of the anonymous letter, one of the guests at the dinner, calmly tells a friend of having written it and without being rebuked. This cowardly, despicable act is evidently not inconsistent with the noble character of the miners in Mr. Armstrong's mining camp. But to return to the plot from which Mr. Armstrong diverted me with his side-issue; at the close of the dinner in the second act the news of the birth of a baby (the heir to the Hoorah) in the Lacy home, is received over the telephone wire, and then all hands adjourn to the Lacy home. You marvel at their temerity in invading the home of that awful mother-in-law, especially at a late hour of the night. You imagine that they will steal quietly into the house and in an apologetic manner, but they don't. They make enough noise to endanger the life of the mother of a brand new baby, but nobody resents the intrusion. In this act sentiment and farce are deftly blended. The joyous father orders six cows to supply food for the heir, his brother orders a team of horses to draw the baby carriage, and the partner telegraphs to Chicago for a phaeton. Then the baby is brought in along with some very sentimental touches that stir the tender emotions. You see the reconciliation approaching. It arrives in the fourth act. With all its inconsistencies of character, its confusion of elements that stir and mingle without uniting, the play has

(Continued on Page 32)



Arthur Byron

Gertrude Coghlan

Scene from "The Lion and the Mouse"

Members of the company and a scene from the Charles Klein play to be presented next week at the Columbia theatre.



Flora Juliet Bowley

*Joseph Kilgour
A. S. Lipman*

Members of "The Lion and the Mouse" cast to be seen at the Columbia next week.

The Heir to the Hoorah

(Continued from Page 29)

some really moving touches, but its farcical side is its best. Guy Bates Post, the Joe Lacy of the cast, is featured in the program, but he makes no very strong impression, for the reason, perhaps, that the character is absolutely colorless. The one striking bit of characterization in the play is that of Dave Lacy, the awkward, red-fisted miner, excellently realized in the person of Ernest Lampson. The only other persons in the cast who stand out with distinctness are Jane Peyton in an exotic role and T. Tamamoto, a Jap, who plays a Jap valet just like a Jap.

The Stage

The Grand Opera Season

On Easter Monday the Conried grand opera season will open at the Grand Opera House. It would be hard to conceive a more judicious repertoire than has been selected by Mr. Conried and Mr. Strine. Among the rarely produced operas to be given will be Flotow's "Marta," Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" and Humperdinck's exquisite fairy opera "Haensel und Gretel." "Marta," the late Emma Abbott's favorite opera, and the one in which Patti and Gerster made one of their memorable impressions, will have almost the charm of complete novelty. With "The last rose of summer," "Ah so fair" by Sembrich and Caruso, and the Good-night quartet sung by Sembrich, Walker, Caruso and Plancon, a great treat is promised. "Lohengrin" will have Alois Burgstaller, the Parsifal and Werther of last season, as the swan knight, and Mme. Rappold, new to us, as Elsa. Burgstaller will also sing Siegmund in "Die Walkure" and Siegfried in the Wagner operas. Fremstad will sing Sieglinde and Miss Edyth Walker will be Brunhilde. It is long since we had a Faust who could sing his music without working over-hard on the top notes. Caruso should be a Faust beyond criticism. Plancon will repeat his remembered hit as Mephisto and Madame Eames will sing Marguerite. Campanari will be Valentin.

TIVOLI KUBELIK

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Sunday Matinee, April 8th, at 2:30 p. m.

Monday Evening, April 9th, at 8:15 p. m.

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In "Haensel und Gretel" we shall hear the most fascinating of all fairy operas since the time of "Oberon." The skill with which the composer, Engelbert Humperdinck, has combined simplicity and science in his score, is fascinating. Mme. Homer is said to have made a pronounced success at the Metropolitan this season as the Witch in "Haensel und Gretel." The two children are impersonated by Mme. Line Freund and Miss Alten. The parts of the Father and Mother are rendered by Otto Goritz, the German baritone, and by the American dramatic soprano, Miss Marion Weed. "Die Koenigin von Saba" (The Queen of Sheba), the most notable of Goldmark's operas, has had a remarkable record. In Vienna it created a furore and in New York for two seasons years ago it outdid even "Faust" in popularity. Then, for a time, it was forgotten until this season Mr. Conried revived it at the Metropolitan with the scenic magnificence and pomp which, like "Aida," it demands.

Satire at the Alcazar

With Waldron and Maher in the parts created by Collier and Barrymore that very clever comedy, "The Dictator," is running as smoothly and as merrily at the Alcazar as it did at the Columbia some months ago. The Davis play is a capital satire on the manners and customs of our Latin neighbors as well as on the diplomatic service of this country, and the Alcazar people manage to emphasize every point that the playwright sought to make.

Bert Coote's little Wall street sketch goes with spirit and is one of the best things in the sketch line the Orpheum has presented for some time. Coote is a clever comedian, and gets the most out of his lines without seeming to force the wit. The Colby family of musical marvels share honors and plaudits with the clever Coote this week. Minus one, the Colbys were here before. They are as good as ever.

Next Week's Bills

"Charley's Aunt," always a favorite farce, will be revived at the Alcazar, with Maher as Babberley and Juliet Crosby as Amy Spettigue. April 9th there will be a revival, for the first time in five years, of "The Wife"; for Easter week "Are You a Mason?". Elaborate preparations are being made for the production of the Sardou drama "The Sorceress," as given by Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Sarah Bernhardt. It has never been played by a stock company. "Beauty and the Barge" and "Shore Acres" are Alcazar futures.

Beginning with the Sunday matinee, April first, Bishop's Players will appear at the Majestic in a grand scenic revival of Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah." There will be two companies of soldiers, numbering about two hundred men, on the stage in the great battle scene; the cast will be a particularly strong one, the principal roles being intrusted to Amelia Gardner, Irene Outtrim, Frances Slosson, Marie Gordon, Mina Gleason, Franklyn Underwood, Frank McViears, Donald Bowles and L. R. Stockwell. There will be the usual "Pop" matinees Thursday and Sunday.

"The Lion and the Mouse," by Charles Klein, author of "The Music Master," comes to the Columbia for a two weeks' engagement Monday, April 2nd, under the direction of Henry B. Harris.

The Tivoli will have a strong attraction in the musical eccentricity "Miss Timidity" which is said to have capti-

vated London and New York. There is a decided plot to this musical comedy which is said to be rich in musical surprises and to contain many catchy melodies and new and pretty dances and ensembles. It also affords plenty of opportunity for the Tivoli chorus. In the cast will be Cecilia Rhoda, Cora Tracey, Bessie Tannehill, Aimee Leicester, Lillian Raymond, Ruby Norton, Hazel Aubrey, Arthur Cunningham, Bert Bradley, Teddy Webb, Gilbert Gregory, George Kunkel, Joseph Fogarty and other clever people.

Creston Clarke, son of John Sleeper Clarke the famous English comedian, comes to the Grand, opening Sunday matinee, in Booth Tarkington's comedy romance, "Monsieur Beaucaire," in which he made such a splendid impression last season. The character of Beaucaire was originally played by Richard Mansfield. This will be positively Mr. Clarke's last season in the character.

Bartley Campbell's "My Partner" will be the Alhambra's bill, its first production in San Francisco in many years.



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JAN KUBELIK

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April 8th and 9th

The Howard brothers, "the most wonderful men alive," will make their first appearance in San Francisco at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. They are said to be the only white people on earth ever admitted to the mysteries of the priests of Thibet. Chris Bruno and Mabel Russell, leading lights of musical comedy now shining in in vaudeville, will present their specialty. Ferry Corwey, musical clown from the New York Hippodrome, will offer a novelty. Mitchel and Cain, "The Frenchman and the Other Fellow," will dispense rapid fire conversation.

The Rialto Comedy Four will make their first appearance in this city at the Chutes. Frank Tinkham, an intrepid wheelman, and an assistant will present their "motor cycle whirl." The original Caprice will also be new here.

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The Delroy Entertainment

Arthur Delroy's entertainment at the Palace hotel last Thursday evening was enjoyed by a fashionable audience that filled every chair in Maple hall. His program was varied, ranging from an amusing imitation of the drawing-room vocalist singing "Sing, Sweet Bird," to an exhibition of hypnotism and the reading of palms. He showed how slate writing is done and various other things that seem simple and easy enough when the secret is laid bare. Mr. Delroy has a good deal of magnetism, which goes a long way toward the success of an "entertainer." He has a very pleasing voice and manner of delivery, two other factors toward pleasing an audience.

Arthur Byron, of "The Lion and the Mouse" company, is a son of Oliver Doud Byron and a nephew of Ada Rehan. Gertrude Coghlan is the daughter of the late Charles Coghlan and a niece of Rose Coghlan.


Gertrude Coghlan made her debut at the Fifth Avenue, New York, in "The Royal Box" in which her father starred. The following season she played the leading role. Celia Pryce, on her father's death starring successfully for two seasons in that play. The following season she starred in a version of "Becky Sharp," then followed Virginia Harned in "Alice of Old Vincennes." Although well known on the road she was comparatively unknown in New York until the production of "The Sorceress," in which by her impersonation of a slave girl she is said to have divided honors with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the star. Following that she appeared with Arnold Daly in "You Never Can Tell," but because of illness was compelled to resign and is making her re-appearance on the stage as Shirley Rossmore, the heroine in "The Lion and the Mouse," displacing Margaret Illington who was first selected for the touring company's leading lady.

Ignacio Martinetti, Gus Pixley and James Wilson are of "The Babes in Toyland" cast, coming to the Columbia. Martinetti has made many successes since his great hit in "Trilby," and has also managed a theatre of his own in Philadelphia.

The Awakening

The theatrical season in Paris was brought to a climax last month by the production of a new play by Paul Hervieu entitled "Le Reveil" (The Awakening). Ever since his abandonment of novel-writing as a profession, about twelve years ago, Hervieu has applied himself chiefly to dramatic composition, and has given us, on an average, a drama every two years, carefully and thoughtfully studied out. The Paris critics and the public eagerly anticipate a new Hervieu play, and the London *Times* sent its dramatic critic, the friend and quondam collaborator of Bernard Shaw, Mr. A. B. Walkley, to Paris to witness and review the initial performance of "Le Reveil." He has expressed himself with wonderful enthusiasm for a critic as cautious and conservative as he is known to be, calling the play "a little masterpiece of its kind." "You have in Hervieu," he rhapsodically exclaims, "the flower of a theatrical tradition which has been the steady growth of centuries. Because it is an axiom for him, as it were of birth-right, that the first and last duty of drama is to be dramatic." Mr. Walkley continues: "Hervieu has the master quality in the theatre—intense, throbbing and quivering dramatic vitality. The mere rapidity of 'Le Reveil' is

(Continued on Page 38)

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Music

The Art of Kubelik

It sometimes happens that the personality of a musical genius is of greater importance than his art from the managerial standpoint. Before seeing and hearing Jan Kubelik I more than half suspected that he was more of a personage—a press-made personage—than an artist, but at his first performance at the Tivoli and during the first number I concluded that the young fiddler had been wronged by his press-agent. He is a fiddler first, last and all the time, and only incidentally is he a celebrity. He is young, slender, graceful and if he were not so devoted to his wife he would have a feminine following in less time than it takes to tune his instrument. He plays like a Titan but with the soul of a frail woman, a woman with a past, a woman who has loved and suffered. It has been said of him, I am told, that if he lives ten years he will be not only the greatest living violinist but the greatest violinist that ever lived. I am not very good at forecasting. It is sufficient for me to enjoy the Kubelik of today, the young man in his twenties, the poet with imagination sufficient to enable him to interpret feelingly the music of the masters and who fiddles glibly with rare, technical ease, evoking tones that are at times large, robust and resonant and at times warm and sensuous. On the whole there is much that is refined and nothing that is sensational in the work of Kubelik. He pays more attention to his fiddle than to his audience and appeals by sheer force of his artistry.

Kubelik will give two more concerts here, at the Tivoli on Sunday afternoon, April 8th, and Monday evening, April ninth.

The Northrup Recital

The difficult program carried out by Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup's pupils at their recent recital was an evidence of very careful and conscientious work. The excellent placing of the voices was worthy of particular notice. If it is possible to individualize I shall mention Miss Edith Hibberd and Miss Katherine Sullivan, the latter though young, having a voice of great promise. The following was the program: "Autumn Violets" (Bartlett), pupils' chorus, soloist, Edith Hibberd; "Nobles Seigneurs," (Meyerbeer), Helene J. Anderson; "The Magic Song" (Meyer-Helmund), Mrs. Lulu Bennett; "Ballatella" (Leoncavallo), Miss Hibberd; quartet, "Twilight Bells" (White), and "Behind the Lattice" (Chadwick), Misses Anderson, Shaw, Hammond and Miller; aria from "Aida," Mrs. Clarence Lancaster; "Serenata" (Tosti) and "Were My Songs with Wings Provided" (Hahn), Katherine Sullivan; "The Snow" (Elgar), pupils' chorus; "Mon Coeur ne peut Changer" (Gounod), Irene Meusdorffer; "A Forest Song" (Whelpley), and "Evening" (Ronald), Mrs. E. R. Jolly; "Donnez, Donnez" (Le Prophete, Meyerbeer), Mae Miller; Letter Duet from "The Marriage of Figaro," Miss Hibberd, Mrs. Clarence Lancaster, and pupils' chorus. Mrs. Eduard R. Eliassen assisted as violinist and Mrs. Arthur W. Moore as accompanist in the choral numbers. Four of Mr. Alexander T. Stewart's pupils formed a violin quartet—Mrs. Arthur W. Anderson, Sidney Miller, Pauline Barr and Zoe Blodgett. Mrs. Northrup accompanied the solos.

The Marquardts to Tour Again

John Marquardt, violinist and orchestral leader, and his wife, Madame Alexandra Marquardt, harpist, will start shortly on a tour of the world, concertizing in Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, British and Dutch India, the Straits Settlements, China, Japan, Siberia, Russia and other countries. The tour is to cover two years. This is not the first world's tour of the Marquardts. In 1901 and 1902 they concertized in Berlin, Paris, the Far East and Australia, and also in American cities, meeting with immense success everywhere. Marquardt first came to San Francisco with the Imperial Austrian Orchestra directed by Fritz Scheel during the Midwinter Fair. He was concertmaster, later holding the same office with Scheel's symphony orchestra. Madame Marquardt (then Fraulein Breitschuck) was the orchestra's harpist. Since then the Marquardts have made this city their home.

This Saturday evening in Century Club hall Miss Ernestine Goldman, pianist, will give a recital, assisted by Edward Xavier Rolker, tenor; Hans Koenig, violinist, and Wencaslao Villalpando, cellist.

The program at the Hopkins musicale on Thursday evening of this week is contributed by Mrs. Joseph E. Artigues, soprano, Miss Ada McDonnell, soprano, Miss Helen Crane, mezzo soprano, Miss Etta Parsons, contralto, Miss Pearl Laisy, violinist, Sir

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— Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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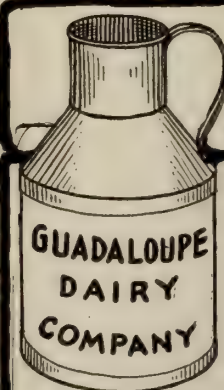
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TONIC LAXATIVE

Henry Heyman, violinist, Miss Julia R. Tharp, vocal accompanist, Miss Alma Warnholz, violin accompanist, F. Dellepiane, organist. The feature of the program will be Allen's Allegro Moderato, op. 26, for two violins and piano, by Miss Laisy, Sir Henry Heyman and Miss Warnholz. The next concert will take place on Thursday evening, April fifth.

Musical Needs of the U. C.

In his Charter Day address, among other things, President Wheeler of the University of California said: "An organ for the Greek Theatre would cost ten thousand dollars. The great organ for the permanent auditorium should cost twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars. The auditorium itself, which will dominate the whole scheme of the proposed buildings, looking down the present sweep of the Botanical Garden, will cost a million dollars. It can serve also to shelter a School of Music. An endowment of one hundred thousand dollars for a professorship of Music should be provided, and an endowment for five different assistants, representing the different forms of music."

The fourth of the Wolle symphony concerts occurs on Thursday afternoon of this week in the Greek theatre at the University of California, Berkeley.

Sir Henry Heyman entertained Jan Kubelik exclusively during his visit here. The two have many mutual friends among the celebrities. Madame von Meyerinck's reception in honor of Kubelik was a very delightful affair, society being largely represented among the guests.

The sixty-sixth concert of the McKenzie Society took place on Wednesday evening of last week, the singers being George Abrego, L. Michelson, Arthur Kernan, Charles Hulten, Louise Murphy, Hugo Carbonett, Gertrude Hemminga, Anna Stockinger, Minnie Sawtelle, H. L. Sjrivan, Vivian Kormel, and the choral of the society.

"The Pirates" by Amateurs

"The Pirates of Penzance" will be presented by the Past Pupils Association of the Presentation Convent at Native Sons' hall on April 23rd and 24th, the proceeds to be given to the convent. A. F. Schleicher will be stage manager and Curt. C. Davis musical director. Among those who will take part are Miss Julie Cotte, formerly of the Tivoli company, as Mabel; Miss Genevieve Sullivan, Ruth; Ed. V. McGinty, the Pirate King; T. W. Huber, the Major-General; Chas. Bulotti, Frederick; M. Donigan as Samuel; Misses M. Kilcommon, A. Williams and G. Bogan.

The Loring Club

At its concert next Tuesday night the Loring Club will have the assistance of a full orchestra, which will accompany the club in the entire program, in which is included some of the greatest works for male voices and orchestra. One-half of the program is devoted to Wagner's translations, as "The Feast of Pentecost" and "The Holy Supper of the Apostles." This work is of much difficulty and not only is the present occasion its first rendering on the Pacific coast, but one of the very few performances in our country, it being rarely heard owing to the demands which it makes upon the executants. It requires five separate choirs of male voices and a large orchestra, and as the Loring Club membership is not only full even to the waiting list at the present time, but a number of former members of the club have come in especially for this concert, it is anticipated that a notable rendering of the work will be heard.

Gerardy will give two concerts at the Columbia a few weeks hence. Gerardy is without doubt the most brilliant of all living cellists and the impression made here by him when he last visited this city still lingers.

—The Music Critic.

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The Stage

(Continued from Page 35)

extraordinary. From the moment the curtain is up you are plunged into a turmoil of emotion; for a couple of hours you are whirled breathlessly round in the vortex; and, when the curtain comes down again, you realize that the dramatist in that brief time has hurried you through as much life-history as would furnish forth a dozen average plays. This is Panhard or Mercedes drama: drama which laughs at speed-limits."

Last Monday night Bernhardt played in Dallas, Texas, in an immense circus tent seating nearly four thousand people. Special trains were run from many towns within one hundred miles and an immense audience welcomed the world's greatest actress. The public seemed to enjoy the novelty of a performance of this kind under canvas.

White Whittlesey is at his old family home in Danbury, Conn., and makes weekly trips to New York, for instruction in French and fencing. He is eager for his return to California and will open in "Prince Otto" at the Belasco, Los Angeles, in May, returning to the Alcazar in July. His contract with Belasco, Mayer and Price covers another four years.

Belasco and Mayer have waived their contract for "Letty," at the request of Charles Frohman, to permit of its presentation with an Eastern cast at the Columbia this spring. The Alcazar production will be deferred until next autumn.

It Has a Local Lodge

George Ade was talking with a friend the other day when the name of a third man was mentioned.

"Do you know him?" Ade was asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the author, "he belongs to the 'I-knew-him-when' club."

"What club is that?" the friend asked.

"Oh, those are the fellows back home who talk about me and say, 'Why, I knew him when he was working around here and you'd never think he was going to amount to anything.' It has a big membership."

Gerardy Coming Soon

The number of great violoncellists is small, and among these there are not more than three or four who enjoy international reputations as virtuosi. One of these, pre-eminent among the elect, is Jean Gerardy, the most youthful of them all, yet a fully matured artist. Young Gerardy first came to the United States as a prodigy and was exploited as such. This was nearly a decade ago. Two years later he revisited this country and showed considerable development. His success from the beginning was decided. His second tournee through the United States was a greater success than his first, and each subsequent tour was more successful than its predecessor. Gerardy has made frequent visits to this country, and is well known from Maine to California, and from Canada to the Gulf. It is perfectly safe to assert that no violoncellist who has ever come to the United States has won so many and such brilliant and sustained successes as Gerardy has achieved. When first he crossed the Atlantic he was the boy wonder; now he is the developed artist, the ripe musician. There are many reasons why Gerardy is a favorite with intelligent concert-goers and is esteemed by musicians. He is blessed with the artist temperament and is magnetic. His technic is incomparable and his musicianship is undoubted. He accomplishes with ease feats which baffle many veterans of the concert stage. His repertory is very large. He plays with equal skill all the big concertos and less important works. Gerardy appeared here in concerts with Ysaye and Lachaume some years ago. He is coming soon again, to the Columbia.

—*The Playgoer.*

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My Contemporaries

Contemp'aries, excepting, Mabie, Barrie, I cannot con—they are too temporary.
 "Amuse," their motto is; but mine, "The Muse."
 Would I might give the grinning devils their dues.
 For "spell words," they misspell words, and for style,
 They offer latest slang in fashion vile:—
 "A pote of note, being told to go to pot,
 He rote by rote, and the result was rot,
 Rot sold, and reader; seller sold and sad.
 As for the pot, why, it went boiling mad."
 Thus, dashing poets dash to earth our hopes;
 Their tropes they miss, and makes us misanthropes.
 For me, in short, they've not a word to say,
 And so I've none for them—how could I, pray?
 —The Poetaster.

Octave Thanet's Philosophy

VOICED IN "THE MAN OF THE HOUR."

"Nothing is so bracing to courage as company."
 "I'm afraid I came awfully near being bumptious. . .
 I shall never learn to hold my opinions and my tongue at
 the same time, I guess!"
 "If the council don't put that feller out for heresy
 they ought for foolishness! If a man's outgrown his
 church clothes, why don't he clear out to some other gos-
 pel shop where he can get a bigger suit? I say if you are
 playing a game and don't like the rules, quit! It's better'n
 trying to kill the umpire."
 "There isn't a labor leader going who doesn't have to
 swap some of his opinions for his place."
 "Mighty little taste's inherited, none of it's made;
 the big majority's just contag'd like the measles! That's
 why these big exhibitions are so useful. Most anybody
 can catch things!"
 "The unions are a good deal like a lawyer. If you've

got anything coming he'll see you ain't beat out of it. But
 he can't make it for you."

"We've got to judge a man by what he does, but I
 guess the Lord will judge *us* more than our doings!"

"I shouldn't have said she had enough distinction
 about her to be disliked; she always seemed to me like
 apple dumplings, wholesome but not intoxicating. You
 can't get up any ardent feelings about apple dumplings."

"It is true that I have been exposed to education, but
 I only took a very mild type."

"He drank only in the presence of ladies because he
 was sure, as he explained, that if he followed such a rule,
 he should never exceed moderation."

Says Mark Twain, in "Pudd'nhead Wilson's" calen-
 dar: "April 1st: This is the day upon which we are re-
 minded of what we are on the other three hundred and
 sixty-four."

Jesus--An Unfinished Portrait

Rev. Charles Van Norden of Auburn, this state, has published
 through Funk & Wagnalls a book with the above title. It claims
 attention chiefly as an interpretation of the phenomena connected
 with the Founder of Christianity from the naturalistic stand-
 point. The author sets aside a very large element of alleged tra-
 dition in the New Testament writings and pictures Jesus in his
 human environment, with a moral nature of wonderful poten-
 tiality, gradually developing a conception of what his work in
 the world was to be, and upon contact with John the Baptist and
 a subsequent season of moral struggle arriving at self-consciousness
 of his Messiahship. From thence he engages in noble humani-
 tarian works and in the enunciation of simple and universal prin-
 ciples of religion. But of supernatural revelation, of himself as
 a divine personality, of his work and death as the basis of the
 scheme of salvation—this is but the philosophy of others. The
 book is a crude one of its kind and many of the author's sug-
 gestions touching the main problem are puerile, but it undeniably
 reflects a trend of thought that has set in among Protestant
 writers, ranging in its expositors from the radical Renan to the
 much admired Harnack—set in on a course that will probably
 never be completely turned.

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Automobile Topics

The Auto Tax

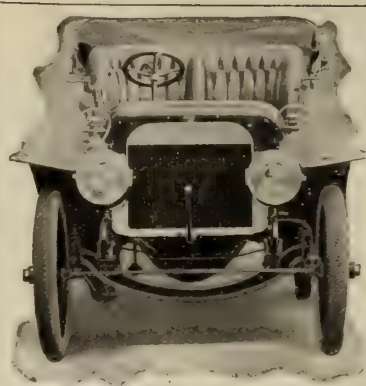
While ardent tourists in the East are fighting the passage of drastic bills by state legislatures, equally ardent ones in the West are up in arms over the application of laws already on the books in the state of California. During the past winter or two California has shown signs of becoming the Mecca for automobile tourists, who do not care for rigors of the cold months in the North. Just at present there are scores of them along the Pacific Coast near Los Angeles, the point at which the trouble has originated. On the statute books there is a law which provides for a tax on all vehicles. The Los Angeles City Assessor has decided that all automobiles in the city, irrespective of whether they are the property of residents or visitors, come under the terms of this law and has accordingly assessed the cars of all tourists. One of the peculiarities of the law is that a car against which an assessment has been made cannot be moved until the tax is paid. One Boston man was halted at the door of the garage where he is keeping his car when about to start out with a friend for a short ride. He was not allowed to proceed until he had paid the tax.

A Unique Car

L. M. Hart of Boston has extensive interests in Mexico, and among his enterprises are several gold mines. Ever since these mines were opened there has been trouble with the Yaqui Indians. The nearest railroad is many miles away, and all the gold taken from the mines must be sent there for shipment to the north or the capital. It is the custom of the Yaquis to attack the gold trains, swooping down on the guards in the narrow passes and mountain roads. As a consequence it has been found necessary to increase the number of guards until the gold train now resembles a small army. The utmost caution is always necessary, scouts being sent out in advance. Although this is in a civilized country, the Mexican Rurales have never found it possible to clear the mountainous region of the Indians, who, on the approach of the troops, fly to their hiding places, to venture out again on the approach of the gold train. It will be remembered that less than a year ago several Americans were murdered by the Yaquis while on a visit to their claims. Early in the year Mr. Hart bought two Thomas cars, and after he had given them exhaustive tests became convinced that automobiles could be used to advantage in the transportation of bullion in Mexico. He took the matter up with Mr. Henshaw at Boston, and as a result the preliminary plans were drawn up. The chassis and larger portion of the body are to be of the regular stock model touring car, but there the resemblance ends. Armor plate will be used to protect the working parts, front seats and tonneau, to protect the machinery and passengers from attacks, both on level ground and while running through defiles where an attack from above might occur. A place will be provided in the tonneau for carrying gold and either one or two rapid fire guns will be mounted in the front and rear compartments of the body. The rapid fire gun feature, it is expected, will be a great advantage since now, owing to the topography of the country, it is almost impossible for them to be transported unlimbered and ready for work at a second's notice.

Round and About

George Anderson, of San Jose, who recently placed his order with the Pioneer Automobile Company for a four-cylinder Oldsmobile, says he is going to have the



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Cuyler Lee, agent for Cadillac motor cars, has moved into his new garage, 458-464 Golden Gate avenue. Shipments of new model Cadillac motor cars were received this week. Mr. Lee expects two 30 h. p. four-cylinder Cadillac motor cars shortly by express.

G. A. Lynch, the Market street milliner who has owned several different cars during the past few years, has just placed his order with the Pioneer Company for a new model K Winton touring car. Mr. Lynch has toured California from north to south.

A Mountain Climb

Harvey W. Swift left this city for Fresno with his White steam car in a pouring rain last week. Mr. Swift's business requires him to journey during the lumber season to the mills located high up in the Sierra Nevada mountains. It is a sixty-five mile trip and no auto has ever accomplished the feat of successfully negotiating the climb. Mr. Swift is confident he can make it in his new White and will use it principally for the purpose of conveying him there. The climb up the mountain is an extremely bad one, the most difficult stretch being over the Toll House hill, which is six miles long and a fifteen to twenty per cent grade. He expects, however, to make the run in four hours. At present a six-horse stage is used but by this method one is obliged to leave Fresno at five in the morning and the summit is reached about 6 p. m. Horses are changed four times during the ascent.

William J. Landers, who returned two weeks ago from a run down the coast to Los Angeles and back in his big Columbia, will make another trip to the south in his auto as soon as the weather clears up and the roads are in normal condition.

Barney Oldfield will be in California soon. The daring driver is to race on the coast in May. Oldfield is particularly anxious to take the measure of the White racer now being driven in this state by Bert Dingley and against which the intrepid Barney will contest. Webb Jay defeated Oldfield exactly eighteen times during the past season with the White car and the former champion says he hopes to wipe out that defeat. Barney will also go after the one mile record of the world held by Webb Jay with his White in the remarkable time of 48 3-5 seconds.

Automobile Topics of New York in a recent issue said: "With the completion of the latest addition to the Columbia factory, the Electric Vehicle Company has in operation the largest automobile plant in the world devoted wholly to the manufacture of automobiles. There is now a total of 225,000 square feet of floor space in use."

Stafford W. Bixby of Los Angeles has just bought an interest in the White garage there. The White dealers in Southern California are planning larger quarters and the sales of White steam touring cars in the south up to date have been more than double those of the same period last year.

—*The Chauffeur.*

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A Bachelor's Flirtation

(Adapted for Town Talk.)

Mr. Robert Brownjohn of the Bohemian Club has added some years to his age since his memorable experience in Trouville, the story of which I am going to relate.

In those days Brownjohn was known as a very gay young bachelor. He has lost none of the ebullience of his spirits but he is now less impetuous and more discreet. He won't flirt with a married woman nowadays until he has made a careful study of her pedigree and looked up the rating of her husband. Brownjohn will not compliment any man on the charms of his wife by bestowing his attentions on the lady unless he is assured that their social standing is of the highest character.

Brownjohn was doing Europe in the eighties when he met Sir John Arding, baronet, and his pretty wife at Trouville. He was truly delighted to meet them and they on their side discovered equal pleasure in the meeting. He became, as it were, one of the family. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, saw him partaking of his meals at the same table with them. The intermediate hours found him walking, motoring, cycling, golfing, swimming or sitting out in the moonlight with them—or rather, not infrequently, with her alone.

She was a lovely woman. It was hard to say under what conditions she looked the more charming; on a cycle or motor, or in a bathing dress, or swinging a golf club or sitting in the moonlight. She was so natural, too, so innocent, so unaffected; that is, she produced the effect of all these qualities.

It was at breakfast on the third day after Mr. Robert Brownjohn's arrival that the opening scene of a certain little drama was enacted.

Sir John Arding was perusing his correspondence. Suddenly an expression of agitation, of dismay, escaped his lips, and the open letter which he held fell from his fingers on to his plate of fried sole.

"Oh, Sir John!" exclaimed Lady Arding, "what is the matter, dear? Are you not well—?"

"Yes! yes, pet! I'm all right," answered Sir John, hurriedly; "only some rather disagreeable news. That is all. There, there, my dear! Don't look so alarmed," he added, with a palpably forced smile. "It's nothing very bad. Merely a little matter of business. We won't let it interfere with our making a good breakfast. Brownjohn, let me give you some more of this sole."

Then, changing the subject, he proceeded to talk fast on general topics; but it was evident, from his manner, which was *distracted* and nervous, that the contents of that letter had seriously perturbed him.

When breakfast was over he said to his wife:

"I should like to have just a few words with you, my pet, if you can spare me five minutes."

"Of course. Let us go into the drawing-room. It is sure to be empty at this early hour."

Then, turning to Brownjohn, she said:

"I shall be ready to start with you to the golf links, as we had arranged, in half an hour. Will you meet me then in the lobby?"

He bowed assent. A look of concern had overspread his handsome features. He was naturally anxious to know what it was that was the matter, and, if need were, to proffer his assistance. But, of course, he was too well-mannered to betray any curiosity on what was evidently some private family affair.

In half an hour Lady Arding joined him in the lobby,

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FOR

BREAKFAST

and they set out on foot for the golf-links. Her face was pale, and there were traces of tears upon her cheeks, which did not escape Mr. Brownjohn's notice.

"I am afraid," she said, presently, in answer to a remark of his about a projected excursion for the morrow, "that we shall not be able to accompany you after all, Mr. Brownjohn. Sir John finds it necessary to bring our pleasant visit here to an abrupt termination. We start for London tonight."

Mr. Brownjohn uttered an exclamation of surprise and unfeigned disappointment.

"Is that really so? I am sorry. But must you go? Is it absolutely necessary?"

"Absolutely," said Lady Arding in a low voice. After this they walked on for a moment or two in silence, which Mr. Brownjohn was the first to break.

"I say," he blurted out; "I don't want to be inquisitive, but I can't help seeing that something is the matter, and I'd feel it no end of a privilege if you'd take me into your confidence, and let me be of service to you if I possibly

can."

"It is awfully kind of you," she murmured, "but I am afraid there is nothing for us to do but to grin and bear it. The truth is—I don't mind telling you, though I would not mention it to anyone else for worlds—that Sir John has had news this morning of a heavy loss."

"A money loss?" inquired Mr. Brownjohn, eagerly. "If that is all——"

"But it's not all," she interposed, "There's something worse than that about it. Oh! Mr. Brownjohn—I oughtn't to tell you because I promised I wouldn't, but somehow I don't feel as if I could keep secrets from you. Some one has—has—forged Sir John's name to a cheque for \$3,000. The bank paid it and Sir John finds that he now has less than \$500 on deposit.

"But the bank is liable," said Brownjohn.

"Ah!" murmured Lady Arding, shaking her pretty head gloomily, "Sir John knows that. He told me that if he repudiates the cheque, the bank will have to make the

(Continued on Page 46)



A Parkside Residence

The New Spirit in San Francisco.

The action of the Board of Supervisors in passing to print the franchise applied for by the Parkside Realty Company of San Francisco is a good indication of the spirit of the times. This proposed railroad will open up a sand-hill district which is rapidly being reclaimed and made into what will be one of the finest residence sections of the city by the Parkside Realty Company. Such a project is worthy the support of all citizens looking to the advancement of San Francisco. Our population is growing at a tremendous rate. Rather than live in flats and apartments a large percentage of the people who get their salaries in San Francisco live across the bay in Alameda or Oakland, but now it should be a different tale. The Parkside district will accommodate at least thirty thousand people who will buy their household supplies and spend their money in San Francisco. They will be subject to the exceedingly small tax rate of the city. They will have the protection of its fire and police departments. They

need not be delayed in getting down to the office by the fogs on the bay, for with the new electric line in operation they will be able to get to town from Parkside in thirty-five minutes or less. This franchise is not only a benefit to Parkside but to the whole Sunset District, though of course Parkside will be the first section to be filled up with houses on account of the fine marine view obtainable from the property and the fact that the Parkside Realty Company is putting the district into shape for building; grading, macadamizing the streets, laying all the sewers, bringing water and light to the property, putting in sidewalks and curbs. The electric railroad, the franchise for which has just been passed to print, is one of the promises the company has kept. Ten years from now will see the entire Sunset District entirely built up and containing a population of over 150,000 people. The possibilities of this district have been shown and proved by the Parkside Realty Company and every one will find the half has not been told.

Handled With Gloves

A LINGUISTIC INCIDENT.

One night in Berlin, Jones, who had come abroad for his health, said to Brown, who had come abroad for purposes of study:

"Can you read French?"

Brown gave a very ready affirmative.

"Do you read it well?" asked Jones.

"Read it well!"—there Brown hesitated; then—"well, not so very well, perhaps; but I've studied it a lot in school and in college."

Jones crossed the room and took a book out of his desk. "Here," he said, bringing it to his friend, "see what you can make of that. A mighty jolly fellow gave it to me, and told me I'd enjoy it, only he said not to tell anyone that he recommended it."

Brown opened the book and looked at it wisely; then he glanced through it in spots and shook his head.

"I'm not studying for the ministry, to be sure, but still—" he held out the book closed.

Jones took it and looked at it eagerly.

"What's it about, anyhow?"

"All I can say is it's too much for me," said Brown; and he added, "my advice to you is to pitch it in the fire. That's what I'd do."

Naturally, Jones did not take such a piece of advice; he put the book away and wanted for another erudite friend to visit Berlin.

The next one was White, a man of great talents, who had been in various American colleges, two English and three of Continental Europe. He had fought a duel in Leipzig and was understood to be at home in four languages. He appeared to be formed by fortune to satisfy his friend's need of the moment.

"Trot it out," he said jovially, when the subject was broached; and then he lit a cigarette, tipped his chair back, grabbed the book in question, and plunged at once deep into its matter.

Presently he began to laugh.

"What's the fun?" Jones inquired.

White looked at him over the top of the pages.

"Can't you read it, really?" he demanded.

"No."

Then White chuckled and continued to read, only ejaculating, from time to time, "Great!" "Oh, fine, you know!" "Bully business!" etc.

"Do translate a bit!" pleaded Jones, almost hopping in impatience.

"Oh, my boy, you ain't old enough to understand the half of this. Wait till you're forty, and pray to be up to it then."

Jones felt some disgust. There are limits even to the prerogatives of a duelist. He buried himself in a *Herald* until his companion ceased reading, and then he put the book out of sight once more. He had to put it well out of sight, too, for he was expecting a visit from his mother. She was to have his room and he would sleep on the divan in the annex. Of course, incidentally, she would go through everything.

She did go through everything—the first day, too, and found some bills and a photograph of a girl he must not marry; but she missed the book, and, one afternoon when she was out, her son carried Grey to the apartment and felt that his hour was surely come. Grey and he were boyhood chums, and Grey had been in the Consulate at Paris once for quite awhile, until the Congressman, his

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cation.

father's second cousin, died suddenly.

"I suppose you must understand French like a Frenchman?" Jones said, fishing for his key-ring.

"Oh, I can parley ung petty purr," replied Grey, who had left all his conceit in the Avenue de l'Opera.

"Can you read it?"

"Like English."

Jones hauled forth the book, and handed it over.

"Where did you get this?"

"From a fellow."

"Gee! I wonder what he thought you were?"

"I can't read it."

"That's just your luck."

"What's it about?"

Grey shrugged his shoulders.

"I hope you don't think just because I lived in Paris one year that I'm up to anything like this!"

Jones looked doubtful. The other handed him back the book, and just then he heard the outside door bang, and had only time to fling the piece of modern literature behind the divan. The two young men went out afterward, and Jones prayed that his mother would not find the book.

She did, though!

As luck would have it, she had that very morning set a trap under the divan for a mouse that had been heard gnawing the night before.

When Jones came home his blood fairly ran cold, for his mother's pure and placid face was bent over the book. The Book!

"Have you read this?" she asked.

"N-no," he stammered, "I don't read French."

"What a pity!" she murmured; "it's such a favorite of mine—the famous 'Sermons of Bossuet.'"

The Femme de Chambre.

The Moth and the Myth

A moth and a myth had a quarrel one day,
The cause of the quarrel I never heard say;
But quarrel they did, in a scandalous way.

The moth was a maid, and the myth was a man,
And the myth sneered and jeered as only myths can,
For myths are all built on a cynical plan.

The moth, you must know, had a longing to be
A butterfly, gorgeous and lazy and free,
For the moth was afraid of a candle, you see.

"Ho! Ho!" said the myth to the moth; "what a shame
I can't singe your wings in my mythical flame!"
(And the myth had a notion of doing that same.)

"Still let me remind you, Miss Moth, if you please,
There is danger in butterfly's free life of ease,
For thousands will chase you, all striving to seize."

"Oh, pray, Mr. Myth," said Miss Moth, in deep ire,
"Reserve your advising till it I require;
The thing you describe is just what I desire!"

Just then a wise owl who chanced to pass by
Swallowed down the gray moth with a wink of the eye,
And the myth sulked away with his plan all awry.

And the wise owl remarked, as he flitted away,
"So that was a butterfly! Well, I must say
It tastes like a moth! What's the difference, pray?"
—*The Skeptic.*

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Here's another fact we'll tell you
It's the water makes the Beer"

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A Bachelor's Flirtation

(Concluded from Page 43)

money good to him. But, but—I tell you this in the strictest confidence, Mr. Brownjohn—there are reasons why he feels that he cannot repudiate the cheque. It is a painful story," she went on in low, hurried tones, while the color mounted to her cheeks. "The fact is, Sir John has reason to suspect, only too strongly, who the forger is. He is—is—my husband's brother."

"Ah! I see," said Brownjohn, sympathetically.

"Well," said Lady Arding, "the loss has to be faced, and there is no use worrying about it any more." She smiled bravely as she spoke. "My worst regret is that I must forego my holiday. I am enjoying myself here so much." She gave Brownjohn a coquettish glance, and he felt his heart leap.

Brownjohn had begun to think a great deal of the charming Englishwoman.

"But," he said, "why shouldn't Sir John let me act as his banker? I'd be only too delighted——"

"Thank you. You are most good," she replied, gratefully, yet with an air of quiet dignity that constituted, in itself, a polite refusal. "But it is quite impossible that we should borrow money from you."

"But as an intimate friend," he insisted, "surely I may exercise the privilege——"

"Pray do not press the matter any further," she answered, with a distressed look.

In view of her tone and manner, no less than of her words, Mr. Brownjohn perceived that there was no more to be said—at the moment. He silently resolved, however, not to let Sir John and Lady Arding depart from Trouville without making another attempt to retain their company.

This effort he made after luncheon, boldly attacking Sir John himself, whom he inveigled into taking a *tete-a-tete* stroll with him for that very purpose.

I need not describe the interview in detail. You, intelligent reader, will have no difficulty in picturing to yourself how Sir John was at first astonished and a little indignant to learn that his wife had confided the circumstances of his loss to Mr. Brownjohn; how next he expressed himself touched by the latter's kindly offer of a loan, but would not hear of accepting it; how after that, upon being pressed and entreated, he began to waver a bit; how he wavered more and more, until after much persuading and coaxing on the part of Mr. Brownjohn, he was, at length, induced, with the greatest reluctance, to accept a trifling loan of \$1,500.

So the baronet and his wife were able to remain on at Trouville to the great satisfaction of Brownjohn.

But they didn't remain. Something called them away unexpectedly and Brownjohn never saw them again.

Hence his latter day discretion.

Among the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs are Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bisbee of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Lewis, Seattle, Miss M. B. Lewis of New Bedford, Mass., Dr. O. H. Dogge, San Jose, Jas. Corrigan of Cleveland, G. G. Hadley and Jas. Everding, San Francisco.

The San Francisco hotel arrivals at the Angelus are: Miss Hilda Moore, S. A. St. Clare, G. A. Davis, Geo. L. Russell, Mrs. P. J. Tormey, Miss Tormey, Miss Isabel Tormey, Mr. and Mrs. William Leland. At the Lankershim, J. N. Hackett, H. C. Hall, Arthur M. L. Bell, James Allen and wife, and B. H. Taylor.

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An Idle Talk on Gossipry

(Continued from Page 8)

To the devil with gossips, say I. See! into what a scrape it has led me. Thither—that is, into predicaments—'tis its wont to lead; so at least they tell me who will tell you everything about everything, except what you want to know. Now, were I only a woman, and I could talk my way out with little or no effort. But for a man, tyro herein to the very end, to make a graceful exit is anything but easy. Give it up as a bad job, now that I have begun it and got so far—why, weakness personified wouldn't dream of doing such a thing; would it, my pretty dears? Besides, gossip is as hard to give up as if it were a vice. And vice it is not, but a signal virtue, with a reward all its own; a gift sent from on high, which being denied us men makes us green with envy.

To speak of "malicious gossip," as do some, is to use speech neither wisely nor well. In gossip there is no intent. A word in your ear—the first that offers—and one in yours; and then away home to get dinner ready—for man unfed is a wild beast. So it goes. If evil comes of it, dear me! that was the very last thing anyone thought of. The bit of news bursts forth from the full heart as does a bird's song in spring. As for telling tales out of school with malice aforethought, one would rather cut one's tongue off than do that. Ask any woman if it isn't so.

"To think," cries the gossip, "that anything I told—

In the strictest confidence, mind you—should get abroad and work mischief; why, the thing is simply incredible! And the strangest part of it all is that I haven't the least recollection of ever having opened my mouth on the subject to a living soul!"

Not strange at all, my dear madame, but the most natural thing in the world; and one which proves you a gossip after my own heart, a careless teller of idle tales, adorned with many an idle word-by-the-way.

The surprise of the gossip upon finding that she has talked herself and others into no end of trouble is the most ingenuous thing in existence. As one put it to me once: "You are all buoyancy—not a breath has escaped you—and the first thing you know, every one is down on you, like football players on the unoffending windbag! . . . But it's all in the game, I suppose," she added ruefully. She was not in the habit—she would give you her sacred word of honor—of telling anybody anything about anything; and as for mentioning Jupiter's marriage with Juno—that was beyond the beyonds. Such a thing had never even entered her head. That for your old Theocritus, and Balzac, and all the rest of them!

Well, I have managed to talk my way out of it, by the skin of my teeth, as Job says; but never again, if I know myself, will I essay to make Gossip my subject; rather will I content me, as a man should, with being the subject of Gossip and Gossips.

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Where Romance Fails

IN NOVELS

They quarrel.
They say farewell.
She decides never to see him.
He calls.
She says she is not in.
He sends roses.
Still she remains obdurate.
He sees her at the theatre.
She bows coldly.
He writes, craving forgiveness.
She yields.
Happiness.

IN REAL LIFE

They quarrel.
They say farewell.
He goes to his club.
She remains in her room.
He calls on other friends.

She listens for the doorbell.
He attends the theatre.
She spends her evenings alone.
He meets another woman.
She waits for a note.
He sees her at a restaurant.
She smiles.
He bows coldly.
She writes to him.
He does not reply.
Misery.

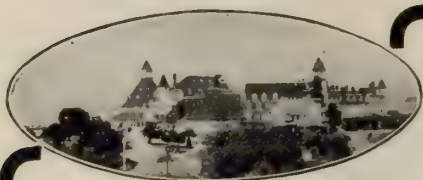
The Pessimist.

The Rejected One's Retort

She flashed a look of scorn upon him.
"No," she said, "if you were the last man in the world I wouldn't marry you."
He was silent.
"Do I make myself plain?" she asked.
He smiled triumphantly as he made reply: "Yes, as a ledge fence."
And then he withdrew.

—The Wit.

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Letters

A Bit of Plagiarism

I don't know who Julia Theresa Butler may be nor how much more "poetry" she has composed by the same easy process with which she has written "Thoughts," but if she has done much in the same strain a volume of her poems would be an appropriate prize in a literary guessing game. "Thoughts" contains but eight lines, and Julia Theresa may feel that she is entitled to praise for only putting in her thumb and pulling out a plum, when she might have gobbled the whole pie. Here it is:

"Fair are the roses and lilies, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;

Rare is the glow of the sunset, but the beauty that clasps it is rarer;

Sweet the exultance of music, but its memoried echoes are sweeter;

The poet of Love never writ, but the meaning out-mastered the metre.

"Under the joy that is felt, lie the holier issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the revealing;

Through the warm flush of dawn more infinite beauties shine;
And beaming through human love, is the rapturous love divine."

Two, out of the eight lines, are stolen bodily, even to the punctuation, from Richard Realf's "Indirection," a poem almost as



HERBERT QUICK

Author of "Double Trouble", one of the new Bobbs-Merrill publications

well known to great and small as "Mary had a little lamb," and four of the remaining six have but a word or two altered—roses and lilies for "the flowers and the children," music substituted for "song," etc.—but even in the two "original" lines the rhymes are borrowed. No doubt Julia Theresa is the electric light of some minor culture club where she has enjoyed a long and undisturbed opportunity to shine, but when she ventures into print she will be wise to be more wary in the future. There are hundreds of thousands of obscure poems in the language which even their authors must have forgotten, such of them as are still living, and if they were reprinted without alteration, and signed by any name, real or fictitious, no one would be any the wiser for the appropriation, but it is a dangerous proceeding to lay vandal hands on some things. It would be almost as easy to steal the Lord's Prayer as "Indirection."

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Mrs. Burnett's Novelette

"The Dawn of Tomorrow," Frances Hodgson Burnett's novelette that appeared in two installments in the holiday numbers of "Scribner's Magazine," has been brought out in book form with eight illustrations by Henry Hutt. It makes another of the "little books" which are gaining in popularity for, despite the number of pictures, large type and wide margins, there are only a hundred and fifty-five pages. It is an old axiom, however, that "best goods come in smallest packages," and many a three hundred page novel has less of substance. The squalid and poverty-stricken setting, East London, forcibly recalls the late George Gissing, but "The Dawn of Tomorrow" is decidedly optimistic. The action is all compressed within the space of one day which opens with a thick, yellow fog. Antony Dart was the name assumed by a man who had determined to commit suicide, and who meant to destroy every trace of identity and secure for himself a pauper's burial. He had exhausted every sensation and emotion, and knew himself to be on the verge of insanity, and, rather than live out his days in a madhouse or furnish a subject for pitying commentaries by those of his own circle, he had taken a room in an obscure east-side lodging and dressed the part he meant to play, that of a discouraged and friendless adventurer lately returned from the Antipodes. He left his lodging to procure the weapon he had marked in the window of a pawn shop, but lost his way in trying to return, and wandered aimlessly about the streets, speculating on the tomorrow which was never to dawn for him. While standing on one of the bridges he was accosted by a miserable little gamin who had divined his purpose, and temporarily diverted him, not that she had any moral scruples against self-murder, for she was as destitute of morality as the stones under her feet, but that she was "born cheerful" and couldn't, for the life of her, take a gloomy view of anything. Her matter-of-fact acceptance of life as she found it startled the jaded man who was literally dying of too much success. She lived in a fireless and unfurnished garret, which she shared with a young girl of the streets, and her nourishment for the last twenty-four hours had consisted of a slice of sausage picked up in the street, but she had never contemplated suicide, for her doctrine was that there was always tomorrow, when something interesting might happen. Antony Dart, the man who had had too much of everything, and who was really Sir Oliver Holt, a power in the financial world, found himself made welcome to the strangest company with which any of his kind had ever foregathered. Perhaps for the first time in his adult years he was healthily tired, and hungry enough to appreciate bread and salted dripping, with weak tea as a beverage, eaten seated on the floor before a broken grate which scarcely knew the meaning of fire, while he listened to the story of the child and her companion and to that of a young thief. There was also an ex-music hall dancer who had been converted while in a public hospital, and who, though she regarded prayers much in the light of incantations and knew nothing at all of creeds or doctrines, had an abiding faith. None of these were naturally vicious, but all the victims of circumstances. They had never had the opportunity for wide choice between good and evil. The money lightly thrown away in pursuit of some brief pleasure by the favored ones represented more than they had ever seen, much less known, but in spite of their poverty and forlornity, they had the fraternal spirit and the will to put the shoulder to the wheel. The outcome of this intimate contact with life was to arouse the sensibilities of the would-be suicide, and instead of an unknown corpse to be given pauper burial, there was a man alive and alert, and the morrow which dawned was a brighter one for the mis-named Apple Blossom Court and its denizens.

—The Bookworm.



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Hearst's Political Progress

Though Mr. William R. Hearst's great newspapers keep his friends and admirers enlightened in relation to his untiring efforts to promote the civic weal and uplift the plain people they neglect at times to publish very important news of his political progress. This neglect is unfortunate. Mr. Hearst has become a figure of national and absorbing interest. He is taken seriously as a Presidential aspirant by all political parties. It is believed that there are millions of people eager to see him in the White House, and unquestionably there are many millions of people that are filled with dread of his reaching the goal of his ambition. In the circumstances it is the duty of every newspaper to report the manoeuvres of Mr. Hearst's friends and foes, to keep the public informed of his coups and of the efforts to frustrate his plans. It is known that he hopes to reach Washington via Albany, and that his present program is to hold the State Convention of his Independence League on July fourth and nominate himself for Governor of New York. From July fourth to September, when the regular Democratic State Convention is to be held, he and the Independence League are to work like beavers in an effort to capture the Democratic organization so as to insure his nomination by the Democracy. His lieutenants believe that if successful in this enterprise the rest will be easy so far as the manipulation of party machinery throughout the country is concerned. The indications are that he will capture the Democratic machine in this state without much trouble. No candidate for Congress and comparatively few job-chasing Democratic politicians in California care to incur the enmity of the man who controls the two most powerful Democratic papers in the state. It was made clear at a banquet given in Los Angeles some months ago that politicians who were arrayed against Mr. Hearst two years ago are now eager to be enrolled among his followers. Similar conditions exist in Illinois, where, as in California, it is believed that Hearst exercises great influence with the labor vote. The probability is that through his Boston paper he is whipping Democratic politicians of Massachusetts into line, and should he get control of the machine in New York he would be in a fair way to capture the next National Convention.

A Sentiment to Combat

In the way of the Hearst ambition there is a sentiment which is causing the strenuous publisher great anxiety. It is the sentiment of Democrats in all sections of

the country touching his regularity in the party. The fact that Mr. Hearst, a Tammany Congressman, ran for Mayor in an effort to defeat Mr. McClellan, the regular candidate of the organization from which Mr. Hearst at the time was drawing political sustenance, has been bitterly commented upon by Southern and Middle Western Democrats who are sticklers for party regularity. It is believed that he must purge himself of his political sins both in New York and California before he can win the favor of a Democratic national convention. That he realizes the importance of assuaging the prejudices aroused by his indifference to party tradition was made evident last week when he took occasion to answer the charge of treachery made by Delancey Nicoll. Even though he should succeed in beating Tammany at the primaries in September he will have a great deal of explaining to do later on, and at the last minute he will have William J. Bryan to reckon with, the Bryan who was once regarded as a political incendiary but who now, because of the ultra-radicalism of Hearst, is looked upon as a safe and sane conservative force.

Tammany Opposed to Municipal Ownership

Another influential statesman whom Mr. Hearst has attempted to ride over rough shod, and who is getting ready to settle up old scores, is Congressman Bourke Cockran. Under his direction Tammany laid down an anti-Hearst platform last week upon which it will make the fight in the gubernatorial campaign. The organization also mapped out the issue it thinks should be made in the next presidential struggle. If the advice of Tammany be followed the national fight will be upon tariff reform; while in New York a demand will be made for the punishment of the men responsible for the insurance depredations and municipal ownership will be abominated. So there will be a clear-cut issue between Hearst and Tammany. Mr. Cockran, who urged the adoption of the platform in an eloquent speech, declared that the question which now faced the party was how to stop graft and corruption and at the same time not imperil the security of private property. Interference by public authorities with private industries he strongly denounced, and he suggested by way of remedy the repeal of the laws which foster trusts and encourage such rescalities as have been recently unfolded and the punishment of men who, because of their wealth, disregard the laws of democratic government. Municipal ownership, he asserted, would not improve conditions. Experience, he said, had proved that public utilities operated by private agencies provided better and cheaper service than when such utilities were operated by public officers.

Latest Democratic Principles

The Tammany platform is of interest, presenting as it does the views of the leading conservative Democrats on public questions over which there is a great deal of fervid controversy. It reflects the opinions of men who wield tremendous influence in the councils of the Democratic party and who will probably shape the policy of the party for the next national campaign. In the opening paragraph an attack is made upon trusts and upon high tariff:

Exactions of great combinations or trusts under cover of high protective tariffs, excessive rates exacted by corporations operating public franchises, plunder of policyholders by officers of in-

insurance companies, and of stockholders by managers of industrial corporations, corruption in public office by which revenues of government are diverted from the service of the people to the pockets of their servants and the sources of justice polluted are all schemes of some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's brows, by diverting property from hands that create it to hands that covet it.

A demand is made for the repeal of all laws which "under the delusive pretext of protecting American industry enable a few men to plunder the whole body of their fellow citizens, by charging extortionate prices for the necessities of life and the essentials of industry." Adequate punishment is demanded of men, no matter what their position or extent of fortune, who have been shown to have misappropriated one dollar given to their care in trust, and these words were inserted for the benefit of Mr. Hearst:

"We hold that the cure for all these abuses is not in socialism, which by enormously extending the power of government must aggravate them, but in democracy, which by excluding government from any interference whatever with private industry must cure them."

Every proposal that a municipality assume operation of all public utilities and reduce rates to persons using them, regardless of what the service may actually cost, is an attempt to force some men to bear the expense of others, because where the outlay for operation exceeds earnings the deficit must be made up by taxation, and this we denounce as socialistic, and therefore hostile to justice and subversive of democratic government.

While experience shows that public utilities are more effectively administered by private agencies under the watchful supervision of government than by public officers, we do not believe corporations operating public franchises in this city approach the efficiency of which they are capable and to which the people are entitled.

To enforce the application of these principles in this city we urge the establishment of a permanent commission, authorized to ascertain the actual cost of operating street railways and telephones, of manufacturing and distributing gas, of supplying electrical power and empowered to fix reasonable rates, so that the community will always be admitted to a share in all benefits flowing from economies and improvements in administration. And this we demand for the protection alike of the corporations and the people whose franchises they operate, of stockholders whose capital is invested in these enterprises and of the community for whose benefit they are chartered.

From the tone of the platform we infer that Tammany was not frightened by the vote polled by Mr. Hearst in the late municipal campaign. Moreover we are inclined to the opinion that the wise men of Tammany regard the municipal ownership bogie as a mere pigmy, a lilliputian with the lung-power of a Titan.

Lodge Answers Abusive Critics

For some months that dignified body, the Senate of the United States, has been restless under what many of its members have characterized as a wanton attempt of irresponsible persons to discredit it before the country. Last week the smouldering fires of indignation and resentment broke forth into flames as a result of the fanning of the embers by that learned and admittedly honest and patriotic statesman, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts. Mr. Lodge arose in the Senate and denounced the Congress-baiters of the press as irresponsible slanderers. He arraigned the critics of the Senate for seeking to destroy public confidence in the institutions of the country, and he stigmatized them as hired assassins of character. It was known some weeks ago that the Senate was considering the advisability of selecting a spokesman to deliver a carefully prepared rebuke to the Congress-baiters, and Lodge was chosen because, no doubt, of his reputation for freedom from capitalistic influence. Very bitter has been the campaign of

abuse waged against both the Senate and House during the past five or six months. It was started through a spirit of resentment awakened by the obvious efforts of certain powerful statesmen to discredit President Roosevelt, and owing to its popularity it soon gained tremendous impetus, and the attacks on individuals grew into general assaults on the whole national legislative institution. For Hearst's *Cosmopolitan* David Graham Phillips, the novelist, is writing a series of articles entitled "The Treason of the Senate." Dr. William Everett attacked the Senate in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Lincoln Steffens has been writing a syndicate letter in abuse of the Senate, but he was abruptly "called off" last week, and the editors who were buying his letter are curious to know how he was silenced. To these and many other critics Senator Lodge made reply. He began by saying: "Concocting slanders and heaping together falsehoods for the purpose of selling them is not a pleasing trade, and when carried on in the name of virtue and reform it is a peculiarly repulsive one." Continuing, he professed to be concerned not with the slanders directed against individuals, but with the misrepresentation of wise institutions and free systems of government, saying:

Yet the most serious quality of these attacks does not reside in these directed against the Senate. Every branch of the executive and legislative department of the Government has been at one time and another in our history subjected to these indiscriminate assaults. No President was ever so maligned as Lincoln, and I have lived to see his fame rise up, as world wide as it is pure and unsullied, unharmed by the abuse of the forgotten creatures who thought to blacken his character and thwart his purpose. Within my own brief experience I have seen the House held up to public scorn and its Speaker denounced with unbridled ferocity on account of reforms which all men and all parties accept today, and which rescued that great body from a condition of inanition and contempt.

The Executive, the Senate and the House could answer these statements, said Lodge, but the courts could not. They could make no popular appeal, enter no defense, secure no verdict at the ballot box. It was, therefore, the law of politics not to assail the courts.

"Shore Birds" and "Vultures"

Mr. Lodge read an interview with Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty, and continuing said:

Now, Mr. President, there is a man of high character holding a high public position deliberately stating to the people of this country that the courts and other public bodies are owned by the

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railroads. He says they own them by electing them. United States Judges are appointed. They are not elected. They are appointed by the President. That implication is that the President appointed men owned by the railroads. If this were the utterance of some of our irresponsible magazine writers whose only thought was to turn a penny by meeting what seemed a momentary demand for a sensational statement it would be bad enough, but very far from fatal. Writers of that type come and go. They seize upon the excitement of the moment and presently rise like a flock of shore birds and whirl away to another spot where they can find a fresh feeding ground. These modern imitators of Titus Oates will pass away as he passed away. They will bring no innocent heads to the block as he did, because the pillory has been abolished, but they will go out of fashion just as he did into silence and contempt. It is when a man of ability and character, holding high government position like that of Interstate Commerce Commissioner, uses the language which I have quoted that the matter becomes deeply serious. It is when doubts and suspicions as to our courts are suggested by the words of men eminent in public office, as has been the case in the last months during the discussion of this question; it is when every effort is made to shut the courts out from all consideration of the momentous questions raised by this bill that the matter grows grave indeed, for it is in this way that the distrust is bred of which the Senator from Texas spoke and which every reflecting man must believe to be an inestimable if not an irreparable injury to the country.

Other defenders of the Senate have been bobbing up since Mr. Lodge delivered his broadside and some of the newspapers are protesting against intemperate criticism of our national institutions. Even that distinguished reformer, District Attorney Jerome, has taken up the cudgels and the other night at a banquet he took occasion to censure both Steffens and Phillips and to denounce the vultures of the yellow press.

Our Lieutenant-Generals

The hero of a hundred political battlefields, General Henry C. Corbin, is soon to realize the ambition which he has been nursing for many years. He is to become head of the army with the rank of Lieutenant-General on the expiration, this month, of the term of General Bates. It seems like a joke for such a man as General Corbin to reach the grade of Lieutenant-General. In the years ago it was thought that none but great military heroes should be permitted to reach that rank and sentiment favored the abolition of the grade when there were no men in the army whose achievements qualified them to succeed to the title nobly and gloriously won by our Grants, Shermans and Sheridans. In deference to that sentiment a bill was recently reported to the House which provided "that when the office of Lieutenant-General shall become vacant, it shall not hereafter be filled, but said office shall cease." Corbin's friends in the house tacked on an amendment extending the time of expiration to October 12, 1906. So with the consent of the Senate, Corbin will succeed Bates and when he relinquishes the title in August General Arthur MacArthur will be permitted to call himself Lieutenant-General. Perhaps General Wood, the hero of the recent melodramatic mix-up in the Philippines, will exert his pull meanwhile to have the time of expiration extended for his benefit. If Corbin, why not Wood?

The Archbishop and the Lady

Mr. Bellamy Storrer is said to have lost his job as Ambassador to Austria because of the efforts of his wife to persuade the Pope to make Archbishop Ireland a Cardinal. His dismissal provoked a controversy which seems not, however, to concern the distinguished churchman, and yet every Catholic in America is probably curious to know whether Mrs. Storrer was doing politics at the Vatican, and

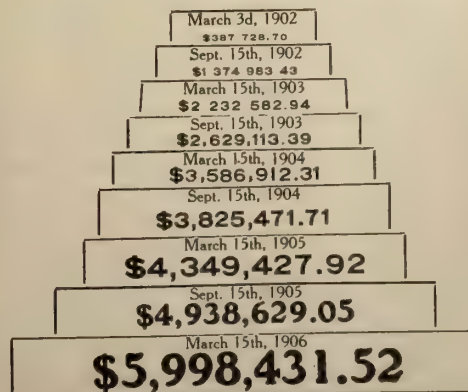
if so, whether Archbishop Ireland was cognizant of her intercession in his behalf. Almost ever since Archbishop Ireland was raised to the office which he now holds there have been rumors of his impending promotion to the College of Cardinals, and the impression is widespread that he spends more of his time trying to achieve the goal of his ambition than in promoting the cause of religion. It is perhaps beneath the dignity of an Archbishop of the Catholic Church to concern himself with rumor respecting his personal affairs. But it is important that the dignity of an Archbishop be maintained, that there be no misapprehension as to the nature of the zeal that moves him. The high duty devolving on churchmen, of inspiring respect for religion, involves the obligation of so conducting themselves as to deserve respect. Political ambition is not consistent with religious zeal. Wire-pulling in the priesthood promotes scandal and it is especially discreditable if a female politician be employed as the agent of a selfish clergyman. Therefore, in our opinion, if concern for his own dignity is responsible for the silence of Archbishop Ireland, he has not reasoned wisely. Furthermore, we think the daily newspapers have been woefully myopic, failing as they have up to date to appreciate the potentialities of an interview with Archbishop Ireland on the subject of the international scandal in which he figures. Even though it should turn out that Storrer was not dismissed because of the efforts of his wife to secure the red hat for Ireland, it would be interesting to know if church discipline is not ignored when an Archbishop acquiesces in the mediation of a woman at the Vatican not for spiritual favor but for his own purely temporal aggrandizement. The newspapers, as a rule, are afraid to offend Catholics, but it would give no offense to afford Archbishop Ireland an opportunity to clear himself of the imputation that he tried to reach the Vatican through a woman's political influence. Catholics would not be offended if the newspapers were to deny that Catholic clergymen ever avail themselves of the influence at the Vatican of representatives of the American plutocracy.

A smoking car for women has been put on an English railroad and a female card sharp has been found working the transatlantic steamers. So boisterous is the masculinity of the gentle sex becoming that the virtuous man who doesn't assume a vice or two subjects himself to the suspicion of being effeminate.

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History Upside Down

Being An Extract From the Introduction to the History of the Pre-Anarchists of America and Europe Written in the Second Millennium (A. D. 3964) by Sage Dingbat, Grand Panjandrum of the University of Pescadero, and Foretold For the Ancestry of Future Generations by Prophet Democritus, Historian Emeritus For Posterity.

.....It behooveth the writer or the honest compiler of ancient history to heed well the facts and the circumstances thereunto appertaining that they be not distorted by the prejudices of the historian or garbled in the process of exposition. Our ancestors have not always adhered with sufficient fidelity to the truth of events, and in consequence our knowledge of the distant past is much dimmed by an overlay of what those ancestors called Fake, or as we express it, Spoodge, otherwise deceit with intent to please or convince. Thus it is difficult at this date to accurately reproduce the happenings of the age anterior to the Great Interregnum, and almost impossible to depict the conditions that prevailed in that period of barbarism, savagery, anarchy and chaos.

Notwithstanding the meagre detail that has come to us out of that dark and dismal abysm of history we are still able to piece out of the fragments something that will answer for a ragged tapestry to hang on the walls of our Temple of Time wherein we have gathered all that is worth preserving of Human Endeavor.

We know that the Ancient Civilization perished about the year 1912 oldest style. We know from data saved from the general ruin in the stone boxes placed at the corners of ante-historic temples and the rude palaces of that day, that this Civilization must have reached a considerable degree of sloopsloporosity or culture as it was described in that time. We are informed by various and varying inscriptions on monuments rescued from the buried cities of Sitight and Micksup, then designated America and Europe, that the people of those countries, prior to the Neweradawn or twentieth century, as the ancient chronologists timed their cycles, were capable of expressing their ideas in an intelligent and intelligible fashion albeit there was a countless multitude of languages, dialects and vernaculars scattered over the surface of the world. They also knew how to write in a crude, ill-formed way, and our archaeologists have been able to decipher much of this writing in spite of the circumstance that the great bulk of written record was absolutely wiped out during the three hundred years of Desolation. It is chiefly in the translation of these writings and inscriptions that we of the Second Millennium are able to peer backward through the gloom of the Great Interregnum into the brighter record of humanity as it then existed.

Modern research by such authorities as sage Digitout, the eminent Snoop, and Sage Guessagain, the famous Butt-backafew, has developed the fact that the Great Cataclysm was brought about by a thing that the Ancients called Money, a term now obsolete, but which may be defined in our vulgar expression "Getrich" as applied by our slaves to the peculiar habit of the maggot specifically classified by the entomologists as Rockefellerinktum or tumblebug. Money was represented in round pieces or small disks of metal, the nature of which is unknown. With this money it was the custom to buy anything that the possessor of a sufficient quantity desired, such as food, of which the Ancients were inordinately fond; clothing, which our ancestors wore to excess; land, in which these people dug holes; houses, where they lived like the more ancient folk called Cave Dwellers; anything in short that the Ancients thought

would minister to their comfort, their pleasure or their vanity. It is even suspected by Sage Comeback that the Pre-Anarchists purchased one another with their money; but this assumption does not rest upon a sufficient basis to be incorporated in this Authentic History as indisputable. Sage Comeback died at the somewhat advanced age of 216, and it is believed that his convolution of Knowwhatyoutalkabout was sloughed or gangrened by the premature senile decay that finally ghosted him. If we may be allowed a fair presumption it is likely that the Ancients merely used their money in this particular to lease their fellow Ancients, a practice still in some vogue among the aborigines of Massachusetts and the Puljanes of Berkeley. An exhausting monograph on this subject of primitive wage customs may be found in the 47th strata of the Sandstone electroscripted by Sage Moseshowison, the eminent and infallible Squeege of Oakland-over-the-Bay.

From data excavated at Stanford, contained in papyrus remnants of a record inscribed "The San Francisco Call," written by John D. Spreckels and John McNaught, it is guessedagain that while this purchasing agent called money was of little intrinsic value, its power for evil in the commonwealths of the world was stupendous. From an apparently authoritative inscription on one of the flimsy pages of The San Francisco Call it is learned that the Ancients were much disturbed even in that time by the circumstance that most of the thing called money was concentrated in the hands of a few men and that the others were so eager to concentrate on their own account that they were continually threatening to compel the Frenzied Financiers, as the money owners were called, to stand and deliver all their hoards.

(Continued on Page 39)

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Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

The man that makes love to the too much married woman is liable, it seems, to find himself in the wrong box.

With two companies operating street cars on Market street, pedestrians will have to ride to keep from being run over.

The incorrigible knocker has it that the key-note of The Twentieth Century Music Club of this city is obviously dough.

It is safe to bet that the Oakland woman who is suing for divorce because her husband called her "a skinny devil" was more angered at the adjective than at the epithet.

"Trunk murderess kills her victim alone," says a daily newspaper heading. While the death of the trunk is distressing, the heading leaves one to infer that the lady is a baggage-smasher.

Local automobilists are arranging to have danger signals put up at the bad places in the roads around the bay. They will be of great benefit to the few who go slowly enough to see them.

A free fight was required to get a railway bill through the Japanese House of Representatives. The same tactics if adopted in this country would save lots of talk and might facilitate legislation.

The *Bulletin* tells us that Mayor Schmitz has a rug in his home that cost eleven hundred dollars. As Town Talk has already pointed out, Mayor Schmitz is a patron of art.

The Frenchman who, speaking of one of our local beauties whom he had met at dinner, enthusiastically declared that she was "Oh *si belle*, and dressed down to make you die!" ought really to be more careful in his use of English adverbs.

The public statement of the Countess Castellane (*nee* Gould) that she will never remarry must be taken with a grain of the goodly chloride. The right to be called duchess or even princess is to be had dirt-cheap.

An *Examiner* reporter told of his futile efforts to persuade a police commissioner, the chief of police and a policeman to divulge the name of a woman who had been trying to recover certain letters, and at the close of his story he attitudinized in this manner: "There is no occasion of making the name of the woman public."

The prejudice against gambling isn't half so strong as we assume. If we had a police department above suspicion there would be no serious objection to faro. We inveigh against the gamblers of Chinatown not because they gamble but because we believe they are assessed for the privilege of gambling. We don't license them because it pleases us to welter in our hypocrisy.

Adapted for Town Talk from the wisdom of "Scotty": When all your castles in Spain come tumbling down about your ears, it is high time to stake out a gold claim in Death Valley. My latest and greatest discovery as a miner is this, that pockets in the ground are few and far between, and sure—every last one of them—to peter out; but that pockets about two and a half feet above the ground are plenty and, if properly worked, practically inexhaustible.

The Desire of Perfection

BY HARRY COWELL.

The world of today—especially, as it seems to me, the western world which I have the honor now and then to address in a voice still, small, and unheeded as that of conscience—is altogether too well satisfied with itself. Of this there can now be no doubt.

Desire of perfection, delight in what is best done, quest of the ideal, adoration of beauty, divine unrest; in short, the one thing needful, call it what you will, is nowadays fallen on sleep so profound as to be indistinguishable from death; criticism nods; and the result of it all is, that greatness—or what was meant to be greatness—is no longer fastidious, but goes slipshod in public, and is not ashamed.

When in a people desire of perfection is wide awake, it puts greatness upon its mettle, demands what genius itself can scarce supply. But we, drowsy, fighting shy of work, demand what is mediocre, and we get it; we ask of art to be obvious, and it is, of wit to explain itself, and it does. The very Nine wear drab, and are nothing if not prosaic, poohpoohing inspiration, frowning down that love of the impossible (the first love of every true son of Him with whom nothing is impossible) which in all ages has led to superhuman efforts and astonishing results in the arts and sciences. Among our men of letters, for instance, is no Flaubert, martyr of style; no Joubert, in despair at not being able to build for his ideas a house beautiful, a fit

abiding-place, a home in fine; no Amiel, sick of that strange malady of superior souls, paralysis of the ideal.

The desire of perfection sleeps. Never before in all historic time has the cult of "That'll do well enough" had so many professed followers; the star of so-so is in the ascendancy, and the passable possesses the land. Mediocrity is triumphant, self-satisfied beyond belief, insufferably smug—for nothing under heaven short of constant striving after the unattainable can save man from smugness, keep him modest.

Dullness has won the day. Naught avails now for a poor lone critic like myself to go poking a half-apologetic pen into the ribs of the complaisant populace. There is present need of some magnificent child of light, filled with the miracle-working love of the impossible, to lead a forlorn hope against the all-conquering Philistine. One fails to realize how complete is the victory of Philistinism until one considers how small a part the idea now plays in everyday drama, how little life is "illuminated by the imagination." The practical is everywhere in power; and never, else I greatly misunderstand its nature, will the Dollar (representing whatever is vulgarly practical) abdicate in favor of the Idea (standing for all that man lives by over and above bread); but must needs be dethroned.

To the dreamer of dreams, what an appalling spectacle life presents! No poet could possibly contemplate it

with appropriate emotions, and live. The last strongholds of the idea have been abandoned to the enemy. Art is smug and practical; Love is practical and smug; and that is indeed a drab day wherein the imagination lights up neither art nor love.

Can it be possible that the lover of today is prosaic and self-satisfied when only yesterday the thought of his lady was enough to make the imperial Balzac think of himself as a poor moujik—not to go back to Dante, who, thinking of Beatrice, thought of himself as dust and ashes?

Will Tomorrow, I wonder, see any beauty at all in Balzac's abasing himself before Love? in the modesty of Darwin or Agassiz in the presence of Nature? in the dissatisfaction of Flaubert or Joubert with his almost perfect prose? Today is still aware that it owes allegiance to the Idea; that it is living the life of the traitor. Will Tomorrow serve the Dollar with singleness of heart?

Naturally, the fewer the faithful, the greater the temptation to make terms with the foe, who is ever ready to prove to you, or rather, to impress it upon you, that the

desire of perfection is the vainest of all loves; that the quest of the ideal is of necessity unending.

Nothing can be less alluring to the heart of man than that "series of disgusts" through which even genius must needs pass on its way to what is, after all, but imperfection. How delightful, on the other hand, to pass through a series of self-satisfactions, on one's way from perfection to perfection; never once in all one's life being in any danger of that strange malady, paralysis of the ideal! Danger! Who ever heard of Mediocrity's being driven by inability to find the word to cry out in desperation, "I shall end by not writing another line!"?

Desire of perfection, disgust with oneself, despair, paralysis; rest, recovery, renewed hope, unheard-of efforts, performance more or less memorable; and again, disgust—this time-honored method of doing great things is now, to say the least, out of date. And yet, strange as it may sound to modern ears, in this way, so far as is known, has done most, if not all, of what has been best done in the world.



The Spectator

Greenway Turned Down

Fancy Ned Greenway being denied admission to a club! I know it would require a great effort for the ordinary imagination, but try it for exercise. If you have any poetry in your soul you might be able to conjure up a mental picture of the Czar of the Provincial Aristocracy of San Francisco having the portals of a club closed in his face. You might superinduce the conception of such a situation by speculating on what would constitute retribution in the case of Ned Greenway, the amiable gentleman who is clothed with authority to pass on the qualifications of candidates for admission to the Holy of Holies of society. For Ned Greenway is the Dictator of the Friday Night Club, the very swaggiest institution in San Francisco. Not to be of the Friday Night Club and to be in society is to be merely an also ran. No invitation to a Friday Night Club dance is issued without the approbation of Mr. Greenway, so Ned is really a promoter of exclusiveness, but to his credit be it said he is a most democratic chap. Despite the duty that devolves upon him of keeping up the tone of the smart set he is not an autocrat. He is a big-hearted fellow, proud of his ancestry, it is true, being a De Courcey, but just like one of the plain people when out of his dancing pumps.

Why He Was Rejected

Mr. Greenway was not turned down because of any objection to his personality, or to his character, which are without flaw. He was pronounced *persona non grata* on account of his devotion to trade. And now, let it be known, there is one club—only one—in San Francisco that draws the line at a wine drummer. Not that the spirit of prohibition dominates the club, or that the members are prejudiced against the business of promoting the consumption of champagne, is there objection to the admission to membership of the missionary who preaches the gospel of Bacchus. It is because the members of this particular club are partial to the idealistic conception of what a club should be, and were of the opinion that Mr. Greenway, against whose admission protest was made, has the club

spirit developed to a less extent than his zeal for the commercial interests which he conserves. The club that achieved distinction by rejecting Mr. Greenway is the Holluschickie, one of the youngest clubs in the city, a club of bachelors, some of whom are college professors, and some, university men. The club is not half so well known as the man who sought admission and was disappointed, but it has some very distinguished members and the sentiment of the club is against permitting trade to affect social intercourse.

His Club Connections

Though Mr. Greenway has been denied admission to the Holluschickie Club he may solace himself with the reflection that he belongs to more clubs than any other wine drummer in San Francisco, a circumstance that counts as a large asset in his business. The supposition is that the more clubs a wine drummer belongs to the more wine he is able to sell. In this city it seems that clubs exist largely for the purpose of enabling wine drummers to sell their wine. Greenway is an old member of the Pacific-Union and Bohemian Clubs and recently he was admitted to the Family Club. The other day, I am told, he refused an offer of thirty thousand a year and a three years' contract to join the staff of Mr. Kessler of New York, chief of the White Seal agency.

Gerstle's Lack of Talent

While on the subject of clubs I am reminded that Mark Gerstle has withdrawn his application for admission to membership in the Bohemian Club. He was sponsored by Frank Deering and Dick Hoteling and his friends thought that notwithstanding the sentiment against increasing the number of Jews in the club an exception would be made in his favor owing to his popularity in social and financial circles. It appears, however, that there is a large element of the Bohemian Club which insists that no person shall be admitted to the club who has not the ability to contribute to the artistic atmosphere, or, at least, swell the flow of wit at a dinner or jinks, and it is

said that when the applicant is a Jew there must be no incertitude as to his capacity. Mr. Gerstle had not the slightest hesitation in confessing that he was neither a song nor a dance artist.

Duperu Takes a Tumble

In society, in club circles and amongst his associates in financial circles, Reddick Duperu's determination to go North to grow up with the country is the subject of much gossip. Duperu has been a very successful broker, and for a time he cut something of a swath in society. He threatened for awhile to capture a great heiress and he was such an energetic chap that his friends expected him to become a Napoleon of finance. Nobody would undertake to predict how far Duperu would go as a financier, so brilliant were his prospects, so heavy was the gilt on the edge of his social connections. It was largely because of his social connections that he was expected to achieve great things, but one day the sensational news spread through the haunts of the tea-topers that Duperu had married a young woman who hadn't the entree to a single fashionable dancing club. It was all off with Reddick. Society knew him no more. And now comes the news that his seat in the Stock and Bond Exchange will be warmed by him never again; also that he is going into the frozen North to start life anew. The explanation is that he speculated too heavily. He was in too great a hurry to get rich. In trying to anticipate the movement of stocks he over-plunged himself and made a sorry mess of things. It's a sad story—a tragedy of the Stock and Bond Exchange.

Spreckels Is in Fighting Trim

Claus Spreckels appears to have taken a new lease of life since the children of his son Rudolph began toying with his whiskers and smoothing out the wrinkles of his brow. There is nothing that restores vitality so quickly as a heart balm. That is what was applied to Claus Spreckels some time ago, and now he knows once more something of *Es lebe das leben*. Not many months ago he was reported to be in a critical condition in the big, handsome brownstone in Van Ness avenue, and though it became known later that he had rallied and was convalescing, none but his immediate friends and the members of his family were aware of the vigor that he had regained until last week when he sent word to President Calhoun of the United Railroads that he would build a competing street railway if an attempt were made to enlarge the trolley system. No doctor's certificate could speak more eloquently of the physical condition of California's richest citizen, of the great-grandfather who has spent a great part of his lifetime in humbling arrogant monopolists. This is the first time that Claus Spreckels has had an opportunity to get in behind his son Rudolph. The competing street railroad enterprise was Rudolph Spreckels' conception but it was his intention to organize a syndicate to finance it. He told his father of his plans and the aggressive old gentleman promptly told him that he need not bother about organizing a syndicate. "If they refuse to give us decent street car facilities," he said, "I'll build the road," and he at once caused notice to be served on President Calhoun.

Old Sores Healed

There has been a reunion, by the way, of the whole Spreckels family. Rudolph was the first of the estranged children to get back into the good graces of his father, and he and his children spend a great deal of time in the home of the old folks. Mrs. Watson, the widowed daugh-

ter, has returned to the family roof-tree, and even Gus Spreckels has been forgiven by his father. All the old differences have been forgotten and all the bitterness that was engendered has been assuaged. I hear that even Mrs. Gus Spreckels has been forgiven by her mother-in-law for that little *faux pas* that was reported to have taken place in New York some years ago.

The New Aristocracy

It has been said of Robert Louis Stevenson that he was an essayist by birth, a tale-teller by accident. If I say the same of our own brilliant Gertrude Atherton I hope she will not think me uncomplimentary, for I would rather be gallant than sincere. After all it is something to be something and if one cannot be a novelist there is some satisfaction in being an essayist, the only difference being that the essayist expresses himself while the novelist expresses other people. Like Bernard Shaw, who expresses himself even when he pretends to express other people in a drama, Gertrude Atherton expresses herself even when she writes a novel, but when Mrs. Atherton expresses herself through the medium of a novel the question sometimes arises, What is that which she has tried to say? No such conundrum obtrudes itself when she turns essayist. I have been reading her latest essay in Hearst's *Cosmopolitan*. It is entitled "The New Aristocracy," and it is rattling good stuff, not at all of the yellowish and boisterous character hinted at in an advertisement published in the Hearst dailies. To pique vulgar curiosity attention was called to the fact that Mrs. Atherton had written of "a woman in New York society whose notorious vulgarities of speech and action, to say nothing of her abominable manners, are condoned on account of her wealth and inherited position"; also, it is "an open secret that certain of her associates have more than once been carried out of fashionable restaurants or, resisting, have made a scene on the pavement until forced into their carriages." The advertisement does Mrs. Atherton a grievous injustice and I rise to protest. Her jeremiad against the vulgarity and boorishness of New York society is not the cheap appeal to lovers of scandal that the advertisement suggests. It is dignified and unsensational and expresses Mrs. Atherton's detestation of the shallow pretentiousness of our ungrand-

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fathered rich. It was unfortunate that Mrs. Atherton should have sought to vindicate her homily by citing a concrete example of the perversity of the plutocracy, for in doing so she supplied the yellow journalist at the *Cosmopolitan* helm with the material which he craved for sensational exploitation. Mrs. Atherton has been addicted to story-telling so many years that it was hard for her to resist the temptation to spice her essay with an anecdote or two, a practice in which some of the greatest essayists have happily indulged, but a polite writer should scrupulously refrain from anything that savors of an appeal to lovers of sensational. Mrs. Atherton mentioned no names. It were better to mention the name of one sinner than to start people guessing and thereby cause suspicion to fall on a dozen innocent persons.

The Brutality of Wealth

Says Mrs. Atherton: "In Philadelphia, the South, San Francisco, money, although rated at its proper value, has never assumed the brutal importance that it has in New York." Perhaps Mrs. Atherton has been spending too much time in Petaluma; or, perhaps, she has been so busy writing for Mr. Hearst's magazine that she hasn't had time to read his newsy San Francisco journal—but whatsoever be the reason she is unjust to San Francisco society in putting it on a level with that of Philadelphia. Money has assumed brutal importance in San Francisco society. We are just as far advanced as New York in our appreciation of money. I am surprised that Mrs. Atherton is unaware of the fact because she is a representative of one of our old families, she has blue blood in her veins, she enjoys distinction of birth as well as of merit, and if she were to reflect on the impetus that wealth has given to the social progress of some of the people of San Francisco whom she knew only by reason of their ill repute in the old days, she would be constrained to the conclusion that wealth has assumed something in the nature of brutal importance in San Francisco. Of course Mrs. Atherton does not read the social gush columns of the dailies and consequently some of the brutal importance of wealth escapes her. It is unlikely that she read this item in last Sunday's *Examiner*: "Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and a party of friends are expected here shortly," wrote a friend who is at Del Monte for a rest cure. Do you know what such announcement means? Simply this: any number of prominent people will now select Del Monte as the place to visit, and I haven't any doubt that the hotel will be packed and jammed with well known society people from San Francisco." Is there nothing in that item that savors of the brutal importance of wealth? Mrs. Harvey is an estimable woman and she had nothing to do with the publication of that item, but it is significant of the servility to which the unelect have been reduced and to be of the unelect is merely to be devoid of the brutal power of wealth.

Pardee in a Dilemma

The formal launching of the Pardee gubernatorial boom took place in Oakland the other night when the Governor's friends of the Alameda County Committee got together and endorsed his candidacy. Thus did the doctor serve notice on his patients of the commonwealth that he expected to prescribe for them during the next four years. We are now assured that Governor Pardee feels that he has the situation well in hand. He held his friends back until this week because he did not want to take any chances, knowing that the Governor who seeks renomination and fails is most likely to bring his political career to a close.

But Pardee has a few more hurdles to take before getting under the wire. His own county is not yet in a state of harmony. Judge Melvin has not yet been persuaded to join the Pardee forces, and there is a contest on over the coronorship of the county that may upset the Governor's plans. This little fight over the morgue presents a very serious aspect. Dr. Tisdale of Alameda township is one of the candidates and he controls the delegation from his town. The Governor has a candidate for the job in the person of Dr. Mehrmann, and Dr. Tisdale's friends say that if Mehrmann gets the nomination Pardee will lose the Alameda township delegates in the State Convention. Overtures have been made to both Tisdale and Mehrmann to withdraw but both are standing pat and Mehrmann's friends say that if Pardee doesn't stick to their man they'll line up against him in the State Convention. It's a very delicate situation and the Governor's manager, Charley Spear, doesn't know what to do about it. He's thinking of creating the position of Chief Surgeon of the Ferry Service and appointing Mehrmann to the job.

Schmitz and Hayes

The Schmitz gubernatorial bee is not doing much buzzing these days. An effort was made to stir up a little enthusiasm for the Mayor in the southern part of the state and also in Eureka but it was futile, the reason being that the local politicians in the interior counties have been nursing the labor vote. The working men of the interior have had their interests looked after by the politicians of the several counties and their affections are not to be alienated by a stranger from San Francisco. These conditions are not at all displeasing to Abe Ruef, for he is committed to J. O. Hayes who received his support in the last State Convention. Hayes, by the way, has been out on the trail taking the public pulse, and he has not received much encouragement. It appears to be pretty generally understood in the interior that he is the Ruef candidate.

Why Devlin Goes to Washington

United States District Attorney Devlin is on the road to Washington on official business of considerable importance. He is making the journey at the request of Attorney-General Moody who desires to consult with him about a lot of important litigation that is soon to engross the attention of the Federal courts in this city. There are several cases to be handled by Devlin in which the Administration is taking great interest, and plans of action are to be determined during the District Attorney's visit to Washington. Perhaps the most important case is the one recently instituted against the Elevator Trust. The prosecution of the seal poachers is also a matter upon which Devlin will consult with the Attorney-General.

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Blocking of a California Bill

Upon the authority of my Washington correspondent I feel justified in stating that there is absolutely no chance of the passage at this session of Congress of a bill creating a new Federal court for this district. The matter has been effectively blocked and in a manner that illustrates the extraordinary power of the chairman of a committee of the House. All the influence of the bar of the state was exerted to secure a new court, the necessity of which has been apparent for some time and especially now that the business of Judge Morrow's court is in a state of congestion, over three hundred cases being tied up. The California delegation at Washington had the desired measure introduced and enlisted the support of Attorney-General Moody, but the bill was pigeon-holed by Chairman Alexander of the sub-committee of Judiciary of the House. Alexander is a New York representative and New York wants another Federal court. The California bill having been made an Administration measure Alexander said he would not permit it to emerge from the committee unless the Administration agreed to favor the establishment of another court in New York. Representative Gillett of this state is a member of Alexander's committee but he has been unable to persuade the chairman to report the bill and it is therefore doomed to die.

"Pasha, Pat"

A quaint and curious character, a man of nimble wit, a Celt of the type that Lever would have loved to exploit as the hero of a swashbuckling romance, is Pat Sheedy, who has been made a pasha of three tails by the Sultan of Morocco. Sheedy is the world's most famous gambler. He has bucked the tiger in Egypt and drawn to a full in Bombay. He has been sponsored by Tammany and been the chum of princes. He visited San Francisco for the first time as manager of the John L. Sullivan combination, when John L. was on his big knock-out tour. Pugilistic affairs were at that period tabu in our town, but Sheedy had letters to Chris Buckley, then the Boss of local politics, from some of his Tammany friends. It was easy for him to get a permit to hold a contest in Mechanics' Pavilion where Sullivan easily vanquished the Olympic Club's heavyweight, Peek-a-boo Robinson. Sheedy's second trip here was made in the interest of Jimmy Hope, who was trying to evade extradition to New York after serving a term in San Quentin. Sheedy has frequently acted as a "go-between" in compromising cases for celebrated thieves, for he enjoys the confidence of both the police and the criminal element. It was through Sheedy that a famous painting stolen out of a frame in London was recovered some years ago after having been missing a quarter of a century.

Sheedy and the Priest

On one of his trips to this city Sheedy told me an amusing story of an incident of his visit to his old home in New England after fifteen years' absence. He met the parish priest who told him he had been reading about his exploits in the sporting world. The priest invited him out

to see the new church being erected on the lot where Pat had played when a lad. Something happened to be said about the windows of the church, for which no money was as yet forthcoming.

"How much will the art glass cost?" asked Sheedy.

"About forty-five hundred dollars," said the priest.

Sheedy drew out a roll of bills covering the amount and the grateful Father said he would have the announcement of his generosity made from the altar.

"Cut that out," returned Sheedy, "when I was a boy serving on your altar I was within easy reach of the collection plates and I used to pinch a few dimes every Sunday. Now I'm merely paying them back with interest."

When Mrs. C. O. Alexander returns home, with the prestige of Continental social success and a record as the leader of a cotillion at Cannes which included among the dancers the passionate Duke Boris, she will probably again be urged to organize a dancing club to rival Greenway's.

It is, I am told, owing to the continued ill-health of her daughters, Charlotte and Emily, that Mrs. Russell Wilson is going to take them abroad, hoping that the ocean voyage and change of climate may be of benefit.

Charley Josselyn is said to be engaged on a new book at Woodside where he will stick to his literary labors until next winter. He is surrounded by his family who are heroically resisting the call of Paris. Society is expecting one of the Josselyn girls to yield to the pleadings of a devoted swain.

An Engaging Tenor

Frank Pollock, whose concert this week will be attended by everybody in society, is a versatile darling of the gods. He has not only a remarkably sweet tenor, but is handsome in face and figure, and the only thing that prevents all the ladies of the smart set from falling down and worshipping him is the fact that he has a very pretty wife. I am told that young Pollock was the idol of the inner circles of the American colony of Paris during his sojourn there when he studied with Jean de Reszke, and that he was a great pet of Sembrich and Calve. He was engaged to sing for Conried but for some reason the contract was broken.

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Mabel Porter Pitts

Whose name is more familiar than her face to the readers of *Town Talk*, for she has written a great deal of verse for this paper, much of which is of a high quality. Her gentle muse has many admirers who will be pleased to learn that nearly all of her poems that were printed in *Town Talk* are now between book-covers. The volume takes its title from a narrative poem "In the Shadow of the Crag," a romance of the Yukon. This is a poem of some eight hundred lines written in majestic couplets that show real power and poetical instinct. Miss Pitts is clear and delicate in the outlining of visible imagery, as for instance in the opening stanzas:

In a village in the Northland where the endless wreaths of snow
Smooth the ice-blocks' rugged edges choking fast the Yukon's flow,
When the frost in form fantastic traces vines and flow'rs and
leaves
On the dwellings' low-browed windows half concealed beneath the
eaves.

Traces roses pale as ashes, roses cold and dead and gray
As the blossoms of a passion that the heart knew yesterday,—

Miss Pitts may not always be accurate in her prosody but unlike most of the magazine poets she never becomes banal or insipid. Though she has written a great deal of metrical prose, she is unquestionably a woman of fine imagination and her work is marked by that intensity and sincerity of emotion without which it is impossible to utter true poetry. In this title poem of her book she reveals that subtle power of realizing and conveying to the consciousness of the reader abstract and elementary impressions, as for instance in these verses, eloquent of silence and motionlessness:

Here the phantom dusk slow merges into weird, fantastic night.
And a mighty hush low crouches on eternal beds of white.

In the west rise towering mountains by a river interlaced,
Whose approach is dragon-guarded, tier on tier by glistening waste.

There is a good deal of the vigor of masculinity in Miss

Pitts' work. It is impassioned, the work of a nature full of sentiment, and much of it is devoted to the contemplation of the griefs of existence. Her words have not the highest musical quality but she gets melody into her lines and there is always thought in them. Her appeal is to the feelings as much as to the ear.

Miles Baird Turns Rancher

Up in that part of the town where the bottles grow frigid while the birds are heating, where the smell of gasoline is ever in the air and the auto horn seldom ceases to honk, people say, occasionally, "I wonder where Miles Baird is now. Good fellow, Miles." And it is the same along the cocktail route, where they miss Miles—for it was his pleasant habit to shoot saloon mirrors full of holes, and to see how many glasses he could hit at once by throwing a bottle among them. And at the apartment house where he resided, the bell-boys and other menials sigh when they think of Miles, and opine that they will never see his like again—for he used to distribute coins of large diameter among them with lavish hands. Those hands are horny now with toil, and all the coin that Miles handles is the twenty-five dollars that he receives each month for the ranch work that he is doing. The locality of the ranch is a secret that but few know, and they guard it carefully. But it is up in the northern part of the state somewhere—far enough removed from glittering lights and popping corks to make Miles forget that he ever had a thirst. It is his mother's plan, this servitude. Miles Baird had a spectacular career here. It was also a sensational career. He was too strenuous for his wife and she sued him for a divorce. Then his mother formulated a plan to which he agreed. She took over the management of his estate, pays the wife her alimony, and gives Miles an income—provided he stays out of town and behaves himself. And he has behaved himself very well, with only one slip that I have heard of. On that occasion, by reason of blowing in the money he had with him, and being disappointed in his plans for getting more, he had to walk back thirty miles to the ranch. It is hard to imagine Miles Baird tramping the road—he who was such an embodiment of the poet's lines,—

"From tavern to tavern youth passes along,
His arm full of girl and his heart full of song."

Meanwhile, for Ruth Baird the alimony comes "fresh and fresh" every month.

Luminaries in Conjunction

Says Madame La Bavarde: "Garret McEnerney and Knox Maddox, prominent members of the San Francisco bar, visited San Jose during the week." More important

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than it appears to be at first blush is this unobtrusive item, coupling as it does the names of McEnerney and Maddox and pointing the inference that they jointly visited San Jose and that professionally they are on the same level. The naivete of the paragraph is superb. Madame La Barde has a genius for that sort of thing.



Photo by Taber

"The Titian Hair"

Portrait sketch by Cadenasso of a red-haired blonde. This shade of hair seemingly attracts many artists, who are always looking for new shades of the red-bronze to transfer to their canvases. Some years ago I remember that Mary Curtis Richardson did a portrait sketch, a back view of a young girl, in which the hair was of real Leslie Carter hue. Gray hair also appeals to the artistic eye, and I have seen some very good sketches of silver-haired subjects in the local studios.

Gordon's Narrow Escape

Harry Gordon, the insurance magnate, is tall and slender and a gourmet whose palate is long and sensitive. Scientists have declared recently that the so-called "silver test" for determining the toxic qualities of toadstools and the salutary diathesis of mushrooms is a superstition. Apparently these propositions are incongruous but in reality they are closely analogous, for Harry Gordon has corroborated the dictum of science in the matter of mushrooms, a somewhat superfluous induction in view of the fact that the host of Mr. Gordon's friends have not been bidden to his funeral. It is possible that this may sound like rigamarole and fol-de-rol, and an explanation is therefore due the gentle reader; thus: Harry Gordon's wife is absent from home, visiting friends, and Mr. Gordon is entirely dependent on his cook for what he eats. The other day he took home a noggin of agaricoid fungi warranted by the dealer edible and toothsome and innocuous. In his instructions to the cook concerning the method of preparation Mr. Gordon was particular to mention a silver fork as one of the ingredients of the pot. Mr. Gordon is somewhat classical in his reading and he remembered that the Roman

emperor Claudius was poisoned by eating false mushrooms. During dinner the mind of the insurance man was occupied with risks, rates and rebates so fully that he clean forgot the silver fork until after he had repasted from soup to supernaculum. The thought of the mushrooms and a vague apprehension began to tangle with his digestion. Calling the cook to the table he questioned her: "Did you stew a silver fork with these mushrooms, Marguerite?" "Indade Oi did, sor," the maid responded. "And did you notice the color of the fork when you took it out, Marguerite?" the trembling man questioned. "Did Oi notice? To be sure Oi noticed. It was black—black as the hinges o'——" but Gordon was not curious; he fled like on distracted and only the assurance of the doctor that since he had lived to tell his tale he would not die of that meal, convinced him that the emetic for which he supplicated was superfluous. He is now going about town like a man that has discovered or invented something, informing everybody he meets that the "silver test" for mushrooms and toadstools is the rankest sort of a superstition.

Another Chance for Burbank

Speaking of mushrooms, I observe in the current gossip of the daily press that Wizard Burbank disclaims all knowledge of this genera of fungi. He is reported to have said that as far as he knows anything about the mushroom there is no scientific method of determining whether it is



The King Sisters

From the portrait by E. Almond Withrow. The daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Homer King are among the most charming and accomplished girls in society. They have traveled a great deal and have become learned in various languages.

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poisonous or not, and I infer from this that the Wizard is not as wise as a wizard ought to be or as wise as a wizard is popularly expected to be. A vegetable wizard certainly ought to know something about mushrooms—enough, at least, to suggest a means of determining whether they are of the edible variety or otherwise. The old test involving the life or death of the experimenter is neither satisfactory nor entirely conclusive, for the survivor of a ragout of mushrooms may have fortified his stomach against the alkaloid of the mushrooms with the adulterated foods of commerce. Wizard Burbank, however, owes it to his newspaper reputation to inoculate the mushroom and the toadstool with an anti-toxine that will act as an emetic if it is a toadstool or a relish if it happens to be a mushroom. Here is something worth while for the doing of the “creator” of the Burbank potato, the inventor of the Shasta daisy, and the architect of the spineless cactus. If Wizard Burbank can “create” an edible toadstool he will be justly entitled to the gratitude of countless generations unborn. The potato was a great achievement, nobody disputes that self-evident proposition, but there were potatoes before the Burbank variety was “created” as there were heroes before Agamemnon; and there will be potatoes when the Burbank is a memory. The Shasta daisy is a “creation” to please poets and seminary maidens. The spineless cactus is only edible fodder for the mule and the cattle that range on a thousand hills. But the edible toadstool would be a dainty dish to set before a king, a morsel for an epicure, a worthy base for the art of a Brillat-Savarin. Thus would our wizard make two mushrooms grow where only a mushroom and a toadstool grew before, and for this wizardry he would assuredly deserve to be vested with the cordon bleu of the noblest order in the vegetable kingdom.

Students Will Be Active

From a bulletin just issued from the University of California I learn that the institution will supply a great deal of talent to trade during vacation. The bulletin sets forth that many of the students in the College of Commerce have taken agencies for various manufacturer's articles, and will work in assigned territory. Others will serve as bank clerks, bookkeepers, hotel clerks, secretaries, stenographers, typewriters and insurance agents, while students of the College of Agriculture are to work on ranches, dairy farms, and in orchards. The railroads have provided places for students of the Civil Engineering Department on their surveying gangs and in their shops, and almost all of the students of the Mining College will work in the various mines throughout the state, while the students of the other colleges who intend working during the summer will do almost every sort of thing from literary work to selling Chautauqua desks.

The Notoriety of Alameda

For months past Alameda has had an advancement association headed by a press agent, who by advertising schemes that reeked with bad puns and worse French, has endeavored to draw the limelight of publicity upon the

town. He succeeded to some degree, but his efforts have been totally eclipsed by the forces of nature. Alameda has become famous through the indiscretions of its citizens. The City Attorney is pursued by a frantic maiden whose “me che-ild” wail haunts his ears. Rev. P. C. Macfarlane, an actor turned preacher, has caught the cigar dealers of the town selling cigarettes, which is against the ordinances of the town; and making a book on the races, which is an infraction of various other laws. He is directing the prosecution against them. And Judge Tappan, dispenser of justice for Alameda, accuses the police of wholesale graft. Two bookkeepers have been arrested, charged with selling liquor to very youthful females. To add to the wild excitement, three railway companies are clamoring for a franchise through the town. Oakland, with its charges of police corruption, Berkeley with its co-ed's pranks and callow college kids' misdeeds, never attained such continuous publicity. McFarlane, who occasioned most of this clamor, quit the stage because he thought he could do more good in the pulpit. He attained considerable publicity through a series of sermons on what fathers, mothers, sons and daughters should know. Then came fame through sending stool pigeons to buy cigarettes and racing pools. Macfarlane is a big, handsome, magnetic fellow who affects long hair and a wide hat. He is very popular. So, too, is “Billy” Zing, the cigar dealer who has fallen a victim to the parson's astuteness.

The Adelphians and Their Clubhouse

Apropos my paragraph last week about the Alameda Adelphian Club, I am told that during Mrs. I. N. Chapman's administration the members heard nothing but “Clubhouse—clubhouse!” Before that energetic lady retired from the presidency the lot for the building was purchased, a fine location at the northwest corner of Central avenue and Walnut street. Had Mrs. Chapman been willing to stand for re-election in all probability, so say the Adelphians, the clubhouse would now be ready for occupancy. Mrs. Chapman is the Mrs. Lovell White of Alameda women's club circles. Her energy is infectious.

On Good Friday evening, April 13th, Gaul's Passion Service will be sung at Trinity church, beginning at eight o'clock. Professor Louis Eaton is organist and director of the choir at Trinity.



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Alfred Hertz

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Physician, Lawyer and Poet

Some time ago I announced that New England was no longer the centre of versification, that California was the land of poetry, and now I am more strongly convinced than ever of the truth of those statements. Indeed, I am drifting to the conclusion that when Adolph Sutro christened one of San Francisco's hills Parnassus Heights it was because he had seen the footprints of Pegasus. San Francisco can show more metre to the mile, more poets to population than any other city on the continent. Judging from the number of quatrains, sonnets, ballads, love songs and didactic poems that flow steadily into my waste-basket, there is a choir of poets in this city singing incessantly, minor poets who sing not for love of poetry, but with expectation of remuneration. But there are other poets who love their art and whose songs bring delight to the lovers of literature. Among them is Edward R. Taylor, a gentleman whose poetry is new to me, but who I have learned has been busy with his lyre for many years. Poet Taylor is a remarkable man. He excited my admiration long before I knew he was a poet. I first knew him as a lawyer. He was one of the lawyers of the Blythe case. I heard him called "Doctor" and I inquired as to the appellation. I was informed that the gentleman who was then a distinguished member of the bar had formerly been a distinguished member of the medical profession. Prescribing physic for organs diseased was not to him a congenial occupation, so the master of one science, the man sufficiently skilled in the profession of medicine to achieve substantial success in the practice thereof, turned his diploma to the wall and took up the study of Blackstone. None but a genius can do that sort of thing. Industry bespeaks genius.

Samples of His Workmanship

The transition from medicine to law, however, is not so remarkable in my opinion, as that the man who could grasp both sciences should be temperamentally a poet. There have been great lawyers who wrote poetry and great doctors on intimate terms with the gentle muse, but at this writing I cannot recall a single poet whose evolution was marked by the stages through which Dr. Taylor achieved the divine afflatus. Dr. Taylor, by the way, is devoting himself largely to poetry these days, for as he wearied of the scalpel so he wearied of communion with the bench, and now he earns his bread as the Dean of the Hastings' Law College, but in his leisure quaffs refreshing draughts from Hippocrene. I have before me a volume of Dr. Taylor's poems that has just come from the

Easter Gifts—Easter candy boxes, hand-painted ones for the grown-ups and wonderful bunnies and chicks for the children, are at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

press of the Stanley-Taylor Company and from it I learn that the ex-lawyer and ex-doctor translated the sonnets of Heredia and that his work is now in its third edition; also, that his "Moods and Other Verse" is out of print; also, that he is the author of "Visions and Other Verse." His latest volume is entitled "Into the Light and Other Verse." It contains many sonnets, some epigrammatic verses, and some very melodious lyrics. The poet has the superior sensitiveness and understanding of his kind, a fact that he made clear by a little collection of sonnets suggested by paintings of William Keith. One of them is entitled "The Shepherdess."

How lightly fall the footsteps of the Day
In nearing now the chambers of the West,
As loth the woodland spirit to molest,
That broods in quietude the hours away.
And what of her on whom the shadows play?
Is hopeless love her bosom's fearsome guest,
Or tends she here the sheep all unoppressed
By weight of thought, and free of care as they

It matters not she takes her radiant part
With sky, and tree and pool, in this fair scene
Where Beauty gives her brood still fairer sheen—
Beauty, the sovran sorceress of the heart,
That garbs no less the tiniest blade of green
Than grandest structure of the poet's art.

The title poem is philosophic verse full of originality and of a dynamic quality. There is a lightness of touch to it that is pleasing to the ear as in these lines:

The bubbles dancing on convivial wine,
The restful dewdrops on the procreant vine,
But symbolize each being life has known;
All vanish at a breath and leave no sign.

We meet insatiate death at every turn;
Life's brightest candles flicker as they burn;
While lone oblivion pours for evermore
Her flood lethean from exhaustless urn.

I have not the space to give adequate inkling to the beauty of thought and expression that is to be found among Dr. Taylor's poems. The keynote of much of his work is optimistic. It is sounded first in a clever sonnet entitled "The Poet to Himself" wherein he suggests that even though he succeeded in striking the chords of all desire, no one would listen since virtue's veins are choked and spiritual things expire unwept, but concludes:

"The world is always better than it seems
And if, indeed, a message in thee lie,
Someone is hoping for it in his dreams."

The poet sings of many other poets, and among them, of Oscar Wilde whose "bosom nursed black pools of mire," but—

"His dungeon's foulness leaves no speck or stain
Upon the white refulgence of his strain,
Nor bars its way along the loving years;
Nor takes the least from all his priceless gain,
That at the last he calmed his spirit's fears,
And died in his repentant tears."
That's nice poetry but it is doubtful that Oscar Wilde died

"The Sailor's the Thing!"

The glorious Spring is here and with it the "Sailor" makes its advent. The ladies hail with delight the fact that the "Sailor" is the "hat d'resistance" for the Spring and Summer 1906. So chic, so neat, so natty, so becoming, so practical, so popular. No hat so charming, so exquisitely beautiful, so artistic, the very acme of simplicity. Adapted for any and all occasions. Look about you, and what do you behold, everywhere, the "Sailor" in its endless varieties. It has won favor with all classes. Milan braids predominate in its manufacture. When trimmed by the deft hand of the milliner, it fits every face to a nicety. You must have a "Sailor" to be in the swim.

in repentant tears, or in any tears save those of humiliation. And now his readers who have become familiar with the noble sentiments that dwelt within his breast feel that it doesn't matter much whether he did repent; they love him for the grandeur of his soul and they weep whenever they commune with him.

The Minting of Vanity

A New York magazine called the *Successful American* has been exploiting the vanity that abounds in the citizenry of Los Angeles. The March number was devoted to the industries of the citrus belt and to biographical sketches of the great men whose business energies have contributed to the marvelous growth of the fair-famed city of the southland. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the amiable countenance of Henry Edwards Huntington. But one picture of Henry Edwards wasn't enough. The successful American tapped the bar'l of the great traction magnate for the cost of printing two of his pictures—one on the cover and one on page five. On page five we are told that he is "the veritable Aladdin of Los Angeles," also that he is "world-renowned" and that his uncle Collis was his "early patron." How is that for deft flattery for this Builder of the Commonwealth? "Among other things we are told that his family 'boasts of a long line of American ancestry.'" "Boasts" is good. The frankness of it is refreshing. This assurance is given in one paragraph: "It can be most truthfully said that no one man has done more, planned *biggèr* things and produced *greater* results for the material advantage, convenience and pleasure of the people of Los Angeles than Mr. Huntington. All of his enterprises have been on a *large* scale. He is a man of *large* affairs and *handles millions* as the ordinary man does dollars." And yet Mrs. Atherton tells us that wealth has not assumed brutal importance in California. Pish! tush! Mrs. Atherton! But let it be known that despite Mr. Huntington's capacity for big things, large affairs and great results and his deftness with dollars, he is also "a lover of books and is the owner of fine libraries, (note the plural) containing many rare and *costly* editions." I don't know, but I'll bet my second-hand volume of Plato's Republic against Mr. Huntington's solid gold paper-cutter that he has in his library at least one copy *de luxe* of the "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son." Did Colonel Mann overlook Henry Edwards?

Some Great Men

From almost every page of the *Successful American* beams the business face of a successful Los Angeles gent in a setting of type that shrieks in fulsome tones the glories of commercial endeavor. From the biographical sketches it appears that Los Angeles is peopled by the noble scions of great races of men. It also appears that they are all wonderful sprinters in the dollars chase. The panegyrics, so far as they relatè to commercial ability, are all in the same strain and vary only in punctuation except for slight

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changes of phraseology. Each citizen, however, is a man of some distinction. Norman Marsh is a member of the First Baptist Church and a thirty-second degree Mason of Pasadena. John Parkinson "has a lineage" that goes back to 1307 and his family had a motto—*Volens et Valens*—which the philologist of the magazine has kindly interpreted. Robert Arnold Rowan is distinguished for his motto, which is Eternal Vigilance. The author of the eulogy neglected to tell us that Mr. Rowan is eternally vigilant in trade, but it is fair to assume that is what he meant. Of William May Garland it is said, "he is the possessor of an honorable family name," and also I should judge, of some money. Major Horace M. Russell "is a man of ancestry that figured in the annals of the North of Ireland." How they figured the biographer sayeth not, but he tells us that they settled in America as many as eighty years ago. The honorable ambition of Major Russell's youth was to become a blacksmith.

A Few Others

Next we come to Robert Nelson Bulla, lawyer and politician. The greatest praise that he gets is, "His presence was felt in the Senate Chamber." This is vague. If I were Bulla I'd refuse to pay for that unless I wrote it myself. There were several statesmen whose presence was felt at the last session of the Legislature and not in a way to occasion a swelling of pride. I learn from the *Successful American* that former United States Senator Stephen W. Dorsey is a resident of Los Angeles and that he personally managed the campaign of James A. Garfield for President. The biographer tells us that Mr. Dorsey appreciates "the duties of good citizenship, the same Dorsey, by the way, who was chairman of the Republican

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National Committee for five successful national campaigns commencing with that of 1868. He served during the Civil War, but all that we are told of his soldiering is that he had so much to do with the transportation of supplies that his attention was directed to the possibilities of a railroad career. The poems of the late Eliza A. Otis are advertised in this March number and we are told that they were carefully edited by her husband and that "Many of her poems will take rank among the selected gems of the brilliant galaxy of such poets as our own Longfellow and Whittier and the laureate Tennyson, and this certainly is the greatest meed of praise that could be bestowed on her." This is a very inaccurate meed and a very badly constructed meed. It is not the greatest meed that could be bestowed on her, because it might just as truly have been said that her poems will take rank with the "selected gems" of greater poets than those mentioned. I question the sincerity of the meed, because it is followed by a sample of the late widely esteemed lady's workmanship and the sample is not poetry.

The Danger of "Branching Out"

The managers of Techau Tavern, I hear, have secured a lease of the premises formerly occupied as Thompson's Cafe and purpose establishing a restaurant there. The original occupant of the place is said to have lost twenty-five thousand before discovering that the management of a big, first-class cafe was beyond his capacity. Like many another successful business man he over-estimated his ability. A few years ago he was a waiter. He opened a small oyster saloon in Eddy street and money rolled into him at a bewildering rate. He decided to "branch out" and he opened the big cafe in which he lost the greater part of his savings. Somewhat similar was the experience of the man who owned the Peacock, a little restaurant in Union Square. He made eighteen thousand in a few years and decided to "branch out." He opened a larger and much more pretentious restaurant on the square and lost all his money. Some years ago Percy Beamish was doing a tremendous business in furnishing goods at Third and Market. He became a very wealthy man and branched out, opening a large establishment in Market street, where he went broke. In this connection I am reminded that the big store in the Crocker Building, until recently occupied by the Shreve Company, is to be occupied as a furnishing goods store by four young men who, a few years ago, were clerks in the Emporium. They started in business in Market street, opposite Fifth, and were wonderfully successful. Later they added another store to their business and now they are going to branch out, but with every prospect of continuing their successful career. It all depends on how you branch out and whether you have the capacity.


A Great Benefit Concert

The societies connected with St. Ignatius' Cathedral and College are preparing to give a mammoth concert during the present month. The program, which will consist of sixty numbers, is being arranged by Mayor Schmitz, John Morrissey and W. H. Leahy. Some of the best amateur and professional talent in the city will be secured. The

ladies who comprise the Ladies' Sodality of St. Ignatius' Cathedral are sparing no efforts to make the entertainment a great success. They are being ably assisted by the Gentlemen's Sodality, the members of St. Ignatius' College Alumni, the active members of St. Ignatius' Gymnasium and the honorary members of St. Ignatius' Association. The nights selected for the concert are the 16th, 18th and 20th of April. The object of the concert is to raise sufficient funds to more fully equip St. Ignatius' Gymnasium, and especially to supply that institution with a salt water tank. It is the desire of the directors of the gymnasium to induce the Catholic young men of the community to take greater interest in wholesome athletic sports. They have also determined to make St. Ignatius' Gymnasium one of the greatest athletic institutions on the Pacific Coast.

Notaries Organize

Judge De Haven fined a notary one hundred dollars the other day for attesting the signature of a person who never appeared before him. The notaries of the city quickly got together for the purpose of organizing with a view to putting a stop to the very common practice for which one of their number had been punished. For this very reprehensible practice out of which numerous frauds have grown the lawyers of this city are mainly responsible. Some of the leading law firms of the city are addicted to the practice of saving time for their clients by requiring notaries to waive the formality of verifying signatures. The average notary knows that he will lose the business of any firm that expects him to attest a signature which had not been written in his presence or acknowledged by the maker. If all the notaries in town band together for the purpose of discouraging the illegal practice it will soon be stopped for it may be made hazardous for a lawyer to seek to persuade a notary to violate his oath. I have been informed that the notaries intend to discourage, also, the cutting of rates. Members of the bar have played havoc with the notary business by getting work done at bargain prices. There are notaries in town that will acknowledge a signature for ten cents.



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A San Francisco Lawyer Wanted

"The romance of a missing will is likely to be sprung at any minute in Honolulu," writes my correspondent. "So far there has been no mention of it in the papers. Search is now being made for the will which is believed to have been made by Gustave Kunst of the immensely wealthy firm of Kunst & Albers of Port Arthur, Vladivostok, Harbin, and a half a dozen other places in Eastern Siberia. Kunst spent a part of each year in Honolulu, and the remainder in Samoa, where he bought and maintained 'Vailima,' Robert Louis Stevenson's home near Apia. He was a lavish spender, and as generous in his impulses as he was lavish. During his absence in Hawaii and Samoa, he became greatly interested in the natives and half castes, and in many substantial ways demonstrated his interest. He sent a number of bright and promising young women, both Samoan and Hawaiian, to Germany to be educated. Among them was Miss Walker, now Mrs. Constabel of Honolulu. Her mother is of Hawaiian blood, and she is considered the perfect type of beauty in the mixed white and Hawaiian race. She was but a child when Gustave Kunst met her. When she grew up she developed a musical temperament, and he sent her to Germany to be educated. She returned a most accomplished musician and soon afterward married Mr. Constabel, one of the rising heads of departments in the great house of H. Hackfield & Company. Gustave Kunst always said that he intended to remember his young friend and protegee very handsomely in his will. He spoke about it often and to a number of people. The generous interest he had taken in her made this statement reasonable enough, and Mrs. Constabel was looked on as one of the favorites of the fairies that deal in golden showers. Kunst was without children himself, but for many years had

made a favorite of a nephew, Gustave Bechte, who was regarded as his prospective heir. But a few years ago the uncle and nephew had a violent quarrel. The uncle announced that he would not leave the nephew a single mark or rouble, and the plucky nephew started to cut out a career for himself. All of Kunst's friends, for a long time before his death, understood that the nephew Bechte would be disinherited, and that a certain set of nephews and nieces would come in for very handsome legacies along with Mrs. Constabel. Gustave Kunst died rather suddenly a short time ago, and his representatives made a search for his will. But the only will that could be found was one dated several years ago by which the nephew Bechte is given practically the whole of the estate and in which there is no mention of Mrs. Constabel. Kunst often spoke of a new will carrying out his intentions regarding the nephew with whom he quarreled, but no such will has been found. Was it destroyed in the bombardment of Port Arthur, where Kunst & Albers had just before the late war completed a magnificent banking building of which Kunst was very proud? This is the question that is being asked. Kunst & Albers were the financial agents of the Russian Government in the Far East."

A Cultured Barber

We have heard a good deal, especially in the comic papers, of the motormen and janitors in Boston who speak Greek and read Hebrew, and so far as I am aware we have been willing to believe that phenomena of that sort were foreign to our own town. But last week I discovered a barber in a little Market street shop who was all that any barber ever could be in Boston, and perhaps more. He is a good-looking chap, this barber, unoilied and unperfumed, with an intelligent forehead and a fine pair of eyes, and

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"Mrs. Brown of London"

She is not the heroine of a best-seller nor the title role of a modern comedy drama as might be inferred from the designation by which she has been known to the readers of newspaper columns devoted to the doings of society, since her arrival in this city two years ago. She is the very bright and cultured woman to whom our Assessor, Dr. Washington Dodge, surrendered his heart and who is soon to claim her hand. Mrs. Brown was formerly Ray Vidaver of this city, daughter of Rabbi Vidaver, who is now in charge of a synagogue in New York. Some years ago she went to Paris to have her voice cultivated, and there she married a wealthy man who died and left her a fortune. Dr. Dodge was divorced about three years ago and a little later he met Mrs. Brown and fell desperately in love. He is now in New York preparing for the ceremony which will be performed by the Rabbi Vidaver on April twelfth.

he was not always a barber. He said nothing to me of his own past, but I have found out since that he might call himself a baron if he chose, and that he is still remembered among the younger diplomatic set in Washington as one of the best of fellows. It is not his family tree which I mean to dwell upon, however, but his conversation. I had climbed into the chair at which he presided without more than a glance at him, and I had settled back for application of the brush and lather with my usual sub-conscious

resolution to discourage barbery chatter. And then, just how I am not quite aware, I found myself hanging upon his words. In the dialogue that followed I do not think I contributed anything of much interest or value, but imagine listening, under such circumstances, to talk like this:

On Shaving

"I suppose, sir, there are few among us, of the proper sex, who have not a certain period in the accumulation of experience habitually scanned the edge of a razor. Yet to how many has it ever seemed worth while to speculate concerning the origin of this practice? Who was the first man that shaved his beard, and what was the occasion? Was he some historic creature, clad in skins, and armed for the operation with an excruciating flint? Did he first try his novel instrument upon the mastodon, the palaplotherium and the plesiosaurus, thus forestalling their amusement in his own subsequent agony and also making them forever hostile to the human tribe? Was the thing accomplished, like so many outlandish innovations, to please a lady; because she confused her liege lord with a great ape in dark places—or said she did—or to ease her pretty chin beneath caresses? History is silent in these particulars." I murmured something in an awe-stricken tone at this point, and then he went on. "Although shaving was not known in Greece, sir, until 420 B. C., as perhaps you may not need to be told, nor in Rome—whence it was introduced from Sicily—until one hundred and twenty-one years later, both Greeks and Romans believed that Jupiter scraped his chin on high Olympus. Homer makes mention of the practice, or the practitioner, and so, for that matter, do many authors of many ages since. In 1474 we have Caxton with one who 'for fere and doubte of the barbours, made his doughters to lerne shave.' In 1594 Plat, in *Jewell-Ho*, says: 'If your teeth be verie scalie let som expert barber first take off the scales.' Shakespeare has recorded that:

"Our courteous Antony,

Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast."

Smollett, Burton, and Rabelais pillory the traditional looseness of morality pertaining to all barbers and their satellites in pithy similes too—too—salacious for quotation, sir, while Dickens and Thackeray flung occasional gibes at the same target. There was a barber in the Arabian Nights Entertainment, and you will doubtless remember his fellow in Rossini's *Figaro*." I stopped him here long enough to jot down his quotations and references, and then he went on through the various processes of cutting my hair; massaging my face and shampooing, with a stream of similar talk, the like of which I never heard before. I came away dazed. And I have been wondering, ever since, what Robert Louis Stevenson would have done with my barber had he sat in that chair and heard what I heard.

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with a thousand years of age, but had actually grown great
power in the change from that of yesterday. He was
a nation of the thousand years.

[illegible]The *Journal of the American Medical Association*

The second road at the Y will, we assume, be going off in the direction of the coast road Monday morning, to be

was more interesting than the first, when asked in a conversation of the party. The subject was the children of Francis second wife who charge that *Dr. Alexander Yand*, lawyer and politician, was of unusual mind, what is generally known as that which influence was unusual upon him. *Yand* was a native of Pennsylvania, England, and was purporting of being a child. He was only a boy when he married and he met his death. He went to South America, engaging as commercial pursuits in Chile and Peru. He left to come to California, settling in San Jose, where he was admitted to the bar and became a colleague of *Judge James P. Hutton*. From the start *Yand* was recognized as an able lawyer, and he took to prominence in the political affairs of the state. In 1866 Governor *Blaine* appointed him a commissioner to the World's Fair at Paris. He was afterwards Justice of the Peace of Santa Clara county. He retired from practice with a large fortune in the evening. In early life *Yand* married a young and beautiful Southern girl and their home in San Jose was for years a centre of social grace. The *Yands* were married after having been married some years during which period three daughters were born. The oldest daughter remained with her father, the two other girls being with their mother. Besides the oldest, married a Mr. *Larry* of San Jose. Hence, the second girl, married George *Thornhill* of this city, and their son will soon



C. A. Meussdorffer, Architect

4 New Apartment House

There is now in process of building what will, when completed, be one of the handsomest apartment houses in any part of the world. Planned on the newest lines, this apartment house, at the corner of Clay and George streets, will be alone one way term a twentieth century triumph.

The apartments each contain twelve rooms, light and spacious. The interiors are finished in mahogany. There are three baths to each apartment. The apartments will be ready for occupancy on November first, and applications should be made to Mrs. Hunt, 2225 Pacific avenue.

graduate from Annapolis. Alice, the third daughter, is well known in local society. Yoell's second wife presented him with seven children and then she was divorced. Several of these children were disinherited and they are the contestants.

A Queer Victory

The car men of Oakland who were persuaded by labor leaders on this side of the bay to demand higher wages are said to have "practically won." What they have practically won I am unable to discover unless it be the privilege of paying out of their wages a salary of \$125 a month to a gentleman who is to become a professional working man in the role of president of the union. They demanded higher wages, but that demand was denied. They demanded the privilege of appealing to the directors of the company whenever a man was discharged by the manager. As they have always been vested with that privilege the company willingly made a formal grant of it. But they also demanded that discharged men be paid for the time they are out of work as soon as they are reinstated. This demand was granted, but obviously its effect will not be beneficial to the men, for whenever a discharged man petitions for reinstatement the directors will consider the fact that it will cost the corporation something if he is reinstated. To me, being probably dull of comprehension, it seems that the controversy resulted in the routing of the meddlesome agitators from this side of the bay. It was made clear that the car men, being conscious of the fact that public sentiment was against them, were afraid to go on a strike. The purpose of the local agitators was to secure for themselves a pretext for demanding higher wages from the United Railroads Company. The labor problem is not quite so vexatious as it was some months ago, and union men are not so eager as they formerly were to get into a controversy with their employers. But the hired leaders know that unless they can stir up strife their occupation will soon be gone, and consequently they are on the qui vive for an excuse to provoke trouble. For some months the horse-shoers have been on a strike in this city, and they have steadily lost ground. Indeed they have been practically beaten.

Art Committee Chairman

Mrs. P. G. Cotton, of Los Angeles, one of the most cultured club women in the state and an active member of the Ruskin Art Club, has been appointed chairman of the Art Committee for the State Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Cotton was formerly a resident of San Jose. She is the sister, by the way, of Harbor Commissioner McKenzie. She is a woman generally recognized as peculiarly qualified for the position to which she has been appointed.

Beginning on Wednesday of this week and extending to Thursday of next, the Sketch Club is holding an exhibition of copies of paintings of the Old Masters, very instructive, especially to students.



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Gertrude Coghlan

In "The Lion and the Mouse" at the Columbia.

The Rose of New England

Norwich, the Connecticut town which is to be the objective point of "Uncle" George Bromley's trip East on the eighteenth of this month in company as far as New York with Raphael Weill and S. D. Brastow, is called "The Rose of New England." A distinguished English writer who recently visited the place, however, said "Rose of the world" should be its name, for it is one of the most picturesquely situated cities in all New England. Like Grass Valley and Nevada City, which are among the few Californian towns that retain their original characteristics while other parts of the state have changed in the march of progress, Norwich is still very much as it was in the days of the Connecticut pioneers. A great many San Franciscans hail from Norwich. The late Howard Coit was born there. Some of Mrs. John A. Darling's relatives live there, I believe, and the Darlings have a home a short distance away in New London. Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose early memories centre about this little New England town, was recently honored by a banquet given him by the citizens, and of the town he said: "Norwich is the only place I know of where one can endure the Westminster confession without revision." The town is hilly and is situated on the river Thames, on which in summer boats ply. It is distinguished as having been the birthplace of Daniel Coit Gilman, president of Johns Hopkins University, and of other men who have become known in the world of letters, also of the late John Slater, a millionaire

THE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP "ALAMEDA"

sails for Honolulu, Auckland and Sidney on April 7th at 11 A. M. The steamship "Mariposa" leaves for Tahiti Monday, April 16th, at 11 A. M. Sailings to Honolulu every 10 days; every 21 days via Honolulu to Samoa, New Zealand and Australia; to Papete, Tahiti, every 36 days.

who gave away vast sums in his lifetime, as Andrew Carnegie is doing now.

A Millionaire's Monument

The Slater Memorial Building was given to the town of Norwich by the millionaire's son and heir, William Slater, in memory of his father. The building contains both an art school and museum. It is, with one exception, the only art school in this country in which a scholarship given free for one year has been offered by the Art Students' League of New York, and it occupies a high place in the estimation of artistic people. The Boston School of Design also has a scholarship in the Slater Memorial. The museum contains one of the finest collection of casts in the United States, about four hundred in all, representing the best sculpture of the classic and renaissance periods, and also a collection of photogravures such as they have at the Hopkins. There are several valuable paintings by celebrated artists of the old and new world on exhibition continually, loaned from the private collection of William Slater. The millionaire's son married Miss Peck of New York, a niece of Mrs. William Tiffany. Nearly all of the wealthy Norwicheers live in New York, only coming to Norwich in the summer. Most of their homes are of Colonial architecture and have stood as they are since the time of the present owners' grandfathers.

A Family Affair

As predicted a few weeks ago by my Los Angeles correspondent, the recent romantic marriage of Bert Peet with Countess Opal Piontkowski has been followed by that of the Countess's mother with Mr. Peet's half-brother, Cloudsley Johns. The ceremony which made Johns the step-father of his brother's wife took place at the home of the Rev. W. C. Bowman, who was the officiating clergyman. The bride's first husband was a grandson of one of the kings of Poland. His father came to America to espouse liberal ideas which would be treasonable in the Czar's domains. The Count was a young civil engineer engaged in professional work in Mexico when he met and won Miss Bowman. Two years after the wedding Count Piontkowski died of yellow fever and the widow has spent much of her time since in Mexico. During one of her periodical visits to her parents in Los Angeles she heard Johns lecture on socialism and a mutual admiration grew out of the introduction of the young people by Mrs. Peet. Mrs. Johns is a sister of Dorothy, or as she was known in Los Angeles "Minna" Bowman Mooers, former wife of the son of Mooers of Yellow Aster mine prominence, who recently added another chapter to her interesting career by becoming the wife of Fullen, the New Mexican politician.

MATCHLESS

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Durham Is a Sad Figure

The pathetic picture is presented of Israel Durham, former "Peerless Leader" of the Philadelphia "gang," sitting during the long spring days in the sun parlor of the Hotel Green in Pasadena, hiding from the inquisitive and dodging telegrams, inquiries and pleas from his old associates in Philadelphia who are calling vainly for his aid. Durham is reported to be in very poor health, a broken down, dejected, nervous old man who is but the shadow of his former self. Durham is attended by his brother, Thomas, who is about ten years his junior. While every effort is being made to get Durham back to Pennsylvania the physicians are insisting that he cannot leave California. The man who learned his politics from Matt Quay and who once swept away opposition as chaff before the wind secluded himself in the Catskills when the wave of reform began to sweep over Pennsylvania and from the mountains he came all the way to California in search of health and rest, neither of which he has yet found.

The Juvenile Court Society Will Benefit

An event that will prove a great attraction is the entertainment to be given on Saturday afternoon, April fourteenth, from two to six o'clock, at the California Club. The affair is under the auspices of the Juvenile Court Society and has among its patronesses Mrs. Lovell White, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mrs. Oscar Sutro, Mrs. Thurlow McMullin, Mrs. Frank Sullivan, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Geo. C. Boardman, Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Joe Tobin and Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Actively interested in its success are Mrs. James Follis, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Norris King Davis, Mrs. Alfred Sutro, Miss Drum, Miss Tompkins, Mrs. Goodwin, Mrs. George Martin and the Hamilton sisters. There is to be a vaudeville performance for children, a sale of Easter eggs and novelties in brocade and tapestry that will make tasteful Easter gifts. A large doll has been donated by Joseph Chamberlin to be raffled off, and Mr. Phelan has given an automobile wagon for the same purpose.

Mrs. Boalt's Gift

Now that Mrs. Elizabeth Boalt has lost all that makes life dear to her—her husband, daughter and granddaughter—she is very generously bestowing her wealth where it will do good to the greatest number. She has just given the regents of the University of California real estate worth \$100,000, which is to be sold and the proceeds used to erect a law building to be named after the late Judge John H. Boalt, her husband. Judge Boalt was one of the best known of the lawyers who made history for California in the state's early days. He was an invalid for a long time before he died. The death of their only daughter, Alice, not long after her marriage with Hugh Tevis, was a blow from which neither of the parents ever fully recovered.

Recent arrivals at Del Monte included J. O. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister, Miss Edith Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Beylard of San Mateo.

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Bunyan Dramatized

One of the most interesting of recent announcements is that "The Pilgrim's Progress" is to be given dramatic form, and that Henrietta Crosman will appear as the Pilgrim. Evidently, the impression made by Constance Crawley in "Everyman" has not yet worn off. There have been repeated attempts in the last couple of seasons to match the success of the young Englishwoman in this role, but so far no medium of the peculiar vigor and charm of "Everyman" has been found. Bunyan's story is to be passed through the dramatic wringer by James McArthur, who is known by his dramatization of "The Bonnie Brier Bush." It is surprising that "The Pilgrim's Progress" was not shown on the stage long ago. Still, so many difficulties present themselves that the most conservative well might shrink from such a production. What is to be done with the stilted form of dialogue? Is it to be made over into the vernacular of today, or is to be used without change? It would seem there can be no happy medium between these two extremes, and to give the Pilgrim latter-day English would be to destroy one of the most striking charms of the allegory.

At the studio of Miss Daingerfield, 246 Sutter street, beginning Monday, will be held an exhibition of ceramics by a number of our best craftsmen.

The Financial Field

The volume of business shows quite a falling off compared with the previous week. Trading in bonds amounted to \$367,500; in shares, 4,341, divided as follows: 1,370 Lighting, 1,075 Water, 445 Miscellaneous, 10 Banks and 1,441 Sugars. With transactions as light as this, there could be no fluctuation in prices, and consequently the week's doings were extremely uninteresting. United Railroad Bonds were ex-coupon and declined under persistent offerings, to 84 1-4. The bonds have been well sustained in the New York market, and whatever had been offered here found its way to New York. The offer by certain capitalists to build competing roads has not advanced since my last report. I understand one of the cable lines is under option to the syndicate of capitalists heretofore mentioned. It is hardly worth while mentioning fluctuation in values since they did not move more than 1-8 or in some instances 1-4. Sugar stocks were rather weak owing to the decline in the raw sugar market, and strengthening up on their advance.

Matters on the Stock Exchange, my Nevada correspondent writes, were very dull this week. Manhattan, however, is very lively. When the snow is off the ground work will resume.

—The Financier.


Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the latest styles in stationery monograms, visiting cards.

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Two Plays and Some Players

BY THEODORE BONNET.

"The Lion and the Mouse" is a drama fraught with great significance. It is much more than a great theatrical hit. If I am not badly mistaken it portends the awakening of the American dramatist, the arousing of him to consciousness of the fact that in the every-day life of this great industrial nation, pulsating with all the baser passions of the human species and prolific of great commercial and political conflicts, there is much that is worthy of the attention of the playwright who is eager not only for artistic and financial success but also for the welfare of his country. In "The Lion and the Mouse" Charles Klein shows that his glance has penetrated some of the evils of the day and that it was his purpose to drag certain iniquities into clear relief and lash them with his scathing sarcasm. We are told that the central figure is John D. Rockefeller and that the play is an awful indictment of that vicious founder of the great System which has poisoned all the arteries of government. But the blow that hits the smug archetype of all the trust criminals of America squarely between the eyes is not more severe than the one that is dealt the United States Senate. That august body is now writhing under the combined lashes of numerous critics of the press, but if all the newspapers of America were to fulminate against the Upper House, they would not have the effect on popular sentiment that is achieved through the medium of the Klein play, circulating as it does throughout the country, and presenting as it does a concrete exemplification of Senatorial servility. The play's the thing not only to catch the conscience of the King but to awaken the conscience of the people. One good drama is worth a thousand sermons, and "The Lion and the Mouse" is good drama—very good drama. Some critics have said that it is not artistic but neglected to explain wherein it is inartistic. The aim of dramatic art, I believe, is to reveal the idea of the class to which the individual taken as a separate entity belongs. This is done by revealing a phase of the individual's life with such truth as to exhibit an insight into humanity itself, but that is a pretty difficult task when the separate entity is a Rockefeller, for a Rockefeller is peculiar. An insight into humanity is best obtained through a type but Rockefeller is unique. He is also grotesque and that's what he is in the Klein play, though softened a little with human touches essential to the working out of the theme. Klein's art has made the voracious money-grubber, the hypocritical promoter of education and religion, a plausible character. Indeed he has expressed his conception of the repellant incarnation of trust greed in a most striking and impressive bit of characterization, and in this vivid dramatic picture he has shown a thorough understanding of the chemical properties of his colors. His story is as direct as classic tragedy, his indictment is irrefragable. The law of the System, that compelling, inexorable law is his weapon and he uses it ruthlessly. The play has its theatricalities, but nowhere does the author put a strain on our credulity. At times his technical dexterity is obvious, as for instance, in the first act when he italicizes a situation by making Judge Rossmore exclaim: "John Ryder's son carrying my daughter's trunk!" That is puerile and unworthy of the man who arranged that exceedingly clever play of wits in the second act between the billionaire and the judge's daughter. However, on the whole the play is free from useless excrescence. It is based on a conflict arising out of the efforts of a trust magnate to ruin a judge who could not be bribed. The story is interestingly worked out. It is a

little extravagant perhaps but scarcely goes beyond dramatic license. Why shouldn't the millionaire's son fall in love with the judge's daughter? Why shouldn't she keep from her lover the secret that she was the author of the novel that dealt with the iniquities of his father? Why shouldn't the millionaire wish to meet the woman who had cleverly analyzed his character in a work of fiction? These are the salient details and they are all plausible. The art of the playwright is vindicated by the grasp that his drama gets on his audience, by the success of his technique in holding his audience in suspense while the judge's daughter is bending the millionaire to her will. The company at the Columbia gives a splendid performance of this great play. Gertrude Coghlan does not win the sympathy of the audience at first, but the first act is a bad first act. It is the one weak spot in the play. It is artificial and so is everybody in it. In the second act and thereafter Gertrude Coghlan causes you to forget first impressions. She does not rise to great heights but she is convincing. Arthur Byron, as the trust magnate of the play, does some very effective work. There was passion, fire and imagination in his performance and he clothed the role with stern reality. One of the most pleasing characterizations of the play is that of Joseph Kilgour as the Englishman employed as the billionaire's private secretary. Equipped with a monocle and an accent, he was picturesque and breezy. A most refreshing and artistic bit of ingenuousness is that of Flora Juliet Bowley, a coquette, in love with the private secretary. Her scene with Kilgour in which she affects embarrassment at the compliments that delight her is the most charming episode of the play, and it is Miss Bowley's simulated naivete that makes it so engaging.

Until a year ago Creston Clarke was a stranger to the theatre-goers of San Francisco. He dropped into town in the spring of 1905 unheralded, opened an engagement at the California in "Monsieur Beaucaire," and played to the ushers, a few dead-heads and many rows of upholstered chairs. Before the week was half over the news had spread through the town that "one of the greatest ever" was giving a wonderfully artistic performance down at the California; and in the closing nights of the engagement the house was packed. I managed to catch a few glimpses of Mr. Clarke on the last night of his engagement and was duly impressed. So impressed was I that when he opened his engagement at the Grand last Sunday I was there as the curtain rolled up. I sat through the whole performance, enjoying a very pleasant afternoon with the star despite the fact that the play, the joint-unhandiwork of Booth Tarkington and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, bored me very much. Mr. Clarke, I was informed between acts by one of his representatives, is a very rich man, having inherited a large fortune from his father, the celebrated comedian, John Sleeper Clarke, on whose reputation the son does not have to trade. I was also informed that Mr. Clarke is devoted to his art and that he is intolerant of the methods of exploitation employed by other stars. I was glad to learn of these matters touching the personality of Mr. Clarke, but during the course of the play I thought it strange that a rich actor devoted to his art should be indifferent to the importance of symmetry which is essential to the beauty of a theatrical performance. If I had not heard that Mr. Clarke was devoted to his art despite his wealth, I should not have seriously objected to the shortcomings of his support, for it would have been natural to assume that



FRED J. BUTLER
Stage Director at the Alcazar.

he felt it his duty, since he was playing to popular prices, to hire popular priced talent. However, there is some pretty good talent in the company and none so bad as to painfully destroy illusion, but as Mr. Clarke carries the whole play on his shoulders, bearing the brunt of every big scene, there is not much chance for any other member of the company to do serious damage. Mr. Clarke gives a radiant performance. It has blitheness, grace and a human note. There is never over-emphasis in his work. He never blackly underlines his meaning. He is an artist skilled in adapting manner and pose to the emotion. The play is drama affianced to a fury of gesture and a high voice, but it gives scope for those qualities of humor, grace and gallantry which belong to Mr. Clarke. A young Prince in cog is a good subject for a drama, especially when he is in love and meets with opposition, but in "Monsieur Beaucaire" with its incoherences and extravagances it is hard to keep in sympathy with the hero.

Sothorn and Marlowe are to play at the Grand Opera House, Gottlob, Marx and Company having arranged for the reappearance of the co-stars at that theatre next month. Owing to the enormous seating capacity of the house the scale of prices will range from \$2 to 50 cents. Three elaborate productions are to be offered.

The next Columbia theatre attraction will be the musical extravaganza, "Babes in Toyland," the joint work of Victor Herbert and Glen MacDonough. The large company, numbering one hundred people, includes Ignacio

Martinetti, Katherine Bell, Albertine Bensen, Gus Pixley, Walter Schrode, Maud Campbell, Edward P. Sullivan and others.

"Charley's Aunt" is playing to the usual large and well pleased houses at the Alcazar.

Max Hirshfield has been engaged as musical conductor for the production of "Babes in Toyland."

The world's greatest cellist will appear at two matinee concerts at the Columbia on the afternoons of Sunday, April 8th, and Sunday, April 15th. Gerardy will be accompanied by Andre Benoise, the pianist, who will have a solo number on both programs. Popular prices will prevail for the concerts.

Howard's War Drama at the Majestic

There is nothing new to say about "Shenandoah," which has had many, many years of popularity, and yet never seems to grow old. It stands beside "The Henrietta," also by Bronson Howard, as a money-winner. We have had many "Shenandoahs" here, but the Majestic production this week does not suffer in comparison. It is a gigantic production and the battle-scene is given very realistically. Underwood is a manly Kercheval West and Miss Gardner is charming as the Southern girl. There is a long list of characters allotted to the full strength of the company.



ALICE WILSON
Of Earl and Wilson, a Musical Comedy Duo, at the Chutes.



ARTIE HALL

"The Genuine Georgia Girl", who will shout some at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon.

Goodwin's Vicissitudes

It has become practically impossible to follow the lightning movements of Nat Goodwin. When the season began the comedian was in his merriest humor over the expectation of great success in "The Beauty and the Barge." When the Jacobs comedy failed Goodwin sought comfort in a dramatization of the Wolfville stories, and this experiment was so unfortunate that the play did not survive long enough to reach the metropolis from Philadelphia. With two monumental failures in a few weeks to his credit, Goodwin turned his face toward London. Once upon a time the English had smiled benignantly upon him, and he felt confident they would grant him the favor that had been denied him by his own countrymen. But Goodwin has already failed to interest London in two plays, and a week or two ago there was a conflicting series of reports as to his plans for the future. It has been said that he purposes to make the long jump to Chicago, there to appear in an American comedy, with Edna Goodrich, the

former chorus girl, whose chief claim to theatrical distinction is her beauty, as his leading woman. Only the other day it was reported that Goodwin was on his way to this country, and, having closed a contract with a young English actress, there would be a rare contrast in beauty between the two women sharing in his chief support. But now the news is that Goodwin may again tempt fortune in London, and no less than three plays are connected with his name. He is said to be making an adaptation of a French comedy for his own use; that he soon will begin rehearsals of "In Mizzoura," and that shortly the English will see him in "The Prince Chap." Fate plays some surprising pranks with the men and women of the stage. Some years ago when Goodwin and Maxine Elliott severed their professional union, it was the general belief that the actress was inviting disaster. But Miss Elliott has prospered mightily while her spouse has fallen on the hardest days since he rose to distinction. "Her Own Way" and "Her Great Match" have been so remunerative that the actress has arranged to bring her season to a speedy end, so that she may hurry off to enjoy herself in Paris. It is not unlikely that the husband and wife may cross somewhere in the Atlantic, as it was recently announced that Miss Elliott would sail as early as April fourth. Probably there is not a playgoer who does not feel keenly the misfortunes that have crowded thick on Goodwin. We have many good comedians, but it is doubtful if we have one his equal. It was an evil hour when he was humored to the extent of presenting himself as Bottom. Goodwin in his own sphere is one of our most delightful actors, but it was putting too hard a strain on public good nature to exploit him as a Shakespearean player. Since that unhappy venture Goodwin has sighed in vain for the spontaneous roll of applause that invariably marks an opening as genuinely successful.

At the Orpheum

The musical clown, Ferry Corwey, is all that was advertised in the way of novelty and talent. He takes the Orpheum audience by storm, and if he were addicted to the encore habit, which he is not, could easily crowd all the other numbers off the bill. Corwey has a new set of instruments on which to display his facility, and his clown antics do not clash with the music. The lovers of mystery find much to interest them in the Howard brothers, who do a Tyndall stunt with some new features. The Colby family and Coote the comedian, both holdovers, share applause with Corwey and the Howards.

The Grand Opera

There is as much enthusiasm expressed over the coming of the grand opera season as if it were the first in many years. Manager Strine is delighted at the way the seats have sold. This season's advance sale beat the record, and the San Francisco record for sales of tickets for grand opera is always remarkable. The season opens with Goldmark's "The Queen of Sheba," and Fremstad in "Carmen" comes next. Then we are to have Emma Eames in "La Tosca," and Bella Alten as Gretel in the fairy Humperdinck opera, "Haensel und Gretel." "Marta" promises to be as popular as "The Marriage of Figaro." In the former will appear Caruso and Sembrich, in the latter Sembrich and Eames. As for the other works in the grand opera repertory, they include "Faust," "Don Pasquale," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "La Boheme," with Caruso and Sembrich, "Siegfried," with Burgstaller, and the two farewell performances (matinee and evening) the bills of which will be duly announced. Alfred Hertz, Arturo Vigna and Nathan Franko will have charge of the orchestra.

Apropos "Haensel and Gretel," Humperdinck came over to America some months ago to superintend the production of his opera. He is said to have been pleased with the Haensel of that dainty and ingenuous young singer Lina Freund, he gushed over the Gretel of Bella Alten, and he was in ecstasies over the Witch of Louise Homer.

Next Week's Bills

"The Lion and the Mouse" will continue at the Columbia.

At the Majestic on Monday night Walter E. Perkins will begin a two weeks' starring engagement supported by the Bishop Comedians in his latest success, "Who Goes There?", by H. W. DeSouchet, who wrote "The Man from Mexico," "My Friend from India and other farces which have met with approval. "Who Goes There" abounds in ludicrous situations. Perkins was brought from the East especially to produce this play. The supporting company includes Frances Slosson, Marie Gordon, Frank Bacon, George Friend, Lloyd Ingraham and Orral Humphreys. A superb production of "The Light Eternal" will be the Easter offering at the Majestic.

"The Wife," which the Alcazar revives next week for the first time in five years, will find a new generation of playgoers to follow its vivid story of fashionable life at the National capital. Leading men in "The Wife" are Charles Waldron as Senator Rutherford and Will R. Walling, remembered in "The Heart of a Geisha" and "The Only Way," as Robert Gray. For Easter week comes "Are You a Mason?" "The Admirable Crichton" and "The Moth and the Flame" are to have early revivals. Among the new productions will be the first San Francisco presentation of Sardou's "The Sorceress," made possible through the courtesy of Charles Frohman under whose direction Mrs. Patrick Campbell created a sensation as Zoraye during her last American tour.

The Hal Burton Company begin a week's engagement at the Grand on Sunday matinee. They will present as their program the detective melodrama, "Caught in the Web," by Joseph Le Brandt, which is described as the very acme of thrilling stage realism. The cast will include Reginald Mason, Harry Pollard, Joseph Carroll, Nick Cogley, George L. Graves, Scott Robertson, Fred Mitchell, Theo Van Dyke, Ross Birchett, Edward Barrows, Frances Caroline Cooke, Maybelle Thompson, Maldon Crain Kelley, and others. Popular prices will prevail and there will be the regular Saturday matinee.

The musical eccentricity "Miss Timidity" will run all next week at the Tivoli with the exception of Monday night when, in consequence of the Kubelik concert, the entire Tivoli company, chorus and orchestra will appear at the Macdonough theatre, Oakland, in "The Isle of Spice." This will be the first appearance of the Tivoli orchestra anywhere outside of the home theatre.

The agile Agousts will produce their "Lively Supper at Maxim's" which made such a hit a season or so ago, at

A Small Investment

in a "Conklin Self-filling," "Waterman Ideal" or "Marshall \$1.00" pen pays big dividends when it comes to fountain pen comfort. One filling will last two weeks; they are scientific, automatic and never fail when you want to write. \$1.00, \$2.50 and up. Sanborn, Vail & Co. 741 Market St.

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"ALLSTEEL" METALLIC FURNITURE

the Orpheum next week. Coleman's trained dogs, cats and doves will be on the bill again. Jimmy Wall, a great minstrel pet, will make his local debut in vaudeville. Artie Hall, "The genuine Georgia girl," is expected to make a hit.

At the Alhambra Blaney's thrilling melodrama, "For His Brother's Crime," will hold the boards!

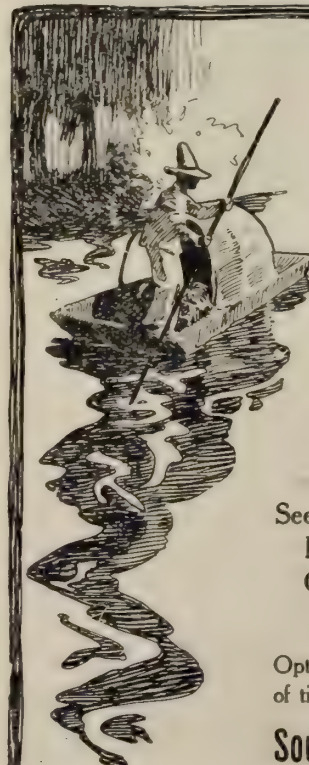
Bothwell Browne's Gaiety Girls, ten in number, assisted by E. Francis Young, will present their latest conceit, "Mikado, on the Half Shell," at the Chutes. Seamon, Adams and Rogers, "the harmonious trio," will sing for the first time here, and Mr. and Mrs. Young, a character couple, will appear in a rural comedy sketch. Earl and Wilson in their musical comedy will reappear.

They'd Know the Difference

Andreas Dippel, who sang Siegfried for us during the first Grau season and made his biggest hit during the Conried season here in "Die Fledermaus," is an artist with a sense of humor. He had an operation performed on his nose in New York recently and his doctor says it will have such wonderful results that no audience will be able to tell whether the Italian or the German tenor is singing. When the name of Caruso was accidentally put on the program for Dippel's on one occasion Conried asked Dippel if he wanted an explanation made before the performance began. "Oh, never mind," the tenor said. "The people will know the difference when they see me. If they don't know then, they certainly will when they hear me."

Good Plays Wanted

Kyrle Bellew, in Chicago, has been unloading his mind of many ideas regarding the current stage. One of his strongest comments has been on the rivalry of man-



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Belasco and Mayer
Proprietors
E. D. Price, Gen. Mgr.

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Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
David Belasco and DeMille's Great Play

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SOON—First time in San Francisco, Sardou's Famous Drama—The Sorceress

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(SUNDAY) MATINEE

THE HAL BURTON COMPANY

In Joseph Le Brandt's Great Detective Melodrama,

"CAUGHT IN THE WEB"

Regular Matinee Saturday
Popular Prices

TIVOLI

"Mother, Mother, Mother, Pin a Rose on Me"

TONIGHT—EVERY NIGHT—The Fascinating Musical Eccentricity

MISS TIMIDITY

New Songs, New Dances, New Specialties.

Matinee Saturday, 25c & 50c, no higher. Evening Prices, 25c, 50c & 75c.

NEXT—"THE SHOW GIRL"

Orpheum

Week Commencing
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DELECTABLE VAUDEVILLE

AGOST FAMILY; Goleman's Dogs; Jimmy Wall; Artie Hall; Ferry Corwey; Bruno and Kussell; Mitchell and Cain; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of the

MARVELOUS HOWARD BROTHERS

Regular Matinees Every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.
Prices—10c, 25c and 50c.

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATRE

Beg. Monday, April 9th—SECOND AND LAST WEEK.

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Henry B. Harris Presents the Intensely Interesting Play

The Lion and the Mouse

by Charles Klein, author of "The Music Master"

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April 16—"Babes in the Toyland".

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This Saturday and Sunday Afternoons and Evenings

"SHENANDOAH"

Commencing Monday Evening April 9th Walter E. Perkins in

WHO GOES THERE ?

A Feast of Fun by H. DeSouchet author of The Man from Mexico
Seats 75c, 50c, 25c.

"Pop" Matinees Thursday and Sunday. All seats 25c.

agers of plays. The actor holds that the supply of good plays is so scant that it has become unsafe to permit the slightest detail of a new production to leak out. The point he especially emphasizes is that promoters would not hesitate to seize for their own use any points that struck them as excellent in works held by their competitors. Bellew certainly does not give the impression that the managers, as a body, are possessed of much business honesty, but he makes it clear that they are sore put to find plays for all their "stars" and theatres. After all, it is the play that counts. Without good work by the playwright all the "art" of the players goes for naught. Now is the time for the unknown writer. It is probable that never before in the history of the theatre was there so great a demand for plays. For proof of this it is not necessary to go beyond the scores of trashy things that have been staged in the last year. The real trouble of the manager is not to find players, but to find plays.

Imitations Are Popular

"Imitations of every grade of performers are in high favor just now," writes my New York correspondent. "Since Cecilia Loftus went to London as Peter Pan many women have tried to equal her in catching the mannerisms of different well known players. Little Elsie Janis is persisting in her series of mimicries, even continuing to call up the ghost of Dan Daly. Now Miss Ring has the fever, and as was the case with Miss Janis her beginning is modest. Where she will stop is another thing. Her imitation of Fay Templeton is especially fine. Should Miss Templeton desire to see how she herself looks, in all save solidity, she will find a remarkable likeness in Miss Ring."

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RACES COMMENCE AT 2 P. M. SHARP

No Racing Monday, April 9th—ONE DAY ONLY

For special trains stopping at the track take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market street; leave at 12:20 thereafter every twenty minutes until 2 p. m.

No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts. Returning train leaves track after fifth and last race.

PERCY W. TREAT, Sec'y

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Pres.



An April Scene at Del Monte

Simple Miss Timidity

Advocates of the simple life will enjoy a laugh at themselves if they drop in to see "Miss Timidity" at the Tivoli. Joseph Jackson of New Orleans is the simple life advocate who expounds the Wagner theory on every possible occasion and incidentally coaches a booby Englishman in the art of wooing his pretty unsophisticated daughter. On the slender shoulders of Kunkel, as the simple life gentleman, and the plump ones of Teddy Webb, as the British booby, falls the burden of the fun, and the two comedians are well equal to the task allotted them. Nothing could be more amusing than the proposal scene, when Jackson prompts Marmaduke Milksop, without however any success so far as attaining his object goes. Cunningham and Miss Tannehill have roles in which their comedy talent finds play, the former as an Irish soldier-of-fortune, the latter as a Castilian noblewoman with a grown-up daughter. A solo is interpolated for the baritone, which of course wins an encore. The gay Irish Chevalier does a lot of lovemaking and keeps Cupid busy throughout the three acts. Miss Rhoda's beauty is enhanced by her Quakerish garb and her sweet soprano is heard to advantage in the music of her role. Miss Tracy makes a dashing Spanish girl. Bradley, as the artist who rescues Miss Timidity and is finally, after some misunderstanding, rewarded with her hand, has more nimbleness in his legs than in his tones. However his tenor if light is pleasing, and his acting has the musical comedy dash. Gregory as the garcon has nothing much to do, but his Napoleon take-off has humorous features. The best thing in "Miss Timidity" is the chorus. The Tivoli chorus need not fear comparison with the Boardway article so far as beauty and agility are concerned. Now that George Lask has assumed the stage directorship the chorus-girls have acquired the style and go that make the ensembles very attractive. In one of the

big ensembles wreaths are used by the chorus with picturesque effect and in another colored lanterns give the artistic finish. The most captivating song in the piece is "I would like to marry you," which had six or seven encores Monday night, and each reply had its distinguishing feature.

—*The Playgoer.*



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HARBIN HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS

One of the best pleasure and medical resorts of the State. Inquire at Bryan's or Peck's Information Bureau.

Hot White Sulphur Springs Canyon

625 acres, new hotel building not ready this season. Furnished cottages, 3 to 10 rooms, rented to families desirous of camping. Some choice locations for tents; rare opportunity to enjoy outdoor life; miles of lovely drives; large barn and stable; private table for limited number; strictly home service; fine fishing.

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"VACATION" is issued annually by the

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The Picturesque Route of California

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This year's edition "Vacation 1906" contains over 250 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, etc., with terms from \$7.00 per week up.

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Applications by mail will receive immediate response.

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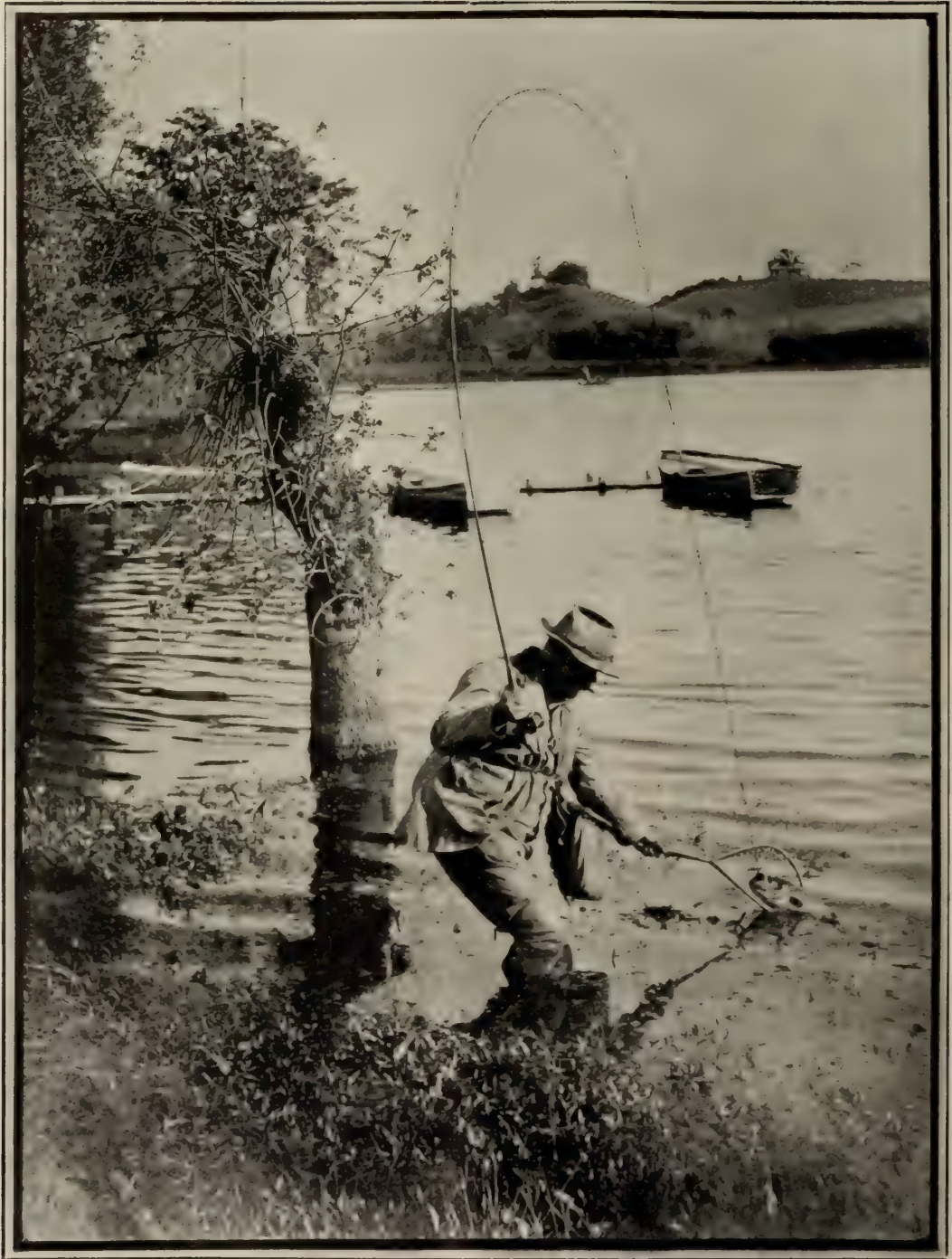
SPEND THE WEEK END

THE present days of California Springtime make up the best time of the year at Hotel Del Monte down by the sea, near old Monterey. The incomparable golf links were never in better condition. The oiled roads are superb for automobiling, and fishing and sailing on the bay form an ever-present delight. Del Monte is not alone for the ultra-fashionable, but is getting to be more and more the popular resort of all Californians, and tourists never pass it by. Special round trip tickets between San Francisco and Del Monte, good Friday to Monday inclusive, including two days board at the hotel, \$10.00. For more details, apply Information Bureau, 613 Market street.

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1900 feet altitude; no fog; telephone, hot and cold baths; large cement swimming tank. Rates \$7.00 a week up. Stage meets train at Napa. Fare to Napa \$1.35 round trip.
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Waters more efficacious than those of Carlsbad; they will permanently cure Rheumatism. Week-End Excursions \$7.50, everything paid. Be refreshed by these tonic waters.

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UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Fine winter fishing and hunting. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

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Analysis Intermediate between Sprudel of Carlsbad, Germany, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas, though more strongly radio-active than either.
Conduct Modeled after the great European Spas.
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Address MRS. CHARLES JUERGENSEN, Mark West Springs, Sonoma Co., Cal. Or, City address 940 Larkin St., San Francisco.

Automobile Topics

To Auto a Year Abroad

Accompanied by his wife, and Arthur Gowen of London, Charles Butters, millionaire motorist of Claremont, will start from this city in about six weeks for an extensive trip on the continent in his limousine Columbia. The motorists will first journey to Los Angeles and a month will be spent automobiling in Southern California. The big car will then be shipped to Europe, where at least a year of automobiling is to be enjoyed.

Round and About

The latest concern to take up the motor as a strictly business investment is the Parkside Realty Company. An Oldsmobile 'bus meets their customers at 19th and H streets and takes them to their holdings near Ingleside. Before the 'bus was finally accepted, it was given some severe hill climbing and endurance tests, through all of which it came with flying colors. Mr. E. P. Smith, the driver, says: "The car don't pay any attention to the hills and gives me no trouble whatsoever. I make a good many trips on week days and Sunday the 'bus is on the move continually."

John Breuner, who has, perhaps, owned more Winton cars than any other automobilist in the United States, having purchased a Winton as early as 1901, has been doing considerable touring since he purchased his new model. He is a great lover of the sport, and while it is a well-known fact that he always has with him a chauffeur, Mr. Breuner can always be seen at the wheel.

E. R. Thomas, of New York, recently reappointed as a member of the racing board of the A. A. A., has just received his first American built car, a fifty horse-power Thomas Flyer.

Milton J. Budlong, president of the Electric Vehicle Company and an authority on automobile affairs in the East, was discussing brakes with a number of automobilists the other day, and remarked: "We pay particular attention to the brake equipment on Columbia cars, because a positive-acting, dependable brake is just as essential to the safety of the car and its occupants as the engine or any other part of the car."

Autos at Fires

Boston's fire department finds the Columbia automobile now in use by Chief Cheswell of a two-fold value. It not only enables the head of the department to reach a fire more quickly than with his former horse drawn vehicle, but at a fire recently, where a score of firemen were injured the automobile was utilized to carry them to the hospital. Four of the injured men were taken at a trip and they were all at the hospital in less time than if several ambulances were used.

For Mathematicians

One of the questions submitted in a recent examination at the Winton automobile school was the following: On a three cylinder, two-cycle motor, 5 1-2 x 6, how many feet will the pistons travel in five minutes at 1,000 revolutions of the crank shaft? Can you figure it out?

**We said four weeks
ago about**

**Diamond
WRAPPED TREAD TIRES**

**and we desire to
repeat it**

**That when we select-
ed the name "Wrapped
Tread" as applied to
Diamond Wrapped
Tread Tires,**

it was our purpose only to call attention to the radical departure from the full molded construction showing the mold mark in the center of the tread.

**The wrapped tread feature,
while important, will not prove
of any great value when not back-
ed up by six other equally im-
portant points entering into our
construction.**

The Diamond Rubber Co.

AKRON, OHIO

San Francisco Branch . . . 608 Mission St.

Walter C. White, vice-president of the White Sewing Machine Company of Cleveland, Ohio, will visit San Francisco within the next two weeks. Mr. White is a prominent figure in eastern automobile affairs and has had much to do with the racing game. He drove the White racer in last year's Vanderbilt Cup contest. Mr. White is at present in the City of Mexico and will journey to the Hawaiian Islands from here.

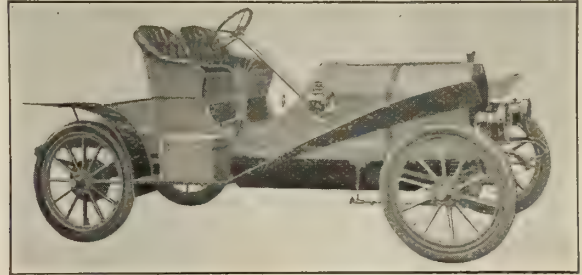
H. G. McGhan, a prominent miner of Nevada, who possesses claims all over the Goldfield country, is in San Francisco. He leaves in a few days for the Sagebrush state and will take with him a White steam car to use for prospecting purposes. Mr. McGhan does considerable promoting and says that whenever capitalists are in the gold district he will show them over his prospects with his auto. The White car has been equipped with extra gasoline and water tanks. "Yes, I am going to relegate my mule which I have used for years hitched to a little buckboard," remarked the recently converted autoist. "Although the country is rough and some pretty heavy grades are encountered, I am convinced after having been traveling about this vicinity for several weeks that with the machine I will have a far more satisfactory method of transportation. Owning mines throughout the state, it is necessary for me to do a great deal of traveling. I will make my headquarters in Columbia and go on most of my prospecting tours from there. Some of the trips will be of a week or more duration and it has therefore been necessary to have the car specially equipped to carry a quantity of additional supply for its operation."

—The Chauffeur.

Some Musical Matters

Among the several musical events to take place this and early next week are the second concert of the Minetti orchestra, the Brahms Requiem by the San Francisco Musical Club under Dr. Stewart's direction, and the Frank Pollock concert, all on Friday evening, the Olivia Dahl concerts, the Hopkins musicale on Thursday evening, the Kubelik farewells on Sunday and Monday, and the Caedmon Club's production of "Stabat Mater" on Sunday afternoon. The charge for cards of admission to the Caedmon Club affair, by the way, by no means must be laid to a commercial spirit. It is simply to meet the necessary expenses of the presentation, and to secure for the club the possibility of giving from year to year even more brilliant interpretations with higher-priced artists or soloists. The club was organized in the interest of art, science and literature and the officers are Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Miss L. Sprague, Mrs. M. J. Fottrell, Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper, Mrs. M. Deane, Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, Miss M. C. Finley, Mrs. J. M. Driscoll, Mrs. Stanley Stillman and Mrs. D. W. Nesfield. In Mr. Pollock's program on Friday evening he will have the assistance of Miss Bertina Boffa, a child violiniste, and Fred Maurer as accompanist. The tenor will sing two numbers from Massenet's "Manon," the aria from Donizetti's "L'Elisir D'Amore," the Flower Song from "Carmen" and songs by Hahn, Thome, Brahms, Richard Strauss, Chadwick and Mrs. Beach. Miss Olivia Dahl, whose concerts on Thursday evening and this Saturday afternoon are under the patronage of the Norwegian Club "Fram," is one of the celebrated singers of Christina, Norway, and has made a special study of Grieg compositions under the personal guidance of the composer. She brings her own pianist, Miss Gina Smith, and Hother Wismer assists in the concerts.

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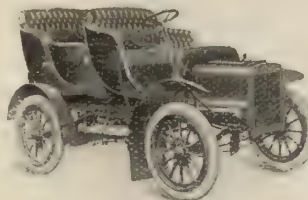
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The Jewish Dietary Laws

BY SARAH WILLIAMSON.

While Christians the world over are making preparations to celebrate the Feast of the Ascension their Jewish cousins are making equally elaborate preparations for the celebration of the Feast of the Passover. The feeling that the Hebrew brings to his celebration of the Passover is deep and sincere. The Hebrew housewife makes careful preparation for it, for at this season every spot in her home must be absolutely clean. No leaven must be found in any corner of the house, and no utensil that has been used to cook leavened food must be used for the Passover feast. This great attention to cleanliness is in obedience to one of the dietary laws of the Jews. It is only the old orthodox Jews who live to the letter up to the Scriptural laws of "kosher," just as only very religious Christians keep Lent strictly after the old rules. From Cantor Stark of Temple Emanu-El I have gained some very interesting knowledge of the dietary laws of the Hebrews, laws that the orthodox Jew still follows.

Literally translated "kosher" implies fit, proper. "Tomeh" means unclean, hence not kosher; "lo tomeh," clean or kosher. It is the word kosher that we see on the signs of a few restaurants in San Francisco, and which merely means that in these cafes one may find food cooked in the fit or proper manner after the Hebrew dietary laws. In the Scriptures we read that the ancient Israelites subsisted mainly on fruits and vegetables, and that meat was eaten by the common people on festival occasions only. During the days the Israelites passed with Moses in the Wilderness it is believed that only the animals which had been sacrificed on the altar, some parts being burned and others given to the priests, were allowed to be eaten by the people. In Leviticus, eleventh chapter, can be read the law



In a "Kosher" Restaurant; preparing "kosher" dishes.

of sacrifices with the rules particularly laid down to differentiate the unclean from the clean animals.

Out in the slaughter yards of this city on the mornings of Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, one may see how the beeves are killed so as to conform to the Jewish law. The preparation of meat is one of the strictest of the dietary laws of the Jews. If the blood is not drawn and the meat properly salted, then it is not "kosher," and the mode of killing must be after a strict plan. I should advise anyone interested in this subject to visit one of the slaughter yards on one of those days given up to the "kosher" killing. First, after the animal is driven into the

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Special Announcement

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S. CONSTANTINI

shed, an iron ring is placed on one of its forelegs so that no struggle will be possible. The slaughtering must be done by a regularly ordained rabbi, or "sochet," as he is called in this connection, and the knife he uses is of peculiar shape. Instead of being curved at the point, it is square, and this knife is plunged into the jugular vein, severing it with one stroke. For something like a quarter of an hour the blood is permitted to flow in a steady stream from the neck. After this the animal is hung up, but in such a manner that if more blood is to flow it will all come from the neck. Later, if the entrails and heart and liver are found free from impurity, the rabbi blesses the carcass and puts the "kosher" label upon it. Then it goes to the cold room, where the same careful attention is bestowed upon it, everything in the room being absolutely clean.

One of a series of articles recently appearing in a New York magazine, about "Things They Do Better Abroad," was devoted to the great abattoirs in Berlin, where beeves are slaughtered after the "kosher" manner, the Berlin abattoirs being favorably contrasted with those of Chicago. In New York, I read recently, the Jewish butchers have a new abattoir that is fully up to those in Berlin so far as the laws of cleanliness and other details are concerned. In San Francisco the "kosher" butchers have not yet established an abattoir of their own.

According to Canton Stark the dietary law also inter-

dicts the milk of animals that suffer from some unclean malady. Butter and cheese coming from such animals are not "kosher." The eggs of unclean birds are not "kosher" either, nor the roe of unclean fish. The orthodox Jew must be learned in the lore of unclean animals, fowl and fish, else he may transgress unintentionally. Terrapin is one of the banned delicacies.

In the kosher restaurants are served many dishes peculiar to Jewish households, and many of them of delicate qualities that would fillip a gourmet's palate. Stuffed milt, sour lung, Koenigsburger klops and German fricadells are a few of these.

Richard Mansfield made his first appearance as "Don Carlos" in New York last week. He has been trying the Schiller drama on the provincial dogs for six months, and except in this city the performance was highly praised. The New York critics condemn the play as butchered for a ruthless star, but praise the performance of Mr. Mansfield. His support—the same that he had in this city—was pronounced hopelessly inadequate.

Marie Tempest is said to have scored a success in London in a new comedy by Ernest Denny, entitled "All-of-a-Sudden-Peggy."

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History Upside Down

(Continued from Page 6)

Out of this condition arose a Manofthepeople, as he was termed, named Jacklondon or Jac Klondon. This Manofthepeople had been a Seawolf or sailor, a Hoeman or common laborer, a Lionamongladies or literary celebrity, and a Seller, a designation the meaning of which is completely lost in the mud of antiquity. It was the doctrine of Jac Klondon (vide Sage Dumfound's "Decline and Fall of the Roosevelt Empire") that the moneyless helotry should have all the money and that the Plutocrats, as they were called, should be exterminated. It was also written in the records of the time that this Jacklondon hurled a terrific anathema or blasphemy at one of the gods worshiped by the people of America under the name of the Constitution, but other records contain the denial of the alleged blasphemer. On this evidence it is assumed by Sage Giglamps that a considerable body of the Ancient Americans must have been of the Liar tribe or that Jac Klondon was himself a chieftain of the horde. Sage Giglamps, however, is somewhat discredited by his unsuccessful attempt to substantiate the hypothesis that the last emperor of America was Acarnegie I. because so many inscriptions have been found bearing his name, coupled with hieroglyphic announcement that he had given the temple on which his name appeared, to the people.

As nearly as can be ascertained from the remains of these ancient records, the vast crisis was precipitated by Jacklondon on or about the 14th day of June, 1908, of that cycle, or as we reckon time, 4 11 44M. What became of Jac Klondon is not definitely determined, but there is a tradition dating back to the third century after the Great Interregnum and supposed to have been recorded in the Sausalito Fables, a bunch of folk lore now lost, in which it is related that he was proclaimed a rebel by Roosevelt I. and under this proscription hanged by the heels until he died of his own weight. Another legend mentions him as the leader of a horde of American Puljanes and Michigan Tagalos that for a number of years waged successful war against the army of Taft the Fat in a fastness of the Klondike, a country deriving its historic name from the head hordesman. Taft the Fat is believed to have perished in this campaign and was succeeded by a General named Rubiconotis, whom the rebels captured and boiled in oil after severing his ears from his head with his own sword. According to this account Jac Klondon was finally captured and beheaded, his following returning to the Middle-west of America to join the Anarchists then besieging the fortified town of Chicago.

Observations

BY THE THINKER.

Happiness has no short cut.

Good habits come to many only when they are in their second childhood.

Life taken in medicinal doses usually has a bitter taste.

Cut fingers are the reward of the sharp woman.

Virtue has no advertising agent.

Many a fair skin is due to the fact that the owner is an artist.

The hardest road is travel is the economical road to wealth.

It never seems to strike reformers that if their reforms were adopted outright and the world put on the footing they demand that their jobs would be gone.

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Northwest corner of Geary and Octavia Sts.; having a frontage of 79 feet on Octavia St. and 77 feet on Geary St.; known as Nos. 1401-3-5-7-9-11 Octavia St. and No. 1406 Geary St.; rents \$210 per month; not subject to the confirmation of court.

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The north line Twenty-fourth St.; 100 feet west of Diamond St.; 25 feet front by 114 feet depth; subject to confirmation of court.

Parcel 5

West line of Thirty-fourth Ave., about 100 feet south of U St.; 50 feet frontage by 120 feet in depth.

Parcel 6

Northwesterly line of Tiffany Ave. (sometimes known as Valencia St.), 112 feet frontage by 156 feet in depth, and better described in catalogue of sale; there are no leases on these properties.

The above properties will be sold at Public Auction on

Wednesday, April 11, 1906

at the office of

A. J. RICH & CO.

112 Montgomery St., at 12 o'clock noon

Music

(Continued from Page 36)

for piano and cello, A. Rubinstein; An Oriental Song, Pierre Douillet, The Nightingale, Victor Harris, Edward Xavier Rolker; Sonata in A flat op. 26, L. v. Beethoven; Romanza from La Gioconda, A. Ponchielli, Mr. Rolker; Prælium et Fuga, Bach, Impromptu in G, Schubert, The Bird as Profet, Schumann, Im Blumengarten in G op. 34, Gade, Valse in A flat, Chopin, Etude de Concert in A op. 19, Ed. Poldini; Lullaby from Jocelyn, B. Godard, Bouton de Rose, A. L., No one saw at all, Carl Loewe, Mr. Rolker; Don Juan Fantasie, Liszt. Miss Goldman is a very brilliant pianist of the German school, and her concerts are always looked forward to as musical events of decided interest.

The Morgan Musicales

A musicale was given at the studio of Miss Winifred June Morgan on the evening of the twenty-third of March, in Oakland, when a program of classical music was rendered by Miss Morgan, Henry Lee Perry and Charles Dutton. Schumann, Heller, Atkinson, David, Chopin, Henschel, Grieg, Geness, Czerny, Godard, Dvorak, Hopkins and Handel were the composers interpreted. Miss Morgan expects to go abroad soon for a two years' absence, after spending some time in Boston and Sag Harbor.

Their Nationality and Careers

Marcella Sembrich, leading coloratura soprano of the Conried grand opera company, was born in Lemberg, Austrian Poland, and Marcellaine Cohainski was her original name. She adopted her mother's family name when she went on the stage. She was first a student of violin, her marvelous voice being discovered much later by Epstein, the Vienna singing teacher. She made her debut at Athens in "I Puritani" and her subsequent career is well known as a series of successes. Olive Fremstad is a Swede by birth, but spent her early years in Minneapolis. Wagnerian roles were her first operatic successes but her Carmen is now regarded as one of her best roles. Enrico Caruso is the son of a Neapolitan mechanic. Vergine, the Italian maestro, discovered his wonderful voice and assisted in its development. He made his debut in "Traviata." Alois Burgstaller is a Bavarian, and the son of a jeweler. He assisted his father as a clockmaker, singing a little as all Germans do, until Levi, the Munich music master, saw in his voice the possibilities that took him to Bayreuth to sing for Madame Wagner. His debut was as Siegfried. Andreas Dippel was a banker's assistant before he began the study of music. His debut was in "The Flying Dutchman." He is a native of Cassel, Germany.

At Kubelik's concert tomorrow (Sunday) matinee at the Tivoli he will play the Bruch concerto in G minor, Sinigaglia's "Rhapsodia Piedmontese," Wieniawski's Polonaise in H major, Tschaiakowsky's Melodie, Paganini's Etude in E, and "Nel cor piu non mi sento." On Monday evening April ninth, his farewell, Kubelik will play a Ciaccona by Bach, Valse Scherzo by Tschaiakowsky, Saint-Saens' Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, Paganini's "I Palpiti" and Weber's "Perpetual Motion."

The Stern Musicales

Next Wednesday evening, April 11th, in Steinway hall, Mrs. Louis Stern will give her farewell concert, and there will without doubt be a large and fashionable audience to bid her au revoir. Mrs. Stern is very well known and popular in musical and women's club circles. She will be assisted at her musicale by Mr. and Mrs. Gutterson and Miss Lotte Siegel. The program will be: Sonate op. 18, Rubinstein, Mr. and Mrs. Gutterson; Giunse al fin il momento, from Figaro, Mozart, Pastorale, Bizet, Nymphs and Fauns, Bemberg, Mrs. Stern; Scherzo, B minor, Chopin, Mrs. Gutterson; Nussbaum, Schumann, Vergebliches Standchen, Brahms, Snow Flakes, Cowen, Serenade du Passant, Massenet, Mrs. Stern; Aria, Bach, Scherzo, Von Goens, Mr. Gutterson; Aria der frau Fluth, from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai, Mrs. Stern.

Miss Xena Roberts, contralto, Charles Hay, baritone, Miss Madeline Todd and Master James Hamilton Todd, violinists, Sir Henry Heyman, viola, Miss Elizabeth Howard, violin accompanist, and F. Dellepiane, organist and vocal accompanist, will take part in the program at the Hopkins musicale this week. Miss Todd and her brother with Sir Henry will play, for the first time in this city, Beethoven's trio op. 87 for two violins and viola.

—The Music Critic.

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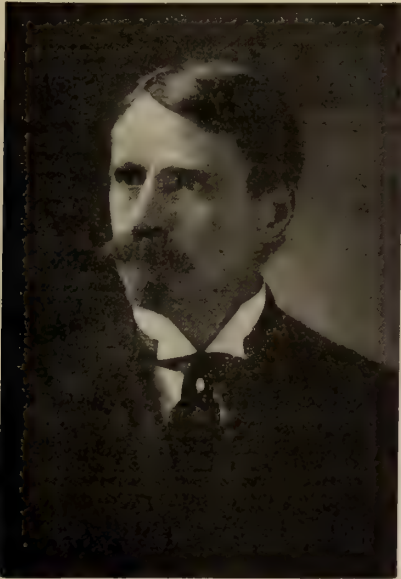
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Letters

A New Judith

The incidents which make up the story of "Judith" took place in a town on the Ohio river in 1850, just after the Mexican war was over and before the slavery agitation began to threaten the public peace. The period and locality are romantic enough, and assuredly the heroine could not complain of being neglected by fate, but the author, Grace Alexander, lacks magnetism, and despite Judith's heart-breaking ordeals, she leaves her readers cold and unsympathetic. Judith, like many another girl, entered into an unwise engagement when she was still quite young, about sixteen, but in that period of the world's history girls of sixteen were not considered babies, and for a woman of thirty-five and upwards to refer to herself as young would have been enough to provoke public laughter. The minor characters, the politicians, newspaper editor; and the Eastbrooks are far more interesting than the lovers, and the little girl, Milly, should develop. One would like to know whether the housewives of the Ohio valley were familiar with the process called "canning," as distinguished from preserving fruits, whether they had glass jars with screw tops so long in advance of the rest of the world, and why Judith, who should have been swathed in crape mourning for her mother, and who, as it was, debated the propriety of taking part in the dance at a Christmas party, should have worn a pale green cashmere gown. There is a good deal of harping on the "New England conscience" of the minister, Stephen Waters, as if one had to come from "down East" in order to distinguish right from wrong. In fact, there is so much pains evidently taken to show that Judith and Stephen were above all things blameless and perfect that it begets on the part of the reader a feeling of antipathy toward such a pair of prigs. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indiana.



GEORGE HORTON

Author of "Like Another Helen", whose latest novel has just been issued by the Bobbs, Merrill Co.

A Romance of Northern Maine

In "The Girl from Tim's Place" Charles Clark Munn has written a wholesome and invigorating story, set chiefly out of doors, in the woods of northern Maine. The girl was a wretched waif, a half orphan who would have been far better off had she been fatherless as well as motherless. Thomas Maguire was a renegade scamp, a dive-keeper when at his best, and later on a murderer with a price set on his head, a smuggler of liquor into the lumber camps and of Chinese across the Canadian borders. Dynamiting fish and killing game out of season were among his minor misdemeanors, and in short, he had but to know of any sort of law breaking that could be made profitable and immediately he engaged in it. Tim Connor had been the blacksmith of a lumbering camp, and when the timber was all felled in that township he elected to remain behind and with his brother engage in farming, raising potatoes and pork to sell either to the lumber camps



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or to the nearest settlement, and establishing a nondescript way-side house where anything might happen and most lawless things did. The child, called "Chip," was taken to this sink hole of iniquity when she was in the neighborhood of eight years of age and there held in slavery, with no more clothing than would cover her, such food as she could snatch, and absolutely no teaching, and not a word of kindness save what were given to her by an old Indian who made his winter camp near by. When Chip was sixteen she overheard a bargain entered into between her father and a repulsive half breed, whereby she was disposed of for three hundred dollars, and little as she knew of morals or laws she determined to escape. It was sixty miles to the nearest settlement and she must make the journey on foot, finding subsistence on the way, and baffling her pursuers as best she could. In addition to the perils of cold, hunger and wild beasts, she had another dread, for Tomah, the old Indian, who had been her only friend, had taught her his own religion or superstition, as one may view it, that the spirits of all the dead, both human and animal, hovered about the earth for a time, until they had repaid the good and avenged the evil done them in life, and these "spites" were very real terrors to the unsophisticated girl, in spite of the influence which this same teaching had had upon her, inclining her to kindness in all her dealings. After wandering for scores of miles and coming to the verge of starvation Chip Maguire came upon a camp where she met, for the first time since her early childhood, civilized people, who took her in charge, in spite of her ragged and unkempt appearance, her uncouth speech and her general unsavoriness. Through their assistance she became, in time, a well educated and attractive member of society, though not before she had a sufficiency of thrilling adventures. Incidentally, there is given a lucid explanation of the failure of forest and game preservation and the suppression of outlawry, and some excellent descriptions of wild life in the winter woods. Some of the minor characters could be spared, as they have little to say and do not affect the story. It is not improbable that "The Girl from Tim's Place" will take its place on the stage with other rural dramas, for it has all the interests and incidents which make their success perennial. There is a love story, with obstacles enough to make the end uncertain, as well as several varieties of villain. There is even a banjo, and plenty of negro melodies interspersed. The book does not strike a new note but it decidedly accents an old and familiar one, and it is conceded that while half the world reads to discover something new the other half cares only to rediscover what it knew before. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

A Tale of Mystery

Those who can enjoy a good old-fashioned tale of mystery of the style in which brides are whisked away from the altar and beautiful young ladies drop through the cracks of the floor, where mysterious mansions are inhabited by still more mysterious people, and clues end in a knot and searchers are baffled at every turn, will find a treat in store for them in Frances Powell's "The Prisoner of Ornith Farm." Of course all these things have not been crowded into one book, for the author is reasonable in her demands on the credulity of her readers, but, though infinitely better written than the romances that used to thrill readers of the "Fireside Companion" three or four decades ago, her story is reminiscent of that fiction. Mary Carmichael, called Hope by her family, was an orphan and an heiress. Her parents were drowned in a yachting disaster, leaving the child, little more than an infant, to the guardianship of a somewhat frivolous but kind-hearted aunt. A strolling gypsy had once prophesied that great harm would befall the little girl through a boat, and in order to avert the calamity the superstitious guardian would never permit the child to go upon the water. One night in her eighteenth year, on the occasion of the celebration of the formal betrothal between Mary Hope Carmichael and Max Errol, she was seized with a desire to walk across the lawn down to the boat landing on the river. Having reached the water's edge, and wanting to see further, she, for the first time in her life, stepped into a boat moored there, and apparently as safe as the soil itself. Instead, however, the rope was but loosely knotted, and the craft, caught in the current, drifted rapidly down to the sea, thus fulfilling the chance prediction of the fortune teller. When Hope regained consciousness she was on board of a vessel, with a mysterious stranger whom she had twice before met, and with a crew of French Canadians and a woman, evidently of part Indian strain, none of whom could understand, or be understood by her. What the motive for her capture was, how she escaped, and what was the mystery of Ornith Farm are all eventually disclosed, but the author has kept the secret to the last chapter and the reader must make the discovery for himself. —*The Bookworm.*

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV.

Saturday, April 14, 1906

No. 711.



Easter in Santa Rosa

A very pretty custom is that which was established in Sonoma county some years ago by the California Northwestern Railroad Company, of having the passengers on their trains presented with bouquets of beautiful wild flowers on Easter Sunday. Women and children are em-

ployed to gather the flowers and make the bouquets. The distribution is made at several stations along the road. This is certainly a novel feature of modern railroading. In the above picture is shown the spectacle presented at a station last year just before the arrival of a train.

TOWN TALK

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A Sabbath Riot

A riot occurred in the heart of San Francisco last Sunday afternoon and not one word of criticism or comment appeared in any of the morning papers the following day. The *Chronicle* discussed Oakland, school-houses and irritation. The *Call* had an editorial on "Another Fine Business Week." The *Examiner* urged the importance of "Saving the Forests from Fires." It should not be inferred that the anarchistic demonstration accompanied by the flaunting of a red flag from Lotta's Fountain was regarded as a trivial occurrence in the offices of the dailies. Nor should it be surmised that the abstention from comment was due to the sympathy of the great morning papers for the followers of the rag that symbolizes the anarchistic spirit. Neither should it be supposed that the great morning press has become timid. If the newspapers of the country feared to condemn such blatant agitators as those that provoked the disgraceful scene last Sunday then would the freedom of the press be a fiction, then would its silence occasion alarm, for it would be significant of the abasement of an institution that is popularly believed to be a great factor for the promotion of law and order, for the quickening of a sound public conscience and the discouragement of lawlessness and whatever threatens the stability of the Republic. The riot was merely the spontaneous expression of the anarchistic sentiments of some very ignorant and some very bad citizens laboring under an excitement produced by certain apostles of unionism who had been lashing themselves into a fury of rage and antagonism over what they believe to be a terrible injustice. The aimless mob had just come from a meeting called ostensibly for the purpose of raising funds for the defense of certain officials of the Western Federation of Miners charged with the murder of Governor Steunenberg of Idaho. Mr. Hearst's paper tells us that it was a temperate meeting and that the speakers merely called for justice, but Mr. Hearst's paper shrewdly omitted from the account of the proceedings the resolutions that were adopted. The reason is obvious; the resolutions did not call for justice. In the resolutions, the statement is made that the men under arrest are to be murdered "through the mockery of capitalistic justice," and the demand is made that "they be set free without further delay." This is the concluding paragraph: "That we hereby serve notice on the ruling class that if a hair be scathed on the heads of Moyer, Heywood, Pettibone and St. John we shall consider such a crime an act of open war upon the working class and will act accordingly." In other words the authors of these incendiary resolutions have adjudged the men under arrest innocent and hope by threats to intimidate the authorities into setting them free. Thus did they demand justice. A fitting wind-up to the meeting at which fustian and incendiary resolutions were

adopted, was the riot in which policemen were subjected to cowardly and brutal treatment. In justice to the American Federation of Labor it should be stated that the members of the local branch of that organization were not in sympathy with the men by whom Sunday's meeting was called. The local Labor Council refused to send a speaker to the meeting.

Resurrection Day and Its Significance

In a few days there will be held throughout the Christian world the ceremony by which is perpetuated the memory of the most important event in the history of Christianity—the event by which faith in the divinity of Christ was made to flourish in the hearts of the Apostles. For centuries Scepticism has been trying to destroy that faith by attributing the origin of Resurrection Day to an hallucination. In the centuries ago whatever was most specious in science, most seducing in philosophy, most withering in satire, most obscene in the imagination of the novelist was employed to ridicule the faith, morality and institutions of Christianity, and today lesser minds in the field of erudition are pursuing the time-worn tactics of the pioneers in anti-Christian polemics with even greater ferocity than was evinced by their predecessors. One cannot glance over the pages of leading magazines these days without being struck with the great number of religious theories of all kinds agitated by men obsessed with the megalomaniac notion that they have discovered the real thing, the stone of the wise. These men are succeeding to some extent in creating the impression that a large part of humanity is gradually forsaking the religion in which it has lived for nearly twenty centuries. And yet there is scarcely any new thought being advanced. The most enthusiastic of the decriers of Christianity are setting forth with great vehemence conclusions that have become platitudes of naturalistic philosophy and they seem to be tremendously pleased with themselves for having followed a train of reasoning that is as old as Christianity itself. Two of the most distinguished leaders of a school of philosophy said to be new because it divests the New Testament of supernatural authority are Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell and George Burman Foster of the University of Chicago, both still holding their membership in Baptist churches. They have just published books that are said to be distressing to defenders of the orthodox faith. According to Professor Schmidt, Jesus was the son of Joseph and Mary, born of ordinary wedlock. Most of the miracles of Jesus he rejects, while others, such as those connected with the healing of the sick, he ascribes to Christ's stronger and holier spirit, firmness of will and power of suggestion. He admits that Christ's was a martyr death but says that from it there was no resurrection. Professor Foster's ideas are much the same as those of Schmidt, and of them both we are told by *Unity*, a Chicago religious publication: "They have only dared to state in scholarly terms the conclusions of modern thinking on high subjects. They have justified by philosophy and historical investigation the working creed of intelligent men and women." The ease with which these college professors sweep aside the conclusions which some of the most brilliant philosophers of modern times have justified by their philosophy is highly amusing. With all philosophical theories the fundamental premise is the crux of the whole thing, and invariably the fundamental premise must be taken for granted. Some will and some will not grant it and thus we have different schools. There are some very intelligent men who find it more reasonable to believe that the New Testament is of supernatural authority than to consider it as merely the bandiwork of man. They appreciate the feelings of the man who was so overwhelmed by the majesty of the Scrip-

tures that he thought the inventor of the gospel would be more remarkable than its hero. Those men are inclined to the opinion that the Apostles were worthy of belief, and that if you reject their account of one incident in the life of Christ there is no reason why you should accept the rest of their narrative. It would be hard to persuade them that any modern philosopher guided, not by divine revelation but merely by his own superior reasoning faculties, can accurately determine just how much truth there is in the New Testament. It would interest them very much to know how Professor Schmidt differentiates miracles and by what principle of logic he is justified in rejecting what he cannot understand. These intelligent men have asked themselves, What reason did the Apostles give for their faith in Jesus? The answer is, The innumerable miracles they saw him perform and above all the miracle of his resurrection of which there could be no doubt, because as they affirm, they conversed and dined with him during a long period after he came forth from the tomb. They did not have to justify their faith by philosophy or by historical research. Those Christians that do not believe that the Nazarene was merely human have learned from historical research that the Apostles vindicated their faith by preaching a morality revolting to the passions in a manner that precludes doubt of their sincerity or of the truth of their testimony regarding the resurrection. And what did those Apostles do to convert people to their way of thinking? They preached the renunciation of the vain light of reason and submission of the mind to the yoke of faith, the sacrifice of most natural inclinations, the forgiveness of injuries and the love of enemies. They preached that poverty, humiliation and mortification are the inheritance of the true disciples of a crucified God, and the temporal consequences they promised were contempt, persecution, loss of liberty and property. Nevertheless Christians multiplied under the axe of the executioner, Christians who were not far removed from the first Resurrection Day, and now we are asked to believe by a twentieth century college professor that those eleven Apostles were mad men, for it cannot be conceived that they were merely liars.

Evils of Municipal Ownership

Many advocates of municipal ownership are beginning to waver in their allegiance to the cause. They are now in favor of owning public utilities not for the purpose of operating but for leasing them, it being their opinion that the principal evil to be curbed is that which arises from the privilege enjoyed by franchise owners of making capitalization keep pace with the progress and development of the city. We have understood that there were much more serious evils to be curbed, but we have always viewed with distrust the claims of the apostles of municipal ownership. The enthusiasm of most of them springs from the vague notion that it is better to fly to systems we know not of than to bear the imperfections of those we have. A great deal of the confidence in municipal ownership is founded on faith, a blind faith in its virtues and a misapprehension of its inevitable consequences. Its main purposes are to curb the aggressions of capital and desiccate the founts of political corruption. Consummations are they devoutly to be wished but not at the expense of the security and integrity of the State. Municipal ownership is conducive to the strengthening of political machines, a fact to which reference is made in a book recently published by Professor Hugo Richard Meyer entitled "Municipal Ownership in Great Britain." He quotes the Mayor of Edinburgh as saying: "As the city grows, the army of employes grows, and there have been indications at times that they may

wield a power in the dictation of the city government which is not altogether for the best interests of the municipality." That power has been wielded in Australia and in a manner most prejudicial to the interests of the government. In Scotland the aggressions of labor as a result of municipal ownership have occasioned much alarm and the Mayor of Glasgow is now urging that the employes of that city be deprived of the elective franchise. The Mayor of Edinburgh suggests the probable necessity at a not distant day of withholding the franchise on all municipal matters from city employes. And yet in Great Britain there is no such intimacy between practical politics and municipal administration as exists in this country. One of Tammany's chieftains, on his return from England last summer said, "Municipal ownership is a grand thing. If we get it going here Tammany will be doing business when the millennium comes." A few years ago we were given an inkling to what might happen if all public utilities were operated by the Government when the letter carriers of this city arrayed themselves against Congressman Loud and defeated him for opposing a salary-raising measure. Their demand was not unreasonable, but the advocates of municipal ownership cannot assure us that no unreasonable demands will ever be made by government employes in the event of their being able to enforce them.

Herbert. Law's Prediction

Several weeks ago Herbert E. Law, San Francisco's most enterprising citizen, called attention through the columns of Town Talk to the fact that this city was to profit greatly from Russia's loss of Port Arthur. He said that when it became evident that the loss of that Russian base was inevitable steps were immediately taken to increase the facilities of communication between St. Petersburg and Vladivostok, which city would become the centre of Russia's industrial activity in the Orient, and that the consequence would be a tremendous increase of traffic between that port and San Francisco. He reasoned that Russia's shift from Port Arthur to Vladivostok would prove one of the most important of the many new factors that were soon to give further impetus to the development of this city, and the accuracy of his foresight is already attested, for we have received the news that a new line of steamers is to be run between San Francisco and the coast of Siberia. The first vessel will arrive at Vladivostok about June first. This will be the first line of freight steamers ever established between the two ports. Though at first the vessels will carry

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freight exclusively passenger accommodations will be provided later. The shipping company at present owns only two steamers, one of 7,000 tons and the other of 5,000 tons, but ten other steamers are to be built for the trade with a run to Australia added.

Encouraging Dishonor

Henceforth the Navy Department will endeavor to keep secret the specifications and details of the construction of American war vessels. Heretofore the policy has been one of openness and liberality. Specifications were freely made public and an expert on naval construction could draw an accurate plan of a vessel from the data sent out to contractors with the invitation for bids. Consequently foreign experts know a whole lot more about our navy than the American Navy Department knows about any other navy in the world. It appears to be considered consistent with national honor for a nation to employ spies during time of peace for the purpose of stealing information of the military affairs of other countries. There is not the slightest prejudice in any Christian country against conduct on the part of the government which no individual could be found guilty of without being disgraced. Not only are officials expected to do sneak duty in the house of a friend; they are authorized also to tempt the servants of their friends to be false to their country and to their employers. In other words, the practice of dishonor is countenanced by international convention. Our navy officials in Washington are openly boasting that despite the secrecy of the British Government, many details of the construction of the great battleship *Dreadnought*, which was recently launched, are in possession of the Department. The specifications for our two battleships, the *Michigan* and *South Carolina*, were drawn with a view to making those vessels more powerful than the *Dreadnought*, and if our naval constructors were successful it was because they were guided by data surreptitiously obtained from England. It being the policy of every nation to corrupt the officials and steal the secrets of every other nation, it is to be inferred that the country that educates the best rogues has an advantage over all others. But on the other hand this immoral practice of the State is bound to have a demoralizing effect on the servants of the State. Sneak thieves are not the most ardent patriots. So far as conscience is concerned it is as easy to receive as to give a bribe. In time of peace it is well to be prepared for war, but preparation at the expense of morality is an extravagant purchase. In time of war the spy system is imperative, but in time of peace it is immoral and indecent; and it is also unnecessary, for if it were discountenanced by international sentiment and agreement no nation would suffer disadvantage through ignorance of the secrets of other nations.

Handiwork of an Honest Court

Widespread is the impression in this community that the grand jury impaneled last week is of the innocuous type, and consequently there is a feeling of security in circles that are susceptible of great agitation at certain times and under certain circumstances. It is believed that the grand jury is composed of men who have a great deal of the milk of human kindness in hearts that are sympathetic and tolerant. Many of the grand jurors are known to be men of most amiable temperament, men that from experience and association have come to view indulgently the transgressions of frail public servants and to reprehend the misguided zeal of reformers who would resort to drastic measures to cure the ills to which municipal government is heir. In other words, in the judgment of the illuminati

of politics, we now have a complaisant grand jury, serenely indifferent alike to intemperate public clamor and hysterical newspaper utterance. It is a grand jury that will cause no uneasiness amongst our industrious and faithful officials at the City Hall. And for this grand jury we are indebted to our highly esteemed Superior Court, the tribunal of which Francis J. Heney spoke unkindly some months ago. If the judges of that court wish to rebuke Mr. Heney for his rash criticism let them point with pride to the character of the men selected by them to do grand jury duty.

A Religious Problem

A clergyman appalled at empty pews and neglect of religion is advocating legislation by which school children will be permitted to absent themselves from their classes one afternoon each week to enable them to receive religious instruction in the several denominational churches to which they belong. No doubt children will gladly avail themselves of the privilege of staying away from school but how are they to be compelled to attend church for religious instruction? If neither adults nor children can be lured to church on the Sabbath it is unlikely that the little ones will seek religious instruction on any other day. If it requires the Christmas tree, the summer picnic, the bazaar, the chicken dinner, and an endless procession of other entertainments to keep interest alive, and constant novelty is demanded from the pulpit as from the stage, until the ingenuity of the faithful few is taxed to the utmost in the contriving of new lures, is it likely that children will find it to their advantage to attend church classes during the week? If parents were to be relied upon to take an interest in the religious instruction of the young they would see that boys and girls attended the Sunday classes, just as was the custom in earlier times, until they were old enough to formally affiliate with the church. Religious instruction, the kind that is given, is not needed so badly nowadays as religious conviction. With the majority of the Protestant body church attendance has become largely a matter of convention. There are many people who go to the nearest church edifice or the most fashionable, or to where the man of the hour happens to be holding forth, and the children follow the lead of the adults. All Christian denominations except the Catholic are considered equally good, and the objections to the Catholic Church are many and wonderful. This indifference in religious matters springs from lack of conviction, and legislation is not going to improve matters. Moreover it will do no good to give children instruction in religion unless at the same time they can be inspired with faith.

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Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

Why doesn't somebody dramatize Collins?

Many new faces will be in the Senate next year. How about new consciences?

The bibulous will be pleased to note that the owl car service has been extended.

Mayor Schmitz should be disciplined for permitting his policemen to work in the interest of law and order last Sunday.

They are mistaken who refer to Dowie as a fallen prophet. He is merely a fake prophet whose pretensions have been exposed.

Considering the nature of the stuff that was printed about him, Wilson Mizner can hardly be blamed for repudiating a press-clipping bill.

Only one Berkeley student fought beneath the red flag in the Sunday riot. Is that all that Higher Education can do for the enlightenment of the masses?

Bradbury has one consolation in connection with his sentence of a year at San Quentin—there will be no danger of arrest for spitting on street-car floors.

The delegates to the Morocco conference having completed their work, they would confer a great favor on the public by explaining what it was all about.

The park police are to have red lanterns with which to signal speedy automobilists to stop. That will make motorists from the Tenderloin feel right at home.

The anarchistic demonstration last Sunday was not without its humorous feature: Mr. de Young furnished fresh from his new building the bricks that were used as ammunition by the rioters.

A Tennessee church has greatly increased its Bible class attendance by inserting a page of advertising in a daily paper. This Bible class will soon take its place with young Rockefeller's as a rival of the circus.



The Lesson

BY JAMES V. COLEMAN.

One time there came to my wondering eyes
A radiant woman from out the skies;
She breathed of beauty,—so pure and white
Were the radiations of her delight:

And she seemed to worship the sodden clay
Of which I was moulded from night into day;
And she looked so good and she shone so sweet
That I threw me prone and I kissed her feet:

But looking up to her face to pray,
My love was frozen with Hell's dismay;
Her lips had thickened, her eyes had dulled,
And all her beauty had been annulled.

Her reddened feet stood on a pyre
Where jubilant passions were feeding the fire;
Her fattened body was coarse and bare
And the sign of the Lust was emblazoned there.

My face was scorched, and my heart was burnt,
But this was the lesson my spirit learnt:—
"Go slow with your loving and always beware,
To study her soul when her body is bare."

The Russian Easter

Of the Northern countries, Russia is the one which continues to attach a national and strictly orthodox importance to the several seasons of Carnival, Lent and Easter. Carnival, or "Butter Week," as the Russians call it, is a general holiday. As with the old customs of Western Carnivals, there are pagan relics in the Russian festival too. But the relics of Paganism in Russia have often an extraordinary blending of Scandinavian and Asiatic myths, under a veneer of Christianity. There is nothing here that recalls either Greece or Rome. In the country districts a fantastic figure called Masslianitsa (the Butter Goddess) is prepared for Carnival week. The peasants drive it about upon a gaily decorated sledge, singing special songs and *norovode* (folk choruses) reserved for this special season. At the end of the week the Butter Goddess, which is not unlike the English Guy Fawkes, is burnt, and formal farewell is bidden to pleasure for the week that precedes Easter. In the towns the favorite outdoor amusement of the people during Carnival week is sought on the exhilarating, artificial ice hills. Unsweetened pancakes, or *blinni*, constitute the chief daily dish in every household. Educated Russians have now to a certain degree emancipated themselves from the strict penance and abstinence prescribed during Lent by the Orthodox Church, which forbids even fish on many days and during Lent Week. The Imperial theatres, however, usually remain closed for the forty days, dances and big social functions also cease, and in the provinces, billiards, cards, and gambling are tabooed in the restaurants and clubs. Concerts are allowed, at which secular music is permitted. The term so familiar to English ears of so-called "sacred" music, is unknown to the Russian, by the way. To his ear all good music is sacred. One week of Lent even the most lax Russians usually elect to keep rigorously. It is generally Holy Week. The churches are then crowded with penitents of both sexes, seeking absolution for their sins. Previous to approaching the confessional, a quaint and rather touching custom obtains during this week, namely, the habit of asking the forgiveness of one's neighbors for any slight or wrong committed towards them. From this practice may possibly have sprung the Russian word "*Prastchayte*" (forgive), the equivalent of our "good-bye." With Easter Eve dawns the principal and most solemn Russian festival of the whole year, alike for rich and poor. At the midnight mass every church is ablaze with candlelight; the shrines and ikons are brilliantly illuminated, and each member of the congregation bears a lighted wax taper. The military and state officials appear in parade uniform; civilians and fashionable ladies in evening dress; the people in holiday attire. After the midnight benediction comes the blessing of the "*passka*" (the breaking-fast bread), consisting of a small saffron cake, a toy pyramid of stiff curds and an egg, the products of the three representative geneses of man's food—the Earth, the Cow, and the Fowl. The egg—the shell of which is broken by the newly hatched chicken—is the emblem of Christ's Resurrection from the Tomb. This triple "bread" offering is brought by the more pious of the worshipers for the priest's blessing, and carried home after mass, to be placed on the festive Easter breakfast-table as a symbol that the Lenten fast is at an end.

One of the finest chapters ever penned by Tolstoi is his description of this wonderful Russian Eastertide, which occurs in his novel "Resurrection." It should be added that in the Russian language the name of Sunday, "*Voskresenye*," is identical with the word resurrection, and

adopted therefrom. Those who have happened to come across Korolenko's idyl of "The Old Bell Ringer" will also remember the beautiful Easter background of the story, a background familiar to anyone who may have witnessed an Easter festival in a Russian village. The Easter week is the chief occasion for Russian family and friendly reunion and rejoicing. What Christmas-boxes are to us or *les etrennes* to the French on New Year's Day, Easter gifts are to the Russians. Egg-shaped presents of every imaginable size and value are the order of the day. Sometimes these Easter gifts assume very substantial proportions. I once saw at St. Petersburg an Easter egg of gigantic dimensions, containing nothing smaller than a brougham, destined for a charming, and no doubt, delighted recipient. The Russian is decidedly no "happy medium" man; he runs to extremes where presents are involved, as in everything that he does. At Easter the Russians not only celebrate the miraculous Resurrection of the Son of God and their own spiritual awakening from the bonds of sin, but the festival also suggests to them in a very eloquent manner the resurrection of the whole earth and the release of all the agencies of nature from the enthrallment of winter. Nowhere more than in the vast expanse of Northern Russia is this annually recurring lesson of the physical world so forcibly inculcated. For here perhaps, more than anywhere on the face of the globe, the prolonged winter, with its frost and snow, abruptly disappears and is replaced by a verdant spring, almost summer-like in its suddenness of warmth and sunshine. The various aspects of the Christian feast as observed throughout the land of all the Russias are particularly significant from a political, as well as a social point of view. For certainly nothing serves better to illustrate and emphasize the deep-set consciousness of homogeneity both in religion and patriotism which pervades the Russians as a people and as a nation, and unites them democratically, whatever their speculative detractors may say to the contrary.

S. R.

MUSICIANS OF THE HEAD

are greater than those of the HAND merely; but their recognition has been prevented hitherto by that great obstacle—master of technique. Perhaps you are such a one. If so, then you will be glad to know that the Angelus Piano Player has bridged the gulf between your ideas and the ears of your friends. The hundred terrors of technique are reduced to the working of two small levers, and to those who have not seen and heard the Angelus Piano Player the effects obtainable through the operation of this simple device are a revelation.

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Turin Was a Puppet Show

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

Turin,—in Italian, Torino, city of the little bull—which ramps up rightly on the civic coat-of-arms. A pleasant city is Turin, with wide straight streets and spacious squares and houses well-built and modern. It is distinguished by the generous roominess commonly possessed by those cities that erect themselves on plains. Yet it is one of the oldest of Italian towns, a former capitol of Piedmont with a rich history whose pageant moves downward from the days of Hannibal. Here, in the north, it basks upon a vast Lombardian plain, bound to the distant Adriatic by the rolling Po, the noblest of Italian rivers, which, pouring down from the Alps, almost sunders Italy from the rest of Europe. This was formerly a strong feature of natural defense and Turin develops its fine industrial life upon a background full of military memories. Every square is adorned with a statue and Garibaldi and Vittorio Emanuele, as in all Italian cities, stand stiff in bronze beneath the skies, aggressively patriotic. Strangest of structures is the Mole Antonelliana, a large building from whose square glass dome a soaring spire with galleries lifts itself hundreds of feet above the houses—a thin and tapering cone visible from afar.

Here, too, as at Nice, the Carnival was under way. The snow lay in discolored patches upon the ground, but the air was full of revelry, the streets of color and life. From all the squares rang music, crowded booths packed the streets, merry-go-rounds whirled ceaselessly, steam calliopes rent the air, there were exhibitions of marvelous monsters, wax-works, beauty shows, menageries, hucksters in tents selling sweets and cakes, cheap jewelry and feminine gear. It was a mad little world, indeed, it was the rose of Carneval. Brief period of mummery and carnagone, then, farewell, flesh, and all to prayers. The dismal, cassocked priest will call for Ave Marias and Paternosters and say: "You are mine for forty days," and the merry devil: "I have lost you for three hundred and twenty-five."

Few maskers were about in the day-time, but at night the houses belched them forth, a mad, capering crew, and the motley-colored stream flowed through the streets and the fairs. *Confetti* and *coriolani* fell like tinted snow. Rearing high from the centre of the main piazza, rose the great modern traveling carousel of Herr Opitz, a fairy palace bursting with blinding light, glittering with tinsel, mirrors, dragons, and elfin figures, crashing with jubilant music, while within this fantastic pleasure-dome the revolving horses, barges and chariots tore crazily around and around. Without, in their niches, the pretty little automaton figures beat time to the music and all the children clustering around beheld them with delight. They were surely alive; thought the children,—those dainty little men,—so gracefully they swung their batons, so naturally they turned their white-wigged heads from side to side, so skillfully beat drums and triangles. And babies in arms of woman-beggars stretched out their hands towards the light and the beggars themselves forgot to stretch out theirs to the passer-by. Clouds of steam from a hidden engine waved overhead like white banners and often the whistle screamed. The hollow-roaring church-bells, sepulchral with their note full of the Christian renunciation of all Earthly joy, now and again boomed through the air, but

all unheeded, for the brilliant moth-dance paused never a moment, and the gay laughter and chatter drowned the discordance of the hoarse old croakers in the steeples. I thought the laughter-fairies strangled the notes in mid-air and dreamed of the day when the bronze of all the bells and all the cannon would be cast into monuments to Truth and Love, and their deep terror of Death and a spectral Hereafter no longer dominate our hearts, wrecking our joy in Mother Earth. Then the hours of day and night, as prophesied by a German bard, would be announced unto man with clarion-like calls given by heralds stationed on tall towers, white in the starlight or the sun. Speed the day!

Lithe Italian women, blithe Italian men, topsy-turvy Turinese, dance along! Many maskers wore gorgeous costumes of silks, velvets and satins; all that we display in halls under gaslight, was here unrolled to the naked heavens. Prizes for the best or most beautiful disguises were offered by the Prince and Princess of Aosta, the Duchess of Genova and by others. There were Devils and Friars, Hottentots and Cavaliers, Colombines and Pierrots, Punchinello with bladder and lath and stately Princes with silken limbs, feather hats and saucy swords,—all was one intermingled Brother-and-sisterhood,—the very sexes were often unrecognizable and high and low, noble and plebeian were one. Such a joyous yet seemly rout might have possessed the Rabelaisian Abbey of Thelème—a true Republic of Revelers. Had the jolly, riotous ex-monk of Meudon been here tonight, he would have chalked, in ancient French, upon all the portals of this city, that very self-same inscription his delightful and imaginary abbey bore:

"Cy entrez, vous, qui le saint Evangile

En sens agile annoncez: quoy qu'on grande . . ."

and to all he had met, right in the revel's thick, slapping men on the back, chucking women under the chin, he would have repeated with laughter the abbey's only law: *"Fais ce que voudras."*

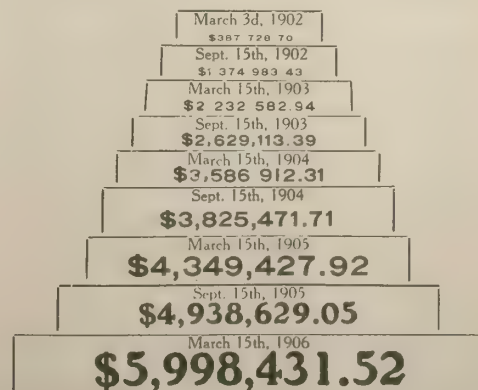
Do what thou wouldst! And that is what they all do—it is a most amiable anarchy. Even in democracies, to maintain equality, to keep that fine dogma from destruction, men must all wear masks—or all wear none. They

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The Voice in the Light

BY GEORGE HOMER MEYER.

"I think they have seen us," said Admiral Yogo, quietly.

As he spoke, from the distant blackness of the heights to the south of the Golden Gate suddenly arose a long line of light headed by a glowing star. Small at first, that star gained size and brilliancy with rapidity inconceivable. Before the first sparks of the gleaming trail had faded it was above the battleship. Then from the darkness to seaward came the sound of a rending crash. Followed a single cry, an instant's blinding glare, a sudden lurid illumination of sea and sky, shapeless masses of black dropping solidly into the deep. Then darkness again—darkness and silence, except for the seething of the bubble billions cresting the waves.

"They have certainly seen us," said Admiral Yogo, still quietly. "Order the signal—two leagues more offing."

In a moment the flag lieutenant was back on the bridge.

"Who was it that went down?" asked the Admiral.

"Captain Fushima, sir," said the officer, saluting.

"Your brother?"

"Yes, excellency."

The lieutenant's voice was steady, perhaps a little proud.

"He was a good officer. No one was saved?"

"No one, Excellency."

"They had our range perfectly," said the Admiral, calmly.

The vast hulk of the battleship moved steadily, smoothly seaward. Faintly, at intervals, one watching from the bridge could catch undefined glimpses of other great masses of blackness dotting here and there the gray glimmer of the sea. Nowhere was there a spark of light.

In something less than half an hour the tremor of the giant screws lessened to such a degree that it could scarcely be noted. Doubtless they still revolved, for the head of the mighty bulk above was kept to the huge swells rolling steadily in from the outer wastes of the Pacific. But there was no longer progress.

Admiral Yogo descended to his cabin. "Summon the submarines," he said as he passed the flag lieutenant. That officer saluted silently.

Quick flashes of light, shown at irregular intervals, succeeded one another from somewhere above the hull of the warship. Then there was an interval of what appeared to be inactivity.

It was brief. When ten minutes or less had passed dim patches of phosphorescent light showed on the surface of the sea. One by one they faded, while rose in their places here and there, forming an irregular circle about the flagship, small spots of blackness. They closed silently in. One by one they rubbed gently against the sides of the giant hulk towering above. Up the ladders came silent men, who found their way without announcement or speech down the companion to the Admiral's cabin. He arose as they entered and stood opposite, facing them as they formed in a half circle. Silently all lifted hands in salute. He bowed acknowledgement.

"Samurai," he said—and paused for one moment to note the unconscious lifting of heads and squaring of shoulders at the knightly title. Perhaps for a single second a light of soldierly feeling kindled in his grave eyes.

But when he spoke again his words and tone were alike absolutely without emotion.

"You have noted, gentlemen," he said, "that in the selecting of commanders for the submarines on this expedition choice was made of officers who had most recently visited the port of San Francisco. The wisdom of that action will, I trust, be demonstrated tonight. Listen to your orders: Lieutenant Satsuma commands. His own special objective will be the Union Iron Works. Korachi, yours the Risdon Shipbuilding Plant. Uriu, I commit to you the task of reaching the Mare Island Navy Yard. Yamagata, you will take station beside the stone ferry building in the centre of the city's water front. Huri, Shimari and Karagamo, in the order named, will proceed to the Pacific Mail Dock, the Southern Pacific landing and that of the Santa Fe Company. All should be at your stations long before midnight, even Uriu, who has so much the farther to go. At that hour then let each do his work. Perhaps you may not return to us. If any should, let it be when all has been done that they went to do—and done well."

The Admiral bowed slightly. Again the silent rank saluted. There was a faint shuffling of feet as they descended the companion, but no word of question or comment. As the Admiral seated himself his flag lieutenant entered, impassive as his chief.

"Orders, Excellency?" he said.

Yoko shook his grizzled head, gazing meditatively before him. "Not now" he said. Then he added:

"San Francisco was a fine city as I knew it—twenty years ago."

The lieutenant bowed.

"They tell me it has improved vastly since. You should know, Fushima."

"It has grown, Excellency, and improved greatly."

"It seems a pity—almost," said the Admiral, meditatively again.

After a moment he spoke once more.

"Your brother, Fushima," he said, kindly: "He was your elder?"

"By twelve years, your Excellency."

"There were several between?"

"No, Excellency."

"Surely I had heard so?"

"We were nine brothers, Admiral—but that was five

(Continued on Page 37)

SUMMER FURNISHINGS FOR

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The Spectator

All of the Smart Set Rubbered

A thrill of excitement ran through the fashionable audience at the Pollock concert last week when Mrs. Frank Carolan made her star-trap entrance at a psychological moment, and the air vibrated as it does when a panic is impending. The sensation made by Mrs. Peter Martin's V-shaped gown at a dance last season was mild and insipid compared with the one sprung by the lady from Burlingame at the Pollock concert. In Mrs. Martin's ravishing gown a style was merely accentuated. There was nothing suggestive of the exotic in her appearance. In the picture presented by Mrs. Carolan the effects achieved were unique. The composition was highly artistic, the tone was stentorian, the colors were vivid, and the whole, like a poem, seemed to express the mood of a soul. There were many beautifully gowned women at the concert. Indeed, all had donned their best bib and tucker, and some of the leaders of fashion had arrayed themselves splendidly, but they might just as well have spared themselves the trouble of going to the bottom of their trunks, for after Mrs. Carolan's entrance she became the cynosure and nobody could get into the picture. There they were, all sitting in pompous complacency, comfortable in the thought that they were "going some" along the dress-goods pike; birds of paradise were they preening and spreading out their feathers, when the doors swung open and lo! and behold—Mrs. Frank Carolan! attended by a constellation of satellites from Burlingame. Her appearance evoked a gasp of astonishment from hundreds of dog-collared throats. It was a great thrill for the smart set. Mrs. Carolan was clad in a wonderful "creation," or perhaps it was a "symphony" of black and gold that clung in graceful folds and fell "streaking the ground with sinuous trace." On her well-poised head, as they say in the best sellers, rested something that The Chaperon would describe as a "confection," the like of which was never seen in our town. It was in the form of a cap such as one sees in pictures of odalisques, and was made principally of gold braid and jewels. To it were attached two black ostrich plumes, that softly curled around Mrs. Carolan's midnight hair over an ear and about her graceful neck. It was truly a sight for gods and angels and it certainly did stir the emotions of the audience. Even the most phlegmatic of our maids and matrons sat up and took notice and one old lady, two seats in the rear of Mrs. Carolan, actually stood up and surveyed the alluring picture through a lorgnette until she was pulled back into her chair by her daughter.

Other Views

That Pollock concert will long be the theme of gossip in San Francisco society and all because of the tremendous sensation made by Mrs. Carolan. I have received a score of letters from amiable correspondents who thought I was not there, giving me graphic descriptions of the Carolan costume. These letters have impelled me to the conclusion that no two persons received the same impression. One correspondent wrote that Mrs. Carolan "looked like the Queen of Sheba in a very décolleté black chiffon gown glittering with gold sequins like the rays of a sun, the neck filled in with a chemisette of white gauze." From another I learned that "she wore a heavy gold girdle," and from another that her hat was the "most remarkable feature of a very remarkable costume." One correspondent describes

her hat as "a tiny Juliet cap of gold cloth jauntily set on the thick roll of black hair that Mrs. Carolan now affects, with a jewel in the front from which swept a heavy black ostrich plume which shaded her left eye, literally covered her left ear and swept down her neck." I have also been informed that "Mrs. Walter Hobart, who is quite the most patrician type in San Francisco, never looked more beautiful than on this occasion. She wore a simple gown of pale, blue satin, a becoming white hat and an Irish lace coat that excited much feminine interest"; also, that "Mrs. Henry T. Scott with a party of Eastern friends was really quite regal in a stunning black and white costume with a tiara-effect of jeweled leaves in her soft gray hair."

Charley Shortridge's Disappearance

That distinguished statesman, Charles M. Shortridge, has not been seen in his usual haunts during the past few months, and there has been a great deal of inquiry as to his whereabouts. The ordinary individual may sink out of sight without starting a ripple on the placid surface from which he vanished, but not so the personage, and to that dignity Charles Shortridge long since attained. A picturesque personage is Charley Shortridge, a statesman of unique temperament, and consequently his withdrawal from the madding crowd occasioned a deal of speculation. Some of his friends thought that perhaps he had gone into training for the gubernatorial campaign, for they remembered that he announced some months ago that he was thinking of becoming an independent candidate for Governor. It was suggested that perhaps he was writing a book on "Politicians I Have Met." Then came the report that he had gone to Washington to consult with President Roosevelt, having been offered the Ambassadorship made vacant by the resignation of Bellamy Storer. And all the while Senator Shortridge was down in San Jose mending his fences. He is no longer a resident of San Francisco. Four years ago he was elected to the Senate from Santa Clara county as an independent candidate and in defiance of the Hayes brothers and all their works and pomps. Now he is in the Hayes camp. The Hayes brothers feel that they need Shortridge in their business and this year they will give him the regular Republican nomination.

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Sam, the Hero

Sam Shortridge had an exciting experience one night last week in an elevator in the St. Nicholas hotel. Mrs. Shortridge was with her husband and there were several other passengers in the elevator. The boy in charge of the cage lost control of it and it dropped about fifty feet, stopping with a great jolt just above the second floor and opposite a big window in the shaft. Then the boy tried to operate it, tugging at the lever until Shortridge commanded him to let go, fearing as he did that the cage would either take another drop or shoot through the roof. The boy obeyed and then Shortridge proceeded to kick out every bit of glass in the window. After thus creating an exit he ordered a ladder and then assisted each of the frightened women out of the elevator. It was an exciting scene and Sam was looked upon as a hero by everybody save the hotel manager.

Newly Discovered Evidence

By the way, it was Sam Shortridge that won the verdict for ten thousand dollars against the Gas Company for damages caused by the explosion that wrecked the Linforth flats. Shortridge proved to the satisfaction of the jury that the explosion was caused by a defective meter and now it appears that it was a dynamite bomb placed at the entrance for the purpose of killing Fred Bradley, Superintendent of the Coeur d'Alene mines. The new issue raised in this case reminds me that some years ago, after the rendering of a big verdict against the Southern Pacific Company, it turned out that the attorneys on both sides had been deceived as to a salient fact. The plaintiff was a woman who had been in a railroad accident and who was said to be afflicted with a tumor, the direct result of her injuries. A physician employed by the railroad company examined her and admitted that the diagnosis of the plaintiff's doctor was correct. The jury returned a verdict for ten thousand dollars' damages and a few months later the supposed tumor proved to be a bouncing boy, whereupon the company demanded a new trial.

The Demon And The Parson

And so it falls out that my friend, the Rev. E. E. Baker, of Oakland, is not answering that "call" from the East. There are some that say it was not loud enough, but that is unkind, unfair and altogether untrue. It was a very loud call, an insistent call, and a call that gave forth a metallic, guinea-jingling sound pleasant to hear. But my friend the Rev. Baker prefers the Oakland environment, and he has determined to stay with his congregation until they "grow away from him." Nothing mercenary or avaricious in that; on the contrary, it is as one preaching in the wilderness without money and without price. The final resolution of this pastor will be a sad disappointment for the Demon Rum of Oakland. This Demon was chuckling and leering in every cafe and booze-joint of the city at the prospect of Parson Baker's departure for another and a better corner of the vineyard. Out at the Country Club I heard the Demon remarking that it would be an excellent riddance, not because the

Demon thought Parson Baker could squelch the rum traffic at the bar of the club, but because he was so insistent in his effort to squelch it at the poor man's drink shop in Oakland. The Demon was free to admit that the parson could not be accused of inconsistency in his crusade against rum, notwithstanding his lack of enthusiasm in squelching the traffic at the Country Club bar. "You see, it's just this way," said the Demon, as he poured and squirted another highball; "Parson Baker can't touch me out here where a rich man's as good as he is; but he might down me in Oakland where they rush the growler and guzzle on tap. You can't blame him for not kicking the roof off this shack because we sell case goods to millionaires and high-salaried society people; so what must he do to keep his name before the people if he doesn't occasionally hand me a few smashes where his congregation thinks they will do the most good? Hypocrisy! Not on your life! It's business."

Priests Set a Precedent

While on the subject of clergymen I am reminded that two priests of the Catholic Church set a revolutionary precedent in this city last week which is likely to excite the indignation of some of their fellow-workers in the vineyard of the Lord. I refer to Fathers Crowley and McGinty. Each was possessed of a purse filled with some thousands of dollars presented by ardent admirers for the purpose of enabling them to journey to Europe, there to broaden their intellects in contemplation of the "sights" of the Old World. It is not unusual for priests to be thus dowered by their flocks, and gladly do the favored ones avail themselves of the opportunity for diversion in foreign lands. But Fathers Crowley and McGinty have no taste for travel. Moreover, they are satisfied with the culture which they possess. So, instead of abandoning their spiritual labors for a brief period, they devoted their purses to the endowment of beds for the indigent sick in St. Mary's Hospital. Of course it was sympathy for the afflicted that prompted the priests to divert funds from the worthy purpose to which it was intended that the money should be applied. I appreciate the sentiment that dictated the act of charity, for I know both men and am aware of their sincerity of purpose and their devotion to the vows which they took when they entered the priesthood, but I deplore the precedent which they have established. I feel that it may influence the conduct of other priests and deter some very worthy men from broadening their intellects on foreign strands.

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Half in Jest, But in Whole Earnest

Mrs. Harry Fraser left last week for Johannesburg, South Africa, which has been her home since her marriage. Edith Coxhead was one of the most popular girls in Oakland society for two or three seasons, when her family having suffered financial reverse, she dropped the role of butterfly and took up that of bee with success. She gave music lessons and also lectured on musical subjects, Mrs. Ralph Harrison and other women of culture being her patronesses. After her last lecture she announced that she was going to South Africa. "Why?" queried her friends. "Oh, to land a husband, of course," was her jesting reply. The jest, however, turned out sober earnest, for in two weeks from the time of her arrival in South Africa she cabled her friends of her approaching marriage. The match was quite a brilliant one, for Mr. Fraser is a man of considerable wealth who ranks high among the mining experts of Johannesburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mauzy will celebrate their fifteenth anniversary of their wedding this Saturday evening, the 14th instant, by a dinner and musicale at the Union League Club.

Mr. F. B. Rulick of Chicago was the honored guest of the California Ceramic Club last Sunday at a reception in the club's Post street home. Mrs. M. E. Perley, the secretary, had the affair in charge, and was assisted in receiving the guests by the president, Miss Minnie Taylor, Miss Maude Swan and Miss Minnie Colby.



Vaughan and Keith, Photo

Mrs. John Breuner

Miss Callie Cluff that was; photographed in her wedding gown.



The Grape

From the painting by Arthur Mathews in the spring exhibition at the Hopkins. Mr. Mathews did not enter his exhibits in the prize competition, nor did Latimer and some of the other artists exhibiting. Mathews is the Dean of the San Francisco School of Design. He has lately given his attention almost solely to mural painting aside from his work with the pupils in the school. His great mural painting in the lobby of the Mechanics' Institute, presented to the Institute by Mr. Taussig, is a fine sample of his work in this direction.

Easter Joy—Easter candy boxes—mysteriously jolly ones for the children—are at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

Fra Elbertus or Pere Lavy?

"Conferences en francais par le Rev. Pere Lavy, Dominicain de Paris, tous les lundis a 4 heures a partir du 19 Mars. St. Dominic's hall on Pine street. Sujet pour cette annee. L'Esthetique." This simple announcement, put into my hands a few days ago neither by a press agent nor by the lecturer himself, but by one who has the happiness to appreciate him, is not without significance. Not long since San Francisco had the inestimable privilege of beholding the world of art and philosophy from the point of view of East Aurora, the which is in New York; in other words, of seeing it through the eyes of Fra Elbertus. How she hastened to avail herself of that opportunity of a lifetime is history. She has now a chance to look at that "other world" from the point of view of Paris, the which is in France, that is to say, through the eyes of Pere Lavy. Her failure to take advantage of her present opportunity is history in the making. And why? Because she lacks taste? God forbid. Because Pere Lavy speaks of Art in exquisite French, her mother tongue? Impossible. Because the Monday chats are free? Vulgarly unheard-of here. Because the gentle cultured Dominican father knows so little of self-advertisement and so much of his subject? Never that. What then? There are the facts, stubborn, inexplicable, too, it seems, staring one in the face. Fra Elbertus or Pere Lavy; man of Mammon or man of God; East Aurora or Paris—the fool and the way-faring man—one would think—could hardly err in making choice between these two; and yet, and yet, San Francisco could, and did.

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What a Woman Commanded

A little game went through the Ebell Club of Oakland last week and every participant of the five hundred women has responded to the impetuous impact. A San Francisco newspaper pointed the finger that Mrs. George H. Winston had resigned from the club because its membership was becoming too phlegmatic to suit her aristocratic nature. Of course this wasn't true and the only fact in the matter was the announcement that Mrs. Winston had resigned from the club, or rather that she had "resigned her resignation," for it had not been accepted at "the hour of going to press." Mrs. Winston promptly denied to other interesting newspaper men that she had resigned from the club because it was not sufficiently aristocratic for her, and she further advised the newspaper men to "treat the matter with silent contempt," which they immediately proclaimed in *de facto* Mrs. Winston is one that must be obeyed in Oakland and whatever she says goes with all the society respectability that side of the bay. There is reason to believe that Mrs. Winston's influence was sufficient also to suppress the "follow story" that had been prepared for the newspaper that had published the original fabrication, for nothing more has appeared to this correction.

Intellectuals and Philistines

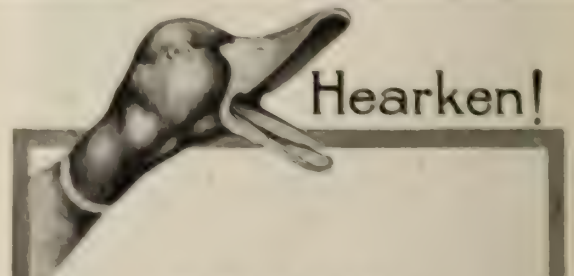
It is not deemed good form in Oakland to say anything derogatory of the Ebell Club. Some of the most cultured and influential women of Alameda county are members of the organization and whenever anything occurs on the beach that provokes or laughter among the Philistines or might set the wheels in motion, it is hushed up with as little ceremony as possible. It is deemed with complete propriety that there are any dissensions among the Philistines and the cultured members from with pride to the circumstance that the club was organized solely for the intellectual development of the Oakland women; the very name, then, never ought to indicate that persons—any club named after Thomas Winston that the German nationality in California philology point of necessity stand for the highest intellectual culture among women. But to say the truth this American organization gathered, so to speak, by a German professor of philology, has sometimes looked from its primary intention and attempted to put on the airs of the world's fashion, crowning the person intellectual made to make room for the coming of numerous scolds. At all times of bad form the various and varied sessions of the club start on the quibbled moment even though the women were more intellectual than scoldish. I have never found that the scoldish intellects have been flattered by the high tones of Yankee and money, but I am informed that there is a well-known cleavage between the scold and the intellectual of the women that comprises the membership of the club—a distinction, as it were, between the quality of the upper lip and the consciousness of the lower lip. Which is not natural if we admit that the Ebell Club is composed of intellects and non-intellectuals; still it would be absurd to run here.

A Ladder for the Climbers

I fear, however, that the Ebell Club of Oakland is something of a ladder for the intellectual climber. I have heard it whispered that some of the membership—admitted because they were consciously intellectual—crossed the threshold of the club with no other purpose than to mingle in better society than could be reached in the ordinary association of women of Oakland. Having attained to the distant heights of intellectually these women sought for other heights to conquer, and observing that in the Ebell Club there were women of the best Oakland society, they sought opportunity to come in contact with them, to the end that life in Oakland might be congenial, well-matched, and as broad as it is long. Woman is woman the world over, no matter how intellectual she may be; and because she lives in Oakland is no reason for differentiating the species. Still I am satisfied that Mrs. Winston did not resign from the Ebell Club wholly on account of the circumstance that it is overcrowding with intellectual phlegmians.

Mrs. Bunting's Pet Project

Mrs. J. A. Bunting, president of the History and Landmarks section of the Federal Women's Club, has laid before the different women's clubs of the state a plan that is likely to result in an historical or California literature. It is Mrs. Bunting's plan to have the histories of each club were stories dealing with the history of California, the stories to have historical interest and be founded on fact. Her plan is also to have twenty of the stories published in book form not only for profit but for business interest and to furnish a collection of reminiscences that future generations will regard as authoritative. It is an idea that has possibilities of it, but I can see no objection to Mrs. Bunting. The decision is reserved to a judge at a baby show will be as nothing to the fact Mrs. Bunting will have to engage in selecting the best from among the children of the club-women's brains.



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The Friendly Club

That lawyers and newspaper men readily fraternize is exemplified by the success that has attended the Friendly Club—a club which, so far, has been given no publicity, but which, nevertheless, is held in fond regard by its fifty or more members. It was founded less than a year ago by three working newspapermen, John Cosgrave, Arthur Allen and John Fleming Filson, who, while lunching together one day, conceived the idea of a club the sole object of which would be the bringing together of a group of congenial fellows at a monthly dinner. The idea was successfully carried out, and now an average of thirty-five is the monthly dinner attendance. The dinner is always held in the Latin Quarter, and the price of it is the only tax imposed upon the members of the club. It may be easily imagined that with all the legal talent that gathers each month around the board there are speeches both witty and eloquent. The membership includes Judges Lawlor and Cabaniss, as active representatives of the bench. Among the lawyers are J. J. Maguire and Carl Lindsay who have been judges, and still retain the title. Among the lawyers are Bert Schlesinger, "Tom" Bolton, Eugene Davis, Gavin McNab and others or more or less note. There are three or four doctors, several Federal employes, a sprinkling of business men, and several journalists. Altogether it is a crowd of good fellows, and the hour or more of speech-making that follows the coffee makes the members look forward with pleased anticipation to the next meeting.

Advice to Journalists

If I may be permitted to advise the two young men that are about to experiment in San Francisco journalism—young Mr. Jack Spreckels and young Mr. Charles de Young—I would counsel that they let well enough alone. Each of them has an excellent newspaper property and a solid basis for an income commensurate with the present conditions and the future of San Francisco; and it will be tempting the fickle providence that presides over the fate of newspapers to attempt radical changes in the journalism to which we have been accustomed by the editorial policies of the *Chronicle* and *Call*. That journalism is good enough for us and some of us will certainly resent any effort to change it for better or worse. The *Call*, of course, must be put on a business basis, but that can be done in the business office without interfering with the editorial departments of the paper. The *Chronicle* has always been on a business basis and young Mr. de Young ought to be satisfied to profit by the wise foresight of his ancestors. There is danger in innovations in either case. Anything frivolous in the news features of the *Call* would shock the people; and anything less dignified in the editorial output of the *Chronicle* would excite protest throughout the State. Nothing will be gained by either young newspaper owner by imitating the Hearst method; that style of journalism is sui generis and cannot be transplanted. If the entire *Examiner* staff should go over to the *Chronicle* or the *Call* neither of those papers could be converted into an *Examiner*. If the life principle of a ballet dancer could be exchanged with the life principle of David Starr Jordan or James D. Phelan, there would be no outward manifestation of the swop; there would still be a David Starr Jordan, grand, gloomy and peculiar, and there would still be a James D. Phelan wrapped in the solitude of his own aboriginality; and the ballet dancer would continue as prone to small bots and hot birds at common expense of a host of small-witted admirers. Silk

purses are not made out of sows' ears and yellow newspapers are not made out of wood pulp of the Devonian period or papyrus of the Ramesiac dynasty.

Avoid the Yellow

Very old subscribers of the *Chronicle* remember the yellow period of that newspaper, and they regret the remembrance. They sincerely hope that there will be no atavistic tendency when the scion of the house of de Young comes to his own. Constant readers of the *Call* remember when that newspaper tried to imitate the antics of yellow journalism, and while they laugh at the remembrance, there is a hollow echo to the laughter as of the merriment of one that watches from a whited sepulchre the predicament of a cow doing a quickstep in a 'dobe bog. I am sure that in neither instance will these young journalists attempt the Hearst method of appealing to their subscribers and readers. I am only afraid that Mr. Jack Spreckels will use more Devonian wood pulp and that young Mr. de Young will order another carload of Egyptian papyrus from the mills of old Rameses.

Enrique and James

Says Madame Le Bavarde: "James D. Phelan and Enrique Grace started for Del Monte this morning in Mr. Phelan's automobile." A typographical error but an unim-



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portant one. There's only one Enrique identified with Mr. Phelan and his automobile and his name is "Grau." Mr. Phelan and Mr. Grau have become inseparable companions.

Judas Iscariot in France

As evidence of the ungodly state of France at the present moment, a religious contemporary makes mention of the fact that within the past twelvemonth no less than fifty children have been registered under the name "Judas Iscariot." The circumstance is not conclusive of the state of mind of the community, nor of certain parents. This is an iconoclastic age in more than one sense. We smash heroes but we also shatter what we conceive to be time-honored illusions. Many good Christians have come to regard Judas with a kindly eye. Many learned students of history have reached the conclusion that there was some good in Nero, and in some circles the devoted fiddler is much admired for his artistic temperament. There are "higher critics" who are convinced that despite his treachery Judas was not devoid of fine traits of character and that in view of the exaltation of Peter notwithstanding his cowardice, the thrifty Iscariot should be forgiven after nineteen centuries of abuse and obloquy. So perhaps the new generation of Iscariots springing up in France is significant, not of an ungodly state of mind, but of a movement to spread the mantle of Christian charity over the thrifty apostle who was tempted with thirty pieces of silver.

From Oakland Came Dowie

It is not generally known that the wilderness in which the voice of Prophet Dowie was first heard is the wilderness of Oakland. It was there that he was first heard crying to the children of sin. That was some eighteen years ago and in those days he forbade his followers to wear jewelry or anything that suggested vanity or pride. From Oakland he came to this city and hired the Grand Opera House where he held forth as a divine healer on Sunday nights. Part of his stock in trade was his daughter, a feeble, uncanny child precocious beyond her acknowledged years. She used to take the platform and in a shrill, piping voice prate of the blessings she had received through prayer, of her love and faith in the Lord who had cured her of innumerable and unnamable ailments. The poor little creature appeared as if half starved. Some time afterward she died a horrible death, being burned while committing the sin of curling her front hair. The Dowies were very poor then, divine healing not proving very remunerative, but when the prophet discovered the full extent of his magnetism he managed to lure many of his dupes to Zion.

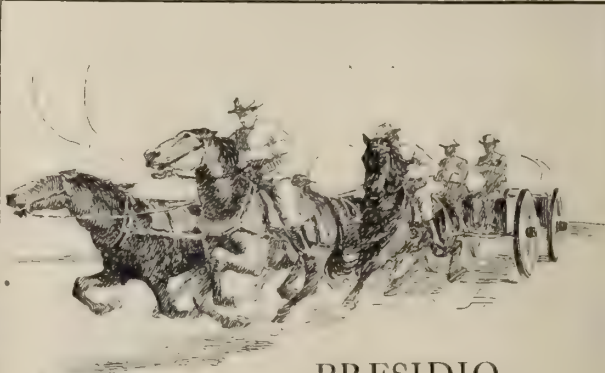
An Absent-Minded Hero

The hero of "The Day-Dreamer," Jesse Lynch Williams's newspaper novel which Col. Savage is soon to produce on the stage, was not more absent-minded than Fred Healy, who married Miss Hemming, the Colorado Springs heiress, this week. Mr. Healy was to have been Walter

Hobart's best man but failed to put in an appearance, and when questioned about his negligence had to confess that he had forgotten all about the event. Healy has done everything from editing a paper in Dawson to working as a sailor before the mast, and now he has settled down seriously to make money in the commission business. He is a great friend of the Shiels brothers, and is quite as popular as they are.

"The Gaiety Bachelors"

Perhaps the only group of society men in town that show a disposition to make any kind of return for hospitality shown them by the buds and their big sisters are those identified with the Gaiety Club set. Two years ago they gave a ball for the Gaiety girls, not an ordinary little dance but a ball that was talked about for days afterward by those who were entertained. Next week these same generous hosts will repeat the courtesy of two years ago, and Czar Greenway will be among the entertainers. Mr. Greenway and Sidney Salisbury have been invited to every dance given by the Gaiety Club since its inception; whether they have always attended, I do not know. Wilberforce Williams and Gerald Rathbone are also favored beaux with the exclusive Gaiety girls. The club, by the way, is not so particular now about the pedigree of its men as when it was young. Dancing men are not numerous in society and it is necessary to recruit from the ranks of the plain people. One night a girl who had invited some men from the "outside" did not appear at the dance and as there was nobody to introduce her friends they spent a gloomy evening and went away with the impression that "The Gaiety" was a misnomer.



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Lisabella and Her Nurse

The portrait by Miss Julie Heynemann that won the prize for the best figure painting at the spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association. Miss Heynemann recently returned from London where she made quite a reputation as a portrait painter. She is now settled again in a studio in this city, where she first studied.

Our Provincialism

A friend of mine (feminine, of course) just from Paris, tells me that the slender woman is the only sort now tolerated in the best society of the French capital; her hips and stomach have entirely disappeared and she is only broad aboveboard. Contour is no longer in vogue and modesty is once more an evidence of good breeding, culture and refinement. This lady also tells me that to ask the age of another woman, or to speak of the subject, is regarded as the rankest provincialism. Whereupon it was borne in upon me that we must be exceedingly provincial in San Francisco, for here, as we all know, it is first question one woman asks of another when the name of a woman with whom one or the other of the gossips has only a bowing acquaintance is mentioned in the conversation. "She must be past forty," is a common remark; or, "I should judge that she is thirty if she's a day," or, "I'm sure she'll never see thirty-five again," is another form of this deadly, venomous, libelous, slanderous feminine detraction. How different it is in real society as my friend found it in Paris! "I was just as provincial as the rest of them when I made my debut in one of the salons," she told me; "I was talking with a dowager whose seventy-five years was notorious from the Rue Honore to the Rue St. Germain, and my attention being attracted by the entrance of a lady

whom I supposed to be quite elderly, I naturally, being provincial, asked my friend how old she was. 'That is the Duchess X,' the dowager answered, 'and she is still young; she is not more than fifty-four; as a matter of fact, she has been married the second time only twenty years. But, my dear,' my mentor went on, 'you must not judge people by their ages in Paris. We are all young; and, furthermore, we never speak of a woman's age—it's very bad form and shockingly provincial.' All of which, I hope, will serve in a slight degree to soften one of the most palpable gaucheries of our boasted "cosmopolitanism."



Vaughan and Keith, Photo

Miss "Bonnie" Downing

Whose marriage with Dr. Albert Truby, U. S. A., will be an April event.

With the Brides and Bridegrooms

An artist present at the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Dewing and Marion S. Blanchard, last week, describes the bride as "an Easter lily, tall and fair and slender," in her white gown and veil. The bride was attended by her sister Amy, who was also gowned in white. The Swedenborgian church is a very picturesque background for a wedding ceremony, though not sufficiently roomy comfortably to accommodate many guests. There was a reception later at the Dewing home in Clay street attended by intimate friends and relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard have a cosy little home awaiting them when they return from their wedding trip.

The honeymoon trip of the Arthur Duncans, I am told, was not all honey. The happy pair had intended traveling for a month or two longer in the sunny south, but Mr. Duncan had a bad attack of quinzzy, so they decided they might as well return to San Francisco.

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A Chinese "Honor"

Students at the State University are seriously thinking of introducing the Chinese kow-tow as a substitute for the ordinary forms of salutation on the campus since the insignia of the Order of the Double Dragon was conferred on Roscoe A. Goodcell, a graduate of the class of '98. An impression prevails in the university that this honor is something unusual and that the person on whom it is conferred is held in the highest esteem at the court of the yellow dowager. This is entirely erroneous. The Order of the Double Dragon, Third Division, Second Class, is just what its supplementary designation implies—second class and third rate. It is given to anybody that asks for it, and the bronze disks embossed with the yellow worm are as common in China as brass candlesticks; the rank is as cheap as that of a German Baron or a Papal Count. Every foreign consul owns one of these baubles and all old residents of the empire have been thus "honored." As a rule, however, the Chinese entitled to rank as mandarins above the fifth class scorn the investiture.

Vanity of College Aristocrats

Goodcell fared a little better, it is said, in the matter of his official ranking by the Chinese government. It is reported that he is permitted to wear the sapphire button of a mandarin of the third class accompanied by a one-eyed peacock's feather in his cap and a peacock embroidered on his shirt-waist around which he may wear a silken girdle with a gold clasp. This I doubt, however, for my friend J. F. J. Archibald is only a mandarin of the fifth class and the Chinese Emperor was induced to think that the famous American journalist and newspaper photographer was something more than a Governor of a province and only a little lower than a United States Senator. It is hardly possible that the occupant of the gilded footstool at the base of the yellow throne would raise a foreign schoolmaster to the third degree in the mandarin; it is more likely that he wears the egret of the unofficial Hanlin or moonshee of "the forest of pencils" as these Orientals designate their literati. I am informed that Mr. Goodcell is a very worthy young man and one of whom the faculty of the State University is very proud. The notoriety of that Double Dragon business is, I hear, wholly due to the ignorant enthusiasm of the students, who are so imbued with the "frat" fad that they imagine any sort of privilege to wear a pin or a badge sets them above their fellow humans. When they heard that Graduate Goodcell had been vested with the Order of the Dragon they jumped to the conclusion that it was something like the Phi Beta Kappa or the E Clampus Vitus of the college fraternities. And they are right as far as any "honor" is concerned. But it makes me ill in the region of my stomach to see so much of this aristocratic tendency among our college kids. It is a bad sign in a democracy like this, for it presages for the immature aristocrats a long and bitter struggle against an outrageous fortune when they shall find themselves forced to earn their bread by the sweat of their faces as most of them will have to do. A clerk on a high stool or a hewer

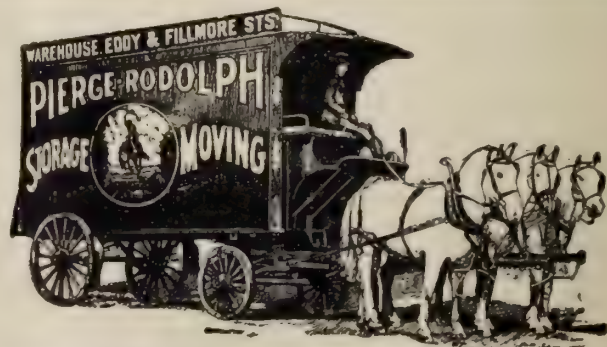
of wood in a sawmill soon learns that he is of common clay even if he can construe in Greek a little more accurately than another clerk on a high stool or knock the equations out a problem in differential calculus with greater facility than the man that runs the buzz saw.

She Sings Songs of Sorrow

I am sorry for Corinne Barry. I am sorry that she feels impelled to pour the contents of her inmost soul into the sordid columns of a daily newspaper. I see no excuse for this self-dissection, this exposure of her throbbing heart, except the necessity of earning the dollars that the cashier will probably pay her on the order of a sympathetic and charitable managing editor; and I am loath to think that Corinne Barry is bartering her sorrows for bread or that she delights to see her picture in print. Corinne Barry is one of those poets that sing in a minor key without much regard for what she is singing as long as she succeeds in rhyming "feeling" with "kneeling" and "me" with "me," as she recently did in a threnody entitled "Judgment." Thus I am filled with a double sorrow for Corinne Barry; I am sorry that she is writing this sort of thing and I am sorry that she has no genius for it. In this poem she tells the world that the battle she fights is long and fierce "with broken sword and kneeling"; that's bad syntax and all the poesy of all the muses will not redeem it. Then she tells us that once she has fallen, and once has known "the baffled death-cold feeling." This is obscure, and good poetry is not obscure except when it is written by Robert Browning for whom there is a world-wide cult to interpret. No man watched, and no man "saw to catch" her "wan and reeling." "Saw to catch" is worse than fighting with a "broken sword and kneeling." And the rest of it is in the same incoherent strain. It pains me to read it.

Smith Still in the Race

F. Marion Smith, the Borax King, is having a sloop yacht built which will be raced as often as he gets an opportunity and with it he has hopes of capturing the first race for the cup given to the New York Yacht Club by King Edward VII. Mr. Smith is owner of the steam yacht *Haowli* that raced against the *Kanwha*. He has donated two fine trophies to the New York Yacht Club for steam yacht races.



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A Race For The Wire

George Meyer, author of "The Nine Swords of Morales," a romance of California's early days, has for nearly twenty years been a San Francisco newspaper man, and he is now an *Examiner* reporter. He won his reportorial spurs in a contest with Ned Townsend, author of "Chimmie Fadden." Townsend was a reporter on the *Chronicle*, and Meyer was on the *Call*. The former was considered one of the star men of the town, while the latter was a cub, waiting for a big story to come his way and wondering if he would fall down on it. His chance came. A ship was wrecked twenty miles north of Pt. Reyes, and Meyer being the only available man in the office, was sent out on the story despite the fact that he was the cub. On the train that ran to Pt. Reyes he met Townsend, on the same story for the *Chronicle*, and they traveled together in peace and amity. They both thought the train took them directly to the scene of the wreck, and when they found that they had to go twenty miles further Townsend equipped himself with a horse and cart hired from a livery stable, while Meyer chose to take the journey on horseback. They worked the wreck story in company and started back to Pt. Reyes together, still friendly and sociable. But Meyer noticed that whenever his horse started to go ahead of the other Townsend whipped up a little. That they should race to Pt. Reyes had not before occurred to Meyer. But now it dawned on him that only one story could be sent over a single wire at a time, and that the first to reach it would have a decided advantage. The race was on from then, each man determined to be first, and each wary and trying to save his horse for the final spurt. Perfect friendliness prevailed, but the miles were rapidly covered, Townsend in the lead, Meyer hanging to his flank. It was not until the town was within two or three miles that Meyer touched up his horse and broke into a brisk gallop, and Townsend came thundering at his heels. The brute that Meyer rode was a miserable skate, and Townsend gradually drew past him. Within a mile of Pt. Reyes Townsend took the wrong road at the forks. By the time he had discovered his error and turned around Meyer was away ahead again, his old plug puffing like a grampus. Nothing daunted, Townsend started in pursuit, his cart bumping perilously on the rough road. Closer and closer he drew, the while Meyer's steed was rapidly giving out. When Meyer reached the bridge that spanned the stream at the edge of the town his opponent was right at his heels. The race would have been Townsend's all right, for Meyer's horse was nearly ready to drop; but just as Townsend reached the bridge, one of the landlord's children, a two-year-old boy, out with his parents, ran directly in front of the horse. By the time Townsend had pulled the horse to his haunches and the youngster had been rescued, Meyer was in front of the telegraph office, and when Townsend reached it was filing the first pages of his copy. The operator was marvelously slow, and by the time he had finished it was too late for Townsend to send anything but an abbreviated story. But Townsend was always game, and on this occasion took his medicine like a man, congratulating his rival on his victory and complimenting him the next morning on the excellence of his story. The short story in this week's Town Talk, by the way, was written for the paper by Mr. Meyer.



The New Town Crier

The painting by Joseph Raphael that won a medal of honor in the Paris Salon and which was bought by Raphael Weill for the Park Museum. Young Raphael is shortly to marry the young woman by whom the purchase of his picture was negotiated, and who has been his fiancée for some years. Their pretty love story is one of the romances of the art colony here. The Town Crier is shown in the present exhibition at the Hopkins.

There Was No Friction

I am told that there was really no quarrel among the artists not exhibiting at the spring exhibition and the directors of the Art Association. Some of the artists may have done some talking among themselves, but it was only in the usual line of "knocking" which usually accompanies any art exhibition by local artists. Keith was holding an exhibition of his works elsewhere and so could not bring his paintings to the castle on the hill. Other artists were also exhibiting in other galleries. As to the prize competition, only a few exhibitors entered it, and those who had shown their paintings at other exhibitions were of course barred from competing for the prize for new exhibits. The award was generally received with satisfaction.

Elmer Wachtel, who was awarded first prize for best landscape painting entered for competition at the spring exhibition at the Hopkins Art Institute, will exhibit at the Schussler galleries beginning April eighteenth and continuing for ten days.

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"The climate of Tahiti is admirably adapted for patients, the subjects of nervous affections in all their protean forms. The quietude, balmy air, and pleasing surroundings are the best therapeutic agents to secure mental rest and refreshing sleep. It is in the treatment of such affections that a trip to Tahiti cannot be too strongly recommended." Dr. Nicholas Senn, in "TAHITI, THE ISLAND PARADISE."

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Easter Candy Boxes—Beautiful and strange are the Easter candy boxes in many wonderful shapes at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

Sensational Encounter in Bohemia

A sensational and highly spirited encounter between old Croesus and the puissant young Spirit of Bohemia occurred in Post street, last Tuesday. It was the event of the annual meeting of the Bohemian Club, and it proved a great and refreshing treat. It was not prearranged. It was, indeed, a spontaneous stunt, taking everybody by surprise, and when it was over there was much elation amongst the members who felicitated one another joyously over the outcome and showered congratulations on Mr. Raphael Weill. It was Mr. Weill who impersonated the Spirit of Bohemia and he did so without any make-up and without any study or prompting. Mr. Weill is of the merchant class but there is no truer bohemian in all this rollicking metropolis. Old Croesus was impersonated by a veteran of the role, a man who needs no make-up to give verisimilitude to the characterization. He is a money-lender and his name is Murphy—S. G. of that ilk—and he presides over the destinies of the First National Bank.

An Incredible Announcement

The Bohemians came together last Tuesday to elect Fred Hall, the well known attorney, to the presidency of the club, and they did so unanimously. Last year he was beaten by Willard Barton because of a sentiment that had sprung up in favor of putting the management of the club into the hands of men who were reputed to be real bohemians. The experiment proved highly unsatisfactory and hence the elevation of Hall this week. With the annual election was held the annual meeting during which Raphael Weill arose and called attention to the fact that Barton and his directors had made S. G. Murphy an honorary member of the club. This statement evoked the frenzied indignation of the members. At first many of them were incredulous. They thought that Mr. Weill was joking. It was incredible that men professing to be bohemians, who had been given the management of the club for the purpose of wiping the commercial stain from off the escutcheon and clarifying the atmosphere that had been impregnated with the odor of trade, would plaster the dollar mark on every wall and exalt the profession of Shylock.

And the Members Said "Twenty-three!"

But it was too true. S. G. Murphy had indeed been elected an honorary member of the club, of the club that years ago was consecrated to the cause of art, the club rich in tradition made by men who appreciated the intellectual pleasures of life and who did much toward cultivating a taste for the beautiful while teaching the Murphys of the community that there is sweeter music than the jingle of the guinea. Mr. Barton made the startling confession that the distinguished President of the First National Bank was an honorary member of the Bohemian Club. Then Mr. Weill read a section of the constitution which fixes eligibility to honorary membership. From this section it appears that only those who are distinguished in art and literature or who are patrons of the arts are eligible to the honor which was conferred on Mr. Murphy.

"In what art has Mr. Murphy won distinction?" one of the members asked.

Mr. Barton blandly made reply: "In the art of finance."

The members were not in a mood to take the matter

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as a joke. Though Mr. Weill has a keen sense of humor, he did not smile at Mr. Barton's reply. He moved that the action of the Board of Directors in electing Mr. Murphy to honorary membership be rescinded. The motion was carried unanimously.

I have been informed that Murphy was elected an honorary member of the club through a desire to express gratitude for his kindness in lending the club some money. The members feel, however, that the loan was purely a business transaction, and that Murphy was sufficiently compensated when the club's account was transferred to his bank.

If Bradbury Goes to San Quentin

It is pitiful, grim, tragic, amusing, grotesque, retributive—what you will—that if Bill Bradbury serves the year in San Quentin to which he has been sentenced, he will all the time be within sight of his own home. For it is only two or three miles across low-lying land from Corte Madera to San Quentin. He can stand in his own doorway now and see the grim walls of the prison rising against the northern hills. No doubt he does stand there and gaze at what may be his twelve-months' home, and ponder on what his life will be there. And after he has donned the stripes—if he has to don them—he may look across a strip of water and a stretch of marsh and see his home on the hillside above Corte Madera—may picture to himself the daily routine there, imagine his home-going when the term is over. And she who has been with him these many years—she who knows him so well, who knows whether his punishment is just or unjust—will pause in her daily tasks and with her eyes span the stretch of marsh and strip of water that keeps them apart—and see his prison's walls and count the days until a weary year has passed. And even darkness will not keep from her a visible reminder of him. When the dusk begins to fall the arc-lights will flash around the walls of San Quentin, and their glowing circle will tell her where he sleeps. It is pitiful, grim, tragic, amusing, grotesque, retributive—what you will.



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A Revolt Against the Hayes Brothers

I am told that the good but fickle church-goers of San Jose have put up a ticket against that of the Hayes brothers, indicating thereby a revolt against those good men and true. It is hard to account for the vagaries of churchmen and churchwomen. There they are in San Jose working against J. O. Hayes who wants to be Governor and who is more than a mere Christian. He not only professes Christianity, he preaches it, but the ministers of San Jose evidently doubt that he practices it. Mr. Hayes gets up in the pulpit on Sunday nights and spouts moral maxims like a Christian geyser. On Sunday nights he exhales the odor of sanctity while expounding the optimistic philosophy of the Savior; and as the pearls of virtuous thought drop from his pious lips, as the outpourings of a tender heart palpitant with love for humanity float out on the ambient the while he rocks his gentle tongue in the cradle of his chin, so impressive is the sincerity of the man that you involuntarily look for the nimbus that should crown his classic brow. And yet there are men that call themselves Christians in San Jose, there are church-goers, there are pillars of the church and ministers of the gospel, who withhold from the self-ordained preacher the confidence that he so fervently invites. The reason for this unkind scepticism is to be found in the lidless condition of San Jose. The good Christians of the town hold the religious Hayes brothers responsible for the flourishing of vice in their midst, it being the opinion of many of them that those two rich men dictate the policy of the city government. From this distance I am unable to judge of the soundness of the views of the good people of San Jose. It is my purpose only to record existing conditions and to express regret that so good a man as on the surface Mr. J. O. Hayes appears to be, should have his gubernatorial prospect clouded by suspicions that are likely to affect the judgment of Christian enthusiasts in other sections of the state, who, if they were permitted to accept Mr. Hayes at his own valuation, would flock to his standard. I do not agree with the sceptics of San Jose, and I do not accept as material evidence the fact that Mr. Hayes has established evil connections for the purpose of promoting his political fortune. All is fair in love and politics and Mr. Hayes is in politics.

Vaudeville by Amateurs

An afternoon of vivacious vaudeville will be given on Sunday the twenty-second at the California Club by the junior section of the Council of Jewish Women. Mrs. M. C. Sloss has the affair in charge, with the president of the junior section, Miss Gladys Aronson. The program will be: Song, "Put Me in My Little Cell," Misses Eugenie Ackerman, Edna Brown and Sadie Lilienthal (in costume); monologue, Bertha Asher; living pictures, Biblical subjects, Misses Alma Schlessinger, Rebecca Selig, Alma Dittenhoffer, May Nordman, Hazel Green, Valerie Puska; song, "I Can't Do This Sum," Misses Florie Freeman, Alma Levison, Hazel Mayer, Rose Goodman, Bessie Goodman (in baby costumes); Tyrolian song and dance (in costume), Miss Olga Friedman; farce, "The Kleptomaniac," Misses Edith Seller, Rose Block, Hazel Banner, Adele Steinman, Clare Rosenberg.

For two weeks the Grand Opera House will be given over to grand opera. The second Conried season here promises to be the most successful grand opera engagement ever played here, and that is saying a good deal in a city so appreciative of this form of entertainment. The

sale of seats for the opening night indicates a crowded house, and the sale for the second night when Fremstad sings Carmen is as large. "Marta," "Don Pasquale," "Hansel and Gretel," and the Wagnerian operas are all "best sellers."

Smollett On Golf

Golf players will be interested in a reference to the ancient game that I ran across the other day while browsing through Smollett's "Humphry Clinker." To Smollett it was a strange game, and he thought it worth the following observation and comment: "In the fields called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themselves at a game called golf, in which they use a curious kind of bats tipped with horn, and small elastic balls of leather, stuffed with feathers, rather less than tennis balls, but of a much harder consistence. This they strike with such force and dexterity from one hole to another that they will fly to an incredible distance. Of this diversion the Scots are so fond, that when the weather will permit, you may see a multitude of all ranks, from the Senator of Justice to the lowest tradesman, mingled together, in their shirts, and following the balls with the utmost eagerness. Among others, I was shown one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom was turned of fourscore. They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust; and they never went to bed, without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly."

The Frank McComases are back from Santa Barbara and will soon leave for Europe.

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Robertson's Triple Ballade

Louis A. Robertson, the deftest and truest of our lyric artists, has been beguiling the hours in his cavern of gloom by trying his hand at a triple ballade and he has scored a notable triumph. But he takes no pride in it. Poet-like he condemns his own achievement because, as he says, it has no poetic value. It has value, however, as an example of wonderful dexterity in the mechanics of the art of versification, for it is the only triple ballade, I believe, in the English language. Though the poet borrowed from the French to make his rhymes he selected words that have become almost Anglicized through usage. Here is the ballade:

ALL THINGS OF EARTH MUST BEND TO FATE

My Pegasus begins to shy
Already at this triple lay;
I've often made him soar as high,
But not by such a doubtful way
As that which I intend today;
The prospect makes me hesitate,
But why should it my heart dismay?
All things of Earth must bend to Fate.

A rather ancient saw; but I,
Whatever I may have to say,
Take up the words that nearest lie,
Then, as the potter moulds the clay,
I try to make them fit, but they
Are sometimes hard to match and mate,
And though they often gang a-gley,
All things of Earth must bend to Fate.

And yet there is no reason why
I should in senseless numbers flay
The willing words which, waiting by,
Stand ever ready to obey;
Though it seems cruel to betray
Them thus, and with such folly freight,
When nobler thoughts they might convey,
All things of Earth must bend to Fate.

And yet she leads us off awry.
And is elusive as a ray
Of April sunlight, when the sky
Is hung with curtains bright or gray,
Which bursts upon us from the blue;
Think not I'm in a sorry strait,
When thus to Scotland I must gae,
All things of Earth must bend to Fate.

One sacred moment let me sigh
Alone upon each "Bank and Brae
Of Bonny Doon!" Yea, linger nigh
Where Bobbie Burns was wont to stray
And sing the songs that live for aye!
Though there a lifetime I could wait,
And unto him my homage pay,
All things of Earth must bend to Fate.

Poor Pegasus begins to ply
His pinions feebly, hear him neigh!
But forward he must swiftly fly,
As if he drew proud Phoebus' shay,
And not this doggerel-laden dray;
Though he is shaking in his gait,
And hungering for his oats and hay,
All things of Earth must bend to Fate.

Oft Fancy loves to glorify
The garbless goddess of the spray;
No other deity can vie
With her whose beauty dares decay,

When I the flagons can defray,
I linger with her long and late,
Blest with her sense-enslaving sway,—
All things of Earth must bend to Fate.

I wish I'd not begun to try
Upon these rhymes so much to play;
For quarter I may have to cry,
Or voyage down to Paraguay;
If with our English words I stay,
The language is inadequate;
Though foreign phrase is not au fait,
All things of Earth must bend to Fate.

Now in this verse I do or die,
Ah, no, the envoy waits to slay
My hopes and smite me hip and thigh;
Why should it be a sine qua
In ballades always? Yet c'est vrai,
In it the rhyme we dedicate
Either to prince or popinjay;
All things of Earth must bend to Fate.

ENVOY

Prince, take this bad ballade, I pray!
Though on thy gracious ear it grate,
Give it a kind if curt conge,
All things of Earth must bend to Fate.

Mrs. Riggs Honored

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs has been invited to become a member of the Lyceum Club of London, with Mrs. Florence Earle Coates, the poet. This is something of an honor for our ex-Californian, as there are not many Americans invited to join the Lyceum. This exclusive club was founded by Miss Constance Smedley, and has branches in France and Germany.

Mrs. Lydia Warren-Lister is going to England in May with the hope of having her opera produced. It was recently given at the Sequoia Club where it made a great hit.

Gertrude Atherton is soon to return to England, and she explains as her reason that her sense of proportion is better when she is at some distance from the scenes about which she is writing. Her new novel deals with Californians at home and in England. While in Petaluma she developed the English scenes and now she will go to London to write the Californian chapters.

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Wilde's Belated Vogue

A most remarkable phenomenon in the realm of literature today is the widespread and intense interest that is being taken in the works of Oscar Wilde. The intensity of this interest is no doubt in a measure due to the sympathetic emotion aroused by his "De Profundis" but in a larger measure it is the result of sudden recognition of the fact that the great esthete whose tragic experience is now recalled by admirers of his genius with feelings of profound sorrow, was one of the greatest literary artists of the last century. His works are now being slowly collected and there is great demand for them. In all probability before long a complete edition will be published, but meanwhile high prices are being paid for those that are available. Four of his plays have recently been published, and there are many stray copies of his "Salome," but his melodrama "The Nihilists" is out of print. However, a copy of it is now in the possession of A. M. Robertson, the publisher of this city who has secured many rare copies of his works, some of which were printed by Wilde for private distribution. There are now two books on the market dealing with the life of Wilde and both threaten to become best-sellers. The latest one which was written by a sympathetic friend who was with Wilde during his trial and for a long period immediately preceding those dark and melancholy days, is selling for three dollars a copy. A rare volume that has come into Mr. Robertson's possession is a collection of Wilde's essays, criticisms and reviews which was privately printed. There is much of great literary value in this volume.

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Wilde and Sharp

From this volume I was permitted to make an excerpt of peculiar interest, dealing as it does with William Sharp, upon whose death a few months ago it was learned that he was the author of the poems that purported to have been written by a woman, signing herself Fiona MacLeod. This is the excerpt: "Mr. William Sharp takes himself very seriously, and has written a preface to his 'Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy' (Walter Scott), which is, on the whole, the most interesting part of his volume. We are all, it seems, too cultured and lack robustness. There are those amongst us, says Mr. Sharp, who would prefer a dexterously-turned triolet to such apparently uncouth measures as 'Thomas the Rhymer' or the ballad of 'Clerk Saunders,' and who 'would rather listen to the drawing-room music of the Villanelle than to the wild harp-playing by the mill-dams o' Binnorie, or the sough of the night wind o'er drumly Allan water.' Such an expression as 'the drawing-room music of the Villanelle' is not very happy, and I cannot imagine anyone with the smallest pretensions to culture preferring a dexterously turned triolet to a fine imaginative ballad, as it is only the Philistine who ever dreams of comparing works of art that are absolutely different in motive, in treatment, and in form. If English Poetry is in danger—and, according to Mr. Sharp, the poor nymph is in a very critical state—what she has to fear is not the fascination of dainty metre or delicate form, but the predominance of the intellectual spirit over the spirit of beauty. Lord Tennyson dethroned Wordsworth as a literary influence, and later on Mr. Swinburne filled all the mountain valleys with echoes of his own song. The influence today is that of Browning. And as for the triolets, and the rondels, and the careful study of metrical subtleties, these things are merely the signs of a desire for perfection in small things, and of the recognition of poetry as an art. They have certainly had one good result—they have made our minor poets readable, and have not left us entirely at the mercy of the geniuses.

The Essentials of Poetry

"But, says Mr. Sharp, everyone is far too literary; even Rossetti is too literary. What we want is simplicity and directness of utterance; these should be the dominant characteristics of poetry. Well, is that quite certain? Are simplicity and directness of utterance absolute essentials for poetry? I think not. They may be admirable for the drama, admirable for all those imitative forms of literature that claim to mirror life in its externals and its accidents, admirable for quiet narrative, admirable in their place; but their place is not everywhere. Poetry has many modes of music; she does not blow through one pipe alone. Directness of utterance is good, but so is the subtle recasting of thought into a new and delightful form. Simplicity is good, but complexity, mystery, strangeness, symbolism, obscurity even, these have their value. Indeed, properly speaking, there is no such thing as Style; there are merely styles, that is all. One cannot help feeling also that everything that Mr. Sharp says in his preface was said at the beginning of the century by Wordsworth, only where

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

After the Opera visit the St. Francis Cafe
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Wordsworth called us back to nature, Mr. Sharp invites us to woo romance. Romance, he tells us, is 'in the air.' A new romantic movement is imminent. 'I anticipate,' he says, 'that many of our poets, especially those of the youngest generation, will shortly turn towards the ballad as a poetic vehicle, and that the next year or two will see much romantic poetry.'"

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the week were: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gilkyson, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Kenly of Chicago, Dr. M. M. Enos, Dr. A. J. Sanderson and family, John Sloan, William Giselman, Mrs. Louise Auzerais of San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. John McLaren, T. E. Sherwin of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Shannon of Sacramento, Mrs. F. L. Richmond.

The Walter Martins are still occupying the Preston



An Apartment House Being Erected In Pacific Avenue.

The beautiful building depicted above is now in course of erection near Webster street in Pacific avenue. It is to be an apartment building and it will be one of the handsomest and most substantial in San Francisco. It is of most artistic design, and by reason of the material being employed—cream white brick and the white sandstone for the ornamental work around the entrance, it will be sug-

gestive of the Fairmount and St. Dunstan's. The apartments will consist of twelve rooms, all having sunlight. There will be three baths for each apartment, and a general reception room and office will be located on the main entrance floor. The apartment will be decorated to suit tenants. Application for apartments should be made to Mrs. Hamilton, 1010, 1011 and 1012 Shreve Building.

home on Broadway, and will not leave for Europe as soon as they had planned, but will remain for the first week of grand opera. The two cunning Martin children, Eleanor and Mary, are to be left with the Henry T. Scotts at Burlingame.

Despardoux Hospitality

Over in Marin county, on one of the lower slopes of Tamalpais, I discovered recently a little inn, so trim, so picturesque, so clean, so romantic, that I wonder it has not been written up and down and round about, in verse, in prose, in pigment, in jolts of exclamation, times without number. This inn of mine has no name, unless it be known by the name of the round little Frenchman who conducts it, Despardoux. It has no card, no pamphlet to herald its attractions, or allure. It has no sign, not even a bush to advertise the good, good wines which one may find within; the golden wines, and ruddy wines, or still or sparkling, with names to them as brimful of delight as those one finds in the remote hamlets of the Pyrenees—Tears of Hebe, for instance, Laughter of Girls, Keys of Memory, Kisses from Warm Lips and Desire. You find this inn, if you are so fortunate as to find it at all, by wandering up the oiled road that departs from Mill Valley, losing your way, blundering upon a little Japanese gateway, sauntering along a path so hemmed with roses that the air is heavy with their fragrance—till you unexpectedly come upon a squat white house, with wide verandas and full festoons of wistaria. Monsieur Despardoux meets you upon the clean stone steps. Madame Despardoux stands in the doorway just behind, wide and ruddy and bland. The Despardoux daughters, so young their hair still hangs in dusky braids, smile upon you from the open windows. Forthwith, enchanted, you sit, like one in a dream, at a table with a snowy cloth in a verandah corner. Madame brings you something cold and amber and delicious in a thin glass. You drink it gratefully—and forget to ask what it was. Then Suzanne Despardoux brings you a soup, unnamed, unsung, that makes you close your eyes in sheer effort to concentrate inwardly upon it; a brown fish, caught, for all you know, from a fairy pool; a chicken, born from a priceless egg, bred upon priceless grain, slain for your pleasure in the nick of time; mushrooms which teach you what mushrooms ought to be; the half of an alligator pear, flawless as a perfect custard, with a thin green dressing that you want to drink; a comfit melting in the mouth, and black coffee in a little goblet. You quaff the Tears of Hebe with your fish, the Kisses from Warm Lips with your fowl, the Desire with your sweets, and, by way of cordial, the Keys of Memory. Suzanne, who is, be it remembered, just past fourteen, offers her red cheek for a kiss, slips into your hand the plentiful change from a middling gold piece, and sits at your feet to chat of squirrels and poppies and birds while you smoke. Other men and women come and go, the shadows grow long, you kiss Suzanne upon the other cheek and say farewell. Madame watches your departure from the doorway, where you first saw her. Monsieur walks back along the path with you, a dozen steps or so. You stumble over a platitude, and he,

so deftly you flatter yourself into thinking the thought is half your own, replies that life, indeed, is but a rose, a kiss, a cigarette. Does it not all seem too perfect to be true? Yet true it is.

A Brief Span of Wedded Bliss

"The Newton divorce suit is the latest item of interest to the bavardes of society," writes my Los Angeles correspondent. Mrs. Isaac Newton was formerly Mrs. Edwin T. Earl and after her divorce from the fruit king and owner of the *Evening Express*, her ex-husband married Miss Emily Jarvis. The godly shepherd of Christ Church, Rev. Dr. Dowling, Rockefeller's former pastor in Toledo, performed the ceremony that made Miss Jarvis the millionaire's second wife. Dr. Dowling was on record as being opposed to the remarriage of divorced persons and society in Los Angeles was curious to know what his answer would be when called on to perform the Earl-Jarvis ceremony. He didn't require time to deliberate. The rival salons of Emily Runyon Earl and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl occasioned a division of society, but there was no serious rupture."

A Native Daughter

One of the most successful portrait painters among the younger American artists is Ellen G. Emmet, to whom the *Critic* bestows a page of space this week, besides reproducing her portrait of R. H. Munro Ferguson. As Miss Emmet was born in San Francisco, we may take especial pride in her attainments, though all her training was obtained in the East and Europe. She was only ten when she left here. She studied under Bunker in Boston and with Chase and Reed in New York, in Paris under MacMonnies, who was at that time turning his attention to oils instead of clay.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Maurer gave one of their genial "at homes" in their Sutter street studio last Saturday.

Recent arrivals at Del Monte included Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson, H. G. Platt, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Runyon, J. D. Phelan, Miss Blythe McDonald, Mrs. James C. Sims, Miss Claire Chabot, Prof. and Mrs. William James.

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Frances Slosson

With Bishop's Players at the Majestic.

When Lewis Read Salome

Appearing before women's clubs has its advantages, but there are drawbacks that make a man hesitate—the lady critic, for instance, to whom long life that the world may laugh. Now take the case of Austin Lewis. One day last week he read Oscar Wilde's "Salome" before the dramatic section of the California Club, and followed the reading by comment on the play. He did not want to do so. He told the committee that "Salome" wasn't a parlor play, and that he would be able to choose something more edifying. But the committee insisted on Wilde's sultry tragedy. So "Salome" they had. Lewis read it exceedingly well, and after the reading devoted some time to criticising the play rather savagely, condemning it from a moral standpoint, and characterizing it as unnecessarily bloody. Now comes the lady critic, and says that he "reveled in the luscious story." Moreover, she called him a chap, when as a matter of fact Lewis patronizes a barber regularly, and delights in the company of real men.

Mrs. McGurn and the Adelphians

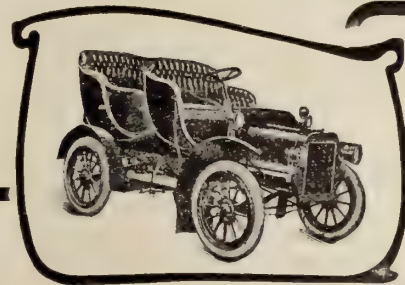
An Alameda correspondent has rather taken to heart my remarks of last week regarding the Adelphian Club's club-house that is to be, and in a somewhat warm letter says that whoever informed me that the building would now be a reality had Mrs. I. N. Chapman remained president is badly mistaken. "The lot was purchased only a little over a year ago," says my correspondent, "and as money is needed for the erection of a building, the Adelphians, being without enough of the commodity, have been compelled for the time being to allow the lot to remain vacant. That does not mean that they have given up the building idea. In fact, they have under consideration a proposition from the Elks that the two organizations join forces and put up a building. Your informant seems to

wish it understood," continues my correspondent, "that Mrs. McGurn, who has been president for a year and who was re-elected last Friday, lacks business ability and energy. Mrs. McGurn's daily round of life proves to the contrary. She has large business interests, which she manages successfully. The Joshua Hendy Machine Works is owned by her. Her popularity in the Adelphian Club was shown last Friday when she was the almost unanimous choice for president. To be sure, she has enemies. Of the few voters who scratched her name from the ballots, some did so with unnecessarily vigorous pen strokes."

Mrs. Will A. Maddern, who has been at the head of the dramatic section of the California Club, has resigned. The reason for this act, I hear, was that the ladies could not be aroused to a continuity of interest in dramatic study. Mrs. Maddern has dramatic talent, having written two or three little comedies of more than passing interest. I hear that Mrs. James Crawford will try her hand at arousing the ladies' interest.

The California Society of Artists, which is to have a perpetual exhibition of paintings by Californian artists at 723 Sutter street, gave a reception on Tuesday evening to announce the organization's birth.

Ada Romer-Shawhan is back from Los Angeles.



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"Keep It Up"

(Respectfully Inscribed to District Attorney William Langdon, by One of the Plain People.)

We are right behind you, William,
In your desperate crusading,
Against the gambling brotherhood
Of every rank and grading.
Who in public or in privacy
Ply their nefarious trading,—
And may success still follow you
In all your future Raiding.
Keep it up.

We are standing with you, William,
Though all Slumdum rise against you,
And all the big and little hells
Array themselves forninst you.
Though weaklings scoff, and crafty
Politicians may deride you,
Be sure all decent citizens
Are lining up beside you.
Keep it up.

Of course, you'll have the enmity
Of all rank evil-doers,
Whose works contribute to the filth
That fill our moral sewers;
It may be, too, that so-called friends
Would joyfully remove you,
But be you sure, in *this* campaign
All decent folk approve you.
Keep it up.

Too long we've been the victims of
The wordy Politician,
Who, warm in his Official seat,
Has held us in derision.
Hail: to the man who DOES things, then,
No call of duty shirking,
Who, though at Talking's good enough,
Is just as good at WORKING.
KEEP IT UP.

The Financial Field

The volume of business done in the Stock and Bond Exchange during the week under review was of about the usual size: transactions in bonds aggregating \$301,000; in shares, 8,092, divided as follows: Lighting, 3,946; Water, 165; Miscellaneous, 1,206; Banks, 20; Sugars, 2,755. The principal transaction in Bonds took place in United Railroads, which strengthened up to \$84. The stock of the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company has been taken off the lists, and transactions in Lighting stocks are now confined to Mutual Electric, which has been reduced to an interest proposition. There are no changes in the miscellaneous group. Sugar stocks strengthened somewhat under the stimulus of higher quotations for raw sugar. California Fruit Cannery advanced to \$102.1-2. The statement just issued by the company shows a very prosperous season, and the affairs of the company in splendid shape. The report issued by the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Co. ought to be highly satisfactory to the stockhold-

ers. The plantation is now the leading one of any similar institution in the world, and the financial condition is in a most satisfactory state. The stockholders can be congratulated for the management of the corporation, and all the old directors have been re-elected. The flurry in the New York money market has had no effect on us here; money is easily obtainable for all purposes. There is considerable talk about the consolidation of two of our leading banks, both firm institutions.

—The Financier.

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Dramatic Reflections

BY THEODORE BONNET.

Some years ago when I took an interest in the drama, not as a work of art or a picture of life but as an amusing theatrical entertainment, I attended a performance of a new comedy called "The Wife," and was convinced that it was one of the finest pieces ever written. It was acted at the Baldwin, the theatre at which, in those days, all the high-priced mimes of the American stage appeared. The Baldwin was supported by the wealth and culture of San Francisco and the wealth and culture of San Francisco gave "The Wife" enthusiastic endorsement. I recall that the critics agreed that it was a great comedy and that the press-agents informed us that it had a run of some hundreds of nights in New York at prices that were too high for the plain and vulgar. The other night at the Alcazar I wondered if any of the old Baldwin patrons would still find plays of "The Wife" type suitable to their taste. It occurred to me that the Alcazar performance possessed much educational value for the unsophisticated playgoers of a decade ago, for its crudities should now be apparent to those that have been faithful to the theatre ever since and who, perhaps, have observed that it is possible for the dramatist to construe a play that will give the spectator exactly the same impressions as he would have watching events of real life running their course before his eyes. Though we still lack cultivated dramatic intelligence we are not so benighted in matters theatrical as we were in the Baldwin days. Some of us, at any rate, demand reality in the theatre, for we know that the purpose of the dramatist is to imitate the action of real life, so why should we encourage him in his expositions of the improbable and impossible? No doubt there are many theatre-goers of the older generation who would pronounce "The Wife" old-fashioned, and who would think it no longer enjoyable because of its staleness. It is old-fashioned but not in the sense in which that expression is generally used. The story of the play could be taken by an expert dramatist and made quite as interesting as some of the plays that have been written in recent years by Clyde Fitch or Augustus Thomas. In its present shape it is a dramatized best-seller of the Laura Jean Libby type. It was written by men who had not at that time the ability to give expression to deep psychological instinct or depth of observation in splendid eloquence and dazzling wit. Dave Belasco arranged the situations and Henry De Mille wrote the dialogue and neither did creditable work. The play has a great third act and nothing more. The story is that of the tragic fate of a young woman who rejected her betrothed when she learned that he had jilted another woman. It was a great shock to her to learn that he had broken off an engagement to marry though he explained that he did so because he discovered that he did not love the woman, and then she went off and married a man she did not love after telling him that her heart was "free," though it was torn with grief over the miscarriage of her great passion. The dramatists utterly failed to give adequate pretext for conduct which involved very bad ethics on the part of their heroine; and the ethics of a drama should be sound. Moreover they did no character painting to make the heroine's conduct plausible. They wasted no time in psychological development. They simply made the young woman play into the hands of the villain and motive the complications subsequent to the marriage. No dramatist versed in the first

principles of his art would blunder so egregiously. Nor would the mere apprentice of today at the playsmithing trade be guilty of two wholly inorganic sub-plots such as are to be found in "The Wife." I refer to the love affair between the ingenue and the leading juvenile and the love affair between the widow Ives and Major Truman. These are subsidiary elements, but they are not accessory to the plot. They can hardly be considered offshoots of the main theme, nor are they introduced in such a way as not to distract attention from the plot as a whole. They are dragged in baldly to retard development. The playwrights might just as logically have dropped the curtain at the points where these subsidiary by-plots are interpolated and introduced for variety a few acrobats or song-and-dance artists. A curious relic, indeed, is the old Baldwin success in its miserable artificiality, its tedious first act of unprecedented duration, its innumerable soliloquies by which the characters conveniently take the audience into their confidence to explain their motives and purposes, its frequent asides and its quaint collection of *coups de theatre*. And yet though we have come to demand higher and more artistic expedients for the creation of illusion the American drama is not yet out of its swaddling clothes. A faint effort is now being made to reflect the movements of our national thought and character, some progress has been made, and though our efforts are crude, they are aspiring and there is life in them. But every little while we are reminded that we have much to learn. American dramas are sent over to England and are scoffed off the stage much to the indignation of some of our chauvinistic critics, who attribute the British attitude to British prejudice. Such was the case when some weeks ago the London critics condemned "The School for Husbands," a New York success. The *Standard* critic said, "We are told that this play was a great success in America. We heard the same thing of 'A Gilded Fool' in which Nat Goodwin appeared. If this means that a metropolitan public really admired such pieces as these one can only say that American playgoers have not yet grown out of the very childhood of taste." Of the same play the *Daily News* said, "It proves once more how innocent is the dramatic taste of Americans." No American possessed of artistic taste and discernment will deny that his countrymen are in need of cultivation in matters theatrical. And no American familiar with the work of the leading dramatic critics of London will accuse them of prejudice against the dramatists of this country. London critics take the drama seriously. Some of them have devoted a lifetime to the task of improving the taste of British theatre-goers, and they admit that it is only since Ibsen was translated into English that British dramatists have learned to write artistic plays. They acknowledge that France still lords it over the European drama. There is no false pride among the critics of London. They know that modern England has not produced the peer of Ibsen or of Maeterlinck, or of Hauptmann or of D'Annunzio, and they freely acknowledge their indebtedness to the playwrights of the Continent of whose methods the Pineros and Barries and Shaws have availed themselves. Why should critics who censure British playwrights when they fall too far below the artistic standard by which the performances of Ibsen and Maeterlinck are measured, be suspected of prejudice when, from the fact

that a trashy play was an American success, they conclude that American taste is not of a high order? Some of our critics make the mistake of basing a favorable judgment of American taste on the fact that meritorious plays are very successful in the large cities of the country. It doesn't require good taste to enjoy a good play, but inability to discriminate against a bad one is proof positive of a debased taste.

Du Souchet's Merry Manoeuvres

"Who Goes There?" is the kind of dramatic production we call "a screaming farce" and rightly so. Du Souchet has constructed out of old material a farce that is fully as clever as "My Friend from India" or "The Man from Mexico." One thing that struck me about the play is that it is so free from risque features, its fun being as clean as a shirt waist just home from the laundry. "Toppy," the hero, otherwise Lieutenant George Washington Newman, is a good-hearted little fellow who wants to get married and for that purpose obtains a leave for a day and a half. Because some of his chums are also on marriage bent, but of the elopement order, poor Toppo in trying to help them out gets himself into frightful difficulties. Of course it is these difficulties that make the farce. A farce to be funny has to place its characters in predicaments and the extrication is where the laugh is successfully wooed. The positions in which the expectant bridegroom finds himself placed are side-splitting. A village constable who thinks himself a genuine Sherlock Holmes complicates matters and increases the fun. Noisy doors at the four points of the compass are aids to the plot. Walter Perkins as Toppo is very droll, never obtruding his personality to the extinguishment of Du Souchet's hero. Bacon is Jabez Dodson, the village constable, in the flesh.

Marie Gordon's Julia Smedley, a country girl, is a sprightly creation and Frances Slosson as Toppo's bride-to-be is a girl worth winning. I recommend this farce with its three acts of merry manoeuvring to anyone troubled with megirims. After sitting through the first manoeuvre I guarantee the blues will have vanished.

Orpheum Novelties

Never having seen a "genuine Georgia girl" on her native heath I cannot vouch for the perfection of the picture presented by Miss Artie Hall at the Orpheum this week. However I am willing to take Miss Heath's word for it that she is a bona fide copy of the real thing in Georgia girls. Her make-up is incomparable and it is only when she shows herself to us without her woolly wig and disguising gloves that one could believe she was not what her accent and looks proclaimed her, a lively darkey girl. Jimmy Wall, another white face in black, is on the bill and monologues as well as Miss Hall sings. He also sings but his number are mostly parodies that call for a laugh. The Agousts are as agile as ever, and their cafe act has lost none of the interesting features I remember in their former visit. They have had some imitators on the circuit since then but still hold their own as being far above their copies. Coleman's trained felines and canines are other old favorites.

Rankin Done to a Turn

This from the New York *Inquirer* is of interest to San Francisco theatre-goers: "Mrs. McKee Rankin, formerly Kitty Blanchard, one of the best known names of the stage and a most estimable woman, is said to be in a state of desperate illness and destitution. So aggravated is her present strait that several of her more fortunate sisters,



SCENE FROM LEO DITRICHSTEIN'S FARCE, "ARE YOU A MASON?" AT THE ALCAZAR.

*Ignacio Martinetti*

in "Babes in Toyland" at the Columbia. Since Martinetti's hit in "Trilby" as the volatile "La-la-la-la" Frenchman, he has created other roles in Eastern successes and also managed a theatre in Philadelphia. He is a great favorite in the Bohemian Club, and also in the Lambs' of New York.

such as Maude Adams, Virginia Harned, Odette Tyler and Annie Russell have banded together to give a testimonial to the stricken actress in the shape of a benefit. There is no doubt that such an appeal would meet with a hearty and generous response. But after all why such a benefit? Why should Mrs. McKee Rankin find it necessary, through no fault of her own, to depend upon the kindness of her sisters in the profession and the charity of the public? Has she not a big, hulking husband who has been hanging onto the skirts of one Nance O'Neil for years in the guise of her manager? Together they have prospered finely and would have prospered more had it not been for the innate chicanery of Rankin, which even recently caused John B. Schoeffel of Boston to drop the precious pair. McKee Rankin is still the husband of Kitty Blanchard Rankin. There has been no decree of divorce or even of separation between them, despite the turpitude of the husband. He is still bound to be her support and could very easily be made

to be. In place of going through all the wear and tear of a benefit why do not these kind-hearted actresses contribute enough money to hire a good lawyer who would compel Rankin to support his wife? He has the money. During a recent stay of four days in Boston he 'blew \$400' and appeared to have plenty left when he departed to rejoin Nance O'Neil. But not a cent for his wife. Even if a benefit is given, a small portion of the proceeds might well be diverted to the same object of compelling Rankin to fulfill his marriage obligations, peculiarly binding in this case where the wife was for many years a one-half partner in their joint earnings, which were always large, but of which he had the sole handling, as was natural enough with a devoted, foolish wife—how foolish the present condition shows. Having tired of the woman who had ceased to be financially productive, Rankin attaches himself like a leech to a younger one, in the sunshine of whose prosperity he basks contented."

The New Skating Rink

The new skating rink on the old Central Park site at Eighth and Market, was formally opened on Wednesday night. This is the only building in San Francisco that was constructed particularly for a skating rink, that was built for the comfort of skaters. The management has given every thought for the luxuries of skating. There is nothing of the makeshift about the building, which is a brick structure with a glass roof, a completely new floor and perfect ventilation. These are points that can not be



MLLE. LOTTY

The Originator of Poses Plastique, at the Orpheum.

overlooked by the skater. \$75,000 invested in a skating rink proposition is worthy of the support of the people, and there is no doubt the rink will be one of the most popular amusement centres in town. All the modern conveniences have been supplied including a large ladies' parlor newly fitted up, with lady attendants, and a gentlemen's smoking room, both beautifully furnished. Two thousand pairs of absolutely new skates were ordered for the opening and these with the new floor certainly should give skaters the best results.

Divorce Drama In Paris

A number of new plays have been presented in Paris this season, but few have aroused as much interest and discussion as the "purpose drama" by the brothers Paul and Victor Marguerite, the authors of powerful semi-historical novels dealing with the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune, and of other novels with social themes and propagandist purposes. The brothers Marguerite have paid special attention to the subject of divorce—to the injustice, one-sidedness and iniquity of the laws governing the relations between husband and wife. They have been earnest champions of reform in the interest of "oppressed woman." Their drama, "Le Coeur et al Loi" ("The Heart and the Law"), which the critics pronounce moving, strong, interesting in itself as a picture of modern life, is designed apparently to point another moral with regard to the law of divorce. In this instance the feature attacked is that of "reconciliation" after suit for divorce has been instituted, and its effect on the status of the woman. The case supposed by the playwrights is an extreme one, and the critics think this fact weakens the implied plea. What, they ask, does an exceptional situation prove? Under what law or social institution is hardship or injustice *not* possible? This is the story of the drama: Francine Le Hagne, a charming and high-spirited woman, is married to a very dishonorable, mean, hateful person, who had not even loved her before the marriage, but who had badly needed her fortune. He is not even faithful to her. His infidelity at last becomes notorious, and she is in a position, under the law, to apply for a divorce. The decree, if granted, will also give her the guardianship of her young daughter, Josette, to whom she is passionately attached. Suit is begun, and Francine impatiently awaits the trial of the case and her deliverance. Unfortunately, something happens during the pending of the suit that enables the unscrupulous, sordid and despicable Le Hagne to place an obstacle in her way which subsequently proves insurmountable and defeats justice. Josette, who occasionally visits the father, falls and sustains a severe injury on the stairway of his house. Naturally, she remains there, to be treated by physicians and surgeons. The alarmed and deeply concerned mother, hearing of the accident, forgets herself and her troubles and takes upon herself the nursing of the child. Le Hagne, knowing that reconciliation is a bar to a divorce decree, even if the reconciliation is impulsive and temporary, takes advantage of his wife's presence in the house and sets up the claim of reconciliation. He bribes the servants to testify that Francine had voluntarily resumed her marital duties and, in addition, invokes the improper aid, with the judges, of an influential magistrate who is related to him. When the trial is reached, this conspiracy completely deceives the court. Francine's vehement denials are of no avail; the weight of the evidence is against her, and she loses. She appeals and is defeated again. Under the law she must return to her husband and live with him; she may be compelled to do so, resistance

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exposing her to heavy penalties. The child can be taken by the husband at any moment. The situation is desperate; what is the poor, distracted woman to do? An adventurous explorer, Epavie, is in love with her. He advises immediate flight to some distant, obscure corner of the world. Her mother argues against it on grounds of morality and social convention. But Francine belongs to a new generation. The law is unjust, hard, wrong, and she will ignore it. She will follow her heart and the man she honors and loves. The play won a brilliant success. Whether the audience believed that divorce ought to be granted at the will of either party or merely sympathized with Francine, without drawing any conclusions, the critics do not claim to know.

A New Symbolic Play

Gerhart Hauptmann's latest play, "As Pippa Dances," was produced for the first time in Berlin in January and has been received with mixed feelings by the German public and critics. Like "The Sunken Bell," it is founded on a popular myth, and is full of mystic symbolism; so full, indeed, that Leo Berg, writing in the *Neue Gesellschaft* (Berlin), says that as he listened to this play Goethe's second part of "Faust" seemed as simple as an elementary reader in comparison. Later, he continues, he learned from Alfred Holzbock, "Hauptmann's Boswell," that Hauptmann himself does not understand it.

Hirschfeld in the Front Rank

Max Hirschfeld, the musical director of "The Babes in Toyland" company, which comes to the Columbia next week, is one San Franciscan who has made a success of music. After completing his studies in Europe he returned to this city and taught for a short time, and was then engaged by Henry W. Savage as musical director at the Castle Square theatre in Boston during a two years' run of grand and comic opera. While there he composed and produced successfully a grand opera called "Au Clair de la Lune." Mr. Hirschfeld afterward returned to San Francisco and was musical director at the Tivoli for three years. In 1900 he went to New York to direct "The Girl from Up There" for Charles Frohman at the Herald Square theatre. He also took the company to London and directed during the entire season at the Duke of York theatre. Then he was engaged by Frank L. Perley to direct for Alice Nielsen at the Shaftsbury. Afterwards he produced "The Chaperones" by Witmark and brought it to the New York theatre. Mr. Hirschfeld was engaged by George W. Lederer as general musical director and produced for him "The Wild Rose," "Sally in Our Alley" and "The Jewel of Asia." At the request of Victor Herbert he was engaged by Hamlin and Mitchell to produce the Herbert and McDonough opera, "Babes in Toyland," in Chicago, and directed the piece during the entire winter season at the Majestic in New York. He became musical director at Lew Fields' the next season and produced Herbert and McDonough's "It Happened in Nordland," and directed until threatened blindness compelled him to go to Berlin for an operation and treatment for seven months. Upon his return last November he was at once engaged by Mitchell and Hamlin to direct "Babes in Toyland." Mr. Hirschfeld is now writing the music for a comic opera under contract with a big firm of Eastern managers.

Next Week's Bills

The last four nights of "Miss Timidity" are announced at the Tivoli. The only remaining matinees of

it take place today (Saturday) and tomorrow (Sunday). Next Wednesday night the Easter production, "The Show-girl or the Magic Cap" will be presented with magnificent scenery and effects and a cast which will include not only Cecelia Rhoda, Cora Tracy, Leonora Kerwin, Aimee Leicester, Lillian Raymond, Cunningham, Bradley, Webb, Gregory, Fogarty and the entire company but also several

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new people among whom will be Flo Barns, soubrette; Ed-die Weston, comedian, and the Eastern dancers Josie and Willie Barrows. The girl chorus has been considerably increased and "The Show Girl" will be produced under the stage direction of Gus Sohlke who accomplished such wonders with "The Isle of Spice." Mr. Sohlke has been daily rehearsing for the past three weeks new songs, dances, specialties and ensembles. There will be matinees Saturday and Sunday when the prices will be only twenty-five and fifty cents.

At the Columbia the curtain will go up promptly at 8 p. m., and 2 p. m. for matinees, for "Babes in Toyland." The libretto of this musical extravaganza is by Glen Mac-Donough, the music by Victor Herbert. It was staged by Julian Mitchell, who knows his business so well. The company includes Ignacio Martinetti, Katherine Bell, Albertine Bensen, Gene Luneska, Gus Pixley, Walter Schrode, Maud Campbell, Ida Ward, Katherine Murray, John F. Ward, Edward Sullivan, Robert Burns and James Wilson. The orchestra will be increased to thirty and will be under the direction of Max Hirschfeld.

"Are You a Mason?" Leo Ditrichstein's amusing farce, will be the Alcazar's bill with Waldron and Glendenning as the masquerading husbands. "The Admirable Crichton" will then be revived for a week. "The Moth and the Flame" comes soon, and then a big production of Sardou's "La Sorciere."

Walter Perkins in the clever farce, "Who Goes There?" will remain one more week at the Majestic. The next offering at this house will be a sumptuous revival of Martin V. Merle's play "The Light Eternal." There have been a number of changes in the play since its initial production and it is soon to be launched on its career by one of the leading managerial firms of the East. Originally written for the students of Santa Clara College, the young author has developed it into a strong play.

Harry Tate's English comedy company, direct from London, will present the latest satire on the automobile craze, "Motoring," at the Orpheum, Sunday afternoon. Mlle. Lotty, the originator of "poses plastique," who has not been seen in this city for several seasons, comes direct

from Australia. Charles R. Sweet, "the burglar," will return after an absence of six years abroad. Will H. Armstrong and Magdalene Holly will make their first appearance in San Francisco in their original skit, "The Expressman."

At the Alhambra Theodore Kremer's melodrama "Queen of the Highbinders" will be the attraction.

At the Chutes will be Ted E. Box, English comedian, whistler and mimic, the Imperial Russian dancers, direct from Moscow, Frank Jones and Lillian Walton in "Our Country Cousin," Bothwell Browne's ten Gaiety Girls in "Mikado on the Half Shell," and James Hughes, the baritone singer of illustrated ballads.

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Vedrenne of London


The Court theatre, in London, has risen to a position of prominence out of all proportion to its size and location simply by reason of the remarkable precision of Vedrenne, the manager, in selecting plays. It is less than two years since Vedrenne went into the Court, yet in that time he has gained recognition as the most artistic producer in England, and a few months ago the amazing spectacle was presented of two American stars competing for the honor of heading a company under his direction. Eleanor Robson was animated by an intense desire to appear in "Major Barbara" in the Court, but the place was won by Annie Russell, who had the advantage of making her argument in person. Miss Russell has come back to America with an enhanced reputation. Heretofore she was favorably known only on this side of the Atlantic, but now she holds the admiration of the theatregoers of the two countries. There was nothing halfway about the success of the actress in London, and as a result her forthcoming appearance in Boston in "Friend Hannah," a Quaker drama by Paul Kester, will be watched with vastly more interest by American managers. Vedrenne does not approve of the stock company in the accepted sense. His chief aim is to offer frequent changes of bill—not changes of old plays, but of plays which are really new, or else commend themselves for classical worth. When Vedrenne first made public his plans for the Court he was laughed at in derision. It was asked where could he find an author willing to present one of his works for two or three, or possibly four, weeks. Vedrenne's answer was the announcement of the contract with George Bernard Shaw to produce "Major Barbara." He has found several good new plays, and he has even found an audience in London for the Greek dramas, that were supposed to be of interest only to delving students of the drama.

What an Actress Says of Us

Says Clara Morris in "A Hunt for a Play," in the April *McClure's*: "There is no body of American people who can enthuse with such utter abandon as a California crowd. They enjoy their own generosity; they are adept in the delicate, delightful hypocrisy of successful hostesses. They will welcome you with such shining eyes, such becks and nods and radiantly wreathed smiles, that the 'poor player' feels a sort of 'Willie, we have missed you' atmosphere inclosing him; and for the moment he will actually believe that these people have spoken of him in their homes, have looked forward to his coming, and his heart will be touched and grateful; and they, seeing, will be pleased that he is pleased. Thus they are attuned, all keyed up to concert pitch, and, with half a play to work out, a great occasion may be expected. Do not think them lacking in the critical faculty. They are as sensitively alert to catch the author's meaning as the artist's expression. They have, too, a sturdy independence of judgment. A thousand nights' run in the East will not induce them to accept a play that displeases them. They decline to follow a leader, but they are warm, they are genial, they are emotional. And what is so contagious as enthusiasm? There is much foreign blood there, and its 'bravas!' and 'bravos!' are frequent and add a peculiar note of triumph to a burst of applause. The California audience when aroused enjoys its own excitement, and it is a joy indeed to act well enough to excite it."

Blanche Walsh in the Clyde Fitch play, "The Woman in the Box" will follow "Babes in Toyland" at the Columbia.

—The Playgoer.

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Automobile Topics

Champions American Cars

A few enthusiasts were discussing the merits and demerits of speed limits and other things bearing upon their favorite pastime at a local garage the other day, and the conversation turned upon the comparative worth of foreign and domestic cars, and one of them, who owns a high-grade machine built in Europe, had the nerve to say that he had never yet seen the American automobile that was really worth while. He was promptly called down by one of the group who owns a big Columbia. A pretty hot argument followed, but what occurred a few days later was more interesting to the champion of American goods, who found his friend with the foreign car hopelessly stalled on the highway and towed him home. The towee subsequently said that after all it might not be worth while to chase across the ocean to get a dependable car.

Another Auto in the Field

C. S. Howard, representing the Buick Motor Company of Jackson, Michigan, closed a deal with the Pioneer Automobile Company last week, whereby the latter are to become Pacific Coast distributors for the Buick Motor Company and are to receive one hundred and fifty Buick cars this season. Mr. Howard says he has them all on the run. "I am not acquainted in this town for hill climbing," he told a friend, "but I know my car pretty well. Show me the hill." A. T. Brown, a prominent real estate dealer of Santa Cruz, purchased a Buick machine and drove his car through to the summer town. "A real estate man who don't own an automobile," said Mr. Brown, "is as far behind the times as a department store that don't advertise."

Round and About

Lester Reiff, erstwhile famous jockey, is one of the most rabid devotees of the automobile in the state and almost any day can be seen driving over the smooth roads of Alameda county "holding the reins" of his Autocar.

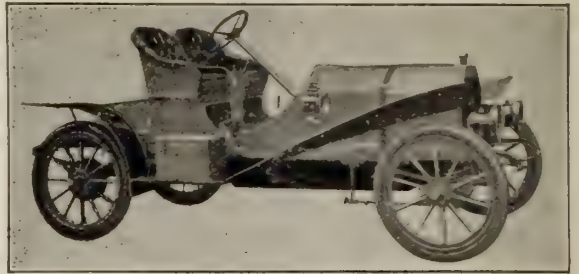
The Frenchy four-cylinder Oldsmobile is being daily called upon to perform the extremely difficult feat of climbing the three Golden Gate avenue hills on its direct drive, carrying five people. These hills have always been the demonstrating ground in San Francisco, but they are rapidly losing their prestige, for not only are they negotiated with ease, but the speed limit is easily broken by the big brother of the "Merry Oldsmobile."

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Luning of Oakland, who have planned to spend the summer in an automobile tour of Switzerland, Germany and France, in their White steam car, will leave on May first for New York. From there they will sail for Liverpool on May ninth. They plan to spend about a week in London and then proceed to Paris, where they will find their fine automobile awaiting them. Mr. Luning will do much of the driving himself. From Paris the Lunings will automobile to Geneva, Switzerland, which they will make their headquarters for the summer, thence taking trips into France and Germany.

The road from Oakland to Byron Hot Springs via Haywards and Livermore is now in the best of condition, several automobilists having made the run last week. Among those who made the trip to Byron Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd H. Patterson, H. O. Trowbridge accompanied by Judge A. D. Bradley, W. F. Perkins and L. Friedlander, also Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCabe in Mr. McCabe's new model Winton.

—The Chauffeur.

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The Voice in the Light

(Concluded from Page 10)

years ago."

"Ah," said the Admiral, gravely, and paused a moment. "And the others——?" he added, finally.

"Two lie in the trenches at Port Arthur—they fell with the young Nogis. Two others had the honor to die under your Excellency on that great day in the Straits of Korea. Theirs was one of the three torpedo boats lost to Nippon. A fifth lies at Liang Yang, one at Mukden, another under the rampart at Vladivostok. He was shot there as a spy. The last, except for me, you have seen go to his rest tonight."

The lieutenant's voice and face were perfectly calm. As he ended his hand went to his forehead in the eternal salute.

"It is a great record," said the Admiral, quietly. Then he added: "I should have sent you with the submarines."

"Yes, Excellency."

The Admiral pointed to a chair. "You are not needed above decks at this moment," he said. "Seat yourself here with me. Rest—and wait."

Perhaps it was an hour, perhaps less, when there came a tap on the cabin door, and the officer of the deck entered. "Will your Excellency come on the bridge?" he said. "There is something odd."

Two minutes later the three stood in the open air high above the great mass of steel that floated so solidly yet buoyantly in the sea.

"What is it?" asked the Admiral. But he did not need an answer. Even as he spoke he saw.

On the steel wall at his shoulder was a glowing patch of light, perhaps two feet in diameter, exactly circular. It shifted slightly as the great warship rose and sank in the ocean swell, but always maintained its shape and steadiness. Instinctively the Admiral turned toward the black distance where he knew should lie the shore. But no ray, however faint, traversed those leagues of space.

"It must come from there," he muttered, half to himself. "But I see nothing—not so much as a point of light."

"At that distance, Excellency," suggested the officer of the deck, with diffidence, "it would be too small, however intense, to be seen from here, judging by what we have before us. But there is something stranger still. Will your Excellency step before the light?"

The Admiral complied, wondering a little, perhaps, though his impassive face showed nothing. It grew more impassive still in a moment, save that into his dark eyes came a look almost of awe.

In his ear as he listened sounded what seemed a murmur of human voices, weird with a suggestion of coming from immeasurable distance. Moving in the endeavor to give yet more strained attention, his head was for a few seconds withdrawn from the circle of light. At once the murmur ceased, and there sounded in his ears only the usual voices of the night and the sea. He resumed his former position, and instantly the murmur came again. Then, faint and far, sounded a voice he knew:

"Admiral."

So weird, so ghostly was the voice, so impossible it could be his whose tones the Admiral recognized, that for one moment the gray commander bowed his head, and spoke no word in answer. Again came the faraway whisper:

"Admiral."

"Satsuma," said the Admiral hoarsely, "I hear—I know! You are dead, Satsuma. You speak from the

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World Beyond."

"No, Admiral," said the voice again, unutterably sad. "I live—shame that it should be so. I live—they would not let me die—and I have failed."

"And the submarines?"

"Lie wrecked at the Golden Gate. These we fight are not men. They are gods—or demons. Witness that through their means I speak to you from the casemates ashore."

"Nine leagues!" murmured the Admiral.

"Even so. These men are devils. Space cannot measure their power—no, nor the death they hold in the hollow of their hands. Admiral, at this instant it is beneath your keels. Such is the message they have dragged me here to give."

"You would not bid me yield?"

The Admiral's face had darkened.

"No; but I give their message. I bid you die—even as I do now!"

The low voice ceased, and for a straining, intense moment there was silence. Then came words again, and now they were in English, clear and cold:

"Admiral, your officer is dead. But you have had his message. Death is beneath your keels. I move my hand, and it strikes. Yield!"

The Admiral clinched his hands.

"Yield," said the voice again.

"It is a lie, Devils!" growled the old warrior of the seas. "You think to frighten me!"

"Look, then!" said the voice.

A rending crash, a lurid glare, came from the darkness a hundred yards away, and the battleship *Samurai* rose in the air in fragments. For a moment the night was hideous with the cries of maimed and dying men, the dropping of great masses of torn steel into the waves. Then once again was silence.

"Yield!" said the voice.

The Admiral stepped swiftly from the circle of the light. "Fushima," he said, "we are about to die. Signal all—full speed for the harbor mouth—follow the flagship in rank and order."

Then he was within the glowing circle again, turning glaring eyes toward the invisible shore and lifting knotted hands in desperate menace.

"Devils! Banzai Nippon!" was all he said.

The great hull beneath him rose from the sea in ruined fragments. About him on every side the black face of the ocean heaved high in mountains of foam, crested with shattered fragments of the fleet until now unconquered and unconquerable.

"Banzai Nippon!" said the Admiral again—and died. April, 1906.

Elmer Harris's dramatic recital on Wednesday evening in the Maple Room of the Palace had as patrons Wakefield Baker, William Thomas, Mark Gerstle, Edgar Peixotto, Fairfax Wheelan, Charles S. Aiken, Hugh Goodfellow and Prof. W. C. Mitchell. The theme was Ibsen's "A Doll's House." Katherine Heath Angelo business managed the affair, which will be more fully referred to next week.

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Mr. H. J. Hoffman, president of the Gold Center Ice and Brewing Company of Gold Center, Nevada, who purchased one of the first model K Wintons received on the coast, has run his machine over seven thousand miles over the Nevada deserts. Mr. Hoffman thinks nothing whatsoever of running his machine from Bullfrog to Tonopah, then over to Manhattan and back in a day. "The automobile is the only thing for desert work," said Mr. Hoffman.

A new field of activity has been opened for the automobile in connection with interurban trolley systems, as is shown by the purchase of an automobile by Adams D. Clafin of Newton, Mass. Mr. Clafin is the head of several electric railway systems in Massachusetts, and recently he closed a contract with C. S. Henshaw, of Boston, for a Thomas Flyer, which he will use for inspecting the various lines in which he is interested.

The Passion service at Trinity Episcopal church on Good Friday night has as soloists Mrs. John Darwin Gish, Miss Nellie Trowbridge, Miss Elsie Arden, Charles Trowbridge, William P. Twist, Wilfred G. Glenn, Wallace E. Hicks; Louis H. Eaton, organist and director. The Easter program will be: Eleven a. m., Processional: 112, 408; Christ our Passover, Humphreys; Te Deum and Jubilate in G, Calkin; Anthem, Awake, Thou that Sleepest, Manney; Communion Service in G, Calkin. At eight p. m. there will be a Knights Templar Easter Service for California Commandery.

During Whittlesey's season at the Alcazar he will produce Otis Skinner's success, "His Grace de Grammont," the Richard Mansfield version of "Monsieur Beaucaire," Bob Edeson's hit, and "Ranson's Folly."

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Music

The Pollock Concert

Quite the most fashionable audience of the season was that greeting Frank Pollock, last Friday night in the Maple Room of the Palace hotel. Mr. Pollock is no stranger, having made his first appearance in this city almost a decade ago with the famous Bostonians. Since then he has studied abroad where he became a favorite pupil of Jean de Reszke, of whose methods he seems to have imbibed freely, his voice and manner both being strongly reminiscent of the only Jean. Mr. Pollock has a tenor voice of great clarity and considerable richness of tone, an ample range and quite remarkable power. He phrases well and is capable of taking the most delicate pianissimo passages as well as the powerful sostenuto. He is at his best in the operatic passages as the Massenet numbers on the program immediately evinced. The Flower Song from "Carmen" was also happily within his range of expression and was, I think, the best number on the program. Ballad singing does not come so felicitously to Mr. Pollock though he sang the two Strauss numbers "Morgen and Standschen" with fine effect, also "The Year's at the Spring" by Beach, without which no singer's program seems to be complete nowadays. Mr. Pollock is essentially a disciple of the French school but his voice has none of the unpleasant nasal quality so often noticeable in French singers. He unites a handsome exterior with a very likeable personality which leaves one with a desire to see him in grand opera. The Maple Room was hardly large enough for a voice of his proportions and it is to be hoped that he will be heard in a larger auditorium before his departure for the East. Bertina Boffa, a child hardly yet in her teens, played the violin with the sure grasp of an adult. She has a large tone and plays with great breadth and with an expression quite remarkable for one of her years. Fred Maurer played the accompaniments in his usual eminently satisfactory style.

The Bachelor's Bride

Had the program given at the California Club last Saturday evening been shortened one-half, it would have been more enjoyable. Even the most artistic of pleasures begin to pall when the hands of the clock turn toward eleven-thirty. Either of the two programs presented would have been sufficient to satisfy. The first part was a musicale by Miss Clara Rauhut, pianist, and Otto Rauhut, violinist—Beethoven's sonata in G for violin and piano; a piano solo, Liszt's fantasie on Rigoletto, and a violin solo by Vieuxtemps, all very scholarly in interpretation. The second part of the program was given up to the sprightly musical comedy, "A Bachelor's Bride" by Marie A. Keller. It is a very clever thing, the three acts showing a bachelor's apartment, Mrs. Grundy's Matrimonial Club and, finally, the bachelor's home. The cast was: The Bachelor, Paul Gerson; Madame Grundy, Miss Lulu Feldheim; Sister Art, Mrs. James Alva Watt; Sister Poetry, Mrs. John Dempster McKee; Sister Music, Miss Ellen Burwell Page; Sister Society, Mrs. Carolyn von Benzon; Sister Cook, Miss Estelle Marie Jewell. The characters were all very well sustained, but the spirit of comedy was best observed by Mrs. James Alva Watt as Sister Art and Mrs. von Benzon as Sister Society. Miss Feldheim and Mrs. McKee, as Madame Grundy and Sister Poetry, sang with fine expression.

The Brahms Requiem

The San Francisco Musical Club under Dr. H. J. Stewart's direction gave a very fine rendering of the Requiem by Brahms on Friday evening of last week. The words of the Requiem are selected from the Bible and the affair was most appropriate to the Lenten season. The soloists were Miss Camille Frank, soprano, and Lowell Redfield, baritone. The chorus was composed of: Sopranos—Mrs. Benjamin Apple, Miss Florence Darby, Miss Hohmann, Miss Helen Hopper, Mrs. William Jenkins, Mrs. A. J. Norton, Mrs. Thomas Nunan, Miss Katherine Powers, Mrs. Walter Rasor, Miss Maud Sanderson, Mrs. Rudolph Schaffter, Mrs. J. D. Sibley; altos—Mrs. John Jacob Apple, Mrs. Harry Arnold, Miss

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Corinne Goldsmith, Mrs. F. A. Hartman, Mrs. J. H. Kelley, Mrs. W. R. Lovegrove, Miss Ruby Roylance, Miss Leola Spofford Stone; tenors—A. A. Macurda, David Manilloy, A. McMillan, Frank Onslow; basses—Frank Figone, G. Napoleoni, Henry L. Perry and John DeP. Teller. In the orchestra were: First violin—Miss Bessie Fuhrer, Mrs. John R. Gwynn, Miss Grace Jenkins, Miss Valesca Schorcht; second violin—Mrs. G. L. Alexander, Miss Alice Guthrie, Miss Felicia Mordhorst, Miss Laura Taylor; viola—Miss Valesca Eschenroder, Miss Elsa Fuhrer; 'cello—Mrs. E. M. Holden, Miss M. A. Lewis; bass—E. Arriola; Mrs. R. W. Aylwin, piano; Miss Mollie Pratt, organ.

Music at the Press Club

There have been delightful musical programs given before the Press Club "ladies' nights," but never one within my experience of such superior artistic quality as that of last Saturday night. The usual Press stars twinkled—Nathan Landsberger, the violin wizard; Homer Henley, in splendid voice, and the club quartet. The U. C. Glee Club sang and the Hawaiian Quintet of pretty girls decked with "leis" of different colors played on the quaint instruments of the Kanakas. Mrs. Edgar Wakeman, who so rarely gives the public the benefit of her fine voice and art, sang, and then there was MacKenzie Gordon. The tenor's entrance was greeted with a burst of applause and "bravos" and he sang four times before they would let him go away. Mr. Gordon is one of those good-natured artists, prodigal of his gifts, who would generously sing every song in his repertory if an audience requested it. Kubelik played after I came away. Altogether it was a star program.

Gerardy's Recital

Gerardy and Kubelik both concertized for us last Sunday, one at the Columbia and the other at the Tivoli, and Kubelik played his farewell on Monday night. Gerardy will give a second and last recital tomorrow, Easter Sunday, afternoon when he will play a Rubinstein sonata with Andre Benoist, Boccherini's Suite in A, "Kol Nidrei" by Bruch, and numbers by Pergolesi, Victor Herbert and Davidoff. Benoist will play a Saint-Saens Sarabande and Chopin's Fantasie Impromptu.

The Passion service at Trinity church on Friday evening of this week will be of musical interest. Professor Louis H. Eaton, the organist, has charge of the choir at Trinity and his programs are always of artistic excellence.

The recital of Mrs. Louis Stern on Wednesday evening was given too late for review this week.

Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup has removed her studio to the Roosevelt building, 546 Sutter street. She has an Oakland studio in the Blake building where she teaches Tuesdays and Fridays.

Professor Joseph Beringer has again been presented with a number of new compositions by his friend and former teacher, Adolf Ruthardt of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Leipzig. Professor Ruthardt's works are fast finding their way into the numerous conservatories and music-schools of Germany, Austria, England and America, and are of a greatly instructive nature. His latest works comprise a Menuet op. 47, for the left hand alone, and twelve studies op. 48, for the piano, with special regard to the left hand. Prof. Beringer has introduced Ruthardt's scale, trill and octave studies in his conservatory, and his pupils are much interested in the study of these attractive compositions, some of them having been performed successfully in the conservatory recitals.

The Palm Sunday sacred concert of the Caedmon Club attracted a good house, and was in every way a successful affair. Rossini's "Stabat Mater" received a worthy rendition by the excellent soloists and a competent chorus of fifty voices assisted by a string orchestra, piano and organ, Dr. H. J. Stewart directing. Rossini's well-known composition is theatrical rather than devotional, and the well-earned applause showered upon the singers was not at all out of place. Much credit is due to those who took part for a most artistic rendition of an ever beautiful work. The soloists were Mrs. Lillian B. Apple, soprano, Miss Leola Spofford Stone, contralto, Frank Onslow, tenor, and Frank Figone, bass. Mrs. Josephine Crew Aylwin was at the piano, Miss Mollie Pratt at the organ.

(Continued on Page 46)

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Three jealous husbands, A, B and C, with their wives, being ready to pass by night over a river, find at the water side a boat which can carry but two at a time, and for want of a waterman they are compelled to row themselves over the river at several times. The question is how those six persons shall pass, two at a time, so that none of the three wives may be found in the company of one or two men, unless her husband be present?

This may be effected in two or three ways; the follow-

ing may be as good as any: Let A and wife go over—let A return—let B's and C's wives go over—A's wife returns—B and C go over—B and wife return, A and B go over—C's wife returns and A's and B's wives go over—then C comes back for his wife. Simple as this question may appear, it is found in the works of Alcuin, who flourished a thousand years ago, hundred of years before the art of printing was invented.

—*The Mathematician.*

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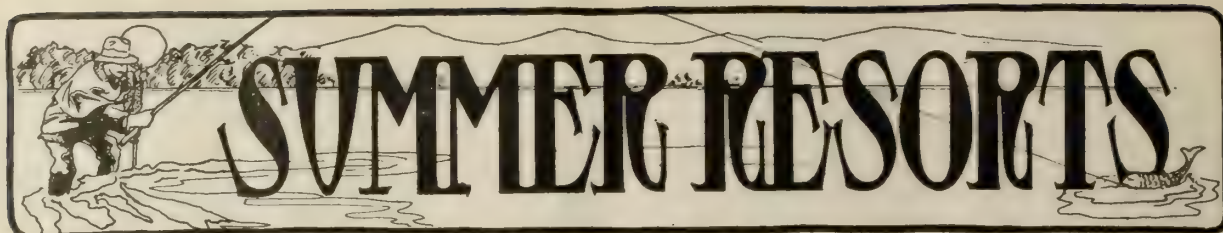
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Music

(Continued from Page 40)

An informal "At Home" was given by Madame Carolla at her residence in Leavenworth street on Wednesday evening, April fourth. The guest of honor was Miss Winnifred Pollock, who is on the eve of her departure for the City of Mexico. Madame Carolla has in hand the training of a number of promising voices, and the interesting program was carried out in a most satisfactory manner. The participants were Miss Morrison, Miss Hodghead, Dr. Hodghead, Miss Borden, Miss Partridge, Miss Pollock and Mr. Guerin, and the compositions were by Seeling, Helmund, Nevin, Verdi and others.

The Dahl Recitals

Miss Olivia Dahl, the Norwegian vocalist, gave two recitals last week. Miss Dahl is one of those singers who have many good qualities and one not so good. She is a mezzo soprano with a full, rich lower register, but whose upper notes are somewhat floating and unsteady. Her phrasing is good and her work shows intelligent study. Her folk songs in costume found immense favor with her audience which was representative of the Norwegian element in San Francisco, the concerts being given under the direction of the Norwegian Club Fram. Miss Gina Smith played two Grieg numbers at Thursday evening's recital, with good color and expression. Miss Smith plays Grieg con amore. As it was a Grieg program Mr. Hother Wismer opened with a sonata (op. 8 F major) by that composer, Mr. Fred Maurer at the piano. Needless to say that when Mr. Wismer and Mr. Maurer join hands there is something worth listening to.

The Minetti Concert

The last program of the Minetti Orchestra was rather light in character compared with some of its former work, but every number was performed with a finish and smoothness notable even for this organization. Something out of the common was the Furstenau Fantasie Brilliant for two flutes by Miss May Ludlow and A. Rossi, accompanied by the orchestra. Miss Ludlow is doing some remarkable work on this instrument and promises to become a brilliant player. She and Mr. Rossi received a well merited ovation at the close of the humber. The Strauss waltz "Artist Life" was given with admirable swing and freedom. Mr. Minetti assisted with his violin. The program follows: Herold, Zampa Overture; Kucken, Gebel, "Verlass uns nicht"; Massenet, Aragonaise (from Ballet du Cid); Furstenau, Fantasie Brilliant for two flutes (with orchestra accompaniment), Miss Ludlow and Mr. Rossi; Schumann, Traumerei, Gillet, The Mill (for strings only); Wagner, Alblumblatt; Strauss, Artist Life, Waltz.

The Loring Concert

The big number in the Loring Club concert of April second was Wagner's "Holy Supper of the Apostles" which occupied the entire second part of the program. Truth to tell, a larger stage than that of Native Sons' hall was needed for this work. The choirs were too closely placed, and many of the singers labored under the disadvantage of not being able to see the conductor. In spite of these drawbacks the club achieved one of its notable successes in the rendition. This was the first production of the work in America, and every credit is due to Mr. Stadtfeld and the club singers for what they accomplished. The music is arranged for a double choir with the assistance of orchestra and an invisible chorus of voices from above. The effect is solemn and soul-inspiring, and many of the themes are suggestive of Wagner's larger works. As a whole the program was the heaviest given under Mr. Stadtfeld's leadership. Among the numbers was the familiar Pilgrims' Chorus from "Tannhauser." Unfortunately the orchestra put the singers out of time, and the effect was marred. The audience notwithstanding demanded a repetition, and the club had a chance to right itself in the second rendering. In the opening number, "The March of the Monks of Bangor," Mr. Liederman as soloist made the most of a beautiful, suave tenor. Mrs. Apple did some excellent work in the difficult Gouvy number, "The Awakening of Spring." Mr. Maurer was pianist and Mr. Fyfe organist.

The final Hopkins musicale, on Thursday evening of this week, will have as participants: Miss Isabelle O'Connor, soprano, Miss Edna Mason, mezzo soprano, Miss Greta Augustine, soprano, Miss Irma Brockman, soprano, Miss Adele Welisch, solo violinist, Miss Aida Umphlette, obligato violinist, Miss Grace Rollins, vocal accompanist, Miss Ida Welisch, violin accompanist, F. Dellepiane, organist. The program includes compositions by Needham, Weckerlin, De Beriot, Metcalf, Thome, Bizet, Clay, Clark and Reinecke.

—The Music Critic.

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Turin Was a Puppet Show

(Continued from Page 9)

do! they do!—all society is one mask; all hide heart and brain under a false face. And when the robber, honestly and openly direct in his purpose, demands tribute from organized society in a world of shams, he too, must wear a mask. He thus maintains his equality with other men, and so long as he remain behind his mask stands equal with them before the Law.

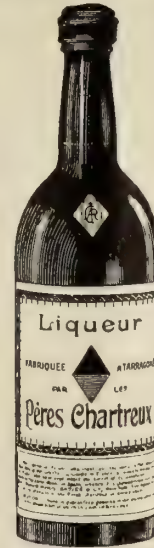
I noticed that the young girls seemed fond of the page-boy's garb of the period of Louis XVI, for many wore the crinkling, shining knee-breeches of red, black or yellow satin which their shapely figures plumply filled, yet with that accent of timorous awkwardness which possesses the female form when in the guise of male attire. In their high-heeled slippers they tripped lightly along with mincing steps and their bewitching eyes shone through the narrow apertures of the smooth half-masks, under their wigs of snow-white curls. How is the wantonness and fascination of curved red lips and gleaming teeth intensified by the strange and faun-like mystery the mask lends to the face! None knew this so well as Aubrey Beardsley. His women have eyes full of an oblique craft and cruelty, upon their thin, cold lips demoniacal sensuality and sardonic smiles flit to and fro. It is as old as Egypt and the worship of Dionysius. Upon the tombs of Thebes it stands revealed in the mystic, narrow-slitted eyes of granite-graven figures looking stonily upon Time.

Lightly, lightly let them trip along, pretty things, fluttering butterflies, for there will come hereafter farewells not alone to flesh, but to youth and joy and beauty, and marriage blest and unblest will come too, and child-bearing and ample misery, no doubt, and finally Terraval or leave-taking of this little Eden of ours. The merry mob flows back and forth; at the end of the piazza the dark Po rolls on, overhead Time rushes forward with never-flagging wings, and the motley orb of Earth, piebalded black and white like a harlequin in mourning, arm in arm with its masked and faithful-fickle moon, reels along its planet-path, half in night and half in day, amid the hurly-burly of the worlds, to the crashing of celestial cymbals and all the orchestra of the spheres. Hurrah!

But one has no right to philosophize here—though a stranger and no mask. One is tickled under the chin, leering faces are thrust into one's own, laughter and fun fly thick, one is peppered with *confetti* and finally one is seized upon by two—two lonely elfin damsels (such they appear) and drawn arm in arm into the stream. Gladly for these elves we buy more *confetti* and the sweet soft chocolate called *torroni*, for which the place is famous, and toss rings to capture bottles of bad champagne or gaudy knives and *stilette*, and permit them to ride on the carousel-horses, naughtily astride, while, as is the custom, we fling long, thin, streamers of coiled-up, colored paper over them as they whirl by.

Felipa and Paola are their musical names and prettily fall the sweet syllables from their lips and much uncomprehended chatter, too, and little cries of girlish delight. P.: "*E Ella straniero, Signore?*" S.: "*Si, Signorina.*" F.: "*Di che paese e Ella?*" S., silent, tries to recall Italian word for "guess"—failing, smiles mysteriously. P. and F.: "*Di che nazione e Ella, signore? Inglese? Tedesco? Espannole?*" S.: "*No, Signorine, sono Americano.*" P. and F. (with astonishment): "*O Americano! Molto bene, molto bene! Fa un viaggio di divertimento, Signore? O per la sua salute?*" S.: "*No, viaggio per mio—per mio—per mio—instruzione?*"—(forgetfully)—for seeing the Old

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GERMEA FOR BREAKFAST

World—*pour mon metier!*" P. and F. are struck dumb for a moment. Tittering,—and twinkling eyes. F.: "*Come si chiama il Signore?*" S.: "*Il mio nome e Herman, Signorina.*" F.: "*Herman? Herman? O! O! Ermanno! buono! Ermanno—Americano Ermanno! Ha, ha, ha!*" P.: "*He, he, he!*" Paola, in half-whisper to Felipa: "*Tutti, Americani sono ricci.*" All Americans are rich! And now, as if by chance, we pause frequently in front of certain booths splendid with massive gilded jewellery and munificently invest, though only a pilgrim with scrip and staff, to sustain the glory and credit of our land. A necklace of great pearls of small price for Felipa, for Paola, after her long wavering over a brooch as big as a belt-buckle,—a pair of bracelets as big as handcuffs. Great crowds and great merriment surround us; we march away, the girls with the bearing of princesses, born actresses of their parts.

The natural temptation felt to lift their masks and see what lies beneath must be conquered until midnight—such is the law. But ere midnight I parted from them and of their own accord they swiftly raised their visors. And I looked upon them and saw that they were fair. They blew me kisses and waved adieux with airy Italian grace and then passed back into the bright flowery whirl and I hotelwards through dark and abandoned streets under the stars. *Addio, Paola e Felipa!* So in this solitary pilgrimage of ours we gather and cherish many fair flowers of many memories of many lands. And you are of them.

Another day on the festive piazza I watched an interesting family of wandering mountebanks and jugglers. This family consisted of the *maestro*, a thin, haggard man with large black moustaches and bushy hair, a woman, no doubt his wife, fat, puffy and shining with perspiration, a pretty-faced boy, a sad, dark-eyed girl, perhaps the children of the pair, and a dog and a monkey. A large, faded carpet was spread upon the ground, battered circus properties were lying about, two poles had been erected and a rope stretched between them. Upon this the girl, whose appearance hinted at pregnancy, performed her balancing feats. Both she and the lad were dressed in shabby fleshings, faded and ill-fitting. The fair boy with his cherubic face and curls played the clown; the soiled cotton tights hung loosely upon his limbs. Yet nimbly he capered and somersaulted about, cracking jokes in his thin treble voice. The solemn-faced girl upon the tight-rope it was pitiful to see as she swayed and balanced, holding a Japanese parasol. Her movements were rather clumsy and grotesque owing to her condition—which was certainly interesting. Once she almost fell—brutal boys in the crowd laughed and a cruel remark or two arose. She flushed, frowned darkly and resolutely recommenced the feat. The thin, anaemic *maestro* meanwhile lay on the ground accomplishing miracles of strength with dumb bells and weights. The terrier dog with pointed cap and a wide, star-shaped collar about his neck, sat upon a box and raised his paws, giving little barks. The poor, little ape, clad in a bright, fantastic jacket, squatted listlessly on the carpet, blinking and slowly closing his red eyes, dreaming, no doubt, of African suns and forests full of fruit. All of them shivered in the bleak March air and the icy wind which this day blew down from the gleaming Alps or the Apennines. The fat woman alone seemed warm and perspired as she strode about in her short spangled skirts and heelless shoes, and beat a huge bass-drum poised tangently upon her protuberant body. Furiously she pounded the drum, loudly she spurred the performers on to greater efforts and the spectators to further contributions of *soldi*. The coins, flung upon the carpet, were gathered in by the boy-clown, who, in a courtly

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manner, thanked the public for each donation. Then the girl descended from her rope, chivalrously assisted by the boy, and wrapped her blue, bare arms and frail, misshapen body in a thick, ragged blanket. This little mother-to-be retired to a corner and sat down with a deep indifference to everybody and everything about her. The master of the show, out of breath and coughing hollowly, also sat down exhausted, the dog, after being relieved of collar and cap, and the monkey, prodded by the woman's foot, ran quickly to a basket filled with straw where they nestled close to each other. The frozen little simian with his tiny human arms pathetically embraced the terrier, as a babe might have done. All the forced merriment passed from the pretty boy-clown's face, the cheerful chatter from his tongue, the light from his eyes, he looked like an aged plaster Cupid spotted with blood, as he moved sadly about in his wrinkled fleshings. The sweating woman, unhitching her drum, and puffing like a bellows, shambled away behind a curtain which served as a dressing-room. The audience drifted apart to other spectacles and shows of which there were many in full blast.

Along the banks of the river a pleasant park stretches away. At its farther end a great recently-constructed mediaeval castle is built, a model of a fortified burg, with drawbridges, wells, shops, chapel, praying-cross,—all historically and architecturally correct—it would have delighted the heart of Viollet-le-Duc. Having few antiquities left, the thrifty Turinese make themselves some. On the opposite bank of the lordly stream, fine and picturesque heights lift themselves above the shore, connected by an inclined elevator with the levels below.

Once more I passed the piazza where the acrobats had been. It was the hour of noon. The fleshy female with glistening face stood before a portable stove cooking risotto in an iron pot. The savour of the mess filled the air with its pungency, like a witch-stew. The man and the boy were not visible, but from behind the curtain of the dressing-room I heard a hollow cough. The dog was gnawing a bone and the ape crouched near the stove with an untouched bowl of mash in front of him. The sombre-faced, sullen girl still sat in her corner, wrapped in her blanket, staring gloomily before her. Her black eyes with their red, swollen rims seemed like deep pits of profoundest sorrow and I shall never forget how strangely dead and lustreless they looked. It would be easy enough, were this not

a plain chronicle of Life as I looked upon it, to weave tales out of all this surface-show, these sights which so excited surmise, but beyond baffled conjecture there was nothing to be known,—nothing for a mere spectator of this picture. Yet this poor girl surely dwelt in a world of sorrow all her own, breathed an air of tragedy amid shattered hopes and fed on remorse and tears. The thought of death, perhaps, came to her with composure, that of life with dread. This passing and unimportant phasis of the common misery centred on one poor human worm, assumed for all that, import and emphasis enough when contemplated with pity and with sympathy. It furnished plenty of shadow to subdue and temper the fretting gaiety of this Vanity Fair and to dash deep blots and underlines of black and bitumen upon the false figures of this transient Phantasmagoria of joy. And beggars starving in the sun murdered all illusion.

Let not the spirit be subject to great reversals of mood!—yet with vision darting beneath the surfaces of deception, my last glimpse of the Carneval brought me this. Behold, it was night and the electric lamps were overcome by death and grew dark red in their extinction. Under their dull, momentary glow writhed the maskers—throng, pale, livid, phosphorescent!—with a faint, reddish tinge of light from the lurid electric coals. The tinsel of the revellers faded and shredded away, their splendor consumed by moths and torn by bats, their masks and wigs fell off and the fair flesh that clothed and disguised their bones was shaken loose like an old garment. It was Carneval, the Farewell to the Flesh, the Real and Final Carneval. The booths were dark, the carousels were still, the music was dumb, the air damp. Suddenly, the lamps being entirely out, a great loud noise burst overhead, strange and awful in kind. I recognized it as a laugh,—which had grown to be the rarest of sounds in the world. It was instantly answered by the bells in the towers and on the tremendous waves of clamor pouring from these, a stormy rout of clashing skeletons swept by, racing and galloping, clippety-clap! They dashed helter-skelter over yonder, where the Po ran through the night to the sea. And despite their airy rib-work of brittle bone, so strong was the draught they made that I almost lost my hat. My new cape flapped about me like a loose sail. But I held on to it—it was too good a garment to let any of those unmasked, unmeated Turinese carry it away for a shroud.



Letters

The Stolen Story

It is somewhere in the neighborhood of ten years ago that "The Stolen Story" made its first appearance. It was hailed then as the best tale of newspaper life that had yet been written and it still holds first rank. Some little time ago "The Stolen Story" was prepared for stage production, elaborated and enlarged, characters that were merely referred to before brought forward, and incidents that were mentioned only in connection with the final results, enlarged upon. In a word, Jesse Lynch Williams opened the case of the watch and showed the wheels, whereas before he had displayed only the dial, for he has now novelized the stage version, so that "The Day-Dreamer," the magazine version of which was called "News and the Man," is the full elucidation of "The Stolen Story." The hero is "Billy" Woods, star reporter, with the detective instinct fully developed, the victim is General Cunningham, ex-cabinet member and ambassador, who has gone into New York politics, affiliating with Tammany out of a laudable but quixotic idea of reforming from the inside, and the arch-villain one Lascelles, a rascally representative of yellow journalism, beside whom the Tammany grafters are as minnows to a whale. The plot of "The Stolen Story" is too well known either to need outlining or to suffer from exposure. It was the absent-minded day-dreaming of Woods which, in spite of his other valuable qualities, made him an uncertain quantity. General Cunningham had fathered a bill for the establishment of waterside parks. It was enthusiastically received by his fellow members of the City Council, and had passed both houses of the legislature. The governor favored it, yet at the eleventh hour its author was moving heaven and earth to have it vetoed. Woods was just the man, and for that matter, the only man likely to unravel the mystery, but he was missing, lost to sight for a fortnight, having allowed his paper to be beaten in one of his freaks of moon-gazing, and when he returned he was summarily dismissed. Now steps in the villain, Lascelles had by chance overheard a few sentences of a conversation between two Tammanyites in which they congratulated themselves that General Cunningham was not a proof reader. He was cunning enough to see that he had stumbled upon something but not clever enough to follow his clew. When Woods was dismissed it left him free to accept employment elsewhere, and Lascelles was on the watch for his appearance, engaging him instantly, ostensibly for the rival paper but actually for his own private ends, for he meant to get at the heart of the matter and then use his story not for publication but for blackmail. He would have succeeded but for another spell of absent-mindedness on the part of the hero, who, when he had gathered all the facts and proofs for a most astounding and sensational exposure, walked not to the apartment engaged by Lascelles, where he was to be practically a prisoner while the blackmailer carried out his purpose, but to his own old desk in the old office where, oblivious to everything but the point of his flying pen and the hour for going to press, he wrote at top speed the great story. When the first surprise of his intrusion wore off, and the night editor realized what was going on, the whole force held their breath and almost stopped the clock, fearful that "Billy" might awaken from his trance and remember where he was. Naturally the first impression was that the story was meant for the rival journal, but events soon showed them where they stood, and then there was no hesitation about appropriating the goods provided by the gods. Miss Daros, the traitor, cannot be called a typical newspaper woman, though were she but a society contributor her disloyalty would be less questionable. There is a very good love story interwoven, but really, nothing at all matters but the way the admirable "Billy" ferreted out the graft, the manner in which he played one of his informants against the other, how he corraled all his witnesses where he could keep his eye on them, and then, how he so providentially went astray and did just the right thing with the unerring directness of the somnambulist. After reading "The Day-Dreamer" the wisest course to follow is to read it again. From Charles Scribner's Sons.

—The Bookworm.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF
SAN FRANCISCO.

MARGARET BRAGLE,
Plaintiff,

vs.

Michael McGrath, William McGrath, Daniel McGrath, Honora Karney, John McGrath, Nellie McGrath, Hannah McGrath, Elizabeth McCarthy, Mary McCarthy, Josephine Liberty, Patrick H. Keating, William F. Keating, Mary Collins, James K. Kilfoile, William Kilfoile, Michael McGrath and Margaret Kilfoile,

Defendants.

The People of the State of California send greeting to: Michael McGrath, William McGrath, Daniel McGrath, Honora Karney, John McGrath, Nellie McGrath, Hannah McGrath, Elizabeth McCarthy, Mary McCarthy, Josephine Liberty, Patrick H. Keating, William F. Keating, Mary Collins, James K. Kilfoile, William Kilfoile, Michael McGrath and Margaret Kilfoile, defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court partitioning among the owners thereof, the parties to this action, according to their respective interests, that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described in plaintiff's complaint on file herein, and as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Filbert street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches easterly from the southeasterly corner of Filbert and Larkin streets; running thence southerly and parallel with Larkin street, eighty-two (82) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles easterly and parallel with Filbert street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with Larkin street, eighty-two (82) feet and six (6) inches to the southerly line of Filbert street; thence at right angles westerly along the southerly line of Filbert street twenty-five (25) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of fifty vara lot, No. 1392 as the same is laid down and delineated upon the Map of the City and County of San Francisco on file and of record in the office of the County Recorder in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Or in the event that partition of said real property cannot be made without great prejudice to the owners thereof, that the same be sold and the proceeds be paid to the several-owners in proportion to and as their several interests shall appear.

And plaintiff prays for general relief.
All of which more fully appears in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this the 13th day of February, A. D. 1906.

(Seal.)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN W. BOURDETTE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Call Building, San Francisco.

TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV. Nos. 712, 713, 714.

San Francisco Cal., May 5, 1906

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NOTICE!

Town Talk's temporary address is Room A, Tribune Building, Oakland, Cal.

The paper will resume its normal appearance as soon as improved facilities for printing are obtained.

We have our subscription books, but did not save all of our mailing lists. Subscribers will therefore please notify us of their addresses.

Now For Leadership

A good man to keep to the front these days is W. J. Bartnett, the financial genius who has been doing things for a year or so. Mr. Bartnett has talent for the work in hand. There are not many men of his type in San Francisco, men with the capacity for handling big financial problems, and with the confidence of the Eastern Captains of Industry. The scarcity of talent essential to the resuscitation of San Francisco has been shown since the destruction of the city. There is an abundance of energy and grit in the community and there soon will be loads of capital, but we are mostly in need of leaders, men with experience in the field of finance who will go to the front and do things on a big scale. When the city was being reduced to ashes and for a short period thereafter there were not many of our millionaires in evidence, Mr. James D. Phelan and Mr. Herbert Law, and Mr. Bartnett were in the foreground, concerning themselves with the affairs of the community in general. With Garret McEnerney giving them the benefit of his legal knowledge, and Mayor Schmitz standing ready to execute in deference to their suggestion, much good was accomplished, but think of the number of our millionaires and commercial giants that were conspicuous by their absence from the important councils being held every day! Oh, where were they? The probability is that they were in a state of panic. Perhaps some of them were busily engaged in figuring out the time that would elapse before they could repair their maimed fortunes. Some of them were in the bread-line and quite a number had sought refuge in quiet suburban retreats. Fortunately the press maintained its boasted composure. While the wax figures of the Pacific-Union Club, those merchant princes and rubicund rich gentry that love to sneer at the newspapers, were taking to the woods, the daily journals were on the firing line stiffening the backbone of the community, and great credit do they deserve for the service rendered. This, however, is not the time for eulogy or censure. We are concerned over the city's future, and we must all get together and work in harmony. The San Francisco knocker has been interred with the bones of the city. Peace to his

ashes! Leaders are needed and men of the right calibre should be encouraged to get to the front. W. J. Bartnett has been suggested for one because he is a selfmade man who has made wonderful progress in the financial world. A few years ago he was an humble pedagogue. While teaching school he studied law and was admitted to practice. A little later he became interested in plans for inducing the co-operation of the Goulds in a transcontinental road. He was successful and today he enjoys the confidence of some of the most conservative financiers in the country. In conversation with the Editor of Town Talk this week Mr. Bartnett said that Seattle would be quick to take advantage of San Francisco's misfortune and that for this city to retain its supremacy on the Pacific it would be necessary to push the work of rebuilding on a large scale. It is essential that this should be the centre of capitalistic operations and to that end we should plunge. We cannot afford to go ahead slowly. "There should be issued," he said, "seventy-five million dollars in bonds." He was asked if there would not be some difficulty in selling San Francisco bonds that were not guaranteed. His reply was, "I will guarantee to sell seventy-five million dollars worth of bonds and I will not ask a cent of commission."

Our Dishonest Builders.

Some buildings having fared worse than others in the great earthquake, it has been suggested that the shock was not of equal severity in all parts of the city. Such may be the fact, but it was made clear, nevertheless, that a great deal of the damage suffered was due to poor and dishonest workmanship. Buildings of the same general type of construction situated in close proximity were so variously affected as to make it evident that the character of workmanship was not uniform. It is known that the buildings erected by certain contractors escaped without damage, and it is known that every building erected by certain other contractors was badly damaged. Severe though the earthquake was, it was demonstrated that there need be little fear of a similar catastrophe if the buildings of the city be erected by skilled and honest labor and in accordance with specifications designed to insure stability. San Francisco has suffered badly in pocket and in reputation, and largely, because of the dishonesty of building contractors. The greater part of the catastrophe was due to the imperfections of our water system, but beyond the borders of the State the impression prevails that the city was destroyed by an earthquake. The best evidence of the fact that even the comparatively small damage done by the series of shocks could have been provided against is to be found in the Federal buildings, none of which was injured. One of them, the postoffice, is on ground known to be unstable, the site having been a swamp. The earth receded below one corner of the building but without damage to the structure. Not a single brick was displaced in the big Appraisers' building, which is located on a spot over which once

washed the waters of the bay. The old granite Mint remained intact, and so did all the brick buildings in the Presidio. Far out in another section of the city stood the old Mission Church, an adobe building, erected by the Indians under the supervision of the Franciscan monks, in the eighteenth century. It is still standing, a monument to the mechanical skill as well as to the religious zeal of the adventurous friars. And yet the world believes today that an earthquake of irresistible violence reduced the city of San Francisco to ruins!

Roosevelt's Chauvinism

President Roosevelt grievously erred in refusing to accept aid from foreign sources for the victims of the San Francisco fire. His was an unfortunate error not only because the proffered aid was most acceptable, but for the further reason that by his action he implied that it was beneath the dignity of a great nation to permit the sympathy of other countries to find pecuniary expression in the interest of the afflicted. By assuming that attitude he insulted those peoples that have not spurned the financial assistance of the United States under circumstances similar to those through which the inhabitants of San Francisco became objects of the world's pity. There is

nothing humiliating in the idea of a stricken people, brought to great physical distress, being succored by the peoples of other nations. Nor does the acceptance of foreign aid imply that the nation in which the calamity occurred was indifferent to the sufferings of its citizens or unable to care for its own. Human suffering appeals to the sympathy of all mankind and quickens the spirit of philanthropy. When as a result of some great calamity universal sympathy is aroused and the spontaneous desire to alleviate the sufferings of the afflicted is worldwide, there should be no question of the propriety of receiving succor from foreign hands. It is rank chauvinism to draw national lines in such an emergency. Great Britain did not think it improper for Americans to fit out a hospital ship for British soldiers in South Africa. Russia did not protest against the raising of funds in this country for the benefit of Russian Jews. We have been permitted the exercise of our charity in Italy, in France, and in Japan, and by denying those countries the privilege of attesting their sympathy for the afflicted of this country we have virtually said to them, It is all right for you to receive from us, but you have not as much pride and dignity as we have. We don't need your sympathy, so therefore we won't permit you to give expression to it in the manner that would seem to be most satisfactory to you.



Perspective Reflections

(By the Staff.)

Funston has taken Langdon's place on the lid.

Oakland isn't such a bad place to sleep in after all.

Eugene Schmitz will go down in history as the earthquake Mayor.

Even an earthquake couldn't cure Pardee of the procrastination habit.

The question of the hour—Will the insurance companies make good?

The earthquake never touched Andrew Carnegie, but it moved one or two of his libraries.

Let us rejoice that the people we didn't want have gone away. There's nothing like an earthquake to expose the weaklings.

For the next quarter of a century, we shall be hearing people tell of the fortunes they lost in the great San Francisco fire.

The members of the Press Club were wrangling over a proposition to move to new quarters when the matter was settled by outside influence.

There were people that saved little more than their hides and who took their medicine without a murmur. There were others that whined over the destruction of their bric-a-brac.

John D. Rockefeller contributed one hundred thousand dollars to the relief of the victims of the San Francisco earthquake and fire. This is the same John D. who has given millions to education and to religion. Out of his fortune he could pay all the losses suffered in this city and still have money to burn. Mr. Rockefeller is a philanthropist.

Reflections

By Theodore Bonnet.

It has long been known that there is purification in fire, but not until all San Francisco was shaken from warm beds into cold streets did one come to a realization of the fact that a great calamity is sometimes conducive both to optimism and altruism. Many were the reflections that surged through my mind, many were the emotions that possessed my soul during the epoch-making quake and in the dread hours of the voracious conflagration that followed, but now, in reviewing the awful experience of that harrowing period, I am sustained and soothed by recollections of acts and expressions of sentiment that exemplified character in its noblest embodiments. Adversity is indeed the touchstone of character. By sorrows and sufferings are virtues unmasked and graces brought to light. I have read that a heart-break sometimes rouses an impassive nature to life, and that trials are the appointed means by which the highest nature of man is to be disciplined and developed, but not until last week was the accuracy of such views made clear. At a time when I looked for cowardice I saw the courage that displays itself in silent effort and endeavor. At a time when I expected manifestations of selfishness I was confronted on all sides by evidence of self-sacrifice. And above all, the fact was driven home that here in the gay, frivolous and bohemian city of San Francisco there predominates a nature so happily constituted that it finds good in everything, that in the blackest sky it discovers a gleam of sunshine.

It would probably be untrue to say that the big catastrophe converted us at one fell swoop to the doctrine that everything in nature is ordered for the best. That is optimism pure and simple. It must be acknowledged that most of us utterly failed to recognize in the earthquake a blessing in disguise, and yet I can truthfully report that within ten minutes after the final tremor I was met in front of my home by ex-City and County Attorney J. F. Cowdery who, after the first greeting said, "This is the greatest thing that ever happened to San Francisco. Now people will know how to build their houses." It is such sentiment that reconciles the existence of evil with the goodness of God, and that is optimism, indirectly affirming, as it does, that evil is the antecedent of good. And the sentiment expressed by Mr. Cowdery appears to have been shared by many victims of the terrible calamity.

It was a saying of Milton that "who best can suffer best can do," and San Francisco is to give the world exemplification of the divine poet's philosophic maxim. Here at the edge of the western sea the world will receive demonstration of the fact that it is not ease and facility that tries men and brings out

the good that is in them, for though the opulent city by the Golden Gate received a stunning blow the misfortune but afforded opportunity for vindication of the amazing vigor and intellectual force of the men that brought that city into being and exulted in her riches and her splendor.

No dust will settle on the ruins of the great western metropolis. Neither the depressing effect of financial loss nor the sentimental pangs that racked a people severed from tender home ties and but lately swelling with the pomp of power and overflowing with civic pride could prolong the period of mourning beyond the evanishment of the black pall that rose over her burning ruins.

San Francisco is already rising from her ashes. Titanic is the task to which her citizens have devoted themselves, that of making her once again the great commercial center of the Golden West, but they are buoyant with hope and confidence, and their hearts are stout though their purses are weak. Some that were rich a week ago are poor today; millionaires were impoverished between the rising and the setting of the sun, but they are animated with grim determination to regain lost fortune, and from out the heart of the populace springs the desire to rear anew the splendid edifice, to start the wheel of industry, to revive once more the grandeur that excited the admiration of strangers and make this again the abode of a people who knew the joy of living.

The destruction of San Francisco was a great tragedy, one that abounded in pathetic and dramatic incident, in soul-stirring pictures of human misery, and that had for its motives the blasting of hopes, the stifling of ambitions, the wrecking of fortunes, and the abandonment of vital enterprises. To appreciate adequately the intensity of the human interest involved one must contrive a mental picture of the proud city on the eve of the disaster, a city in which industry, the parent of pleasure, had collected the riches of all climes, a city whose inhabitants were accumulating wealth so rapidly that much of their time was spent in devising new extravagances, and whose costly caprices were each day becoming more extraordinary. It was a city bloating with prosperity, reveling in luxuries and joyful over the prospect of rapidly increasing riches. Great impetus had been given to its industries, and its growth in recent years was unprecedented in the history of the world. In a few short hours more than a quarter of a million of its inhabitants were rendered homeless, despoiled of their treasures, deprived even of the necessities of life, compelled to trudge far out into the outskirts, to flee for safety and shelter and finally to improvise temporary abodes of the most primitive

character in which whole families huddled together and tried to console themselves in the reflection that they were most fortunate in having escaped sudden death; but at the same time incapable of throwing off the apprehension of a repetition of the dread and mysterious phenomenon. It was a soul-racking experience through which those refugees passed, and the cheerfulness and hopefulness of them through it all was amazing.

Oh! for the fist of a Balzac to portray the great panic into which a whole city was thrown that frightful April morning. It is a theme rich in inspiration, but it daunts my pen. San Francisco was not inexperienced in the matter of earthquakes. Thousands of us had grown quite accustomed to those sporadic shakes so highly conducive to a hollow feeling in the vicinity of the waist line. But at the very first movement of the panic-maker we instinctively felt that it was in a class by itself. I have been told of some very calm and placid gentlemen that maintained their composure throughout the twenty-eight or thirty-eight seconds, and that were not even impelled to take to the tall timbers. They did not even get out of bed, a circumstance that inclines me to the suspicion that they were paralyzed with fright. I have been told that when anxious friends rushed into Geraldine Bonner's room they found that distinguished lady engaged in writing an account of the disturbance for Collier's Weekly. I hope the story is untrue. If it is not, Miss Bonner is a woman of unique temperament. Most of us were in such a state of excitement immediately after the earthquake that we sought an ozone tonic. Residents of the down-town section, where buildings were tall and many were of brick and stone, were far more excited than those of the residential districts, where the effects of the shock were expressed principally in fallen chimneys and broken lares and penates. The alarm occasioned by the protracted undulations was heightened by the spectacle of street-littered fragments, hanging cornices and cracked walls. Most people, filled with awful dread of another shock, rushed out of their habitations and hied themselves to the public squares, feeling that in them there was security from falling walls. Many never mustered up sufficient courage to venture back to their rooms, and as a consequence, when the flames swept the city they were left without clothing save for the apparel donned in their flight.

Great as was the damage done by the earthquake, it was infinitesimal compared with that caused by the flames that broke out simultaneously at several different points. And great as was the suffering imposed by the calamity, it was slight compared with what might have happened if San Francisco had not been a military post. General Funston has won great glory in the service of his country. He has won laurels steeped in blood, but here he proved his

worth in a manner that must forever entitle him to the respect, admiration and gratitude of the people of California. His soldierly alertness was exhibited almost before the last tremor of the earth died away. With that same dash and intrepidity with which he charged the armed enemies of his country in the Spanish war, he responded to the call of suffering men and women in the time of stress and trouble. The work of our soldiers under Funston was admirable and reflected the highest credit on the spirit of the American army. The army was revealed to us in a new aspect, for it was not only in preserving law and order that the men won our esteem, but in the sympathetic concern which they showed for the victims of the calamity, and in the tenderness with which they relieved the distressed and ministered to the wants of the homeless. I feel that many residents of this city have become better citizens of the Republic since the earthquake.

And now that the worst is passed, and we look back over those three days of terror and suspense, when we were appalled at the prospect of being driven by the flames to the ocean's edge, who is able to resist a shudder at the memory? We have had an experience that in many respects may be worth while. We have been stirred by emotions that are not to be despised, for they gave us a better understanding of some of the tragic events of the world's history, but are there any of us that care for a repetition?

Some of the aftermath was not so bad—the return to primitive conditions, for instance, involving as it did such physical labor as was required in improvising brick ovens in the street, digging trenches in the backyard, carrying pails of water several blocks, and other things that threatened to reduce me to fashionable girth. Then there were moving pictures that afforded a thrill, pictures such as no artists have put on canvas—some comical and some throbbing with pathos. What could be more amusing than the spectacle of Charles Dickman, artist, bohemian, bon vivant, reclining alone on a rug under a tree in the Presidio, some articles of bedroom furniture in the background and several paintings in gilt frames against the trunk of the umbrageous fir beneath which the lone owner was resting with a tired and troubled expression on his countenance? What could be more pathetic than the figures that confronted me by the roadside in Golden Gate Park, the figures of a man and of a woman, evidently husband and wife. The man had passed the three score years and ten period, the woman was a few years his junior. They were scantily attired in garments that were tattered, faded and soiled. She was lying on the grass, a dirty blanket over her. He was stirring some liquid substance in an oyster can resting on a few bricks between which a fire was burning. They were alone

in the world and had been despoiled of their meagre possessions.

There were pictures that I missed, but the details of which my fancy can supply. The most notable of them was Delmonico's restaurant during the earth's agitation and immediately after. The agitation within that restaurant was surely greater than that of the earth itself, for the front wall separated itself from the building, exposing the interior of the rooms. Delmonico's, as everybody knows, was one of those Frenchy institutions that contributed to the atmosphere that was peculiar to San Francisco. Its patrons abhorred the limelight. Even the gray dawn was not to their liking. That receding wall undoubtedly got on their nerves. When Delmonico's is rebuilt the proprietors will be expected to guarantee the stability of their wails as well as the sphinx-like nature of the waiters. Caution is the life of trade in the French restaurant business. And the indications are that it will not be long before Pierri and Honree will be doing business at the old stand. The new City Beautiful is not to be without its tenderloin. But meanwhile we should not lose sight of the moral effect of the ruins of the old one. It has been said that we take a secret delight in beholding ruins; that this is a sentiment which arises from the frailty of our nature and the subtle suggestion of the caducity of our existence to be found in the destroyed works of man. Howsoever that may be it is certain that there is fascination in the masses of debris that mark the site of California's seat of commerce. And right here I am reminded that in the recent catastrophe the truth was revealed to us of the doctrine of compensation on which Emerson loved to sermonize. Several thousands of our new rich who were getting ready to go to Europe to wander through the ruins of Egypt, to seek inspiration in the woods of Olympus and on the hills of Attica, to enjoy the magic spell produced amid the dust of the temples of Apollo and the Muses, may now invite the same sensations within the boundaries of their home city. The earthquake may have been one of those levelling circumstances that are said to come invariably when it is time to put down the overbearing, but if there were any such among the purse-proud rich of San Francisco that had been contemplating an automobile trip through Europe, even they, while sauntering over the fallen walls of their business blocks, will be mindful of the fact that there is compensation for the evils as well as for the advantages of this life.

In the midst of the gigantic ruins there are strolling people to whom the majesty of the scene is an inspiration, who are thrilled by the awful spectacle amid the solitude where once were streets animated by a living multitude and where shouts of joy and

festivity incessantly resounded. Through the sultry emanations from the scarred and torrid earth they wander, over ash-covered mounds where once the noisy concourse thronged. Oh! what melancholy reflections surge through the souls of those that are today stirred by that monster picture of countless multitudes of broken shafts that stretch in impassable avenues from the gleaming waters of the harbor up graceful slopes beyond the reach of eye, over ground strewn with fragments of girders, cornices, capitals and walls, silent testimony all to the fearful havoc wrought, to the annihilation of years of labor in a city whence have flown a half century of life and abundance and vanished the costly creations of human ingenuity.

We have suffered as did the Jews of old, those children of God freighted with favors. Who will say that it is a blind fatality that sports with man's destiny or a mysterious divinity exercising his inexplicable will? Today there are scientists who would dare fathom the depths of the Omnipotence, but meanwhile the impoverished people of San Francisco are more concerned with the stupendous task of rebuilding their city. Not like the kingdoms of Damascus and Idumea is San Francisco to remain stricken and desolate. The temples have fallen as did those of Nineveh. The palaces have crumbled as did those of Persepolis, but there is to be a glorious renaissance. The earth has not become a place of sepulchre for the joys and hopes as well as for the bodies of the inhabitants of this peninsula. The work of resuscitation has begun. In their warm moments the people formed a resolution, in their cool ones they are making it good.

Within the next few months San Francisco should become one of the busiest cities on the continent. As soon as losses are adjusted and the financiers see their way clear to bring order out of chaos vast sums of money will pour into the channels of trade. The work of rearing new edifices will constitute but a small fraction of the industrial activity to occupy the hands and minds of men. New plants will take the places of old ones, new stock is now being rushed across the continent; our sewer, water, gas and street railroad systems will soon be in process of reconstruction, and new blood will be infused into the city as a result of the enlarged opportunities for the exercise of commercial genius. The exigencies of the situation, however, call for great tact and great business ability on the part of our municipal authorities. It is a very big problem that they have to handle. They should be eager for counsel and they should refrain from doing politics. If they are inclined to do politics they should be reminded that the temper of the community was changed by the earthquake.

The Spectator

When San Francisco Quaked.

Like San Francisco, I am down but not out. My wits were slightly shattered one morning, a week or two ago, but they are mending rapidly. My principal regret from the purely personal standpoint is that the readers of Town Talk will never see all the bright and breezy paragraphs that were "pied" when our infirm terrestrial globe had that historic fit of ague at an unseemly hour of the morning, rough-housing the dear people in the midst of their beauty slumbers, sending thousands of them helter-skelter into the streets affrighted and undraped, and rendering the most aristocratic indifferent to the most solemn conventions of the best society. The Town Talk of that memorable week was to have been an exceptionally newsy paper. I haven't the faintest recollection of its salient features, but I remember that they excited me to exultation. There was something about Downey Harvey and his wonderful success in converting the city authorities to his way of thinking about the Ocean Shore Railroad which doesn't look so good now as it did then. And the story was told how Tom Barbour boosted Sam Murphy onto the honorary membership roll of the Bohemian Club, which is now in cramped quarters in the basement of Jack Wilson's home. But why weep over "pied" type! There have been stirring times since those minor items were written. Now that I have rounded up my dazed senses I recall that a season of grand opera was brought to an untimely end in San Francisco. And what could be more distressing! True, the earthquake played havoc with our purses and feelings, but think of Caruso getting away without finishing his repertoire! It seems as if that opera season has been indelibly imprinted upon my memory. Perhaps it is because I feel that it symbolized the temperament of the community at the very moment of the occurrence by which we were shocked into the consciousness of our littleness. And San Francisco was in the midst of an opera season! No historian with a sense of the value of dramatic contrast will fail to make that statement. The rude interruption of the musical schedule was but a minor incident of the time, but it was an incident that gave color to the great sensational drama enacted in the gray dawn of the morning after—Carmen. Sad was the awakening of those who saw Caruso demonstrate that it was possible for Don Jose to dominate the Bizet masterpiece. Sad was the awakening of the gay butterflies of the fashionable world that were looking forward to other nights of song, joyous over the fond prospect of mingling in the resplendent throng of music lovers and contributing to the splendor of gorgeous spectacles.

Some Financial Losses.

So many men have had to take a hitch in their bank accounts since the earthquake that it is hardly worth while citing individual instances, but the case of Walter Dean is a notable one, for Mr. Dean is one of our pioneer millionaires. He had three million dollars invested in real estate and he did not carry a cent of insurance. His whole income went up in smoke. On the morning of the earthquake his son, Walter Dean Jr., borrowed three dollars from one of his Chinese servants. Walter Hobart is one of the younger capitalists whose income was completely shut off by the earthquake. Some of the largest sufferers were the men in control of the San Francisco Gas Company. The projectors of the Ocean Shore Railroad were hit hard, for it will be a long time before they will be able to make it a profitable enterprise. All of the larger real estate speculators who have grown rich in the last few years were put back where they started when the market began to hum. All of them had employed borrowed capital in their operations and were mortgaged up to the hilt. Aronson, one of the most successful of the real estate operators, confessed that he was broke on the morning of the earthquake. The Magee brothers were made land poor, and Morton L. Cook suffered very severe reverses.

The Spirit of Forgiveness.

When the flames had done their worst it seemed as though everybody became sensible of the importance of getting together and uniting in a grand effort to revive the glory that had gone up in smoke. Petty differences were forgotten, and reconciliations were spontaneous. Men forgot their grievances, old sores were healed and bitter feuds were brought to a close. The olive branch was everywhere in evidence. I gazed in astonishment on M. H. de Young and William F. Herrin riding by in an automobile, and while reflecting on the strange phenomenon along came Gavin McNab with a patch over his eye, and extended his

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hand in token of forgiveness. On the spot we agreed to let bygones be bygones. A little later, when I addressed an anxious inquiry to a friend who was unable to give me the information I desired it was supplied by Abe Ruef, and I thanked him for it. We had not spoken since the first month of Mayor Schmitz's career as chief executive of the city.

When Mrs. Atherton Went to Belvedere.

In those recent days of terror many were the examples of those morals sublime which excite a profound interest in the hearts of men, but there were also exhibitions of selfishness and of that mean thrift that is eager for opportunities to profit off the necessities of the unfortunate. Gertrude Atherton has been telling of an interesting experience that she had on the morning of the earthquake, illustrative of the genius for driving hard bargains. She was in Berkeley when the shock came and she hurried over to the city in quest of her sister, Mrs. Ashton Stevens. Failing to find her she started for Belvedere where her daughter resides, but at the wharf found that she could not obtain transportation on one of the regular steamers. She then decided to hire a launch, and she happened to meet C. W. Keith, son of William Keith, the wealthy artist. He is the owner of a pleasure launch, out of which he was quite willing to make a little money. Mrs. Atherton had only five dollars in her purse, and she offered it to him, explaining that she was eager to join her daughter. Mr. Keith was beyond the reach of sentimental appeal. He would take Mrs. Atherton to Belvedere but not for less than fifty dollars, and he waited while she went into an office on the water front and wrote out a check for the amount demanded.

Platt Rendered Speechless.

Later in the day Mrs. Atherton met Horace G. Platt in this city, and found him in a very sad state of mind. He began bemoaning his losses, and she asked him what he lost. He mournfully replied that all his treasures in his Pacific Union Club apartments had been destroyed, including all his printed speeches, "Every one of my speeches is gone," he said, with a tear in his voice. A little later Mrs. Atherton remarked to a friend to whom she told the story of Platt's misery, that he was the most consistent of men, even through fire and earthquake.

A Case of Selfishness.

One of the complaints of selfishness that came to my ears in the time of stress fell from the lips of Rabbi Nieto. He found a rich family hoarding supplies, and when he asked that some be distributed to the needy he met with indignant refusal. The Rabbi was as mad as a March hare over the selfishness of the family, and he told me that he expressed his opinion of

them in very emphatic terms. Moreover, he promised to have something to say about them in the near future.

Ruin of the Koshland Home

No private residence in San Francisco suffered worse from the earthquake than that of Mike Koshland, the millionaire wool merchant, at the corner of Maple and Washington streets. This beautiful home, by the way, was not discovered by the bavardes of the social columns until about a year ago, when I told the story of the unique rough-house function given by the Koshland family for the delectation of some of their most intimate friends. Up to that time the Koshlands were little known in social circles, and many people were surprised to learn that far out on Washington street, a short distance from the First avenue Presidio gate, there was one of the most pretentious homes in San Francisco, an edifice on the lines of the Petit Trianon, and ranking in ornateness with the Spreckels and Irwin residences. When the vertiginous movement of the earth ceased, the Koshland home looked like almost anything but the Petit Trianon. Indeed, it bore a most striking resemblance to a picture of something that had been uncovered at Pompeii. The immense cornices on the four sides fell to the earth, parts of the walls were shattered and the large fluted columns that marked the entrance were piled high in fragments on the marble staircase. The whole presented a most picturesque ruin. I should feel that the earthquake had been particularly violent in that neighborhood were it not for the fact that half a block away to the south stood the three-story square brick home of Mr. Cowghill of the Scandinavian Bank, not a brick of which had been displaced by the shock. The work of restoring the Koshland home is now in progress.

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W H Y ?

Misfortunes of Two Poets.

Louis A. Robertson, the poet of Bohemia, is no longer immured in his cavern of gloom. He was rescued in the nick of time when the flames were sweeping in the direction of his lodgings and he was removed to the Presidio Hospital where he has been confined ever since. His plight is most pathetic and should appeal strongly to the sympathies of those who appreciate his genius. His most cherished companion was his typewriter, on which, at the time of the calamity, he was turning out a copy of his play, "Montezuma." He was unable to carry off anything save the manuscript. Ina Coolbrith, I am told, was not quite so fortunate, as she lost the manuscript of a new book of poems that was about to be put into the hands of a publisher.

It Shook Up McCreery

The earthquake played queer pranks with some people. There's old millionaire Andrew McCreery, for example, who has always been prejudiced against improving his real estate. He owned some of the oldest rookeries in town, and he was responsible for that awful spectacle called Central Park on which new schemes for violating the fire ordinance were being devised every little while. Mr. McCreery told a friend the other day that he purposed erecting a sky-scraper on the site of the demolished Western Union Building at Pine and Montgomery streets.

Silent's Bad Break.

For saying that he did not want refugees brought to Los Angeles from San Francisco, the Tribune treated Judge Charles Silent of the Angel City with a sample of the gentle art of excoriation as it is understood in Oakland. The Tribune drew for the Judge the same comparison that John Young Brown of Kentucky once drew for Ben Butler on the floor of Congress. Judge Silent's offense was in assuming that any refugees coming from San Francisco would be denizens of the red light district whose presence would "contaminate our fair city," as the Judge charitably phrased it. He also threw in the gratuitous remark that San Francisco's calamity was "the visitation of Providence on a wicked city." Of course there are no red lights in a city inhabited by Judge Silent, but evidently there is an over-supply of the soured milk of human kindness. Christ did not shrink from contact with publicans and sinners, or the Magdalen even, but Judge Silent—ah, I can picture that pious and virtuous gentleman gathering thorns for the crowning at Golgotha.

Pastor Macon's Sermon.

On the Sunday following the late calamity, Rev. Clifton Macon of Trinity Episcopal Church, Oakland, preached a consoling and sympathetic sermon, assuring his hearers that San Francisco had been destroyed by God as a punishment for the wickedness of its inhabitants. The Rev. Macon's thesis does not square with the logic of the old Testament. The angel of the Lord told Lot he would not destroy Sodom if he could find ten righteous men in the city. There are more than ten Episcopal clergymen in San Francisco. Surely they are righteous men. Or would the Rev. Clifton Macon have us believe the Lord has raised the standard of righteousness?

He Looked for the Faithful

When the fire was sweeping north of Market and Kearny streets, threatening the entire city with destruction, a heretic who has insisted on a personal introduction to the Almighty as the price of his belief in Christianity, had his attention, crossing Van Ness avenue, attracted to the spire of St. Mary's Cathedral, lifted through the curling smoke toward the heaven he denied. Insensibly the consolation of reliance in the divine power impressed him. Said he to himself, if these Christians believe in what they confess the cathedral will be full of people praying and trusting themselves to the mercy of God. So he staid in his course and entered the great doors, expecting—half-hoping—to find it filled with worshippers. Not a person was to be seen in the sacred edifice.

A Good Hater.

While the comparatively few examples of heartlessness and meanness exhibited during the last two weeks serve to emphasize the spirit of sympathy and helpfulness almost universally displayed, there were some survivals of hate almost humorous in their ludicrous intensity. One individual appeared (unfortunately no one thought it worth while to inquire his name) appeared at the Chamber of Commerce in Oak-

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land and made diligent inquiry after a San Franciscan named John Williams. He ascertained that the Williams home was burned, and then he sought with feverish energy to find out what had become of Williams. But in vain. Finally a committeeman who was assisting him in the search said sympathetically, "I am sorry, but I can find no trace of your friend." "Friend!" exclaimed the inquirer lifting his clenched hand, "I hope to God he is burned up!"

The Eclipsing of Chicago.

While the fire was in progress in San Francisco a tall, thin man with an iron-grey chin whisker was seen constantly making his way from place to place, watching the progress of the flames with an expression



A NIGHT VIEW FROM VAN NESS.

of agonized apprehension. He rushed to see each fresh outburst of the flames, climbing the hills to see how far the fire was spreading. When the flames finally reached Van Ness avenue he threw up his hands in a gesture of despair, exclaiming, "I give it up; Chicago is outdone at last."

Field Rises to Inquire.

A Los Angeles divine attributed the earthquake to the wrath of God. Since the earthquake it has been learned that sixteen hundred barrels of whisky belonging to Dick Hotaling were saved, a circumstance that gave Charles K. Field, the Bohemian Club jingler an inspiration. Hence this inquiry?

"If, as one says, God spanked the town
For being overfrisky,
Why did he burn the churches down,
And save Hotaling's whisky?"

Ashton's Message to May.

The wires were kept hot with inquiries as to the whereabouts of Aston Stevens. It seemed as if every nummer that had been praised or censured by the Examiner's gifted critic was eager to know what happened to him. This is a sample of the messages that Stevens received:

Ashton Stevens, care San Francisco Examiner:

Have looked anxiously for some news of you. If all right answer, my expense, Haddon Hall. This week; next week, 16 West Sixty-eighth street, New York.

May Irwin.

It was not many months ago that Ashton Stevens interviewed the buxom May for the Examiner and he told us that during the chat a young man, six feet in height entered and was introduced as the son of the actress. A little later a young man, six feet, four inches in height entered, and he too proved to be one of the olive branches of the Irwin family. Nevertheless the critic wired in reply to the comedienne's inquiry, "Well and pure, bless your thoughtful heart." The critic's friends now wish to know why he should assure May Irwin of his purity.

Freaks of the Muse.

Since the earthquake the poets have been taking long draughts at the Pierian spring. Almost every exchange that comes to hand contains a threnody or two in lamentation of San Francisco's awful fate, and the most funeral of them are side-splitting in their pathos if not in their prosody. It is not surprising that such a tragic experience as that which befell this community should inspire the choir of poets and precipitate the mournful dirge, but it is remarkable that in this day so much like that elder day when it was as much the part of every gentleman to turn a pretty verse as to turn a leg, and when to be in fashion one had to be as fine in madrigals as in manners, that the work of the versifiers should be of such inferior quality. Even our old friend, Ella Wilcox Wheeler, who has been dallying with the Muse for half a century, was impelled to trim a few stanzas in commemoration of the occasion, and though it is evident that the lines were dashed off in the fine frenzy of the moment there is nothing in them to justify the lady's labor in trying to make them scan musically. In this poem, Ella Wheeler tells us that "it took the cosmic forces and the awful grip of Space" to rob this city of courage and drive the radiance from her face. That is an awfully bad image, and even Ella Wheeler should be ashamed of it.

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IN THE HEART OF CHINATOWN THE DAY AFTER THE FIRE.



MASS ON THE STEPS OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL ON THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

When Ripley Sweats.

In St. Louis they have a poet named Ripley D. Saunders, who plunged into song anent a benent performance given to aid "the sufferers from the San Francisco earthquake, tidal wave and fire." Ripley has n't much to say, but he sends us a message in these words, so arranged as to give us pause in order to catch his meaning:

"Courage! For rescue is coming fast!

The storm is over, the night is past,

And the time of your peril not longer may last

Than help's swift coming shall take!"

You can almost see Ripley sweating over the arrangement of those words in his effort to make sense while achieving rhyme. One J. C. B. Anderson broke into song for the benefit of the New York Sun's readers, and he pictures San Francisco up to the breasts in sand, thus:

"Serene, indifferent to Fate," she stands,

Bare breasted, girt with sand, and sun caressed.

According to Poet Andrews, San Francisco has not been hungry, but has been merely demanding bay and laurel. And yet we have been standing in line waiting for bread and canned goods.

Some Other Effusions.

Over in Berkeley there is a ladipote—Sadie Bowman Metcalfe—who thought she had an inspiration and had been seized with the divine afflatus. So Sadie tuned her lyre and did a little singing about "bright Frisco, the Friendly." And it was only a few weeks ago that Mrs. Lovell White and all of the California Club were anathematizing those vulgar persons that mutilate the name of our city. Not many weeks ago the Examiner published an editorial protest against abbreviating the saintly name that Alcalde Bartlett bestowed on the city by the Golden Gate. And yet Sadie of Berkeley induced the Examiner to publish her poem on the editorial page last Thursday. On the same page one Wex Jones was permitted to poetize:

"San Francisco again on the hillstops shall stand,
Desired of the sea and beloved of the land."

Doesn't that read like a tidal wave prediction?

The Shake-Up in Newspaperdom.

It was quite natural that the local newspapers should fall out over the biggest piece of news that ever happened in this section of the world. Newspaper rivalry is so keen that when the daily journals are not engaged in open warfare they lapse, not into amicable

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relations, but into armed neutrality. The city of San Francisco was not broad enough to enable the publishers and editors to move about without friction; so when they all got together within the narrower confines of Oakland trouble was inevitable. At first it was decided to publish a combination paper in San Francisco, but the Examiner men, feeling that it would be impossible to do so, rushed over to Oakland and issued the paper from the Tribune office. Then there was a split up. The Examiner secured the exclusive privilege of operating in the Tribune office, and the other journals had to hustle for linotypes and presses. Charges of bad faith were made and for a while the atmosphere of Oakland was streaked with the blue of journalistic wrath. Meanwhile the Bulletin and Chronicle were accommodated by the Herald, and the Call made the best of the meagre facilities of the Enquirer office. It was very fortunate for the newspapers that there were printing offices in Oakland, for despite the big calamity people have been advertising on a large scale and money has flowed into the coffers of the publishers. They were not, however, able to handle all the advertising that came to them, the printing facilities of Oakland being inadequate in the emergency. The reporters have had to work like beavers ever since the earthquake—those that have held their jobs. Many were discharged and some had their salaries reduced much to

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their indignation. The Examiner and Bulletin staffs remain intact. Immediately after the earthquake William R. Hearst telegraphed to his managing editor to keep every man on the pay roll. Hearst is the most generous of newspaper publishers, and though he makes a big fuss over most of his philanthropic activities, his loyalty and kindness to his employes he never exploits.

Barrett's Feat.

The first newspaper man in San Francisco to gather his senses after the shock was J. P. Barrett of the Examiner. He had not been to bed, but was waiting for the sun to get high enough in the heavens to send him to cover. He made a bee-line for the Postal Telegraph office, secured a wire and held it for hours sending thousands of words descriptive of the calamity and of the progress of the flames to the Chicago-American, whence it was distributed to all the Hearst papers.

Older's Scheme

Fremont Older, managing editor of the Bulletin, was the first of the local journalists to evolve a scheme for securing a newspaper plant. At his suggestion all the big newspapers in the East were asked by wire if they had any linotypes to spare and if so to ship at once, the promise being made that as soon as possible new machines would be supplied to fill the places of the borrowed ones. Many favorable replies were received and as a consequence the Bulletin will have its own plant in operation in another week.

His Storkship.

It was reported in one of the dailies that the stork visited the home of Rudolph Spreckels and also paid his respects to the John Breuners on a certain memorable day a few weeks ago. The report was somewhat inaccurate, but in these momentous days there are all sorts of twists and breaks in the channels of information, and the stream of news does not flow unerringly on its course. Moreover, it has been pretty hard to keep tab on the stork's itinerary. He has been acting prankishly, ignoring schedules and mixing his dates. He has not visited either the Spreckels's or the Breuners.

WORSE THAN THE FIRE.

Jimson. I hear that Brown has met with severe reverses lately.

Stinson. Yes; his wife's suit for divorce was denied.

—The Josher.

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1905

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The Continental Building and Loan Association

Will be open for business MONDAY, APRIL 30TH, at its new offices, CORNER CHURCH AND MARKET STREETS. This Association's loss by the fire was practically nothing. All records and valuable papers are saved.

WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary

Music Disperses the Gloom.

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Pianos repaired, tuned, moved and stored.
Oakland Office, 654 Fourteenth St., near Grove, Oakland.

GREAT FUTURE FOR THE EASTON ADDITION, NEAR BURLINGAME

Selby, Rodgers & Company state that they have received orders from the owners of this beautiful tract of country to expend immediately fifty thousand dollars in rushing the improvements on the Easton addition through to completion. Owing to the increased demand for small country homes within reach of the city it has been decided to build homes costing in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars on a moderate first payment, balance to be paid monthly.

Those building for themselves will be given very favorable terms with regard to time in which to pay for their lots.

Several of the houses now building will be occupied within the next ten days and there is no reason why buyers should not begin putting up their residences at once.

Selby, Rodgers & Co., having been burned out in the city, are opening large and commodious offices opposite Burlingame Station, which will be run in conjunction with their office on the land. During May the owners have decided to sell these lots on a first payment of Ten Dollars, balance at the rate of Ten Dollars a month. These terms, however, will **positively** not be available after June 1st.

The San Mateo Electric line will soon be in run-

ning order again and the Bay Shore "cut off" will bring Burlingame within twenty minutes of San Francisco.

There is no question but that there is no more desirable or convenient site for a home than the Easton addition to Burlingame. There is a moderate building restriction and a perpetual restriction against the sale of liquors.

Since January 1st five homes costing three to seven thousand dollars each have been started, and this alone is a guarantee of future values.

The agents of this land would like to hear from all holders of deeds and contracts, as they have a communication to convey to such persons greatly to their advantage.

A SONG OF THE HOUR.

Many engagements were brought to a close during the fire by the marriage of the betrothed. Daily paper.

I am married today,

But what of tomorrow?

Let it be as it may.

I am married today,

Yet the pleasure gives way

To a savor of sorrow.

I am married today,

But what of tomorrow?

—The Bride.



IN THE BUSINESS CENTRE—SHOWING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE AND KOHL BUILDINGS



THE CITY HALL.
A MAGNIFICENT RUIN THAT TELLS A STORY OF GRAFT IN THE DAYS AGONE.



SCENE FROM MONTGOMERY STREET WHEN THE "CALL" BUILDING WAS ON FIRE.

SOCIAL GUSH.

By Lady Teazle, Madame La Bavarde and The Chaperon.

Mrs. Awful Snobber entertained her mother-in-law at a tea this week. The Ooolong came from a relief station and was very weak. Mrs. Snobber did not wear her cloth of gold and velvet, nor were her sleeves and carsage trimmed with paving-stone diamonds. The fact is that she has been economizing since the fire.

Mrs. Goto Helwyth Manners is spending the summer in the suburbs, having been burned out in the spring. She is not entertaining any houseparties.

The report comes from Burlingame of a stringency in the money market. It is believed to be well-founded and fashionable.

Mrs. General Electric who was more than stunning in a delicate shade of fawn-colored crepe de Chine, combined with lace, at the opera has returned to the simple life at which she was an adept in the days before her marriage. She was seen shopping the other day without her carriage and in a very plain but becoming tailor-made gown. She has discarded her black velvet picture hat trimmed with U. S. thousand dollar bank notes.

Mrs. Epiderm Splurger has adopted a new fad, that of making her own dresses. She says that it is great mental recreation. She recently recinded an order for a cream-colored mantle of solid gold and a large twelve hundred dollar hat that was to weigh ninety pounds.

It is the consensus of opinion on Pacific Heights that automobiles are vulgar.

MELODRAMA.

(First Act.)

The Californian millionaire. At last you are in my power! Yesterday I purchased all the mortgages on your dismantled castle, together with all your overdue notes and judgments against you. You cannot escape me now. If you do not marry my daughter I shall order foreclosure proceedings at once and crush you like a worm in the dust.

The Duke. Is there no escape?

The Californian Millionaire. None.

The Duke. Think of my ragged past.

The Californian Millionaire. I have, but I've also thought of your family tree.

The Duke. Then it's all up.

(Curtain.)

Last Act.

The Duke. I have made up my mind to defy you.

The Californian Millionaire. You don't have to do that.

The Duke. Why not?

The Californian Millionaire. If I foreclosed the mortgage on your dismantled castle I'd be broke.

—The Playwright.

SOME SPECIAL DESPATCHES.

(By Longest Leased Wire.)

To Theodore Bonnet,

Editor Town Talk:—There is not the slightest foundation for the report that I stopped the earthquake. As for the fire, that's a different story.

WILLIAM R. HEARST.

(By Longest Leased Wire.)

To Managing Editor Examiner: Give two columns to Hearst Relief Train.

WILLIAM R. HEARST.

(By Longest Leased Wire.)

To Managing Editor Examiner: Give three columns to my offer of a premium to every woman who produces triplets within three days of the earthquake

WILLIAM R. HEARST.

(By Longest Leased Wire.)

To Managing Editor Examiner: Play up Hearst relief work all over front page. Put calamity news on second page and reserve editorial page for a Brisbane screacher on my princely benefactions.

WILLIAM R. HEARST.

(By Longest Leased Wire.)

To managing Editor Examiner: Get interviews from prominent citizens on the people's gratitude to Hearst for his wonderful philanthropy.

WILLIAM R. HEARST.

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and
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and
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2139 PIERCE STREET

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Formerly at Spreckels' Market, 727 Market Street

NOW LOCATED AT

1919 Fillmore Street

Families served with the finest
Fruits and Vegetables

Pacific
Coast
Branch

Mill's Novelty Co.

413 TENTH STREET

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Passenger Traffic Manager
General Passenger Agent
Freight Traffic Manager
General Freight Agent
General Baggage Agent

Lower Floor—

City Overland Ticket Office
Ferry Ticket Office

CORNER CLAY AND STEINER

City Freight Office

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Presidio
Corner Lombard and Van Ness

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Third and Townsend Streets
Valencia Street

OAKLAND OVERLAND OFFICE

12 San Pablo
16th Street (Freight and Passenger)

SUMMER RESORTS

Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request

CALIFORNIA NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

AND

NORTH SHORE RAILROAD COMPANY

The resorts along the lines of these railroads are all open for business and were absolutely uninjured by the earthquake. The weather was never more delightful in the country than now. Better send your family if you can't go yourself.

All persons having bills against the California Northwestern Railway Company and North Shore Railroad Company prior to March 31, 1906, are requested to forward immediately to Controller, Tiburon, Cal.

Seigler Hot Springs

California's Most Famous
Health Resort. Natural Hot
Baths and Stomach Waters.
Inquire at Bryan's or
Peck's Information Bureau
or Address

H. H. McGOWAN
Lessee and Manager, Seigler
Hot Springs, Lake Co., Cal.

Arrowhead Hot Springs The Most Curative Springs Known

Temperature 196°. The hottest curative springs in the world.

Flow 500,000 gallons daily.

Altitude 2000 feet, ideal for health.

Climate Variation of mean temperature of summer and winter only 10°.

Scenery The scenery of Switzerland. Majestic mountains and beautiful orange groves. Only three miles from the orange on the trees to the snow on the mountains in winter. Horse and foot trails in every direction.

Baths Bath house will accommodate 400 daily. Hot water, vapor, mud, electric light, Schott, (Nauhefm) needle, massage, X-ray.

Laboratory Thoroughly equipped for diagnostic and clinical study of every type of metabolic disorders.

Analysis Intermediate between Sruel of Carlsbad, Germany, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas, though more strongly radio-active than either.

Conduct Modeled after the great European Spas.

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DR. G. W. TAPE, Medical Director, Arrowhead, Cal.

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414 Fourteenth St., Near
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Representing the principal hotels and summer resorts of California.

NOTICE—To summer resorts personally interested: Forward supply of literature to above address that we may be in a position to answer the numerous inquiries that are being made daily.

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= = = Camp Rose

Healdsburg. On the Russian River at the base of Fitch Mountain. An ideal place to camp. Address J. W. ROSE, Healdsburg, Sonoma County, Cal.

Harbin Hot Sulphur Springs

Not injured by the earthquake.

J. A. HAYS, Proprietor.

...Hotel Alexandria...

LOS ANGELES

An absolutely **FIREPROOF** Hotel
Beautiful Indian Mission restaurant—the
most novel and finely appointed on the
coast. Music by the Alexandria Royal Hun-
garian Orchestra.

Alexandria Hotel Co. Los Angeles, Cal

....HOTEL LANKERSHIM....

SEVENTH AND BROADWAY

Los Angeles' Newest, Largest and Most Beautifully Fur-
nished Hotel.

300 Rooms—150 Baths—All Conveniences
Restaurant a la Carte—Perfect Cuisine

COOPER & DAVIS, Lessees

THE ANGELUS

LOOMIS BROS., Proprietors

The most elegantly and luxuriously fur-
nished hotel of its size in the United States.
Now under new management. American
and European plan.

LOS ANGELES

CALIFORNIA

SUMMER RESORTS

Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request

EL CARMELO HOTEL

(THE LITTLE DEL MONTE.)

By the sea and pines of Monterey bay, is open for guests, where you can enjoy all the luxuries of the beautiful Monterey bay—fishing, swimming, golf, the famous seventeen-mile drive. Apply early to the manager. Regular rates.

GEORGE H. CORDY,
Pacific Grove.

.....CAMP VACATION.....

Hotel under canvas on the Russian River below Guerneville, in a grove a mile and a half long, skirting the river; tennis courts; 40 new boats. There will be a dam in the river affording four miles of smooth water for boating, bathing and swimming. Adults \$2 per day, \$10 per week; children under 10 half rates. Special rates for families. Open May 1. Address: MRS. L. C. CNOPIUS, Camp Vacation, "Vacation" P. O., Sonoma Co., Cal.

Spend the Summer ..at Healdsburg..

where everything is quiet and beautiful. You can boat, bathe or fish on Russian River; play tennis, croquet or billiards; walk, ride or drive along dustless, level roads, or simply rest after the excitement of the earthquake.

We have a delightful, cool climate, free from malaria. Our building is fire and earthquake proof.

Rooms single, double and en suite, with bath.

Tents furnished if preferred. Resident physician and nurse.

FIFTEEN DOLLARS per week, and NO extra charge for Boats or Drives.

Write for our booklet. Address:

Dr. H. B. Crocker

Healdsburg, Sonoma County, California

LAUREL DELL = Is the Place

Hotel is in perfect condition. Everybody will be cared for. Rates the same as they have always been—**REASONABLE.**

California Northwestern trains run on schedule time to Ukiah. Stage to hotel.

EDGAR DURNAN, Proprietor

Saratoga Springs

Fifteen Different Mineral Springs

NOT DAMAGED BY EARTHQUAKE.

J. MARTENS,
Bachelor P. O., Lake Co., Cal.

Tahoe Tavern

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Opens
May 15th

FRANK B. RICHARDSON, Manager.

.....DEL MONTE.....

Our premises are uninjured. The comfort and care of guests continues as heretofore. Why not make a permanent home at Hotel del Monte, as many are doing? Act quickly, or the opportunity will be lost. Good train service now effective from Oakland.

GEORGE P. SNELL

Manager

DEL MONTE = = CAL.

BLUE LAKES

NOT INJURED BY EARTHQUAKE.

Boating, Bathing and all other amusements free. Hot and cold sulphur baths. White sulphur springs. Send for pamphlet. O. WEISMAN, Midlake P. O., Lake County, Cal., or call on DR. HAPPEBERGER, 1104 Market St., San Francisco.

Napa Soda Springs....

California's ideal resort did not feel the earthquake. More beautiful than ever. Ready and open for the season. Stages meet every train.

JOHN JACOB, Proprietor.

Hotel Rowardennan

("Santa Cruz Mountains") uninjured. Season opens May 5, 1906. Broad gauge trains to Santa Cruz, and narrow gauge from there direct.

WM. G. DODGE, Ben Lomond, Cal.

BEN LOMOND

Hotel practically uninjured. There will be no advance in rates. Write for booklet and rates. BEN LOMOND HOTEL CO., Ben Lomond, Cal.

F. A. CODY, Manager.

The Stage

Histrionics In Oakland.

The theatrical business was shaken into a cocked hat by the big temblor, but as soon as Impresario Will Greenbaum could get across the bay with Manager Bishop he opened communication with the divine Bernhardt, the seductive lady of sixty odd who is now making one of her farewell tours of America. Sara was reached with a wire and she has resolved to come within the earthquake zone to pick up a few of the stray dollars that were not melted by the fire. She was willing to go through her repertoire in a tent on the ruins of the Majestic, but Manager Bishop preferred to play her in Oakland, which recently became the better part of San Francisco. So she will be simulating youth and passion in a few weeks in an Oakland theatre, and during her engagement she will appear in "Phedre" at the Greek theatre, Berkeley. Greenbaum is to be the manager of Idora Park, a place of all kinds of amusement from skating to light opera to be established by the Realty Syndicate Company. Greenbaum has lured Ferris Hartman back to the footlights and the veteran comedian will be the stage manager of Idora Park. Just before the earthquake Greenbaum had made arrangements with the Law Brothers to play his attractions at the theatre in the Fairmount. At first it was the intention of the Laws to have a very large theatre in that building, but they decided after a

conference with their architect to reduce the size. Now that there are no theatres in town they may be persuaded to enlarge it for the accommodation of big productions.

Scene—Oakland theatre.

Time—A. D. 1906, just before the final curtain.

Dramatis Personae—Two residents of Fruitvale.

First resident. Who are those disagreeable persons putting on their hats and making so much noise?

Second resident. They are commuters from San Francisco hurrying to catch the last boat.

Getting Ready to Resume

In a very short while there will be first-class vaudeville at the Chutes under the Orpheum management. Fred Belasco is getting ready to resume business as soon as he can find a location for a theatre. Gottlob and Marx expect to play their attractions in Oakland for the present, but they will soon return to San Francisco, where a large theatre is to be built for them.

Manager Ed Price of the Alcazar was in New York signing up a new stock company when the shake came.

I haven't seen a press agent since the fire. I feel quite certain, however, that Phil Hastings is telling funny stories about incidents of the fire, and as for Jere Dillon—it's a safe bet that he is discussing the shock from a purely scientific standpoint.

Wells, Fargo & Co's Express

Are open for business in the FERRY BUILDING and at the THIRD ST. DEPOT, San Francisco, and at 15th and BROADWAY, Oakland

Former tenants of the Wells, Fargo & Co. building, San Francisco, are hereby notified to remove their safes from the building without delay, as reconstruction will commence at once.

Will pay telegraphic transfers of Money and Money Orders at their Depot Office, Ferry Building, San Francisco, as well as at their Oakland office, Fifteenth and Broadway.

A. CHRISTESON

= = = = =

Manager

TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV. No. 715.

San Francisco, Cal., May 12, 1906

Price, 10 Cents



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A VIEW OF THE FIRE FROM POWELL AND MARKET STREET.
THE CALL BUILDING IN FLAMES.

TOWN TALK

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY TOWN TALK PUBLISHING CO.

THEODORE F. BONNET - - - - - EDITOR
CHARLES S. SMITH - - - - - MANAGER
RALPH A. GROVER - - - - - MANAGER OF ADVERTISING

Temporary Address: Room A, Tribune Building, Oakland, Cal.

SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, \$4.00; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

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NOTICE!

Town Talk's temporary address is Room A, Tribune Building, Oakland, Cal.

We have our subscription books, but did not save all of our mailing lists. Subscribers will therefore please notify us of their addresses.

Tall Buildings a Nuisance.

According to our esteemed contemporary, the Examiner, "a more unfortunate recommendation than that the height of buildings to be erected in the new San Francisco should be limited to six stories it would be hard to make," because "that would be tantamount to an advertisement that the people of San Francisco were without confidence enough in the future of their city to follow the tendency of all the great modern cities, which is toward high buildings." It is most unfortunate that the Examiner should have drawn the inference that the recommendation was prompted by timidity. There is no reason why the people of San Francisco should be afraid of tall buildings. The buildings that were least affected by the earthquake were the skyscrapers with steel frames. Not one of them was seriously damaged. The protest against skyscrapers is not founded on apprehension of disaster, but on a very sane solicitude for personal convenience and comfort. The skyscraper is a nuisance. It shuts off the sunlight. It creates tremendous drafts and makes the street gloomy and chill. The skyscraper is the symbol of greed and selfishness. It typifies the ruthlessness of the commercial spirit. Skyscrapers are erected because there are men that are not satisfied with owning a little of the earth. They are intent upon getting rent out of the atmosphere. And there are other objections to be urged against tall buildings; they contract the business center, cause congestion and aggravate the transportation problem. In New York there is not enough elbow room and tall buildings are a necessity, but in New York there is always distress over the lack of transportation facilities despite the overhead and underground roads, because of the great congestion in the business center. There is no reason why we should follow the example of New York. We desire not only a City Beautiful, but also a City Comfortable.

Seismic Lore.

Dr. C. W. Hayes, the Washington geologist, is said to have expressed the opinion that the time will come when seismologists will be able to predict the coming of earthquakes and send out warnings of impending danger. There were seismologists of that opinion a quarter of a century ago, but up to the present time no progress has been made by the scientific gents engaged in the study of earthquakes. When the National Geographical Society set out for the scene of disaster in the West Indies, four years ago, it was said that the eruptions were of secondary importance but that we might expect additions to our knowledge of seismic disturbances as a result of the researches. We did expect such additions but were disappointed. The scientists, however, were full of theories, as usual. One theory was that the eruption of Pelee was caused by tidal influences, it having been noted that it was coincident with the new moon. Another theory was that it was the result of magnetic influence—based on some unknown relation between sun-spots and seismic disturbance. The eruptions were accompanied by tremendous electric phenomena. A great magnetic storm accompanied an eruption one day. At one time the theory was pretty firmly adhered to that earthquakes were the result of the expansion and contraction of the earth. That still appears to be the theory of Professor Larkin, who came to San Francisco to gather scientific knowledge by inspecting fallen tombstones, but some advanced scientists are coming to the conclusion that there is some connection between earthquakes and sun-spots. Meanwhile, in the absence of positive information we may console ourselves with the reflection that earthquakes demonstrate the vitality of our planet. A moonquake is inconceivable, because the moon is as dead as a doornail. Our satellite is ever foreshadowing our own ultimate doom, like the mummy at Egyptian banquets. The seismic epoch, in the opinion of some scientists, opened on the earth when, exterior solidification having commenced, the geological ages began to run, and the supposition is that it will last so long as the aerial distribution of loads fluctuates, and strains evoke forces adequate for their catastrophic relief. These same scientists hold that our globe is by its elasticity kept habitable, and that its dimensions depend on the balance of pressure and expansiveness. But as to the solar influence thereon they know absolutely nothing.

"Muck-Rake" Journalism.

President Roosevelt is still being excoriated for his muck-rake speech. We do not sympathize with the President in his protest against the journalism of exposure. We feel that the thing which he reprehends is far less deserving of his censure than the predatory and despotic class that is responsible for the conditions through which the muck-rake has become a popular implement. In only one short paragraph of his speech did he address that class: "The men of wealth," he said, "who today are trying to prevent the

regulation and control of their business in the interest of the public by the proper Government authorities, will not succeed, in my judgment, in checking the progress of the movement. But if they did succeed they would find that they had sown the wind and would surely reap the whirlwind, for they would ultimately provoke the violent excesses which accompany a reform coming by convulsion instead of by steady and natural growth." In our opinion those men have already provoked the violent excesses that find expression in muck-rake journalism. They have given impetus to the muck-rake and they are enlarging the dangerous opportunities of the pestiferous and vicious demagogue. But President Roosevelt is wasting his valuable time fulminating against the man with the muck-rake; that pyrotechnic individual may do more good than harm. He may awaken the viciously rich to the danger of arousing prejudice and forcing reprisals, to the propriety of being moderate and just, if not for the benefit of the State, for the security of each individual. He may excite public clamor and cause public men to do wrong to rich corporations, but it lies in the power of the men that control those corporations to avert such a calamity. Let them educate themselves in the principles of individual happiness and of public prosperity, in the fundamentals of the relations they bear to society and the limitations of their rights and the importance of guarding against the illusion of the lust of gain.

A Plea for the Puritanical Play.

Great was the joy of an esteemed contemporary on finding that in a play so successful as "The Lion and the Mouse" no woman's virtue was impaired or imperiled. We are told that there was a lesson in it for playwrights and others who think the "problem" essential to the drama. Of course our contemporary referred to a particular problem, for there can be no drama without a problem. In the drama there is always conflict, and the problem is to remove an obstacle. But the writer who exulted over the chasteness of "The Lion and the Mouse" referred to the sexual problem, and he is clearly under the impression that it is a very simple one, for he says that it has been settled long ago and that "most of our women folk manage to go through life without being obliged to decide in a particular case whether to recognize or cut some penitent Mrs. Dane." And he added: "Consequently 'the problem' is not really a very important problem and does not cry for solution;" also, "'The Lion and the Mouse' demonstrates that a strong play of modern good society can be fashioned without bringing a fallen woman into it." All of which we, who have been protesting for years against the efforts of puritanical critics to shackle the dramatic art, pronounce twaddle. If this shrewd critic were, at all familiar with the modern artistic drama he would

know that the sexual problem with which it deals is of infinite variety, and that the question of the propriety of recognizing or cutting a Mrs. Dane enters into comparatively few plays. In most instances the sexual problem is introduced as a means of exposing some evil that cannot be pictured except in the development of a story dealing with the salient realities of life, and it is the business of the drama to deal with those realities. "Hamlet" is founded on a story of illicit love, but nobody has ever condemned Shakespeare for employing the material which he found most suitable for his great psychological study. In his "Pillars of Society" Ibsen preaches one of the strongest and noblest sermons ever written, and it is founded on the seduction of a young woman. Without that episode he would have had as little motif for his play as Shakespeare would have had for "Hamlet" if he had been debarred from making a guilty passion the basis of his plot.

Dramatic Literature.

Every student of the drama knows that for it to grow in strength of purpose, in largeness of aim, in vividness of character-painting, it must be free. And to suggest that "The Lion and the Mouse" is unique because it does not deal with the chastity of a woman, is to betray a woful ignorance of the literature of the drama. Many of the great concerns of human life lie beyond the domain of the sexual question, and many great plays have been written that do not touch on the frailty of woman. Klein's play, however, is far from being the best evidence of the fact that a successful play can be written without impairing a woman's reputation for chastity. Much better evidence is to be found in the plays of Shakespeare, in the plays of Moliere, in the plays of Ibsen, and in the plays of Hauptmann. Even George Bernard Shaw has done the thing that is pronounced unique by the writer who has been exulting over the immaculate character of "The Lion and the Mouse," and he surpassed Mr. Klein's achievement. Klein's play is far from being a

"The little store around the corner".

**\$75 worth of Furniture
for \$1 a week**

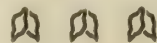
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WATCH OUR SATURDAY SPECIALS.

WILL J. CULLIGAN FURNITURE CO.

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BET. WASHINGTON AND BROADWAY,
OAKLAND, CAL.

masterpiece. It is founded on the doings of a human freak and mirrors not the life that is peculiar to any nation or society, but rather the ways that are peculiar to a very peculiar individual, who is the embodiment of the System, something unique in the world's history. To appreciate the play one must know something of the character and practices of the system. The play lacks universality in the characterization of its central figure, and consequently, from the artistic standpoint, it is a failure. It was written for the box-office and it was written cleverly. It serves a wholesome purpose; but if we gave freedom to the drama and cultivated our taste for good dramatic literature instead of for Klein potboilers, we should develop dramatists who would do far more effective work than Klein has done toward purifying the morals of our politicians. Critics of the type of the editorial writer who would shackle the drama and deny it the scope that is vouchsafed other arts and even other forms of literature are obviously ignorant of the moral value of

art and of the nature of the creative faculty. Of the process by which the drama is constructed they know absolutely nothing. No playwright sits down, as they believe, to write a play around a sexual problem. No sincere dramatist deliberately undertakes an appeal to the lovers of lubricity. The inspiration of the playwright comes to him in shadowy form, impressing him with the outlines of a story. Influenced by what he experienced and observed in the world, he gives the story shape, and it takes coherence in his mind, but its drift he cannot alter without checking his artistic impulses and making of the child of his genius a mechanical toy. The story that the dramatist is most tempted to seize is the love story, and the love story that is most dramatic is not the one that treats of the course of lawful love baffled, but the romance of illicit passion, the passion that was the mainspring of all the great love stories of the world from the days of David and Bathsheba down to Nelson and Lady Hamilton.



Perspective Impressions

By the Staff.

The earthquake had the same effect on prejudices as on chimneys. Abe Ruef has been advertising in the Bulletin. Schmitz is probably writing a Crothers March.

Senator Tillman is said to be a vegetarian. He talks like a man who can drink whisky with red pepper in it.

There are men that not only deny that God destroyed San Francisco to punish its inhabitants, but affirm that he did not. Dr. Rader is one of them. Will he please tell us whence comes his knowledge? The man that tells us the earthquake was a visitation of Providence intended as an expression of wrath is, to be sure, an ass, but what about the man that gravely tells us it was not?

Safe-cracking has become not only a profitable but a legal industry in San Francisco.

The Ways and Means Committee of the House has reported favorably on the Free Alcohol bill. The W. C. T. U. has not yet protested. Free alcohol, however, does not mean a cheap intoxicant. It is not that kind of alcohol. One of the purposes of this bill is to supply a substitute for the thing that makes automobiles offensive to the nostrils.

Rents went up in Seattle immediately after the earthquake in San Francisco. But that isn't half so remarkable as the fact that they were raised in San Francisco, too.

Oakland is now the busiest city on the Pacific

Coast and its population has jumped ahead of that of either Los Angeles or Seattle.

Whenever an illustration of Graft is wanted hereafter, there will be no difficulty in obtaining a picture of the city hall taken immediately after the earthquake.

E. P. E. Troy came to life in the second week after the earthquake and rose to remark that the Spring Valley Water Company had neglected to provide against an act of God. He did not suggest the punishment fitting the crime, but he probably feels that Engineer Schussler should be hanged.

Information wanted of the whereabouts of the magnates of the California-street Railroad. When last heard from, Banker Borel was in his chateau in Switzerland.

The supposition is that S. G. Murphy was ousted from the presidency of the First National Bank because the stockholders feared that in a characteristic burst of generosity he might donate all the money in the vaults to the relief fund.

THE REASON.

Mrs. Smith (proudly)—My baby began to talk when he was only a year old.

Mrs. Brown (triumphantly)—Mine began to talk at six months.

Mrs. Smith (witheringly)—But yours is a girl baby.—The Nurse.

Funston Talks

The Hero of the Calamity Tells What the Military Authorities Did During the Reign of Terror.

By Theodore Bonnet.

How fortunate we are that this is a military post!

This exclamation was heard on all sides during the three days of terror that followed the earthquake. It was in time of peace that San Francisco awoke to an adequate realization of the importance of a standing army.

It was not pleasant to ponder what might have been if military discipline had not been enforced within an hour after the awful flames began their work of destruction. But not only for the maintenance of law and order are we indebted to Funston and his men. When the whole city was in a state of panic, when

be without the nucleus of the Greater San Francisco which remains and in which is housed a large percentage of the distressed inhabitants of the once opulent city.

There has been a great deal of misapprehension as to the part played by the military authorities in the somber drama that involved the tragic fate of San Francisco. During the three days of terror all sorts of wild and conflicting reports were afloat. First came the news that martial law had been declared, and then thrilling stories of the killing of citizens on slight provocation were put in circulation. The impression prevailed that the army had usurped the functions of the Fire Department and that the futile blowing up of buildings was the result of the inexperience of the military authorities.

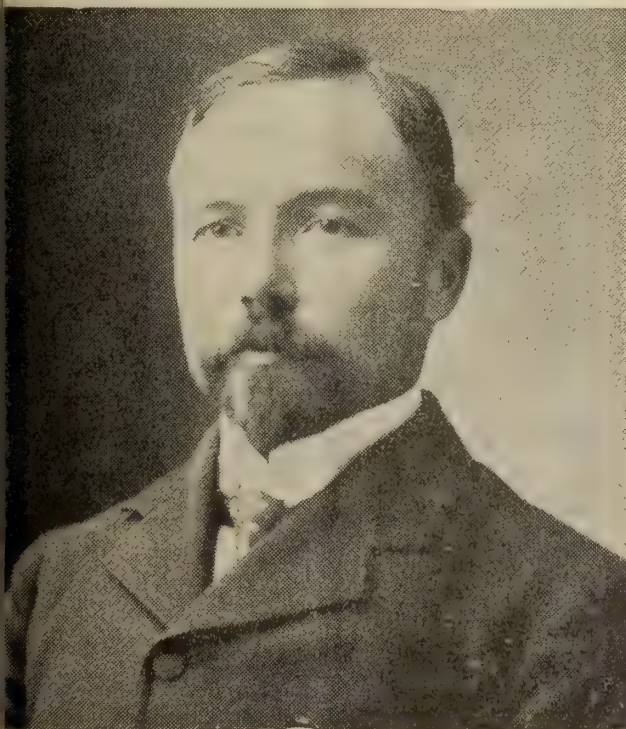
In order to get the true story of those momentous happenings I sought an interview last Sunday with General Funston, who has established headquarters at the Presidio on a knoll in Tennessee Hollow. I was directed to his headquarters by Mrs. Funston, a very sweet and amiable woman, whom I found on the porch of her home within a stone's throw of her husband's office. I was very much surprised to find that the hero of the Philippines, the man that captured Aguinaldo, is not an easy man to interview. When he was doing things during the Spanish war that won for him sudden fame and quick promotion, there were envious ones by whom it was said that his newspaper experience was proving of great value to him as a soldier. In breaking the ice last Sunday I remarked that I understood he was a newspaper man before he became a soldier. But the remark did not thaw him out a bit.

He is a typical soldier, is Funston, about the size of Napoleon, or perhaps of Alexander, or of Caesar, all of whom, I believe, were short of stature. He impressed me as being a man who would rather listen than talk, and as I didn't have much to say it took quite a while to get the interview going smoothly.

At first I could induce him only to give me meagre facts and figures, some of which were of no particular interest. "Captain Coleman and Lieutenant Briggs," he said, "were the men in charge of the dynamiting. They had a small detachment of the artillery corps under them and operated the electric batteries by which the dynamite was exploded."

"Did they direct the fire-fighting?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "they worked under the direction of the fire department. They dynamited only such buildings as were designated by the fire department officials."



BRIGADIER-GENERAL FUNSTON.

people were fleeing from their homes and general confusion and disorder reigned, the presence of the soldiers in martial array acted like magic on the stricken community. They reminded us that Uncle Sam was still doing business at the old stand, and they inspired us with confidence and hope. Nor were they long in demonstrating that there was more than a mere sentiment behind them, for from the very beginning they were alert and active and they rendered services without which chaos would have reigned, human suffering would have been intensified to a degree a thousand times more appalling than it was and we should now

General Funston then explained that the military authorities never took charge of the city. "Martial law," he said, "was never declared. People thought it was, and it was just as well that they did. We did not have the machinery to handle the whole city government, and therefore we did not interfere more than was necessary."

I learned from General Funston that he was himself one of the refugees, having been burned out of his home at 1310 Washington street, where he lost his furniture and all his household treasures. He was in his home at the time of the earthquake, and from there could see that the city was in danger of being destroyed by fire. "I tried to telephone at once," he said, "to the Presidio, but found that the wires were not working. I managed to secure a horse and sent a personal message to the post commanders at Fort Mason and at the Presidio ordering the entire garrisons to be marched at once to the Hall of Justice and there to report to the Mayor and Chief of Police. Within one hour after the earthquake the troops were at the service of the civic authorities. I sent the Slocum to Angel Island and got the men from that point into the city within three hours. During the day we had about sixteen hundred men on duty, and within three days we were reinforced from Vancouver barracks and Monterey and had twenty-seven hundred men in the city."

General Funston took occasion to inform me that the navy rendered very prompt and very important service. "Though Admiral Goodrich," he said, "is my superior officer, he put three hundred blue jackets and two hundred marines under my command, and they were very useful in fighting the fire along Van Ness avenue, handling the hose through which water was pumped by a tug in the bay."

The General also related that it was through Admiral Goodrich that the troops at Monterey were summoned. They could not be reached by wire and so the Admiral sent a torpedo boat into Monterey bay from this city. The vessel made the run in less than four hours. The troops could not secure a train, so they started to march to this city and came many miles before transportation was provided. They reached here on the second day after the earthquake.

General Funston took occasion to compliment very highly the work of the civic authorities, and especially that of the Mayor and of the Chief of Police. He assured me in response to my inquiries that there had been no conflict between the regular army and the civic authorities. "We didn't try to boss them," he said. "We saw that it was a civilian job and we let them handle it, and they handled it well. I saw a great deal of the Mayor and I found him to be a man of excellent judgment."

"How soon after the earthquake did you meet Governor Pardee?"

I asked this question because I had heard it said

that, despite the great calamity, Governor Pardee did not enter the city for more than a week. This report proved to be inaccurate. It took General Funston some time to recall the number of days that elapsed between the earthquake and his meeting with the Governor. He made the calculation by recalling that General Greely, the commander of this division, who was on leave and had gone as far as Chicago, returned immediately on hearing of the catastrophe and that it was after General Greely's return that he first met the Governor. "I do not think," he said, "that it was more than five days after the earthquake."

However, Governor Pardee probably had the situation well in hand from the other side of the bay.

General Funston also took occasion to deny that the soldiers had done a great deal of shooting. "There were some very wild reports in circulation," he said, "of men being shot down for not promptly obeying orders. Upon investigation we found that not only were most of the reports untrue, but they were absolutely without foundation. One day a woman entered headquarters at Fort Mason and reported that she had just seen three men killed by soldiers a few blocks away on Van Ness avenue. We immediately sent out to verify the report and learned that not a shot had been fired in the neighborhood. Some people were evidently very much excited, but on the whole the people behaved admirably."

Our Smart Set Exchange.

We have established this column for the benefit of the Smart Set fire sufferers. No charge is made for the first insertion. A premium is given to everybody that receives an answer.

WILL exchange a gramophone for a kerosene stove. Burlingame, 516 Town Talk.

RED English polo jacket will be exchanged for a half dozen socks. W. H., San Mateo.

A beautiful country home will be exchanged for a team of horses and an express wagon. Suburbanite, Belvedere.

A beautiful pair of diamond studded opera glasses for a wash-boiler. Address Simple Life, box 6173. Town Talk.

A souvenir of the Francisca Club, consisting of a receipt for the initiation fee, for a plain shirt-waist. Exclusiveness, Menlo Park.

WILL exchange a troupe of monkeys and a book entitled "Pointers and Suggestions Pertaining to Unique Dinners," for a cow that will tamely submit to being manipulated. Edith, Ross Valley.

Wilde's Epigrams and Criticisms

(Being excerpts made for Town Talk from the literary department of the "Woman's World," edited by the great esthete. The volume from which the excerpts were made was privately printed in London and is inaccessible to the public. The only copy known to have reached this country was in the possession of A. L. Robertson, the Post-street bookseller, and was lost in the great fire.—ED.)

Most people prefer to live in luxury and think with the majority.

Many of our novelists are really pamphleteers, reformers, masquerading as story-tellers, earnest sociologists seeking to mend as well as to mirror life.

Hawthorne recreated for us the America of the past with the incomparable grace of a very perfect artist, but Mr. Bret Harte's emphasized modernity has, in its own sphere, won equal, or almost equal, triumphs.

I fancy that most people, if they do not actually prefer a salmi to a sonnet, certainly like their culture to repose on a basis of good cookery, and as there is something to be said for this attitude, I am glad to see that several ladies are interesting themselves in cookery classes.

The Japanese have the most wonderful delicacy of touch and with a science so subtle that it gives the effect of exquisite accident they can, by merely placing, make an undecorated space decorative. There is also an intimate connection between their art and their handwriting. They both go together and show the same feeling for form and line.

The health of a nation depends very largely on its mode of dress; the artistic feeling of a nation should find expression in its costume quite as much as in its architecture; and just as the upholstering tradesman has had to give place to the decorative artist, so the ordinary milliner with her lack of taste and lack of knowledge, her foolish fashions and her feeble inventions, will have to make way for the scientific and artistic dress designer.

If something is right in a family, it is difficult to see why it is, therefore, without any further reason, wrong in the State. If the participation of women in politics means that as a good family educates all its members, so must a good State, what better issue could there be? The family ideal of a State may be difficult of attainment, but as an ideal it is better than the policeman theory. It would mean the moralization of politics. The cultivation of separate sorts of virtues and separate ideas of duty in men and women has led to the social fabric being weaker and unhealthier than it need be.

In a recent article on English poetesses I ventured to suggest that our women of letters should turn their attention somewhat more to prose and somewhat less to poetry. Women seem to me to possess just what our literature wants—a light touch, a delicate hand, a graceful mode of treatment, and an unstudied felicity of phrase. We want some one to do for our prose what Mme. de Levisne did for the prose of France. George Eliot's style was far too cumbrous, and Charlotte Brontë's too exaggerated.

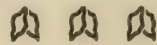
I am not in love with the tendencies of our modern novelists. There is abundance of talent, but writing a pretty, graceful, touching, yet pleasing story is the last thing our writers nowadays think of; their novels are partly pamphlets on political or social questions, like "Sybil," or "Alton Lock," or "Uncle Tom," or they are the most minute and painful dissections of the least agreeable and beautiful parts of our nature, like those of Miss Brontë—"Jane Eyre" and "Villette"; or they are a kind of martyrology, like Mrs. Marsh's "Emilia Wyndham," which makes you almost doubt whether any torments the heroine could have earned by being naughty could exceed those she incurred by her virtues.

There is something curiously interesting in the tendency of modern poetry to become obscure. Many critics, writing with their eyes fixed on the masterpieces of past literature, have ascribed this tendency to wilfulness and to affectation. Its origin is rather to be found in the complexity of new problems, and in the fact that self-consciousness is not yet adequate to explain the contents of the Ego. In Mr. Browning's poems, as in life itself which has suggested, or rather necessitated, the new method, thought seems to proceed not on logical lines, but on lines of passion. The unity of the individual is being expressed through its inconsistencies and its contradictions. In a strange twilight man is seeking for himself, and when he has found his own image he cannot understand it. Objective forms of art, such as sculpture and the drama, sufficed once for the perfect presentation of life; they can no longer so suffice.

Nothing is more interesting than to watch the change and the development of the art of novel writing in this nineteenth century—"this so-called nineteenth century," as an impassioned young orator once termed it after a contemptuous diatribe against the evils of modern civilization. In France they have one great

genius, Balzac, who invented the modern method of looking at life; and one great artist, Flaubert, who is the impeccable master of style; and to the influence of these two men we may trace almost all contemporary French fiction. But in England we have had no school worth speaking of. The fiery torch lit by the Brontes has not been passed on to other hands. Dickens has only influenced journalism; Thackeray's delightful superficial philosophy, superb narrative power and clever serial satire have found no echoes; nor has Trollope left any direct successors—a fact which is not to be regretted, however, as admirable though Trollope undoubtedly is for rainy afternoons and tedious railway journeys, from the point of view of literature he is merely the perpetual curate of Pudlington Parva. As

for George Meredith, who could hope to reproduce him? His style is chaos illumined by brilliant flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything, except language; as a novelist he can do everything, except tell a story; as an artist he is everything except articulate. Too strange to be popular, too individual to have imitators, the author of "Richard Feverel" stands absolutely alone. It is easy to disarm criticism, but he has disarmed the disciple. He gives us his philosophy through the medium of will, and is never so pathetic as when he is humorous. To turn truth into a paradox is not difficult, but George Meredith makes all his paradoxes truths, and no Theseus can thread his labyrinth, no Aedipus solve his secret.



The Spectator

Pardee's Predicament.

Governor Pardee has had more than his share of troubles since the earthquake, a fact that should not be lost sight of by those that are inclined to criticise. The Governor had to face an unprecedented emergency and he was called upon to solve many problems of an unusual if not absolutely unique character. He proved himself both zealous and indefatigable, and if he lost his poise there is much to be urged in extenuation. A few weeks before the calamity he made known his intention to become a candidate for re-election, and that circumstance should be kept in mind by his unfriendly critics, for it behooves the political candidate to act with caution and discretion. Governor Pardee undoubtedly strove to subordinate his personal interests to those of this afflicted community, but he is not divine and it was natural for him while performing his executive duties to give due consideration to the importance of avoiding political blunders. When he was urged to call off the militia he saw the danger of giving heed to public clamor. There are many votes in the militia, and Governor Pardee declined to listen to the reckless charges of misconduct that were being made. He gallantly rushed to the defense of the powerful body and asserted his confidence in the integrity and discipline of the brave men who are so frequently referred to contemptuously and unjustly as tin soldiers. Governor Pardee made many friends by sticking to the militia. He may not be a great statesman, but he is a shrewd politician and is not to be caught napping.

His Scorching Letter.

Many things have occurred that would disturb the poise of a far better balanced man than our esteemed Executive. For example, the correspondent of a Seattle newspaper charged the Governor with having

placed himself in opposition to the military authorities, and made many unpleasant comments on the conduct of our Executive. There are critics that say it was beneath the dignity of California's Executive to take notice of newspaper comment, especially at a time when we were in need of the sympathy of other communities, but Governor Pardee was greatly exercised by the charges that were made. Mindful of his political future he probably felt that he would suffer irreparable injury if the press were permitted to create the impression that he was guilty of gross misconduct in such a crisis. So he wrote to the editor of the Seattle paper telling him that his correspondent was a liar and asking him if all the other members of his staff could lie with equal facility. Perhaps it was not a dignified letter, but the provocation was great, and evidently Governor Pardee is exceedingly sensitive to criticism. It may have been indiscreet for him to expose the thinness of his cuticle, but he had the satisfaction of calling a man a liar and increasing the admiration of his constituents. No doubt there are many people in the State with a keen sense of the proprieties by whom the Governor's breezy letter will be deprecated as vul-

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gar and insulting, but they should remember that our Executive was hot under the collar and attribute his indiscretion to loss of temper. In Seattle they will probably take it as a mild joke at our expense.

The Extra Session.

There has also been a good deal of criticism anent Governor Pardee's disinclination to call an extra session of the Legislature. He was urged to do so by the leading citizens of this city, who felt the necessity of such a call, but it is extremely hazardous for a Governor, who is a candidate for re-election, to convene the Legislature in extra session on the eve of a gubernatorial campaign. It is when the Legislature is in session that the politicians do politics, and those that are unfriendly to Pardee are eager for an opportunity to harass him and to shoulder him with responsibilities calculated to cloud his political prospects. Knowing the ways of the politicians Governor Pardee was reluctant to issue the call, urgent as it was; and when Senator Ralston suggested that the sentiment of the State could be obtained by asking the Legislators their opinion of the expediency and advisability of an extra session, the Governor welcomed this method of putting the responsibility on the Senators and Assemblymen. But those shrewd statesmen refused to play into his hands. The answer was that if the Governor believed that an extra session should be called, then he should call it. Thus was the game of politics played in the midst of the greatest calamity that ever afflicted the people of an American city.

When the Legislature Meets.

It would be impossible for the Governor to resist the pressure brought to bear to induce him to convene the Legislature. Serious though the political consequences may be, it would be fatal for him to refuse to give the city the legislative relief that has been demanded. For more than a week the politicians have been looking forward to the coming session and discussing the questions that will probably arise. There was some talk of the probability of an effort being made to take cognizance of the fact that San Francisco's population had decreased and establish a new basis for representation in the State convention. But there is not much likelihood of such action being taken. Though many people have gone from the city it cannot be assumed that they will not return before the next election. Representation is usually apportioned on the basis of the vote at the last preceding general election, and that is the course that will in all probability be fol-

lowed this year. However, it is the Governor who will determine the nature of the business to come before the Legislature. He must set it forth in his call, and it is understood that there will be twenty-two propositions upon which the Legislature will be requested to act. Though many vacancies have occurred in the legislative bodies since the last session it is not likely that the Governor will call a special election to fill them, for he now stands a better chance of controlling the Legislature than he did before, most of the ex-members having been identified with the anti-Pardee machine. Bunkers, French, Wright and Emmons were expelled from the Senate, and Selva and Woodward resigned to accept Federal positions. Barnes and Prescott of the Assembly are now in Federal jobs and Waste is on the Superior bench of Alameda county.

Moral Effects.

Mr. Phelan tells us there is much feeling over the temporary removal of many business houses from San Francisco to Oakland. He says that the news of the migration to Oakland went all over the world, and that the moral effect is bad. So was the moral effect of the earthquake, the damage from which was due principally to the crimes of dishonest builders. The hegira to Oakland was not a matter of choice, a fact that Mr. Phelan would have been aware of if he had to get out and hustle for business. The newspapers had to go to Oakland, and it was a good thing for San Francisco that they did.

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Coppas Survives.

Though the Latin Quarter was reduced to ashes in the conflagration that swept the city, one of San Francisco's historic buildings survived. I refer to the Montgomery block, which was erected in the sixties by General Halleck. It is in this building that Coppas is located, the restaurant made famous by a coterie of ostentatious bohemians. The premises were occupied many years ago as the business office of the "Evening Bulletin." Coppas, an Italian chef, established a cheap restaurant there and it became the rendezvous of several artists who went there first in search of color, and took a fancy to the Italian cooking, for which the average mortal had to cultivate an appetite, for it was far from palatable or tempting. But the artists resolved to give it a "bohemian atmosphere," and they did. They also convinced themselves that they liked the grub and even the red paint that was sold in bottles. They were soon joined by some literary gents addicted to the bohemian pose, and to impart character to the place they made chalk drawings on the walls depicting themselves as genuine, blown-in-the-bottle bohemians. Soon the place had great vogue. Men and women of the set that was growing very large just before the earthquake, the set that absorbed culturine and made strenuous efforts to win recognition as the artistic set of San Francisco began to throng Coppas's. Soon the place lost its atmosphere. Men and women in evening dress crowded out the near-bohemians and pretended to like the grub. But when San Francisco is rebuilt Coppas's will have its traditions which, in combination with the chalk drawings, should make it a very popular resort. Steve Sanguinetti, who kept a restaurant in which there was an abundance of color and atmosphere, and in which real bohemians were never conspicuous, is said to be contemplating establishing a restaurant at Burlingame.

Some Frivols and Follies.

Here and there a bit of laughter or of folly has come out of the yawning jaws of calamity, and it is testimony to the courage of the people that already they have found time to sit down and swap yarns. As soon as the hotels, cafes and clubs are temporarily re-established there will be a thousand amusing tales to tell, and already I have gathered this little sheaf of incidents: A man covered with sweat and grime was seen toiling out of the smoke, a great pack upon his back, carrying in one hand a caged parrot and drag-

ging a child along with the other. As he staggered painfully under his load an indignant bystander said:

"Why don't you drop that parrot and carry the child?"

"How can I drop the parrot when every little while he says, 'Take life easy! Take life easy!'"

Another man, full of forethought, was carrying three hens with him and when Appy McKinnon asked him what he was going to do with them he replied:

"Kill 'em for dinner!"

"Wait! If you kill 'em to-morrow you may have eggs for breakfast!"

Another of the egg stories is a pal to the headquarters' request that all boiled eggs sent in to the relief stations have labels on them giving the date, when they were boiled. A woman was given half a dozen eggs at a relief camp. On the way home she heard a "Peep! Peep!" in the basket and found she had at least one live chicken. The heat had mothered those eggs.

The Hebrew Impersonator.

When the fire had invaded Union square and the terrified people who had found a temporary shelter there were fleeing in dismay, a little man in the attitude of Barney Bernard, hat pulled down over his ears, coat collar up, walked up and down the St. Francis steps and caused a diversion by crying:

"Fieh! Fieh! Fieh! Hellup! Hellup! Hellup!"

It was J. B. Leighton, secretary of what was known as "the crookedest street railroad on earth," the Presidio and Ferries road. Leighton had a great club reputation as a character impersonator.

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TOWN TALK

When Delmonico's Opened Up.

The earthquake threw down the front wall of the Delmonico restaurant on O'Farrell street, and the revelations were more startling than on that famous occasion when the ammonia tank exploded at the Poodle Dog. One well known man about town was seen in a room "opening on the street" and was heard shouting down to the bystanders:

"I'll give \$20 to anybody who'll bring my trousers back here."

Jerry Landfield and a party of sturdy bohemians were beating back the fire from the northern blocks of Hyde-street hill. In the height of the struggle an excited man rushed up:

"Some of you strong fellows come help me! I want strong fellows. Quick!"

"Certainly; what can we do for you," responded the fire fighters.

"Quick and help me save my bath-tub!"

A Clubman's Philosophy.

Out of the destruction has crept a bit of the spend-thrift's philosophy. A Family clubman was overheard holding out joyously to a circle of his friends.

"Now you thrifty chaps can see how I've beaten

the game. Here you have been chiding me year in and year out for taking no thought for the morrow. You've called me spendthrift and ne'er-do-weel because I wouldn't lay by part of my salary. Well, you hoarded your money. You denied yourselves luxuries and even comforts. Then a fire came along and in three days all your hoardings went to smoke. You never enjoyed any of them. But I've had run out of my money and all the earthquakes of this world and all the fires of the next can't rob me of the good times I've had!"

A Thriller and a Soother.

Up from Atlanta, in a special press dispatch, come the glad tidings that the "Carnegie kiss leaves nothing to be desired." Such is the testimony of Mrs. J. H. Eichberg of Atlanta, whose lips were glued to the lips of the ironmaster for a brief period at a public reception given to the gentleman who has cornered the philanthropy of the world. "Mr. Carnegie as a kisser is unexcelled," continued Mrs. Eichberg. "The pressure of his lips is satisfying in every respect. His kiss thrills and at the same time soothes." This is highly interesting testimony, for it presents the Laird



of Skibo in a new light to his many admirers. A man doesn't become an osculatory artist in a night. Mr. Carnegie hasn't been spending all his days in finance and philanthropy. He is probably familiar with the poetry of Peter Pindar who, once upon a time, threw this hint out to the money-grubber:

"Freely give thy soul to joy;
Mercenary pleasures cloy,
While the voluntary bliss
Kiss so sweetly answering kiss,
Fills the soul with real pleasure,
Blessed and blessing without measure."

Mrs. Eichberg speaks about the Carnegie kiss in particular almost as rapturously as Sappho sang about kisses in general. She dissects the kiss somewhat after the manner of the perfervid Secundus, who addressed yards of rhythmic kiss verses to his fickle mistress, amongst which were the following hyperbolic lines:

"'Tis not a kiss those ruby lips bestow,
But richest nectar and ambrosial dews;
Such as from fragrant nard, or cassia flow,
Or blest Arabia's spicy shrubs diffuse;
Or sweets that from Hymettus' thymy brow,
Or roses that Cecropian bowers produce
Unwearied honey bees selecting bear
To cells of virgin wax and temper there."

The Hobson Kiss.

Mrs. Eichberg is probably the champion kisser of Atlanta, for she has figured in other public kissing festivals. She sampled Hobson's kisses when he was in Atlanta, and so the reporters asked her how the Hobson performance compared with that of the aged philanthropist. She made this reply: "The Carnegie kiss is superior to the Hobson kiss in every way; I got no special pleasure from Captain Hobson's kiss. It lacks the satisfying qualities of the Carnegie kiss. Captain Hobson just pecks at your lips and leaves one wondering why he didn't make a good job of it." Something after the style of old Ben Jonson, who made it evident that he wasn't up in the art of kissing when he addressed this plea to his lady-love:

"For Love's sake kiss me once again,
I long and should not beg in vain
There's none to spy or see;
Why do you doubt or stay?
I'll taste as lightly as the bee
That doth but touch his flower and fly away."

The Protracted Kiss.

Continuing, Mrs. Eichberg explained wherein the superiority of the Carnegie kiss lies: "Mr. Carnegie does make a good job of it. He puts his lips squarely on yours and he keeps them there long enough for one to understand what good kissing means." The sort of kiss evidently that Bonnefons wanted when he dashed off this lyric:

"Come, dearest, with thy smiling lips apart,
Pouring a show'r of kisses sweet, then join
Them closer still, and from thy inmost heart
Breathe forth thy soul and let it mix with mine;
But mingle so that never art shall sever,
And like our endless love be thus conjoined forever."

Will Andrew Tell?

If Mr. Carnegie is not on intimate terms with the muses he might at least tell us in prose how he does it, for he certainly has the secret of impressive kissing. According to Mrs. Eichberg, "The Hobson kiss is immature; the Carnegie kiss is mature." But that is a little vague. We know that it is not the kind of kiss that leaves "the sting of fierce desire behind," because Mrs. Eichberg says that it not only thrills but also soothes. It is therefore a very remarkable kiss, and if Mr. Carnegie is really a philanthropist he will take the world into his confidence and impart his great secret of accomplishing all that Mrs. Eichberg says that he succeeded in doing at Atlanta. The reporters neglected to tell us whether there was a Mr. Eichberg in Atlanta.

The Tehuantepec Route.

The inadequacy of facilities for transporting building material to San Francisco is causing much concern, since it is feared that the shipping and railroad companies will be unable to meet the extraordinary demands on their carrying capacity that will be made in the coming year. In this connection it is well to remember that the Tehuantepec route will soon be open for business. About the first of

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TOWN TALK

July the Tehuantepec Railway will be in operation. This road will open up comparatively quick communication with the Eastern coast, and it is destined to become one of the greatest of the factors that will contribute to the growth and development of Greater San Francisco. Its influence on this city will be almost as direct and great as that of the Panama Canal. Great preparations are now being made in Mexico to celebrate the opening of this route, which, by the way, has a very interesting history. It was discovered by Cortez. Its potentialities as a highway of commerce appealed to that brilliant conqueror as early as 1658. He built the harbor at Coatzacoalcas at the Atlantic end, and he also erected a fort there and founded a colony. Later he got a concession from Charles V and laid out a camino del rey, or wagon road across the isthmus to Salina Cruz on the Pacific, and this short cut between oceans was used by Spain for military and trade purposes during three centuries.

Diaz Behind the Enterprise.

Many Californian pioneers came across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in 1849. They were carried over the road in coaches. No doubt many pioneers of the Greater San Francisco will be carried over the same isthmus in this year of our Lord. It is to President Diaz of Mexico that the world, and particularly San Francisco, will be indebted for this new avenue of commerce. In 1878 he obtained authority from the Mexican Congress to make the Isthmian railroad a national enterprise, but not until 1895 was the road completed by an Anglo-American syndicate and opened for traffic. Unfortunately, it had not good harbors and docking facilities, and it became a bad asset to the Mexican Government. But the indefatigable Diaz entered into a contract with Sir Weetman Pearson, an English contractor, to standardize the railroad, dredge the termini harbors and construct a system of breakwaters and docks. The work is now almost completed, and the railway will soon be prepared to handle San Francisco business.

Greenway Still the Social Leader.

Czar Greenway was in Seattle when San Francisco's smart set lost its air of exclusiveness. I met him in Oakland a few days ago dining modestly at the only restaurant in our fair sister city where you can get a meal that doesn't revolt you (and it isn't Barnum's) and I asked Ned whether the earthquake had supplied him with a pretext for resigning his sceptre. "No sir," he replied, "I expect to give my annual dinner on the fourth of next November either at the St. Francis or Fairmont." The Greenway was looking cheerful as ever, despite the fact that nobody had opened a bottle of Mumm in San Francisco for more than three weeks. He took occasion to inform me that Town Talk was guilty of an inaccuracy in reporting his rejection by the Holluschickie Club. The secretary has informed him that his name was not submitted.

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All kinds of Vitrified Salt-Glazed Sewer Pipe.

Factory: Tesla.

Alameda Co., Cal.

Yards: San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, San Jose.

The Intellectual Loss.

Though it is possible to estimate pretty accurately the financial losses from the fire, it would be utterly futile to attempt to gauge approximately the loss sustained by the intellectual world. We know of some of the large libraries that were destroyed but very little is known of the private collections made by booklovers and art connoisseurs, and there were many in San Francisco. Many masterpieces of the painter's and sculptor's arts went up in smoke, and some very rare volumes and manuscripts were consumed. Alexander Robertson, the bookseller, lost all of his own publications, including many first editions of Californian works that have become valuable. Many works, dealing with the early history of the State, that cannot be replaced, were destroyed. L. D. Ventura lost fifteen hundred volumes that had taken a lifetime to collect. In his time Ventura has enjoyed the friendship of many distinguished authors, and he possessed numerous autographed copies of the works of his friends. He also possessed a valuable collection of letters, some of which were written to him by the elder Salvini and a large number by Madame Ristori, all of which were burned. Though he was deeply affected by his loss, he is today in good spirits, and instead of worrying over the commercial future of the city he is trying to perfect a donation plan for the stocking of a big new library for San Francisco.

Bishop Hamilton's Dollar Quest.

What an amusing personage is Bishop Hamilton! You have probably read about him in the public prints. He is a Methodist by birth and a converter of the heathen by occupation—a professional proselyter in the propaganda of one of the two-and-seventy jarring sects. When last heard from, a week before the earthquake, he was traversing the straight and narrow paths of Methodism in the Eastern States, bowl in hand, like a mendicant faquir of the Brahmosomaj, begging for alms to reimburse him for his financial losses in the vain effort to convert the heathen of San Francisco to the tenets of Methodism. He is telling the congregations of Massachusetts and New Jersey that he has expended \$30,000 "in the cause of the Master," and is sorry that he has wasted so much good red money of Mammon in such a fruitless endeavor. As it was money out of his own pocket he thinks his fellow Methodists should put it back into his pocket. This is as if one of the apostles, after the crucifixion, had gone to the sorrowing brethren of Jerusalem saying: "This is a generation of vipers; behold, they have refused to accept the new dispensation and I am impoverished of all my goods and chattels because I had faith in the promise of our Lord that all the world would be converted to our way of thinking. Please give me a few shekels to set me up in business again at the old stand—Brother Judas has contributed ten of his

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clearing house instructions,
at the old stand*

Merchants Exchange Building

thirty pieties to my necessities." That is the way Bishop Hamilton's "appeal" to his brethren of the Eastern States sounds to the "heathen" of San Francisco. It isn't a musical psalmody nor a song "entuned in his nose ful semely." It jingles like nickels in a calabash and it rasps like the audible friction of a camel trying to pass through the eye of a needle. It is like the noise of seven chips slipping through the nervous clutch of a poker player bemoaning his losses; it reminds of the growling imprecation of the Roman soldier that lost in the casting of lots upon the parting of His garments at the foot of the cross. Methodism is probably as direct a route to salvation as any of the two-and-seventy crossroads sign-posted by the jarring sects, but I fear me much that those toiling on the rugged trail at the heels of Bishop Hamilton are following a delusion and a snare, mistaking the rattle of the dollars in his begging bowl for the hymnal chiming of cathedral bells calling to prayer.

The Comedian Slept.

Gilbert Gregory, the Tivoli comedian who played the King in "The Isle of Spice," regrets very much that he doesn't know what the earthquake felt like. He didn't get to bed until about three o'clock that memorable morning, and he was feeling very good, having spent several hours with some convivial companions. He was awakened by a commotion in the street, and looking at his watch saw that it was 9:30 o'clock. He had only half an hour in which to reach the Tivoli, where there was to be a rehearsal that morning. So he jumped out of bed and his eyes popped out when he saw the floor littered with fragments of ornaments. He immediately surmised that he went to bed with an awful jag and he thought perhaps that in taking of his coat he swept everything off the bureau. Presently the noise in the street excited his curiosity and he looked out and was still more amazed by what he saw. But it was not until he got out of his room that he learned of the earthquake.

The Versatile Newhall.

George Newhall, the celebrated Burlingame whip, is establishing a new record which should stand him in good stead when San Francisco has its next horse show. He was seen driving through the streets the other day in an express wagon and he looked the part. He seemed to be thoroughly en rapport with his nags, and there wasn't a discordant note in the outfit. He looked just as much at home as he formerly did in his Victoria or behind his four-in-hand. His friends are curious to know whether he intends following the example of his friend Duplex Beylard by becoming a member of the union.

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Ready for business at
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Pianos repaired, tuned, moved and stored.
Oakland Office, 654 Fourteenth St., near Grove, Oakland.

The Stage

The indications are the Alcazar management will be the first to put the drama back on its feet in San Francisco. A site for a temporary theater has been secured and a fine stock company is to be engaged for the opening. In the history of San Francisco the theatrical business had never been in such a flourishing condition as it was in during the few months preceding the conflagration. So great had been the profits of Eastern companies that the Syndicate magnates were booking all their best attractions for the Coast, and several of the most successful stars of New York were looking forward to a season in the metropolis. Moreover, the glad news was published that Ignatz Steinhart, Mortimer Fleischaker, Mark Gerstle and Alden Anderson had organized a syndicate for the building of an opera house on Union Square. San Francisco was priding itself on its operatic appetite; also on its musical culture. "Willie is a big boy now" is a refrain to which a paraphrase celebrating the growth of the city might aptly have been attuned. We were getting into the metropolitan class, but we had not yet outgrown the provincialism which finds expression in the boast: "We are a cultured community, we love music, we know good opera when we hear it." As a matter of fact, our musical culture was largely a pretension, but we did love opera—it afforded so many opportunities for display. And the newspapers were so generous! They sent the reporters through the audience asking people their names for publication. Did our cultured folk resent the intrusion? Not on your life; in some instances they accommodately spelled their names to guard against inaccuracies. But yes, indeed, we did love opera so long as prices were sufficiently high to guarantee a certain measure of exclusiveness. The prices fixed the standard. If an Edyth Walker, the worst prima donna that ever sang at unpopular prices in San Francisco, emitted tones that were not pleasing and flatted all over the stage, if a husky tenor indulged in gastric squeaks, if on the whole the performance was listless and uniformly mediocre, as was that of "The Queen of Sheba," we remembered the prices and the brand and swallowed it all without a grimace.

Society Satarized.

"The latest play, to score here," writes a correspondent from New York, "is 'The Social Whirl.' It is a satire on the people who figured in the Hapgood-Town Topics scandal and it deals with the somersaulting of the alleged leaders of high society. Just now the Four Hundred is a favorite subject for playsmiths, and reports are in circulation to the effect that next season will see the production of about half a dozen comedies, farces or satires, or whatever one pleases to call them, dealing with the follies of the vulgar rich. Alfred Sutro paved the way for this departure with his 'Walls of Jericho,' which obtained its success from

its rough handling of the English nobility. So far our own counterfeit aristocracy has been ably handled only by the novelists, but it is reasonable to expect that out of the band of playwrights now engaged in attempting to depict this phase of life one at least will evolve a play on a par with 'The House of Mirth.' It was inevitable that this book would be rolled through the dramatic mill. Clyde Fitch already has the work of evolution almost completed, and doubtless there are many playgoers who will look to him to reveal the best picture of the world of fashion. But it is hard to predict what the result of Fitch's work will be, especially as there is reason to believe he is not out of sympathy with the petty doings of the very large class he aspires to depict. It is a question whether Fitch will draw his lines broad and black enough. The public humor, clearly, is for society to be mercilessly ridiculed, and Fitch's past work has been the reverse of that. However, it may turn out that he has actually roused himself to a spirit of cutting sarcasm."

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Now is the time to go to

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If you cannot come yourself, send your family. Rates the same as last year. Book of testimonials sent on application.
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IN THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS WAS UNINJURED BY THE EARTHQUAKE. BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDING COUNTRY AND ALL FARM PRODUCTS SUPPLIED FOR THE TABLE.

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WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary

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Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request

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AND

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The resorts along the lines of these railroads are all open for business and were absolutely uninjured by the earthquake. The weather was never more delightful in the country than now. Better send your family if you can't go yourself.

All persons having bills against the California Northwestern Railway Company and North Shore Railroad Company prior to March 31, 1906, are requested to forward immediately to Controller, Tiburon, Cal.

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California's Most Famous Health Resort. Natural Hot Baths and Stomach Waters. Inquire at Bryan's or Peck's Information Bureau or Address
H. H. McGOWAN
Lessee and Manager, Seigler Hot Springs, Lake Co., Cal.

Arrowhead Hot Springs The Most Curative Springs Known

Temperature 196°. The hottest curative springs in the world.
Flow 500,000 gallons daily.
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Baths Bath house will accommodate 400 daily. Hot water, vapor, mud, electric light, Schott, (Nauheim) needle, massage, X-ray.
Laboratory Thoroughly equipped for diagnostic and clinical study of every type of metabolic disorders.
Analysis Intermediate between Sprudel of Carlsbad, Germany, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas, though more strongly radio-active than either.
Conduct Modeled after the great European Spas.

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Send Your Family to

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Healdsburg. On the Russian River at the base of Fitch Mountain. An ideal place to camp. Address J. W. ROSE, Healdsburg, Sonoma County, Cal.

Harbin Hot Sulphur Springs

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...Hotel Alexandria...

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An absolutely **FIREPROOF** Hotel
Beautiful Indian Mission restaurant—the
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garian Orchestra.

Alexandria Hotel Co. Los Angeles, Cal.

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Los Angeles' Newest, Largest and Most Beautifully Fur-
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300 Rooms—150 Baths—All Conveniences
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BEAUTIFUL RANCHELLA

In the Santa Cruz Mountains. Ideal country home. Fresh milk and eggs.

Rates \$10 to \$12 per week up. Telephone; Gas.
House absolutely uninjured by earthquake. Address
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Not injured by earthquake.

The nearest hot sulphur springs to San Francisco for health and pleasure. No staging. Fare, \$1.10. Round trip, \$1.65. Address THEO. RICHARDS, Agua Caliente, Sonoma County.

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Open May 15th.

DUNCAN SPRINGS CO., F. M. HOWELL, Manager.
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Hot White Sulphur Springs Canyon

625 acres, new hotel building not ready this season. Furnished cottages, 3 to 10 rooms, rented to families desirous of camping. Some choice locations for tents; rare opportunity to enjoy outdoor life; miles of lovely drives; large barn and stable; private table for limited number; strictly home service; fine fishing.

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In the mountains, twelve miles from Napa, 1900 feet elevation. Conducted as a home place rather than a hotel; pure air and water; own milk, cream, fruit and vegetables; \$8 to \$11 per week. Not injured by earthquake.

Arno H. Wilson, Atlas, Napa Co., Cal.

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Hotel in perfect condition. Earthquake not felt and climate delightful. Send your family if you can't go yourself. Southern Pacific trains running on schedule time to Byron.

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All outside rooms. Every modern convenience provided. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Fine fishing. This magnificent hostelry is conducted on the American plan and is open the entire year. There is no better surf bathing in America than that at Coronado Beach. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

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1900 feet altitude; no fog; telephone, hot and cold baths; large cement swimming tank. Rates \$7.00 a week up. Stage meets train at Napa. Fare to Napa \$1.35 round trip. Not injured by earthquake. SCHULER & SCHEBEN, Napa, Cal.

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EARTHQUAKE DID NOT REACH SODA BAY.

Situated on Clear Lake. Hotel and cottages have been renovated; dining hall seats 175 persons. The best steam launch on the lake. There is no better fishing in the world than here. Address GEO. ROBINSON and AGNES BELL RHOADS, Managers, Soda Bay Springs, Lake Co., Cal., via Kelseyville P. O. Opens May 1.

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Rooms single, double and en suite, with bath.

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By L. D. Ventura.

Far from the center of San Francisco's ruins, caressed by the sea, protected by fields and warmed by California's sun, at the very end of Ocean Boulevard, stands a big house. The doors open easily, not to the indiscreet, but to people in need. But yesterday it was "The house of mystery," "The house of the fence." Yes, the fence against cowardice, ostentation, jealousy, greed and mental prostitution. The house with the fence was the house of no bias. For three years, Meca-like, it has tempted the pilgrims of the press, the curious and the idle. Stories of mystery, of abductions, of strange rituals were told of the dwellers of that house. Yet there was no mystery, no darkness about it. The soul of this house is a woman who believes in God; yet she has no definite creed; she prays wherever she is. Believing in God makes her believe in whatever exists in the creation, good or bad, for good's sake. For a long period she has been the target of evil tongues, never bending her will to the pressure of prejudice and malice. But this hour of our calamity has been her hour. The house which still stands there is wide open now. The Red Cross flag waves over it. Through the big gates the rich of yesterday, the poor of to-day, all who hope in to-morrow, can enter. And the mysterious woman is ready to minister to the wants of man, of women, of children without suggestion or red tape. She is ministering to those wants, and at the same time she has avoided publicity. Well, from the ashes of San Francisco many noble hearts have arisen!

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12 San Pablo
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TOWN TALK

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THEODORE F. BONNET - - - - - EDITOR
CHARLES S. SMITH - - - - - MANAGER
RALPH A. GROVER - - - - - MANAGER OF ADVERTISING

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NOTICE!

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We have our subscription books, but did not save all of our mailing lists. Subscribers will therefore please notify us of their addresses.

The Whining Rich.

Some of San Francisco's most ponderous citizens have suffered perceptible diminution since the eighteenth of April. Many of the leading cits of yesterday are the also-rans of to-day. The catastrophe was too much for them. It was the sort of thing that tries men's souls and exposes the blow-holes of character, and there were many distinguished leaders of thought, pillars of society and captains of industry in San Francisco before the recent upsetting of calculations that were not prepared for the emergency by which they were confronted. They had grown up with the community and had prospered through thrift and a genius for holding tight. They were survivors of a class that had long retarded the growth of the city, but which, with the aid of funeral processions, had been reduced to such an extent that it had ceased to act as a dead weight of any consequence. When those opulent silurians suddenly found themselves separated from their safe-deposit boxes and their rentals, they were like a fleet of rudderless ships at sea. It was a ludicrous spectacle they presented, and their whines were excruciating. The community as a whole was quick to regain its courage. Indeed it astonished the world by its courage, its hopefulness, its optimism. Through the catastrophe we made known to the world the fact that there is something in the soil and in the atmosphere of San Francisco that stirs in men's hearts an affection profound and enduring and evokes a loyalty that cannot be shaken. It is because the community as a whole vindicated its devotion to the tortured city that those few weak-kneed, faint-hearted calamity-howlers of the capitalistic class were made conspicuous in their skulking attitude, in their eagerness to

recede into the background, in the despatch with which they discharged household servants and employees. We refer particularly to those men with securities in their safe-deposit boxes who began a course of economy while the flames were still raging, not because they had been hopelessly impoverished, but because it became evident that for a while they would have to spend a little of the principal from which they have been deriving fat revenues. Comparatively few of our wealthiest citizens were to the front in the emergency. Many of the most hopeful, optimistic and energetic of our citizens were men who lost everything but their insurance policies. Those that were lamenting the necessity of discharging their servants were representatives of our snobocracy, men who inherited or married fortunes and who have been adding thousands to their fortunes every week.

Some Pertinent Questions.

In the language of W. J. Bartnett, this is the time for San Francisco to splurge. It will be unprofitable to pursue a niggard policy in the upbuilding of the city. It will not do to spend a little, to proceed slowly and with a firm grasp on our purse-strings. To maintain our financial supremacy we must "loosen up!" We have one rich man in the person of Herbert E. Law, who knows the importance of doing things on a big scale, and who has exhibited the sort of spirit that should move the whole community at this time. Though his realty holdings on Van Ness avenue are probably larger than those of any other taxpayer, he is urging the widening of that thoroughfare. It will be necessary to slice a piece of his property to widen the avenue, but he is willing to part with his land. He has expressed his willingness to surrender even part of the Fairmont property for the general good. But to what extent are some of our other millionaires willing to go in the interest of the fallen city? Are the Parrotts and the other big rent collectors to be permitted to hug the background and wait for the city to get back where it was when real estate was doubling in value between two days? It is all right for the Phelans and the Laws to set the pace, but they should not be expected to assume all the burden. This would be a good time for our assessor to make out a list of our largest realty holders, of the men who have never paid their just proportion of the money raised for taxation, so that they might be summoned to the front and asked what they are willing to do. Perhaps it is entirely due to diffidence and modesty that some of them have not come to the front. There may be many public-spirited citizens amongst them and this is the

time for them to shine. Moreover, this is the time to put them on record. Important history is being made nowadays and there is abundant work at hand for builders of the commonwealth. It would be well at this time to guard against the spurious claims of those who, in the distant future, may be inclined to contribute to the coffers of some Fads and Fancies editor. If there is to be a Society of Daughters of the Pioneers of Greater San Francisco, let us keep the record straight.

A Very Important Measure.

So many are the personal and public interests that are occupying the attention of our leading citizens nowadays that some of the most important projects that should receive their support are in danger of being neglected. One of them is contemplated by the bill fathered by Senator Perkins providing for an appropriation for the construction of a Federal building and the creation of docking facilities for the transport service at the foot of Van Ness avenue. That bill was introduced more than a month ago and its significance was appreciated by men who were quick to take notice of every important factor for the stimulation of the city's growth. Now the bill is of far greater significance, not merely because of the large appropriation for which it provides, but on account of the assurance that it carries the permanent continuance of Uncle Sam's transport business at this port. The proposed docking facilities are principally for the transports, the building is for the offices of the several departments of the Government connected with the army and navy for which the rentals now aggregate seventy-seven thousand dollars a year. No effort should be spared to assist the Californian delegation in getting the appropriation from Washington. At this moment Jim Hill is doing all in his power to take advantage of our distress. He is diverting as much trade as possible to Seattle, and his representatives at Washington will try to beat the Perkins bill, knowing as they do that its passage will mean the giving of great impetus to the rebuilding of San Francisco. Fortunately there is a large and powerful group of railroad magnates as deeply interested in the future of San Francisco as Jim Hill is in the future of Seattle, but our commercial bodies should be alert and active. We cannot afford to have that bill beaten.

Samples of Misrepresentation.

The damage done to San Francisco by the earthquake was not half so great as that caused by misrepresentation of the great catastrophe from which the city suffered. And if the California Promotion Committee is still doing business at the old stand its efforts should be concentrated upon the removal of the impression that this city was destroyed by an earthquake. The

first reports sent out abounded in misrepresentation, and some of the most conservative magazines that have been scoffing for years at the daily press for its unreliability were guilty of the worst inaccuracies. That very dignified and austere publication, The American Monthly Review of Reviews presented to its readers views of the Palace Hotel, Call and Chronicle buildings and stated that they "were destroyed by the first earthquake shock on the morning of April 18th." Not only were those buildings virtually undamaged by the earthquake, but two of them withstood the ravages of the fire. In the same publication was a picture of the Cliff House and a caption setting forth that "it was reported to have entirely disappeared in the convulsion caused by the earthquake." These were samples of the misstatements disseminated by the monthly, weekly and daily press all over the world. Clearly, there is work in hand for the California Promotion Committee.

Senatorial Antics.

In their deliberations over a railroad rate policy some of the statesmen of the Upper House of Congress are affording an amusing study of their sinister motives and cunning designs. Though there appears to be great and vital differences of opinion, to those of us who are familiar with the ways that are dark of politicians it is clear that many of the dramatic situations that arise are purely theatric and brought about to impress the dear people. The Senate is a most homogenous body governed by certain iron-clad rules of courtesy and it rarely engages in genuine conflict. At present the Senate is more interested in disparaging President Roosevelt than in passing a bill for the regulation of railroad rates. It is clear that some of the Senators hope to bring about the defeat of the Hepburn bill in such a way as to make it appear that the blame rests on the President; and those in favor of the bill are eager to put it through in such a way as to make it appear that they succeeded despite the blunders of the President. One day recently Senator

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Bailey, the Democratic leader, criticised the President for inviting none but Republican Senators to a conference on the bill. A few day later the President invited four Democratic Senators to join him in conference, and then Senator Bailey arose in all his majesty and condemned any attempt on the part of the Executive to influence members of the legislative branch on the subject of legislation. At the same time he announced that he would not discuss the rate bill with the President if invited to do so. The same day Senator Stone condemned Executive interference, and when he sat down Senator Dolliver arose and said: "I count it to be just as respectable and just as perfectly in line with my duty to hold counsel with the President of the

United States on those questions as to have my colleagues and friends here holding sweet councils with the presidents of railroad corporations on these questions." This little speech gave Senator Aldrich, son-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, and Senator Foraker, the champion of the railroads on the floor of the Senate, the opportunity to make little patriotic speeches in which they took swats at the President, and then Senator Dolliver brought the discussion to a close by saying that he never dreamed there was any impropriety in consulting with railroad presidents. To be sure he didn't. Every Senator believes in the honesty and integrity of every other Senator, and they all have confidence in the Senate as a whole.



Perspective Impressions

By the Staff.

In the years to come the man of whom it will be said that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth will take a back seat in the presence of the fellow that had a can-opener in his fish on his arrival.

San Francisco is making great strides these days—on paper. New buildings are being reared in the columns of the press with wonderful rapidity.

Some of the builders and architects that are very active in securing contracts for the rebuilding of the city were responsible for the frailty of many of the structures that added inordinately to the reputation of the earthquake for severity.

It would be well if prospective builders, before hiring architects, were to make inquiry concerning the men who designed and drew the specifications of the structures that revealed, immediately after the earthquake, evidence of gross incompetency.

When the Legislature meets it should increase the facilities for reaching the penitentiary by making it a felony for a builder to require his carpenters to put less than a reasonable number of nails in the end of a studding. A dishonest builder should be classed with men of homicidal tendencies.

This would be a good time for some of the substantial business men of San Francisco to organize an insurance company and announce their intention to pay on property destroyed for the purpose of protecting them from greater loss.

If Greater San Francisco is to be built only on paper, then there should be no objection to the activity of some of those loud-mouthed and small-brained architects that are now doing all the talking and holding on to the front of things with both hands.

Mrs. Oelrichs is probably looking for the man who advised her to exchange the Fairmont for the Crossley and the Rialto buildings.

It is mildly suspected in educational circles that David Starr Jordan caused the earthquake, for the purpose of getting rid of the Stanford museum.

HIS OWN.

I've a little sanctuary—

I'm told it is all mine—

I oft go there to worship,

And I always kiss the shrine.

'Tis a precious little treasure,

Which reminds me of a rose,

And the fair custodian keeps it

Just beneath her pretty nose!

—The Sentimentalist.

Prospective Groom (anxiously)—Parson, will you join us?

Thirsty Parson (cordially)—Thanks, I don't care if I do.

The Enigmatic Bernhardt

By Theodore Bonnet.

Sarah Bernhardt! The most extraordinary woman of the age is with us again. We hail her as the first actress of France, the country from which the world takes its lessons in the dramatic and histrionic arts, but she is more than that; she is the premier Woman with a Past. She is both a symbol and an artist. She symbolizes the triumph of individuality. Sarah Bernhardt is the one conspicuous woman of the age who has scorned to be shackled in the manner prescribed by Society for the promotion of its own interests, and who has nevertheless commanded the respect and admiration of the world. Lily Langtry tried to follow in her footsteps, but the English woman is pathetic in her fifties after a career that has been a failure, while the French woman, having grown old gracefully, and having conquered the prejudices of the Philistines, stands in her sixty-first year, unique on the world's stage, worshiped as the greatest living exponent of the emotional drama. Lily Langtry is merely a pretender; Sarah Bernhardt is a genius. The Langtry had nothing but face and form; Sarah Bernhardt has temperament and talent. Nor did Lily Langtry dare fathom all the depths of her personality or play the game with the cards above the table. She sought the protection of a King; Sarah Bernhardt defied the whole French Government, and brought the world to her feet. Lily Langtry took the precaution to provide her daughter with a father. Sarah Bernhardt pointed to her son as an *accident d'amour*. And today the great State of California is proud to have the Serpent of the Seine make artistic history for its pet university.

What a wonderful woman is Bernhardt! The creature of her own caprices, the embodiment of the primary passions, a woman whose eccentricities are an inexhaustible source of spicy conversation, she has made the world acknowledge the transcendent quality of her art and disentwine from her nature the thread that marks the pure white light of her genius. Today, at sixty-one, the woman who, through life, has calmly cut obliquely the order of things, is recognized as the foremost actress of the world. A quarter of a century ago she was being caricatured by the cartoonists of Paris, who pictured her as an emaciated freak. At sixty-one she is the envy of women who feel that it is vulgar to be buxom. A quarter of a century ago she was ridiculed in stinging pasquinade for her follies, her intrigues and her extravagancies; and a jealous rival, Marie Colombier, published a scandalous book about her and called it "Sarah Barnum," thereby implying that her methods were those of the great American circus manager whose motto was that

the public liked to be hoodwinked. Today, at sixty-one, though the limelight of biography has left but few darkened corners in her career, her picturesque past is forgotten, and were she known to be a vestal she could not be more enthusiastically acclaimed for her artistic worth.

Sarah Bernhardt is a living epic of the irresistible force of genius. She is the one woman who has been permitted to realize her own ideals, to defy the conventions that are believed to be inexorable. All through life she has been the glorification of the sensual. She has perfected the art of doing unconventional things conventionally. And she has risen superior to scandal and personal abuse. It would be impossible to sum up all that she has been. Despite her legitimate claims to the appreciation of the intellectual she has not scorned the advantages to be derived from playing the mountebank. Some years ago she had herself photographed in a coffin and after Jean Richepin exhibited in the cafes of Paris the scratches she had given him in love spats she persuaded him to play her lover on the stage. The divine Sarah knows the value of advertising. For more than a quarter of a century she has been the best advertised woman in the theatrical profession. She has kept herself in the public eye by vouchsafing the public occasional glimpses behind the scenes. Only so much of her private life has been private that was not likely to excite public interest. And despite the freedom with which her private affairs have been dealt with in the columns of the press, nobody appears to have any accurate knowledge as to her true character. She is as enigmatic as any of Baudelaire's women. At sixty-one she simulates the ardors that intoxicate in the first summer of passion, and yet by some it is said that she never did more than feign passion even in her amours beyond the footlights' glare. In Paris she has been reported to be both ascetic and voluptuous and she has posed as both. If she is constitutionally as ascetic as some commentators have said, then she is a greater actress than she is considered even by her most ardent admirers.

Sarah Bernhardt's fame as an actress and especially as the interpreter of Sardou, will long endure, but she might have insured the immortality of her name some years ago by grasping the opportunity to befriend Oscar Wilde. It is related by the latter's biographer that at the time of Wilde's arrest Sarah Bernhardt had the manuscript of "Salome," which had been rejected by several Parisian managers because of the Biblical theme. Sarah had announced her intention to produce it, so the poet sent a friend to her (the

biographer) to say that he was in need of money and as he could not wait for royalties would be glad to sell the play. Sarah expressed great sympathy for her friend, saying, however, that owing to the scandal in which he was involved she could not produce the play. But she promised to let him have some money. The friend called several times after that for the coin

but could not find Sarah at home. Wilde will be the intimate companion of men when Sarah Bernhardt is as faintly recalled as we today recall David Garrick. It is too bad that she did not do that which would have compelled the lively and grateful remembrance of men who, as long as the English language is read, will mourn the fate of the author of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."



A Prophet in Oakland

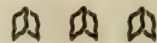
By Theodore Bonnet.

There is a prophet in Oakland and his name is C. R. Lewis. One day last week he rushed into the columns of the "Tribune" with a burning message to the effect that it is time "for mourning over San Francisco's loss to cease," and for Oakland to "awaken and grasp its opportunities." He announced that San Francisco was but a dream, that there is no San Francisco today, that people are not going to rebuild their homes on the peninsula and that San Francisco "will never again see the day that she will be equal in population to Oakland." The prophet's advice to Oakland is to "realize that this city is and will be from now on the principal commercial city of the Pacific Coast, and thus did he perorate: "I have been waiting here forty-six years to see a city, and I think my patience will be rewarded by the establishment of the metropolis of the Pacific here in my beloved Oaland." The editor of the "Tribune," being a man with a keen sense of humor accepted the prophet's letter as a contribution to the gayety of Alameda county, and to facilitate the excitation of the risibles of his readers, he printed the message on his editorial page, thus slyly intimating that it should be taken seriously. Surprise is one of the first aids to laughter. A joke serves its purpose best when it is thinly veiled. Prophet Lewis is mirth-provoking because of the gravity of the aspect which he presents in soberly exposing himself as a type of the business men of Oakland. Let us view him not as a prophet, but as a type. It was just twenty-three days after the earthquake by my calendar that he called on the people of Oakland to awaken and grasp their opportunity. The prophet had been in a comatose state twenty-two whole days. And yet he recovered consciousness ahead of some of the business men of Oakland, for some of them have not yet heard of the earthquake in San Francisco. Though Prophet Lewis prates glibly of the past and future of this city, I doubt that he ever ventured this far from home. At any rate he is clearly laboring under the delusion that San Francisco is both an island and a peninsula, for he says "People are not going to rebuild their home on the peninsula, but will build on the continent." And he

gives us cumulative proof of his protracted slumbers by predicting that the business men of San Francisco "will never go back to the peninsula." Many had returned long before that burning message was written. Their haste in getting back was mainly due to the somnolent state of the business men of Oakland. Far be it from me, however, to deride Oakland. I appreciate Oakland as a sister city of San Francisco, a graceful sylph-like sister of modest parts, dependent, in a measure, on her more robust relation. I am grateful to Oakland for being on the map. So, no doubt, are the readers of "Town Talk," for to Oakland they are indebted for the speedy reappearance of the paper after the destruction of its superb printing plant, but as for the business men of Oakland, that's another story. The business men of Oakland are not the sort of money-grubbers to be found in the metropolis or to be depended upon to build a metropolis. I like the business men of Oakland because they are leisure-lovers. They exhibit no febrile haste in the pursuit of tainted money. There are no neurasthenics among the captains of industry in Oakland. They are not on the qui vive for Opportunity's knock. They are the sort of business men one might expect to meet, not across the bay from San Francisco, but rather in some lackadaisical Spanish hamlet, uncontaminated by the avid and restless Gringo's presence. When some fifty thousand of the population of San Francisco increased the population of Oakland by more than one-third in less than twenty-four hours, did the tradesmen of Oakland awaken to their opportunity? No, bless their innocent hearts, they did not. I am quite sure they did not employ one extra clerk to handle the great rush of business. In several stores where I found ten would-be buyers to every one clerk, I selected the merchandise I wished to buy, inquired the price and thrust the money into somebody's hand. Nowhere was there any evidence of haste except on the part of business men from San Francisco who were incensed at the listlessness of the business men of Oakland. Since the earthquake and fire there has been very little extra advertising in the Oakland papers and yet there were fifty thousand

strangers in the town, most of whom were in ignorance of the character and location of the stores. The newspapers of Oakland were equal to the emergency and have exhibited energy and enterprise, but the men in trade have given us a fine object lesson in repression. The one great hustler of the town is a banker—President Palmanteer of the Central Bank. On the morning of the earthquake, which, by the way, from all accounts, was as violent across the bay as it was in this city, Mr. Palmanteer lost no time in getting down to the bank to see if it had been shaken down. The building was still occupying the old site, but the bricks had all tumbled out of the top story. Mr. Palmanteer at once realized the importance of abating evidence of the destructive force of the earthquake in Oakland, so he lost no time in summoning carpenters and setting them to work in making repairs. As it would take too long to rebuild with bricks he had the repairs done

in wood and the wood was painted in a way to create the illusion that the whole building was of one material. If Oakland were a city of Palmanteers, San Francisco would have a dangerous rival across the bay, but at this writing our leisure-loving neighbors are not threatening to grab the commercial center and move it over to Seventh and Broadway. Most of them are sensible of the fact that the prosperity of their city is largely reflective. They know that whatever is of benefit to San Francisco is of benefit to Oakland, and no doubt they deplore the silliness of Prophet Lewis in spreading broadcast the report that San Francisco is no longer as populous as Oakland and making the prediction that "she will never again see the day that she will be equal in population to Oakland." There was a great exodus from San Francisco during and after the fire, but the population of this city is still much greater than that of all Alameda county.



The Spectator

The Frailty of the Churches.

Despite the horror of San Francisco's catastrophe, the unregenerate scoffer was quick to take notice of the circumstance that many temples of religious worship were among the buildings that suffered great damage from the earthquake. While it is unfortunate that the temblor should have played into the hands of the scoffer, I think it worth while to reflect on the havoc wrought in church property, demonstrating as it has the inadvisability of judging architects and builders by their display of piety rather than by their professional achievements. I am of the opinion that when the priests of St. Dominick's Church come to think it over they will not be inclined to charge up the magnificent ruin created by the earthquake to "an act of God." And I am also of the opinion that when they have raised sufficient money to rebuild they will not make diligent search with a view to hiring again the men by whom the shattered edifice was erected. The stone steps of the church were left intact, and those stone steps had a history. They were presented by Chris Buckley and were hewn at Folsom prison. For many months union workmen refused to put the granite in place because it had been cut by convict labor. St. Brigid's was one of the few churches in the city that were not damaged, and the construction of that building was supervised by Father Cottle.

Those Dishonest Builders.

The proof that San Francisco's great loss was due mainly to the dishonesty of builders is so overwhelming that I am unable to account for the in-

difference of the committees on plans for reconstruction to so important a fact. Those committeemen are spreading the report broadcast that the buildings that best stood the shock are the tall buildings with steel skeletons. That is absolutely untrue. Moreover, it is injurious to the city, since it implies that the shock was so severe that it shattered all brick buildings that were without steel frames. As little as the steel framed buildings suffered, there was not one that was not damaged more by the earthquake than the old Montgomery block, than all the old buildings along Montgomery street, from Washington to Jackson, than the old granite building at the northwest corner of Montgomery and California streets, than the old Mission Church, than the brick buildings in the Presidio, than the old Palace Hotel, than the Appraisers' building, than, indeed, any of the old brick or stone buildings built before the days in which steel frames were used, and before the days in which graft became a feature of the builders' trade. The steel framed building unornamented by heavy pieces of granite is, perhaps, to be preferred to all others, but let us not misrepresent the effect of the earthquake to our own injury. Brick buildings in the construction of which no grafter had a hand stood the shock. Even brick chimneys on wooden buildings stood the shock in all sections of the city, a notable example being the chimneys on the Lane residence on Eddy street, erected by the Mahoney Brothers, whose work so nobly stood the test all over town that I am constrained to give them a free ad. I mention the Lent residence because I have been told that Eugene Lent complained of the charge that was made for those

chimneys, and that since the earthquake he wrote a letter of apology to Jerry Mahoney. The Mahoney Brothers built the Flood building and the St. Francis, but they are not doing any pointing with pride at this time. It is not necessary for them to do any tooting of their own horns. They are in the roll of honor. Wouldn't it be well to have a roll of dishonor?

Who Opened the Vault?

All the big San Francisco dailies will soon be operating brand new plants in this city. The Call is still being printed in Oakland, but new machinery has been ordered and it will probably be in operation within another week. During the fire The Call staff was somewhat demoralized owing to the difficulty that was experienced by the managers in getting into communication with John D. Spreckels, who has been ill for many months, but now John D. Jr., who has become an enthusiastic journalist and who has resolved to learn all that there is worth learning about the several departments of a newspaper, is at the helm and the wheels of the big journal are moving with comparative smoothness. The senior Mr. Spreckels has learned through sad experience that the handling of a newspaper is no easy job and that there are many channels through which money may be diverted by dishonest methods. Some weeks before the fire there was a great upheaval in The Call office. Experts were employed and it was rumored in newspaper circles that they made some very startling discoveries. Since the fire it has been reported that a great



AS THE FIRE CAME UP SIXTH STREET.

deal of evidence had been secured of a very important character, and that when the conflagration approached the corner of Market and Third streets the evidence was carefully put away in the vault. After the fire the discovery was made that the vault had been left open and that the flames had destroyed all trace of the data obtained by the experts. Jack

Spreckels has since been curious to know whether the vault was opened for the purpose of having the evidence destroyed.

It's On Again

When Joe Eastland departed for New York some months ago it was reported that he carried with him a very heavy heart a circumstance attributed to the



THE TOWNE HOME AFTER THE FIRE.

sundering of tender ties. A short while before the gossips were saying that the young capitalist had won the hand of that very elusive maiden, Pearl Landers, and that he was as happy as a young king with a new crown and a raise of salary. But it subsequently appeared that the course of true love had a pebble in it. The gossips say that Joe was put on probation and slipped a cog, but whatever happened it becomes the duty of The Spectator to report the observation of evidence pointing to the restoration of the entente cordiale. The engagement, I am told, is on again. The other day Miss Landers and Mr. Eastland were seen emerging from a bakery in Fillmore street and Joe was loaded down with pastry.

Josaphare Sings of Bohemia

In Coppa's, on the night of May seventh, there assembled that bunch of bohemians by which the little Italian restaurant that has survived seismic disturbance and devastating flames was made famous. Lionel Josaphare was elected poet laureate of the occasion. Porter Garnet wanted the job, but he was barred, owing to the fact that since the catastrophe he dropped out of journalism to become a hotel clerk. Josaphare commemorated the occasion in these lines:

Adieu to the earthquake, farewell to the flames—
The twelve of us wassailed in looted sauterne,
Our hearts mid the ruins still played the old games;
For the business of hearts is to ruin and burn.

'Twas at Coppa's, where oft we had flung the confetti;
(We didn't do that—I aver the thing solely
To make the line rhyme with his wriggling spaghetti—
And also, in passing, his famed ravioli.)

Around us, Destruction had painted in black

The bricks and the beams of the tumbledown city.
Night gave to the scene an impressionist smack:

We pitied the smash-up, and danced in our pity.

Why not? In eternity beauty is tinder.

There are graves all around us, wherever we dance.

The city had fallen wide, cinder on cinder;

Like ghosts we returned there and laughed in a trance.

Of the women and men of us, there was a best,

A prettiest, merriest, bravest in brawl,

Gladdest, loveliest, brainiest, quickest in jest,

Wisest, staunchest and finest and greatest of all.

Gone where the subtle, risotto-fed waiters;

Slack, slow-eyed, cash-registering Felix was gone.

'Twas a donation feast eaten by the donators;

On one table only our candles, three, snone.

But around in the shadow a phantasmagoria

Of memories dined with us, nodded and gleamed.

Dear unknown friends and many a glory a

Man would give half of his soul to've redeemed.

There seemed the dim cheek my own often pinked at;

(It's blushing, I mean) and there the blond lass

At whose onetime glances full often I'd winked at;

And there one to whom I'd oft lifted my glass.

In fancy's far colors they spectrally sat—

O lavender, purples, pale grays and faint yellows!—

The women as-mie with Boemian chat:

The maidens light-laughing at devilish fellows.

When erstwhile we dined at the good center table,

We looked at these people as mere decorations;

They figured us part of the show to enable

Them more to enjoy their inane mastications.

A trick of the brain! ('Tis easy for genius,

Though our food had been recently quite unsublime—

A diet corned-beefy, m-xea-pickly, sardineous,

—No matter; the vision is gone for the time.

Thus hedged in with flame-eaten alleys and castles,

Full snugly at Coppas we mumble and laugh.

The camp-mies, the sentries, the night-ogling vassals,

Keep guard on the streets: to them let us quaff.

Good luck to the army that took such good care of us!

Good luck to the earthquake that brought us all here!

The sounds of our city are gone from the fare of us:

To the music that's left let us still lay an ear.

So here's to the twelve of us! Here's to the best,

And the prettiest, merriest, bravest in brawl,

Gladdest, loveliest, brainiest, quickest in jest,

Wisest, staunchest and finest and greatest of all

Champagne Will Flow

When the cafes and clubs of San Francisco were put out of business most of the champagne agents went into mourning. It was supposed that the flow of wine would be shut off for quite a while, but there is one champagne firm that was quick to vindicate its confidence in the ability of the people of San Francisco to get back on their feet. As soon as the Piper Heidsieck firm learned of the destruction of all the marketable wines of the Chauche & Bon vineyard, negotiations were entered into with Tom McCann, the man that made those wines famous, and he was offered the agency for the whole coast for the Piper Heidsieck champagnes, clarets and sauternes. He is now the Pacific Coast representative of the great French firm.

Mayor Schmitz has found time to commune with

OCEANIC S. S. COMPANY SPRECKELS' LINE

S. S. Alameda sails for Honolulu 11 a. m. May 19th.
S. S. Mariposa sails for Tahiti 11 a. m. May 22d. S. S.
Sonoma sails for Honolulu, Samoa, New Zealand and Aus-
tralia 2 p. m. May 31st. Office 1008 Broadway, Oakland,
or Pier 7, San Francisco

his Muse since the fire. He has written a "Greatest San Francisco March," and it will be played by Director Rosner and his Hungarian Orchestra at the Orpheum Sunday.

The Woman of the Hour.

Mrs. Will Crocker spent very little of her time making social history in San Francisco, and she was hardly known among the club women who were actively engaged in keeping the earth on its axis but when 200,000 people were rendered homeless she lost no time in perfecting a plan for feeding the hungry, without subjecting anybody to humiliation. Mrs. Crocker lost her own home and many treasures but she has not been heard bemoaning her losses. The benevolent activity of Mrs. Crocker has served to accentuate the unimportance of some of our ostentatious new rich by whom those sickening gush writers and illiterate snob boomers of the daily press are kept in motion.

Her Business Instinct

Mrs. Will Crocker is a woman in whom the business instinct is well developed. I hear that it was her husband's practice to carry his own insurance on his Nob Hill residence and all the art treasures therein contained. A few months ago Mrs. Crocker thought it would be a good idea to take out a policy in one of the companies, and she did so without consulting her husband. She secured a policy for two hundred thousand dollars, and since the fire Will Crocker has not had one word to say in criticism of his wife's little business deal.

E. C. HELLER
& CO.

CLOTHIERS....

Temporarily at 1847 Fillmore St

They will open their new store, opposite this address, at

1882-84 Fillmore Street

by

June 1st

Why Downey Wore a Sweater.

Immediately after the fire many of the erstwhile best groomed citizens of San Francisco presented a negligee appearance. As all the laundries were out of business and hot water was a greater luxury than champagne, clean linen was at a premium. As a consequence most men looked as though they were out camping, and most men were. One of the exceptions was James D. Phelan, who appeared to have an unlimited supply of clean cuffs and collars. One day a friend commented on the circumstance, and Mr. Phelan vouchsafed an explanation. "I have been living with Downey, Harvey since the fire," he said, "and we wear collars of the same size. I discovered his collars, about three dozen, in a bureau drawer, and I took them out and put them under the bureau. He doesn't know where they are so he's wearing a sweater."

The Gallantry of Grau.

It has been said that gallantry is dead, but to say so is to confess oneself unacquainted with Enrique Grau, Peruvian Consul. Mr. Grau is nothing if he is not gallant, but he is at least that. The day after the earthquake he was lamenting the loss of all his household gods. "But," said a friend, "the fire didn't reach your quarters until very late in the afternoon. Why didn't you save them; you had ample time." Mr. Grau smiled sadly. "Yes," he said, "I had ample time, but that afternoon I was at Mrs. Eleanor Martin's, and there were several ladies there, and they were in a state of alarm. I knew my property was threatened, but I could not leave those ladies in their distress."

Mackay's Big Donation.

There is great amusement in educational circles over the manner in which President Benjamin Ide Wheeler euchred Stanford University out of one hundred thousand dollars. According to one of the first reports of the catastrophe that reached the East it was California's State University that was demolished by the earthquake. Clarence Mackay immediately wired to President Wheeler that he would donate one hundred thousand dollars to the university, and according to the story that is being circulated, before the millionaire learned that it was the institution at Palo Alto that had been destroyed President Wheeler wired his acceptance and thanks.

The Effect on a Tourist.

Scarcely anybody in San Francisco or anywhere else beyond the borders of the southern citrus belt

knows that the earth's agitation was felt in Los Angeles. They manage to suppress news of that character in the southern city. Melone Joyce, a railroad agent, tells of an interesting experience in Los Angeles during the noon hour of April 19th. He was seated in a restaurant, and across the table from him was seated a stranger, absorbed in a newspaper. The stranger, as Joyce afterwards learned, was a tourist, who had just arrived from the East, and he was reading the story of the San Francisco catastrophe. Presently came the shock and it was so severe that the table jolted the tourist in the stomach. He lowered his paper and glared ferociously at Joyce. "What the devil do you mean, sir?" he demanded.

"I didn't do that," said Joyce; "that was an earthquake."

"An earthquake!" exclaimed the tourist, and he hit the sidewalk in about two bounds.

A Letter from Scheffauer

Hardly less appalled by the dreadful catastrophe of April eighteenth than San Franciscans at home, were those to whom the shock of the awful news came while wandering in foreign lands. A hint to the emotions aroused by those terrible tidings in the breast of the wanderer is given in a letter which I have received from Herman Scheffauer who was in London: "Day and night I think upon the horror that has befallen our beloved and beautiful town. It breaks my heart to think that I was not there when the blow fell and cannot be there now. Yet it is my duty to return and help to build up our city again. I shall relinquish everything here and uncomplainingly go back to work again. It is appalling. One can but grasp it in parts—the whole is too great a burthen of tragedy and grief for a single human heart or brain. There will be for me another period of ten days of poignant anxiety ere I receive any direct news from home."

San Francisco Desolate

The London papers made great demand on Scheffauer's pen for articles on San Francisco, and he wrote several. He also wrote a poem for "The Spectator," a copy of which he enclosed. It is the only red-blooded poem that, to my knowledge, the theme has evoked. It is a poem that awakens in the mind a series of thrilling images and throughout there is a note of anguish that is soul-stirring. It is entitled "San Francisco Desolate:"

Ruin outraced the dawn.
When the ports of night were drawn,
The feast of Death lay spread;
The city bowed low her head,
Disconsolate in the morn,
Sitting amidst her dead,—
Forlorn! O, forlorn!

Lo! how the torch of day
Rolleth in pity away
Over the graves and the fires
And the houses, domes and spires
Abject and broken in dust.
Woe! on thine ashes and pyres,
Young Queen, once august!

FAT FOLKS.

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.

Flame had goaded the ground,
And the valves of the deeps profound
Broke through their riven rock.
She felt the wrath of the shock,
And a storm upheared her floor;—
Dawn saw the grace that crowned
My city—no more.

Woe hath befallen thee,
And thou wringest in misery
Thy bleeding, despairing hands
Over thine agonis'd lands!
For a great grief came to pass;
Thy beauty is prey to the brands,
My city, alas!

Thou weepst, mother mine,
For the dear dead that are thine,
And the dark tide of thy tears
Is one not of days but years.
The ashes lie gray on thy head,
And deep is thy wound and thy biers
Lie dense with the dead.

Splendour of thine and pride
Are departed; the waves deride
Thee and thy sisters sore,
And lisp and laugh on the shore,
And the sun is brave with gold,
But the sea and the sun no more
Know thee—as of old.

Remount, O Queen, resume
The throne of thy hills; through the doom
And the dolor and terror that reign
O'er thy walls, thou shalt lift again
Thy face. Thy sons shall restore
Anew from the wastes of thy pain,
Thy splendour once more.

At Del Monte

Many residents of this city lost no time in getting to Del Monte after the fire. The famous hotel was but very slightly damaged by the quake, and it has proved a most delightful shelter for the fashionable homeless. The beautiful grounds are now wearing their most attractive dress.

Our Leading Musicians.

Dr. H. J. Stewart's many friends will be pleased to learn that he has not left San Francisco and has no intention of leaving. He has already resumed professional work. A letter will reach him at the Bohemian Club, 2171 Pacific avenue.

Nate Landsberger, having been smoked out of his home, is temporarily residing at 3285 Garfield avenue, Alameda. He rides a wheel and looks like a native of the village.

Giulio Minetti lost two violins in the fire, but he will soon be doing business at the old stand.

Observing the Fatted Hawaiian.

Dr. E. H. Woolsey, citizen of Oakland and the world, has returned from a brief trip to the Sandwich Islands. In the experience of any other traveler a voyage to Hawaii is a mere episode, a pleasure jaunt, an "outing;" but when Dr. Woolsey travels there is something doing all the time. Dr. Woolsey does not

travel wholly for pleasure, although traveling is an intensely pleasurable occupation for him—he travels to observe; to increase his knowledge of men, women, customs, manners and institutions; to analyze, digest and assimilate that which he observes. For example, in his brief contact with the people of Hawaii, Dr. Woolsey observed that their stomachs are abnormally protuberant, and incidentally he remarked that while the male population flaunted their deformity, so to speak, the female sought modestly to conceal it with the voluminous folds of a Mother Hubbard wrapper in the morning and the loose drapery of an old-fashioned Empire gown in the evening. Naturally, Dr. Woolsey, his scientific curiosity fully aroused, directed his investigation to a solution of the mystery of this universal stomach, this common abdominal expansion, so to speak, of the Hawaiian anatomy; for the Oakland scientist observed that the characteristic was not confined to the native but manifested itself in the structural contour of all that had become acclimated to the Hawaiian environment; he met the stomach at every turn and in front of every old resident of the islands whether American, English, Japanese, Chinese, or missionary. He observed also that the size of the stomach varied in direct ratio to the time of residence—in those who had lived in the islands only a year the distension was not more marked than it is in the ordinary fat man of the mainland, but in those who had lived there many years the dilatation was frequently enormous, often extending throughout the entire hypochondriac and epigastric region and apparently involving the diaphragm and the transverse colon, and certainly ballooning the middle of the victim from the cardiac orifice to the pyloric valve, and probably including the superior processes of the duodenum.

Poi and Its Awful Consequence.

It is possible that the occasional undue prominence of his own abdominal structure gave zest to Dr. Woolsey's search for the cause of the Hawaiian phenomenon; in any event, his observation of the fact as it was presented to his inquiring mind during wak-

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ing hours, was supplemented by careful experiment upon his own stomach. He noted the effect of the various foods furnished by the hotel menus, and at last it began to dawn upon him that in his own case there was a perceptible expansion whenever he partook of the national food, poi, in any of its seductive forms of preparation. With this clew in hand, or, more accurately, in his stomach, Dr. Woolsey soon solved the mystery to his own satisfaction. Poi was the base and the pedestal of the Hawaiian stomach; poi was the alpha and the omega of the strange phenomenon thus noted by the curious traveler; poi was the premiss and the logical conclusion of a scientific thesis on the pathology of this new disease, which, if not checked, will eventually convert the citizens of our Hawaiian territory into a race of rotund folk and barrel-shaped atomies. Pursuing his interesting inquiries still farther Dr. Woolsey found that poi is manufactured from the root of the taro, a vegetable capable of extraordinary fermentative qualities that are apparently unceasing in their operation and are evidently abnormally stimulated by the gastric process of the human stomach. He discovered also that the poi cocktail is the morning and noon tippie of the Hawaiians; that poi drinking is a universal habit; and that among the natives and alien people of the

islands poi straight and stringy, one, two and three-fingered, is the chief aliment. He has not yet assigned a reason for this habit, but he thinks it is due to the same cause that induces a craving for caviare and tabasco and garlic and asafetida and similar condiments necessary in the stimulation of a jaded appetite and the temporary regeneration of a perverted palate. Dr. Woolsey has named his discovery "the poi belly," and is now engaged in inventing a scientific term from a dictionary of New Latin, not an easy task when it is understood that the designation to be comprehensive must not only carry the generic name of the plant and the specific name of the product, but that it must also describe some of the intrinsic qualities of the vegetable and their effect on the human system as manifested in the Hawaiians. It may also be required that Dr. Woolsey shall smother his own personality in the broth of scientific nomenclature to the end that future generations of scientists may honor him as the discoverer of a great scientific truth.

Alice and Mrs. Newlands are Chums.

My Washington correspondent informs me that Mrs. Nicholas Longworth and Mrs. Frank G. Newlands have become very intimate friends. The friend-



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THE CONFLAGRATION VIEWED FROM BUENA VISTA PARK.

ship began during the trip to the Philippines and has been growing ever since. Mrs. Newlands does a great deal of entertaining in her home, Woodley, and Mrs. Longworth spends more of her time there than anywhere else. Mrs. Newlands being a niece of the late Ward McAllister has been of the very smartest social set of Washington ever since her husband began his Congressional career. My correspondent also informs me that a fight is to be made in Cincinnati against the re-election of Longworth to Congress. A prominent attorney named Horstman is going to fight him at the primaries, and his friends are saying that Longworth is not "fairly representative;" that he has been on both sides of almost all political questions. The Longworth family through his uncle by marriage, Bellamy Storrer, and himself have been honored with all sorts of offices by the people of Cincinnati, and now the politicians are trying to create an anti-Longworth sentiment. They are calling attention to the fact that Nick has done nothing in Congress except to get a viaduct built to improve his property.

California's Daughters in Club Politics.

On the eve of the earthquake those strenuous Daughters of California's Pioneers were in the throes of another political campaign. Some time ago I announced that efforts were to be made to elect Mrs. Alice McWilliams Morse to succeed her sister, Mrs. Mary McWilliams Palmer, as president of the society, but since then Mrs. Morse has curbed her ambition, and Mrs. Palmer is now seeking election to the directorship of the California Club. Mrs. Ella Lees Leigh is now on the trail of the presidency and she has enlisted the support of Mrs. Tricou, who, though no longer a member of the society, has many friends therein who sympathized with her when she resigned in disgust, feeling that she had been unjustly deprived of the presidency. Miss Lucy Adams, who preceded Mrs. Palmer in the president's chair, evidently feels that if two years for one president why not two years for another, and so she is willing to be voted on again.

"Pioneer" Rivalry.

President-elect Mrs. J. J. Brice of that exclusive society known as the Women's Auxiliary of the Society of California Pioneers, has accepted the nomination for vice-president of the California Club, a circumstance that has occasioned some comment among the members of the Pioneer organization which, I am told, aims to keep aloof from all other women's clubs. I believe it is the unwritten laws of that society that no woman belonging to the Daughters of California Pioneers and of the Association of Pioneer Women, shall be considered eligible to membership. This attitude is resented by the other "pioneer" organizations and their members point with

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May 15th

One Million

SANCHEZ & HAYA ... CIGARS ...

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Some are here already.

Tillmann & Bendel

1001 Clay St., Oakland.

pride to the fact that they are of pioneer stock, whereas some members of the Auxiliary are merely "pioneer" by marriages.

To Oust the Perennials.

Contra Costa county politicians are getting ready for trouble, and the voters of the county are looking forward to a very lively campaign, for a great effort is to be made to drive the long intrenched tax-eaters of the Court House ring away from the public crib. The political machine that has long controlled the government of the county is handled by Sheriff Veale and Senator Belshaw, and the incumbent officials who have held office for three consecutive terms are preparing to renominate themselves for a fourth term. Sporadic attempts have been made by individuals to break the ring, but in vain. It seems that nothing short of a charge of dynamite can dislodge the organized band of job-holders. But there is to be organized effort to pull the voracious ones away from the trough by the tails. The politicians that have been fighting the "ins" single handed banded together the other day and bought the only Democratic journal in the county, "The County Paper," and turned it into a Republican paper. They imported an editor in the person of Dave Williamson, an experienced journalist, who was for years connected with the local press, and he is now engaged in moulding public opinion in favor of a change of administration.

Carter's Great Message.

Trouble has again arisen in the Presbyterian Church over the Westminster Confession of Faith. It was incited by Rev. Samuel T. Carter, D. D., of New York, whose criticisms some years ago almost involved him in a trial for hersy. Dr. Carter evidently finds it hard to reconcile his views with those of the church, and in the circumstances he must either convince the majority of the ministers that he is right or institute another sect. He has written a letter to the Clerk of the General Assembly of the denomination, in which the Confession is characterized as "an idol of man's invention." He says that there never was and never will be such a deity as is therein portrayed. "Many years ago," he wrote, "when I was ordained in the ministry of the gospel I declared in the most solemn manner that I believed the Westminster Confession to be the truth of God. I now in an equally solemn manner declare that I do not believe it to be the truth of God; that I utterly reject it as a setting forth of the character of the Heavenly Father. There never was, there is not now and there never will be such a God as the God of the Westminster Confession." Dr. Carter writes like a man who had had a divine reve-

SCHUSSLER BROS., located at 1792 Post street, have a full line of mirrors and some oil paintings on hand. They are doing framing and regilding, delivering work promptly.

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lation. No time should be lost in summoning him to the front and getting the facts that in all probability are in his possession, respecting the character of the deity. His statement that the Westminster Confession is "an idol of man's invention" points the inference that he has one to submit direct from Heaven, for if he objects to a confession of faith formulated by ministers of the Presbyterian church in convention assembled because of its human origin it is unlikely that he would offer a substitute that did not bear the hallmark of heaven. He tells us that the Westminster Confession is an idol of man's invention "as truly as any worshiped in Delhi, Pekin or Africa," thereby indicating that he has received a straight tip as to the source of religious inspiration in other parts of the world. Some yellow journal should copyright Dr. Carter as soon as possible. The President's message on rebates isn't to be compared with Carter's on the shortest route to heaven.

The Consequence.

Time—A. D. 1960.

HEWITT—Gruett seems to prefer canned to fresh goods.

JEWITT—It's heredity. His mother was through the San Francisco fire.

THE HISTORIAN.

A LAMENT.

Would I were young again!

If I once more could know
The joys of life and hope
As I knew them years ago.
Could I but once again
Desire to hear and see,
Or feel ambition stir
The latent life in me.

Would I were young again!

Yon child that passes by
Can glow with happiness
And joy, but never I.
Still in the calendar
Of Time I am not old;
I've heard not two-score times
The annual death-knell tolled.

But I have lived an age;

I have forgotten years
In the lethean draught
Of love and wine and tears.
I've touched the bounds of joy
And grief, and all that men
Can feel, in these short years—
Ah, to be young again!

—The Rake.



BY WAY OF EVIDENCE.

This picture taken after the earthquake belies the statement made by the American Review of Reviews that the buildings therein collapsed in the first shock.

GERMEA

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White Rock Lithia Water

is a legitimate beverage. You don't have to boil it. It's the one effervescent mineral water combining every essential of perfection.

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AT DRUGGISTS

A Domestic Drama

It was one week after the earthquake. They were sitting alone in the parlor. He wore a troubled expression on his face. It was apparent that something was on his mind. He looked at her sadly. She was a haughty looking woman, attired in a pale pink house gown that she had paid five hundred dollars for in Paris. He determined at last to tell her the truth.

"Dear," he said, "I have sad news for you."

She started as though she had been struck.

"I hope it will not shock you," he said.

"What is it?" she eagerly asked.

"My whole income was swept away in the fire," he answered.

"Then we are paupers!" she exclaimed.

"Almost," he confessed. "Three thousand dollars a week in rentals went up in smoke."

"Have we nothing in bank?" she asked.

"Not more than fifty thousand dollars."

"Anything else?"

"Less than a paltry half million in Government bonds in my safe deposit vault?"

"Oh! what a wretched plight we are in!" she exclaimed in accents wild.

"Yes," he said; "our buildings were insured for something less than two millions, and we shall have to wait at least three months before the money is paid."

"And meanwhile we must starve," she moaned. "Oh, this is horrible!"

"No," he said; "we can sell some of our bonds."

"And sacrifice our fortune?" she exclaimed.

"Alas," he muttered with tears in his eyes; "I see no other way out of the dilemma. We must now practice the most rigid economy."

"Then," said Mrs. Goldrocks, "I'll cut our cook's wages in half. The second girl must work for fifteen instead of twenty-five a month, and as for my maid, I'll make her work for her board. Have you reduced wages in your office?"

"Every man has had twenty-five per cent taken off his wages."

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Goldrocks, as she saw her husband reach for his hat.

"Down to the corner to stand in the bread line. I've got only five hundred in my pocket to tide me over the week. If I meet Madame Bavarde or The Chaperon I'll have you written up as the bravest little woman in California. THE REPORTER."

SUMMER RESORTS

DEL MONTE OFFERS

Hotel Del Monte was very slightly injured by the recent disturbance, and is offering welcome shelter to all San Franciscans. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families.

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To any one of them you can send your family—and be sure they will be comfortable and at small cost

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Opens May 15

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TEN PER CENT REDUCTION IN WEEKLY RATES UP
TO JULY 1st.

Climate delightful

Excellent Fishing

Low Railroad Rates

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Uninjured Summer and Winter Resort in the Santa Cruz Mountains; near Santa Cruz. Rates \$9 up. Phone State 81. TONY PHILLIPS, Prop. P. O. address Santa Cruz.

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Boating, Bathing and all other amusements free. Hot and cold sulphur baths. White sulphur springs. Send for pamphlet. O. WEISMAN, Midlake P. O., Lake County, Cal.

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California's ideal resort did not feel the earthquake. More beautiful than ever. Ready and open for the season. Stages meet every train.

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Not injured by the earthquake.

IS NOW OPEN FOR 1906—All modern appointments. New swimming tank. Splendid trout fishing on hotel grounds. Take Tiburon Ferry, 7:30 a. m. daily (except Sunday). Sunday at 8:00 a. m.—\$8.00 round trip to hotel. Address for booklet.

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Rates \$10 to \$12 per week up. Telephone; Gas. House absolutely uninjured by earthquake. Address MRS. E. A. BUNTING, R.F.D. 87, Santa Cruz

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DUNCAN SPRINGS CO., F. M. HOWELL, Manager. Hopland, Cal.

Hot White Sulphur Springs Canyon

625 acres, new hotel building not ready this season. Furnished cottages, 3 to 10 rooms, rented to families desirous of camping. Some choice locations for tents; rare opportunity to enjoy outdoor life; miles of lovely drives; large barn and stable; private table for limited number; strictly home service; fine fishing.

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Hot Springs, Sonoma county, only 4½ hours from San Francisco and but 9 miles staging; in no way injured by earthquake, but is NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS. Stages meet all trains at Geyserville. Round trip from San Francisco \$5.50. Take Tiburon ferry daily 7:30 a. m. or 2:30 p. m. Rates \$2.00 a day or \$12 a week. References: Any guest of the past 11 years. J. F. MULGREW, Skaggs, Cal.

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In the mountains, twelve miles from Napa, 1900 feet elevation. Conducted as a home place rather than a hotel; pure air and water; own milk, cream, fruit and vegetables; \$8 to \$11 per week. Not injured by earthquake.

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UNINJURED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.

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AMERICA'S
GREATEST SPA

Hotel in perfect condition. Earthquake not felt and climate delightful. Send your family if you can't go yourself. Southern Pacific trains running on schedule time to Byron.

HOTEL DEL CORONADO

THE CORONET OF THE PACIFIC

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All outside rooms. Every modern convenience provided. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Fine fishing. This magnificent hostelry is conducted on the American plan and is open the entire year. There is no better surf bathing in America than that at Coronado Beach. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

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1900 feet altitude; no fog; telephone, hot and cold baths; large cement swimming tank. Rates \$7.00 a week up. Stage meets train at Napa. Fare to Napa \$1.35 round trip. Not injured by earthquake. SCHULER & SCHEBEN, Napa, Cal.

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Situated on Clear Lake. Hotel and cottages have been renovated; dining hall seats 175 persons. The best steam launch on the lake. There is no better fishing in the world than here. Address GEO. ROBINSON and AGNES BELL RHOADS, Managers, Soda Bay Springs, Lake Co., Cal., via Kelseyville P. O. Opens May 1.

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Open May 15. At this resort can be found all modern out and indoor sports. Earthquake not felt at Mark West Springs.

Round trip tickets from San Francisco, \$3.75. Single fare \$2.50.

Terms: \$2.00 per day; \$12 per week. Children under ten years half rates. Table, first class.

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Open All the Year.
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Have ample accommodations for all who wish to come at once.

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\$10.00 per Week up

Southern Pacific trains running on schedule time.

EDSON BROS.

The Stage

Since the fire, Ashton Stevens has been the busiest critic in town. Despite the fact that a slump in theatricals followed the fire, Stevens has found things to write about and consequently he has been able to draw down his princely salary without a blush. But he has done something more than write. He has been one of the most active members of the Actors' Relief Committee, the work of which was facilitated by W. R. Hearst, who wired twenty-five hundred dollars out from the East for the benefit of the thespians, making it available for distribution almost as soon as it was needed. The money has been most judiciously handled, and many unfortunate mummies have been given assistance.

Arrangements have been perfected for the opening of the Orpheum at the Chutes Sunday afternoon. Valerie Bergere and her company are the headliners of the opening programme. They will appear in a half-hour version of "Carmen." Eva Mudge will do a quick-change act. Armstrong and Holly, the team that made a big hit in their skit "The Expressman" in the last week of the old Orpheum's existence, are on the bill, together with Clifford and Burke, the black face comedians; Mosher, Houghton and Mosher, comedy cyclists; Caprice, Lyman and Fay, novelty singers. For the convenience of patrons a box-office

has been established at Donlon's drug store, corner of Fillmore and Sutter streets.

Morris Meyerfeld, President of the Orpheum Company, has announced his intention to establish one of his chain of vaudeville houses in Oakland.

Manager Harry Bishop of the Majestic was very fortunate in having Ye Liberty Theatre in which to play his attractions. This Oakland playhouse, by the way, is one of the coziest theatres in the State. It is the theatre for which Manager Bishop designed his revolving stage on which five scenes may be set at one time.

Landers Stevens is to follow Sarah Bernhardt at Ye Liberty.

Shaw's New Play.

The interest of London theater-goers has been divided between a revival of "Measure for Measure" and George Bernard Shaw's new play, "Captain Brassbound's conversion." This play was to have been produced in New York this season but the production was postponed on account of the illness of Ada Rehan, who was to have played the leading role. Shaw has always been one of the most ardent worshipers at the Rehan shrine, and he wrote the play with the actress in mind for the leading role. "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," of which, for a wonder, we have heard little, is a satire, according to Shaw, on law and justice. The scene is in Morocco. Brassbound holds an intense hatred for his uncle, Sir Howard Hallam, because the knight from a judge's bench once imposed a severe sentence on the young captain's mother. Brassbound lives in hope of revenge, and he detects a chance when he is thrown as the guide of Sir Horace on a Moroccan expedition. The captain guides his uncle's expedition to a castle in the shadow of the Atlas mountains, and there he betrays all the tourists into the hands of brigands. But Brassbound is changed in his purpose by Lady Cicely Waynflete, with whom he has a characteristic Shaw romance. Presently, under the persuasion of the woman, Brassbound becomes as energetic in planning a rescue as he was in seeking vengeance. The way out of the difficulty presents itself when a Yankee cruiser steams into a convenient harbor, a landing party saving the tourists much in the same way, apparently, that the Kansas drummer was rescued by American tars from the bloodthirsty islander in George Ade's musical play, "The Sho-Gun." From all accounts Shaw has stopped, in this instance, to the concession of making some approach to convention. Americans who have seen the play in the Court theater predict its success in this country. Ellen Terry has created the character of Lady Cicely, and she is moved by a deep desire to appear in the play in America, but the indications are that Miss Rehan yet will attain her heart's desire of producing the satire in Broadway.



VALERIE BERGERE,

Who Will Present a Tabloid Version of Carmen at the Orpheum Sunday Afternoon.

TOWN TALK

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CHARLES S. SMITH - - - - - MANAGER
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NOTICE!

Town Talk's temporary address is Room A, Tribune Building, Oakland, Cal.

As part of our mailing list was destroyed, all subscribers not receiving their papers are requested to send in their addresses at once.

Will British Companies "Welch?"

As the local agents of the British insurance companies are clearly in profound ignorance of the policy to be adopted by their principals toward San Francisco policy-holders, we are obliged to take hints as to the spirit of those foreign corporations from certain London papers that usually speak authoritatively in matters pertaining to British finance. One of the most reliable of those journals is the Saturday Review, which is authority for the statement that all the policies issued by British companies contain a clause providing that if a building or any part of it fall except as the result of fire the insurance on such building or its contents shall cease. "This," says the Review, "will probably, relieve the Fire office from responsibility in connection with property which was destroyed by the earthquake." But there was very little property destroyed by the earthquake. Under that clause the companies can claim exemption from liability on the contents of any building from which a cornice or chimney fell. It is clearly a catch-clause, designed to enable a company to crawl out of a hole, and people should forever refuse to do business with any company that seeks to avail itself of such a loosely drawn provision. "Some of the companies," says the Review, "notably the Alliance and the Commercial Union, appear to have incurred no loss at all, since their policies provide insurance against loss or damage by fire except when caused directly or indirectly by invasion, by earthquake, by order of any civil authority, and in other specified circumstances." This is surely a sweeping clause and gives the companies employing it complete exemption providing they intend

to avail themselves of it, and they evidently do, for we are told that "it will be remembered that insurance companies are not philanthropic institutions and consequently are not in the least likely to act according to certain quixotic suggestions and pay claims for which they are not liable merely because the catastrophe is of an exceptional nature;" also, "any such action would be illegal and an individual shareholder could restrain a company from spending its money in such a way." Judging from the tone of the British press the sentiment in England is in favor of the British companies availing themselves of the opportunity to "welch," since as one paper states, "It is an undoubted fact that the average rate of profit earned by the companies which do an American business is much smaller than the rate earned by companies which confine their business to the United Kingdom." It appears that the total American business of some British companies, even before the San Francisco fire, has resulted in a loss, and there is complaint in England because higher rates than necessary, have been charged in that country in order to compensate for the losses or small ratio of profits systematically earned in the United States. From other sources we learn that the losses of the London and Lancashire Company amount to \$5,500,000, and that if they be paid the reserves of the corporation will be reduced one-half; that the liability of the Royal Insurance Company is estimated at \$6,750,000, and that it will be able to meet the loss without any reduction in the Fire and reserve funds, the annual premium income of the company being \$15,000,000.

When Amiability Becomes Excessive.

We are told that it is most reprehensible to excite political prejudices at this time, that we should acknowledge and praise the valuable services of our public servants, promote harmony, discourage petty animosities, be quick to bestow praise and reluctant to visit blame. These are fine sentiments in which we heartily concur. Indeed, they are the sentiments for which we stand at all times, and therefore it requires no great struggle on our part to enter into the spirit which is deemed most conducive to the general welfare in the great crisis through which we are now passing. But we have noticed that those editors to whom the spirit of amiability is not congenial and whose normal temperament is of a belligerent and hypercritical character, are now going to the other extreme in their cultivation of a mood foreign to their nature. This is unfortunate. For while public officials are de-

serving of praise for public service well done, it is not advisable to blind ourselves to the treachery of those who, having won our gratitude by doing their duty under difficulties, believe it opportune for them to profit off the prostitution of their office. It is not the part of wisdom, nor is it conducive to the general welfare, to give our public officials the impression that as they earned our gratitude by doing their duty in a matter involving the alternative of acting or skulking, they are now privileged to betray the commonwealth. And while it is mean to excite political prejudices, especially in such a crisis as this, it is contemptible for officials of exalted station to be more solicitous for their own personal interests than for those of the community. It would be hard to conceive a more repulsive figure than the pot-house politician doing provincial politics in high office in the hour of public calamity. Despite the earnestness with which we strive to cultivate the spirit of amiability we cannot assuage the repugnance aroused in contemplation of the disingenuous charlatan in office engaged in weighing the potential disadvantages that might accrue from an action which, if he were mindful only of his duty, he would not hesitate to perform. Fortunately, in such a crisis as this the broad-minded statesman of large mentality need not concern himself with the malevolent criticisms of his enemies. He is brought so closely in touch with the people and so fierce is the white-light beating upon him that they are able and eager to scrutinize his conduct. If he be candid with them and conscientious in the performance of his duty it will not be easy to mislead the people and induce misapprehension. If he has the good sense to appeal to public esteem by courageous action and by indifference to political expediency he will place himself beyond the machinations of small-fry conspirators. If, on the other hand, he is vacillating and ultra cautions he will inspire distrust and insure his own undoing. Reams of amiable eulogy will be futile in his case. Pages of protests against untimely efforts to provoke political prejudices will not avail. He will project himself beyond the power of all the king's horses and all the king's men.

The City Beautiful.

In the opinion of some of our citizens San Francisco is above all things a commercial center. They argue that it must always depend on its industries and on the advantages of its geographical situation in relation to the world's markets. Therefore, in their opinion, it is absurd to incur an expense for the attainment of things that appeal only to tourists. We believe they are mistaken. San Francisco is the metropolis of the most attractive State in the Union, a State to which many thousands of tourists come every year, and the tourist trade is not to be despised, a fact of which Paris is keenly appreciative. In recent

years a great deal of money came to San Francisco from the pockets of tourists. The city possessed many unique attractions and was noted for the diversions which it afforded, for the gayety of the community, for the strange sights to be enjoyed here, and for the scenic beauties presented within its borders. If its attractiveness had been enhanced one hundred per cent it would have unquestionably enjoyed far greater growth. Now it is proposed to make it the City Beautiful of the American Continent, a task that has been simplified by fire, and it would be rank folly to ignore in the rebuilding the plans that have been perfected and in the consummation of which San Francisco would become a city incomparable in the beauty of her external aspect. The opposition comes many from property owners who are reluctant to part with a small slice of their land, and from taxpayers who fear that the cost will too heavily burden them. This opposition is quite powerful, but it will not avail against a strong public sentiment, and if it were generally understood that the cost of widening streets and creating new thoroughfares would be paid out of money raised by the sale of bonds, the people would more readily give the project their support. Moreover, it should be understood that the adoption of the City Beautiful plans would not delay the work of rebuilding.

Open the Schools.

San Francisco officials are, presumably, anxious to restore normal conditions, or the semblance of them, as rapidly as possible. Can any one suggest, then, any plausible reason why the schools should not be reopened? It is true that a number of them were destroyed, but the pupils who formerly attended them are scattered, and even if the schoolhouses had been miraculously preserved they would still have to remain closed, because the children would be absent. On the other hand, the buildings in the unburned districts are in good condition. They are being utilized

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Fillmore St., near Sutter, San Francisco

as hospitals, distribution points for clothing, food supplies and other materials, for church services, courts, department headquarters, and a dozen other uses for which they were not designed. The regular attendants, together with the refugees, are all clustered around these centers, and could be brought together by brief notice. The overflow, those crowded out for lack of room, could be provided for in tents and temporary structures, and the course of education continued. As it is, the children are running wild in the streets. No doubt many of the children lost their books, but as President Garfield said, a pine log with John Hopkins at one end of it and a pupil at the other is equivalent to a university. We have now an excellent chance to test the quality of our teaching body. Let them be thrown on their own resources, obliged to make their own course of study and formulate their own methods and to do their best with the rough-and-ready appliances at hand, and the real

teachers will be quickly differentiated from the mere school keepers who are dependent on guide lines and safety clutches. There are thousands of children in the rural districts of California, not to mention other portions of the United States, who are being educated in makeshift shanties to which a tent is a palace by comparison, and the parents and grandparents of the very brood who are running wild today and perfecting themselves in street manners because of a mistaken idea that learning cannot be imbibed without patent desks and plaster ornaments, got all the schooling they ever had under more adverse conditions. Meanwhile there are hundreds of families locating in Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, San Jose, and other nearby towns, for no other inducement than that of getting the children back to their books, and when next year's census is taken there will be found a surprising and "unaccountable" falling off and a corresponding decrease in the State apportionment of school money.



Perspective Impressions

Sammy Braunhart has proved that it was not impossible for newspaper reporters to write kindly of him. But he had to be falsely reported dead in order to belie the notion that the reporters were not sufficiently fertile in imagination to contrive a favorable biographical sketch. And thus was one more popular delusion shattered. In the future reporters should be more cautious.

It took a big fire to reveal the littleness of some of those pompous fire insurance agents who have been cutting capers in commercial and social circles for years. We now know that they amount to little more than office boys.

The yellow press should no longer have any doubt of the futility of its methods. For two days the effect on Wall street of the news of the San Francisco catastrophe was very slight, the reason being that everybody thought the newspapers were exaggerating as usual.

When Chinatown was dissolved in fire District Attorney Langdon couldn't find any thing to do.

Marie Corelli has sued for an injunction to restrain picture postal-card publishers from circulating her picture beneath the caption, "Shakespeare and his contemporaries," her objection being that such cards make her ridiculous. If Marie really disliked being ridiculous she would quit writing.

In the fire insurance business high finance appears to be synonymous with low cunning.

San Francisco people who go to fashionable summer resorts this year will have a good excuse for not dressing three or four times a day.

The information is vouchsafed by somebody who is very much concerned for his reputation that the City Hall collapsed in the earthquake because it was so well built. To quote the beautiful paradox of an unsophisticated reporter, "Its strength was its weakness." Then we should infer that the weakness of such buildings as the Palace Hotel, the Mint, the Postoffice and the Appraisers' Building was their strength. To guard against earthquakes in the future let us prohibit the erection of strong buildings.

The Examiner gravely informs Mayor Schmitz that if he doesn't veto the trolley franchise his "popularity will vanish or be tarnished by the breath of scandal." Mayor Schmitz's popularity has been assimilating the breath of scandal ever since his introduction to public office. We came to the conclusion last year that his popularity will not tarnish. Mayor Schmitz has reason to believe that his popularity is proof against moths, rust and newspaper abuse. It seems to thrive on scandal, to grow fat on journalistic thunder, to blossom in the hot breath of editorial rage.

The Fiction of the Fire.

By Theodore Bonnet.

It was not until after our great catastrophe that I fully appreciated California's claim to recognition as the Land of Romance. I was not insensible of the fact that its history was rich in inspiration but I had not apprehended that the faculty for fictitious narrative was among the things abundantly propagated in this climate. Though I knew that literary genius abounded from the Sierras to the sea and flourished amongst the cultured of San Francisco like a forest of green bay trees, imperfect was my conception of its capacity for invention, of its skill in imparting vivacity to a fact by way of quickening the pulse, of its abhorrence of those pernicious habit of accuracy that are fatal to the imagination and conducive to the development of a faculty for truth-telling. As I look back to our days of terror it seems to me that in that period swarms of inglorious purveyors of fiction were smoked out of their holes. Along with the fire we had an orgie of whoppers. It seemed as though the catastrophe proved a very strong incentive to everybody* gifted with a disposition for describing things as they do not happen. The phenomenon that accompanied the earthquake—the electrical storm of exaggeration and prevarication—was in my opinion worthy of serious psychological study. I have read somewhere that the pleasures which constitute human happiness are either natural or fantastical, and that among the latter is the pleasure of exaggerating the story of personal experiences. Since the earthquake I have come to the conclusion that under great and unusual excitement the desire for this species of pleasure becomes abnormal and that in people of a morbid temperament it develops into a fine frenzy. It often finds expression in persons that crave any old form of distinction and them it affects with the most lively and transporting touches. Sometimes it is mere stupidity that imagines a merit in being identified with a tragedy. I recall that some years ago at an inquest on the body of a man who committed suicide by jumping out of a window, a witness testified that shortly before the occurrence he was in conversation with the deceased in his rooms and that when he reached the sidewalk on his way home, the body of his friend came shooting through the air striking the sidewalk at his feet. It was learned a few days later that the witness was in an adjacent city at the time of the tragedy. There were many persons of the temperament of that witness in San Francisco immediately after the earthquake, persons with a most artistic contempt for truth-telling, gifted liars with a morbid desire to harrow up the souls of friends or to win distinction by having it known of them that they had witnessed scenes of horror. Those sprightly fictionists roamed

the streets filling eager ears with thrilling tales of weird and improbable occurrences. They spent their time spreading such sensational reports as the one about several Eastern cities being under water. To add to the excitement of the occasion and the confusion of reality and to intensify the state of panic they sought to spread the notion that the whole continent was in danger of crumbling. To those picturesque liars may be attributed the false impression that has been received abroad regarding the character of the catastrophe. They were busy telling of outrages perpetrated by the lawless. They saw dripping fingers covered with rings pulled out of the pockets of men who had been shot down by soldiers. They saw negroes killed for biting off women's ears to secure jewels. They saw the Cliff House drop into the ocean. They saw a herd of cattle drop into a fissure in Market street and disappear. They saw the ground move like the waters of the ocean. They saw houses vanish into the bowels of the earth. They saw a whole wall fall over into the street remaining intact, one man being beneath, and they saw him stand erect and come through safe and sound, a window being at the point at which he stood. He was not even cut by the glass, the window having been left open for his accommodation. Many of the most artistic liars fled from San Francisco spreading their thrilling yarns as they journeyed eastward, a circumstance that adumbrates a slump in native romanticism for awhile. The whole county is indebted to them for that same delightful fiction in the form of fact that the ancient historians were pleased to write. But we know why the ancient historians wrote fiction in disguise. They were not witnesses to the occurrences of which they wrote. They had to depend on their imagination, but not so the historians of the San Francisco catastrophe. The plain, unvarnished tale is thrilling enough; yet it did not satisfy them. Great was the San Francisco fire, but not greater than the San Francisco liar.

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The Spectator

Loyalty of the Comstockers.

There has long been much in common between the people of Nevada and the people of California. Indeed in the long ago there was more in common between them than there is now. In the Bonanza days the Comstock was a suburb of San Francisco. The Comstocker was as much at home in San Francisco as in Virginia City, and today there is probably no resident of this city more deeply grieved over its sad plight than the men that made history in the old mining camps of the Sagebrush State. They are scattered over the world and from remote parts to which they have wandered words of sympathy and encouragement have come to friends in San Francisco. Ex-Comstockers in Alaska and in South Africa are lamenting the distress of San Francisco, and they are also expressing their firm confidence in the ability of the sons of the pioneers to rear anew the city by the Golden Gate. One of the most enthusiastic of San Francisco's friends among the old Comstockers is Editor Goodwin, of Goodwin's Weekly, published in Salt Lake City. I have derived much pleasure from reading Editor Goodwin since the fire. He has been discussing the old city and the new city, and he has been enlightening the benighted who have suggested that the men of San Francisco should select a new site for their city. "No other place will do," says Goodwin; "There are memories no earthquake can shake down, recollections that no fire can consume; and mere sandhills can be so incorporated in the lives of men that they cannot be separated. San Francisco will have to be rebuilt on the old site, and our belief is that were there not a dollar to come from the outside, those descendants of the old invincible race would unaided build it there."

Prestige That Will Stand.

In the opinion of Editor Goodwin, San Francisco, before the fire, was to America what Paris is to Frenchmen, the city to which they all hope to go, the reasons being that in San Francisco there was better and cheaper food than anywhere else, the air was better, there were fewer hot and fewer cold days than in any other large city; "the flowers were sweeter than anywhere else;" "it was one place where men could do as they pleased and still there was a smaller proportion of wrongdoers than anywhere else." In a later issue Goodwin quoted from the Nation: "Plenty of sane people will continue to regard California with its earthquakes as better than any other place without;" and he added that while the catastrophe will help Seattle and Portland a little, "behind San Fran-

cisco is a richer country than behind any other city in the world, the climate is a perpetual tonic, and in the golden west the center of industry will in future, as it always has in the past, be inside the Golden Gate."

The Perkins Bill.

One of the most refreshing piece of news received by The Spectator since the fire, came from Washington, D. C., and is in relation to the bill providing for an appropriation for one million, five hundred thousand dollars for the erection at the foot of Van Ness avenue of a Federal building, and of stone docks for the transport service. The bill was fathered by Senator Perkins and was put through by him to insure the permanent maintenance of the transport business at this port. The news also comes from Washington that Congress will adjourn about June 6th or 7th and that the California delegation will be home about the 15th of the month. About that time the political pot will begin to sing. We have been so preoccupied with fire losses that we have lost sight of the fact that we are approaching the eve of a State campaign. County conventions have been held in Tulare, Glen and Tehama and candidates are now before the people. The State Central Committees will meet in a few days and will decide upon the time and place for holding the State conventions. Los Angeles is making a strong bid for both conventions and will probably secure the Democratic. Sacramento and Santa Cruz are fighting for the Republican convention, and sentiment appears to be in favor of the seaside city, which is far more agreeable than Sacramento as a meeting place in the summer months.

The Major Breaks Into Rhyme.

Not less stentorian than the angry surf that beats the shore of Monterey Bay is the lyric defy hurled by Major McLaughlin, of Santa Cruz and San Francisco, at Wallace Irwin of New York. Though of worldwide celebrity as a financier Major McLaughlin is unknown as a communicant of the Muses. He makes no pretension to skill as a lyric artist, though he has a fine taste for gems of poetic genius. He can distinguish brut from sec at a sip but the waters that gush from the sacred springs of Castalia and Hippocrene are no more exhilarating to the Major than a cup that cheers from Spring Valley. However, upon sufficient provocation, he can utter himself in indifferent metre, a fact that he has demonstrated in several stanzas entitled, "Greater San Francisco—without any apologies to Wallace Irwin." That young gentleman has been singing of "The Hope of Western Empire," being "low

in the dust" because the "Reaper's will be done," neglecting to state what will be done. He probably meant that the Reaper's will will be done, but he didn't say so. It is not to Irwin's faulty ellipsis that Major McLaughlin objects, but to his sentiments, and he does so in a paraphrase of Irwin. In the vehement and impassioned heat of his conceptions indignation and civic pride are blent and San Francisco redivivus attains the definite visibility of a crystal:

Though we know the whole world pulses,
Though we know man builds on sand,
Yet with streets and lanes we line the planes
And we call it "God's fair land."

We will build our towers of granite,
We will make them wide and tall;
Tho' 'neath our feet was "The Demon's Seat,"
For we know God rules o'er all.

The sunlight and the mist-winds
Still make our glorious clime—
Tho' the all-wise God of Destiny
Smote us for a time.

The bay where Drake made merry
Upon the Golden Hind,
The bay that brought the argonauts
A modern fleece to find,

With its city of the Western Empire
Still commands the Orient sea;
For again from the dust of the frail Earth's crust
We are building it fair to see.

The winds sweep away the fog bank,
Through blue skies shines the sun;
And the city we'll build shall never fade
Until the Reaper's work is done.

The Major's Story.

Major McLaughlin, by the way, came to town with the crack earthquake story. It is a story of the effect of the earthquake on a young Britisher, a clerk in Tanner's drug store in Santa Cruz. He sleeps in the rear of the store, and at the first shock he jumped out of bed and to the conclusion that the soda fountain had exploded. He rushed into the streets in his pajamas and made a dash for his mother's home five blocks away. While sprinting up the street he saw chimneys falling and frail walls crumbling, and as he burst into his home he excitedly exclaimed: "Mother, Tanner's soda fountain exploded and blew up the town!!"

The Unexpected.

Great was the surprise of local politicians when the news came from Washington that C. T. Elliott of

Modesto, had been slated for United States Marshal of this district. He is one of the few politicians in the State who were not mentioned as among those likely to get the job. Some time ago it was thought that Senator Coggins was to be appointed, but he recklessly involved himself in the fight over the land-office at Redding, getting behind Mr. Leinenger, and that circumstance proved a fatal blunder.

Heroic Peter.

Next to General Funston perhaps the greatest hero of the eighteenth of April, nineteen hundred and six, was Mr. Peter Martin, son of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, the Mrs. Astor of San Francisco's volleyed and thundered Four Hundred, and half-brother of Mayor Schmitz's bosom friend, Downey Harvey. Mr. Martin would have been unknown to history had it not been for the forethought of his wife, Mrs. Peter Martin, who is reported to have celebrated his achievements in a thrilling letter to her mother, Mrs. Charles Oelrichs of Newport. The letter was such a fine contribution to literature that some special newspaper correspondent wired it out from the East, but according to the Martins it is full of inaccuracies. Indeed it is repudiated by the alleged author, despite the glory reflected by the epistle on the gallant Peter. How much is truth and how much is fiction we have not been told. Whether the reporter merely mislocated the scenario or whether he confounded portions of the letter with portions of a narrative given by Herman Oelrichs, who left town in a state of panic I am unable to say. However, there are details that give verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing tale, and as they have

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gone into history Peter is not to be denied immortality in consequence of inaccuracies.

The Interpretation of a Noise.

From the letter in its garbled state it appears that the earthquake was preceded by a noise that sounded to the alert Peter like burglars exploring the lower depths of his home. The brave Peter promptly went on a tour of investigation, probably resolved on capturing the burglars or shooting them dead in their tracks, for the aristocratic polo hero is a lion-hearted young man and tragic indeed would be the fate of a gang of burglars that fell into his hands. But when he got down stairs "the house began to heave and rock, and the furniture to fly about the room." No doubt he forgot the burglars when the furniture took wing, a most remarkable thing for the furniture to do. But Peter wouldn't permit the furniture to be any more eccentric than himself. So, according to the reporter, he seized a chair, smashed a window and ran out, shouting to his wife "to jump for her life with her little daughter."

His Presence of Mind.

Though Mrs. Martin's nearest approach to a trapeze performance prior to that morning was only in the matter of costume at a Friday Fortnightly when she filled Sally Sharp with astonishment, she is reported to have followed her husband's advice, first throwing their olive-branch at him, and then taking a leap herself. Incidentally Mrs. Peter is reported to have explained that the heroic Peter did not go upstairs after them because "he realized that there was not time for him to do so," and "that he stood a better chance of aiding them outside than in." Thus did he exhibit something of the same presence of mind shown by his half-brother, J. Downey Harvey, when the latter, at the time that he was "working" Mayor Schmitz for an Ocean Shore Railroad franchise, was asked to secure a chairman for an anti-Schmitz meeting. A more foolhardy person than Peter would perhaps, have overlooked the flying furniture and taken the more desperate chance of dashing upstairs to his wife and child. But Peter never loses his head. Perhaps in the distant future some historian may suggest that the burglars were an after-thought and that when Peter went down stairs it was because of his rare instinct for selecting the outside as the safest place in such an emergency, but we who are his contemporaries will stoutly resent any imputation tending to dim the glory of his achievement.

SCHUSSLER BROS., located at 1792 Post street, have a full line of mirrors and some oil paintings on hand. They are doing framing and regilding, delivering work promptly.

The Sculptor and His Statue.

Haig Patigian considers himself one of the most fortunate artists in San Francisco. At the time of the fire his McKinley statue, sculptured for the little town of Arcata in Humboldt county, was in a foundry where it had been cast in bronze. When he heard that the foundry was destroyed by the fire he concluded that his precious statue, for which he was to receive some thousands of dollars, was among the melted ware in the ruins. He had not the faintest hope of seeing it again, but one day he wandered out to the ruins to learn the worst. Great was his joy on



approaching what was once the entrance to the foundry to find the statue lying in the street. It was not damaged in the slightest degree. He has since been told that just before the fire reached the foundry, one of the mechanics, imbued either with a love of art or an affection for the beloved McKinley, suggested to a fellow-workman that it would be very unfortunate if the statue were destroyed and that therefore it should be removed to a place of safety. The suggestion was favorably received and the statue was removed to the street where it was found by the sculptor, as shown in the above picture, the reproduction of a photograph taken on the occasion. Patigian, by the way, is soon to leave for Europe where he will spend about a year in Study.

Why Weill Was Happy.

When everybody was in a state of panic a few weeks ago Raphael Weill had something to think of besides the loss of his store. It was his inner man; for Mr. Weill, as everybody knows, is a gourmet, and it troubled him greatly to see Marchand's go up in smoke, knowing as he did that his round table at the Bohemian Club was in ashes. But a few days later Mr. Weill was cheerful and happy. It was not long before some of his friends learned why it was that despite his great loss, he appeared so light-hearted. Marchand's chef was on his pay-roll.

What Sarah Said to Hearst.

That Sarah Bernhardt expects to make another farewell tour of America I am quite convinced. Sarah has genius for cultivating the friendship of the press, and she gave a sample of its quality the day Ashton Stevens chaperoned her through the ruins when she favored him with a private emotional performance. They met Mr. William R. Hearst that day and the critic introduced his boss to the great actress. Sarah immediately proceeded to rhapsodize over the ruins, and when parting from Mr. Hearst she bestowed on him her sweetest smile and said: "I vaire much hope zat when I come back to Amerique you will be zee Pr-rezeedong." And Mr. Hearst blushed after the manner of one embarrassed.

Hearst and Schmitz.

It reminds one of old times to see the Examiner smashing the municipal administration. Hearst and his men are gallant fighters and they are skilled in the art of making it disagreeable for rascals in office, but neither cartoons nor editorial thunder will avail against the long-armed gents with the adjustable reach now doing business in the capacity of City Fathers. Those zealous functionaries are not to be dissuaded from making hay while the sun shines. It now remains to be seen whether the Examiner will succeed in persuading Mayor Schmitz to conform in his views with editorial judgment. Other newspapers tried to influence his official conduct and failed, and they never succeeded in doing him any harm. However, he always cultivated the friendship of Mr. Hearst, and his conduct has always met with Hearst's approval. Moreover, it appears that Mr. Hearst was reluctant to sever the bond of friendship, for though he has been lambasting the Supervisors, up to today (Tuesday) he has taken no very severe smash at Schmitz. He intimated Tuesday that in his opinion the Supervisors were obeying the behest of Ruef in giving away the trolley franchise, and yet more than a week ago the Mayor said in an interview published in the Examiner that he was in favor of the trolley, it being, in his opinion, desired by the public. However, he could be in favor of the trolley system and not in favor of giving away a valuable franchise.

When Reimers Struck Town.

One of the earliest arrivals in San Francisco after the earthquake was Joannes Reimers, the literary landscape gardener of Stockton. Mr. Reimers, who is six feet tall, and has a breadth of beam in propor-

tion, was intent on gathering literary material, but the boys in blue did not let such a promising recruit escape them and he was set to work gathering bricks as soon as he emerged from the ferry building. Handling brick is more remunerative at the present moment than handling the pen. There will be more demand for first-class brawn than for second-class brains for some time to come, none of which applies to Mr. Reimers, who has abundance of both and no objection to using either.

Scheffauer Writes of San Francisco.

On April twenty-second there appeared in the London Daily Express from the pen of Hermann Scheffauer, Town Talk's European correspondent, two columns descriptive of the plans for the City Beautiful with which he was familiar, being vice-president of the San Francisco Architectural Club, and one of James D. Phelan's lieutenants in the movement for beautifying the city. He concluded his article with these words: "Even before the ashe are cold or her many dead are buried, before her obliterated streets and the black pyres of her vanished palaces have ceased to blast her smiling skies, even now the eyes of her people see, amidst all their misery the new city of their dreams and their desires, rising pure and white out of the dreadful desolation wherein they sit side by side with Terror and Death. The immaculate metropolis of the Pacific, the fairest, most joyous city of the New World, is no more, and cries of woe and lamentation are heard upon the winds that mourn over her sands, but who shall venture to say that this dark wilderness of shattered splendor shall never again revive, or that San Francisco, now dethroned, shall not resume her scepter over the western world and her dominion over the still Pacific? Truly not I, who know her so well and so long.

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Were the Rothschilds Scared?

Notwithstanding the Bank of California's denial of the rumor of the repudiation of the bank's letters of credit by the Rothschilds, the institution has made a change in its London agency. The rumor so vigorously denied by the bank will not down. At the time of its denial it was important that there should be no lack of confidence in the institution, but it seems to me that now the truth should be known.

Are French Restaurants of the Past?

Along with the prediction that very little of the atmosphere of Old San Francisco will be found in Greater San Francisco comes the news that the Marchands are not going to revive their French restaurant business. This news came to me from Eddie Marchand, son of the founder of the famous establishment and one of the members of the firm. He says that the old style French restaurant, the institution that supplied everything from local color to frog's legs, where you could order a tete-a-tete from the head waiter, where San Francisco's merchant princes kept their most pressing engagements, sometimes with their own wives and sometimes without, has become nothing more than a faded memory of the sparkling nights that have flown. Somebody in authority has informed Marchand that hereafter French restaurants must confine their business to the first floor. "And of course," said Eddie, "that would be fatal. The first floor is patronized only by those who are merely hungry and they never drink anything but table claret." Let us hope that Eddie has been misinformed. Without her French restaurants San Francisco will be like any other prosaic American city dominated by Plymouth Rock tradition.

In Fashion's Realm.

The "earthquake veil" is the latest thing in modes. It is a modified version of the automobile veil, but is so tied as to leave the face bare while the veil covers the back hair and is tied in a big bow under the chin. It was evolved from some clever woman's brain, after she had tried in vain to keep her hair from flying about as she stood in the "bread line." Other women took it up and now nearly every other woman is wearing an earthquake veil.

O'Day in Honduras.

In the early part of April, Edward O'Day, the Bulletin's clever young essayist and critic, started for Honduras. He said that he could no longer get an inspiration in San Francisco and he lamented the dullness of the news market. The thought had come to

him that it would be worth while breaking into the colony of fugitive embezzlers in Honduras in quest of material for a series of articles. And he had scarcely left town when the biggest piece of news that ever happened entered the local field. When last heard from O'Day was in Puerto Cortes, Spanish Honduras. He reached there on a fruit boat and found himself in quarantine, but he was on the trail of the fugitives with a trip ahead of him of more than two hundred miles by mule-back. He will have plenty to write about when he gets back, but he will always regret that he missed the earthquake.

When Dispatches Were Sent by Mail.

Nowhere have I seen or heard, since the fire, any explanation of the peculiar business methods pursued by the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies for about a week after the earthquake. I know that those companies were badly crippled and that they had not the facilities for handling the business that flowed into their offices, but it would be interesting to know upon what theory they felt justified in using the mails for forwarding messages which they were paid to send by wire. It would also be interesting to know if nothing is to be done to compel restitution of the money, which, in the judgment of many people, was obtained by false pretenses. Perhaps, the public are laboring under a delusion in respect to the conduct of those worthy telegraph companies. It is incredible that they deliberately swindled their patrons. I have no doubt that they made every possible effort to transmit by wire the messages accepted for that purpose, and I am reluctant to believe that after they found it impossible to render the service for which they were hired they continued to do business through the agency of Uncle Sam, keeping people in ignorance of the true state of affairs. However, it seems that the public are entitled to an explanation.

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A Great Achievement.

One gets a fairly good idea of the state of the telegraphic service in a report made to General Manager Stone of the Associated Press by Paul Cowles of this city, the chief representative of that newsgathering institution on this coast. But the report is interesting for another reason; for though it was not written for publication it presents to the mind's eye a vivid picture of the exciting experiences of the men that were engaged in supplying the world with news of the great catastrophe. Those men did splendid work under stupendous difficulties, braving great dangers and exhibiting wonderful endurance; and despite the confusion and disorder and the disruption of the whole news system of the press they accomplished the remarkable feat of telling the whole story without exaggeration and with but a single inaccuracy. Special correspondents sent out all sorts of wild yarns but the reporters of the Associated Press made but a single blunder regarding the damage caused by the earthquake and that was in reporting the falling of the Cliff House into the ocean. And that blunder was excusable since it was made officially on the authority of the Police Department.

Getting the News Out.

From Cowles' report I learn that on the morning of the earthquake night editor John Finlay and operator Ben McInerney were on duty in the building occupied by the Western Union Company. With the first shock telegraphic communication with the outside world was lost. Though the chandeliers and the plaster fell Finlay wrote a bulletin telling of the earthquake, and McInerney rushed upstairs to the Western Union office to get it off to New York. The operating room was a wreck and there were no wires. McInerney rushed to Oakland to make wire arrangements and found conditions there almost as bad as they were in San Francisco. "I arrived at the office," wrote Cowles, "at about 5:45 after a rapid sprint through the streets. It took but a moment to ascertain the telegraph situation so far as the Western Union was concerned, so I went to the Postal office a few blocks away. There Chief Operator Swayne was found tinkering with a feeble wire to Chicago. He held out a faint hope for a wire, so I wrote a bulletin and stood over him while he tested and manipulated. The Pacific cable office was in the same building, so I filed a cable bulletin addressed to you, to be sent across the

Pacific around the world to New York. The cable operator declined to take the message, saying it was irregular and he did not know the rate. I offered to pay any rate that would be charged, but the cable man was confronted by an emergency that the cable company's rules had not provided for, and he declined to take the message. He did send a message to Honolulu, however. Then I went back to Swayne and nursed that bulletin. Finally, there was a hopeful click and away went the news to Chicago. In the meantime night Manager Johnson of the Associated Press, Day Editor Curtis and my stenographer Creighton had arrived, and the story of the earthquake was being written as rapidly as the typewriters could work. We were at last given a wire by the Postal Company, and the news commenced to go out. Just after a fair start the wire failed, and we danced up and down with impatience. We eventually got another start, but at 11 o'clock we had to leave the Postal Building, as the fire was close by. While all this was going on I realized that the Federal troops would be called to guard the city, so I sent a man to General Funston's headquarters for passes for our men. The General issued half a dozen, and on Wednesday The Associated Press men were the only ones who could pass the guards without difficulty. I also sent for an automobile and scoured the water front for a launch in which to send men to Oakland, as the ferryboats had stopped. Not a launch was to be found, but an exhibition of nerve and the magic name of Funston on a pass induced the captain of the government tug McDowell to take Operators Geistlich and Lynch and a newsman across the bay to Oakland. There, through the efforts of the Western Union and the Postal companies workable wires were secured early in the afternoon, and the operators got busy. They had plenty of copy."

Holding the Wire.

After telling of the arrival of Associated Pressmen from neighboring cities Cowles' continued his interesting narrative as follows: "My automobile had been confiscated Wednesday night by the soldiers and I spent Thursday and Friday fighting for a wire and hunting for an automobile. Municipal headquarters, the news center, had been established on Fillmore street, three miles from the ferry. There was plenty of news in San Francisco, but the problem was to get

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A. M. Robertson

it to the ferry and over to Oakland. It was sent by messengers on foot, on horseback and in express wagons. On Saturday I managed to hire an automobile and have been struggling ever since to keep it from being confiscated by soliders, policemen, Red Cross men and other individuals who wore uniforms, carried a gun and wanted a ride. Thursday night the Postal had a wire from the ferry to Oakland and we were allowed to send 500 words on it. Next day some one cut the cable, and even that small comfort failed. The Press Bureau developed rapidly. The three morning papers each detailed a man to work on it and the entire staff of the Bulletin was turned over to the Associated Press. We, with the aid of a large staff and the automobile, managed to cover the city and send the news to Oakland. Monday night we secured a wire from the telephone company, which we turned into a Morse circuit. We used this wire for two nights, which were nights of joy, but on the third night the telephone company went out of business, their cable having been blown up and we were forced back to the old system of delivery by messenger to Oakland. I secured a permit for the Western Union to run a wire into Municipal Headquarters at Franklin Hall, at noon, The Associated Press commenced operating the first regular wire out of San Francisco. I want to call your attention the splendid example of devotion to the service shown by everybody from news men and operators down to messengers. Most of them have lost their homes and are sleeping in camps and on benches. They braved falling walls and went through the city at night at imminent danger of being shot, and no one hesitated when ordered on dangerous duty. I do not know how our stuff reads, for I have not seen an outside paper, but I do know that the men here have cheerfully given the best that is in them. Your messages of encouragement have acted as a stimulant to the tired and overworked men."

Our Unfortunate Artists.

San Francisco's artist colony has been pretty well scattered since the fire. Some of the artists have gone away very much grieved over the obliteration of their old haunts, and they feel that many years will elapse before it will be worth their while to return. We shall miss our artists very much for to them we owed much of the light-heartedness of the community. In recent years they had become quite an important factor in the social life of the city. In connection with musical and literary people they constituted an element that was making its influence felt, developing as it did a taste for the beautiful and promoting appreciation of the intellectual joys of life. Nearly all the artists were heavy losers. E. W. Currier was among those who lost everything. He belonged to the clique that had studios in Montgomery. He possessed a number of valuable and rare Chinatown sketches that he had

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12 San Pablo
16th Street (Freight and Passenger)

been years in collecting and they were all destroyed. But he is not disheartened. He has already opened a studio. Ada Romer Shawhan managed to save her big painting, "La Boheme," which, in its unfinished state was reproduced in Town Talk last Christmas. It should now be more valuable than ever. Latimer lost all his latest paintings and many of his earlier works. Chapel Judson, Neilson, Billy Wright, Maren Froelich and Raschen, were all of the burned-out in the lower Montgomery street studios.

Of High Degree.

Time, A. D. 1940.

Lewders—Is their pedigree a long one?

Sueders—I should say so! Why, it dates from the great San Francisco fire.—The Snob.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Information for the Prophet of Oakland.)

OCEAN BOULEVARD, May 24, 1906.

Editor TOWN TALK: I read with a great deal of interest your mild comments on the predictions of a fool prophet in Oakland. But it seemed to me that you missed one point; he said that he had been waiting forty-six years for a city to grow up in Oakland and that he believed his hopes were at length to be realized. As a result of what? Of the earthquake in San Francisco. Surely if San Francisco grew up without the aid of an earthquake in Oakland it will be able to do so again. I should hate to be sentimentally and financially interested in a city whose growth depended on the overwhelming of a neighboring community by a great calamity. As for San Francisco being a dream, it is surely a most substantial dream. If all the commercial buildings that withstood the earthquake shock and that need but little repair to be put once more in first-class condition, were grouped today, we should have a commercial center more imposing than many of the best blocks of any city on the Coast. I refer to the Flood Building, the Security Savings Bank, the Crocker Building, the Mills Building, the Merchants Exchange, the Kohl Building, the Mercantile Trust Company's building, the St. Francis, the Montgomery Block, the Fairmont, the old London and San Francisco Bank, the Shreve Building, the big Fontana and several other warehouses, the Hibernia Bank, the Union Trust Company's Building, the Hobart Building, the Call Building, the Mutual Savings Bank Building, the Mint, the Postoffice, the Appraiser's Building. The Prophet in Oakland is evidently unaware of the fact that many business blocks survive in the Western Addition and the Mission, that not more than one-third of the residence district of a city of half a million inhabitants was destroyed, that the plant of the big Union Iron Works and of other big industrial concerns are in operation on the Potrero and at North Beach.

EDWARD L. WATKINS.

A POLITICAL CONFERENCE.

Time: An afternoon in May.

Place: The Mayor's office.

Mayor Schmitz—What do you think of the proposition to run the city on an economical basis for awhile?

Abe Ruef—It has my warmest approval. We have the people with us now; we don't need so many taxpayers.

Mayor Schmitz—Then you think we should reduce the force in all departments?

Abe Ruef—Yes—that is—on second thought, in all save the police department.

Mayor Schmitz—Why except that department?

Abe Ruef—We cannot take chances on having the peace and quiet of the community disturbed. The Examiner has been publishing some incendiary editorials and cartoons and we must be prepared for an emergency. The other morning Mr. Hearst suggested that the citizens should organize a committee to coerce the authorities into refusing the United Railroads Company a franchise to make this a trolley town. He didn't call it a vigilance committee, but that is what he meant. He hopes to incite Epeahee Troy into leading a rope brigade again.

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GUSTAV MANN, Formerly of Zinkands', Manager.

This hotel will be open about June first, and will be conducted on the European Plan. The management will conduct a first-class cafe.

J. PORCHER

Hatter

NEWEST SHAPES ALL NEW GOODS
715 and 717 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE,
SAN FRANCISCO.

COLUMBIA DAIRY

231 Franklin Street, near Hayes,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Pure Milk and Cream.

GEORGE H. PIPPY.....Proprietor

Mayor Schmitz—I'm surprised to hear that my friend Willie is losing his temper. He's been very nice ever since I let him placard the town with his relief signs. But of course he can't do us any harm. He's been issuing certificates of character for us for years. Why, he'll stultify himself if he attacks us.

Abe Ruef—He! ha! hee! hee! ho! ho!

Mayor Schmitz—What the devil are you laughing at?

Abe Ruef—At your notion that Hearst falters at inconsistency.

Mayor Schmitz—Well, he has always been consistent in his approval of my administration.

Abe Ruef—Yes, but not because he loved you; he hated the other fellow.

Mayor Schmitz—So he is in favor of a vigilance committee!

Abe Ruef—Yes, and therefore it behooves us to maintain a strong police department. The city must not lose its reputation for law and order (He winks the other eye.) We may have a few more franchises to give away in the interest of the public and we are not going to consult Mr. Hearst; he's prejudiced against capital.

Mayor Schmitz—That's right; I consult nobody but the people and you. My hand is always on the public pulse. If the United Railroads should ask for a franchise to run a trolley road up Van Ness avenue or through Golden Gate Park I would not act until I put my hand on the pulse of the community. As you know, I keep the pulse of the people for ready reference in your vest pocket.

Abe Ruef—That's what you do.

Mayor Schmitz—And if I should find after consulting the public pulse that there is a strong sentiment against incendiary journalism in these troublesome times I might suggest the organization of a vigilance committee myself. The fire-brands of journalism should be extinguished. There is a prejudice in this community against conflagrations.

Abe Ruef—A bright idea! a wonderfully bright idea!

Mayor Schmitz—(raising his eyebrows)—Nothing wonderful in my giving expression to a bright idea, is there?

Abe Ruef—Oh, no; I should say not.

Mayor Schmitz—(throwing out his chest)—I flatter myself that my administration has been one long series of bright ideas. Haven't I made Governor Pardee look like thirty cents since the earthquake?

Abe Ruef—Indeed you have.

Mayor Schmitz—Haven't I proved to the people that I'm a natural emergency handler.

Abe Ruef—You have.

Mayor Schmitz—Well, keep your eye on me while I handle Willie.

THE REPORTER.

JOHN J. BARRETT

Attorney-at-Law,
1416 POST ST., NEAR GOUGH, S. F.
Telephone West 30.

Samuel M. Shortridge

Attorney at Law
1101 O'Farrell St., S. W. Cor. Franklin,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Hugh J. McIsaac

Attorney at Law
2124 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DR. H. J. STEWART

Teacher of Vocal Music

Pianforte, Organ, Harmony and Composition.
Special course for singers desiring church appointments.
Care of Bohemian Club, 2171 Pacific Avenue.

M. Gertrude Judd

Teacher of Whistling

IS NOW LOCATED AT
623 BAKER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Send all communications to the above address.

Music Disperses the Gloom.

Byron Mauzy Piano Co.

Ready for business at
1165 O'FARRELL STREET
Pianos repaired, tuned, moved and stored.
Oakland Office, 654 Fourteenth St., near Grove, Oakland.

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SELLS THE *Cadillac*
Motor Cars

Can Make Immediate Deliveries

THE CADILLAC STOOD THE TEST

Without interruption—night and day—over hot streets—crowded with vehicles and men, women and children, the Cadillac served the people and the Government.

The Cadillac has proven its worth.

106 PRESIDIO AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO.

The Stage

Columbia Success a Failure.

"The Strength of the Weak," the play in which Florence Roberts made her New York debut, was a dismal failure in that city. The critics showed it no mercy. When the play was produced in this city I pointed out some of its many imperfections. I took it seriously as a dramatic offering and undertook to convince Miss Roberts that it would be a grievous mistake for her to introduce herself to New York theatre-goers through such an impotent medium. Ethically and technically it was miserable drama. In its violation of inexorable rules of dramatic construction it was impossible. Miss Roberts was amazed at the criticism. She called at my office to tell me so and to ask me if, upon second thought, I might not alter my opinion. She said that the critics of other coast cities had praised it nightly, and that one of the enthusiastic local critics called on her in her dressing room to tell her it was one of the strongest plays ever seen. Though I succeeded in convincing her of some of its defects she was resolved to try it in New York, thinking that, perhaps, the critics there would lose sight of its banalities and incongruities. But there are critics in the metropolis who know something of the dramatic art, and they would not tolerate "The Strength of the Weak." The play was speedily withdrawn. Despite the disadvantages under which the California actress was brought to the notice of the critics, they did not discredit her talent. From several she received high praise.

THEODORE BONNET.

The Actor at Leisure.

The Rialto has been temporarily shifted from O'Farrell street to Broadway, Oakland, where the gay thespians are having the time of their lives. Relief money has been pouring in and they have been enjoying luxuries without turning a hair. Manager Russell, of Seattle, visited Oakland recently in quest of talent for a dramatic company. He expected to be rushed with applications, but to his great surprise his offers were coldly turned down. Pursuing the easy life is to the actor's taste, and he appraises the value of his services higher than ever before. The terrible calamity for him of the Oakland Rialto will come when his necessities compel him to go to work.

The Greater Orpheum.

There was a great and joyful reunion at the Chutes last Sunday. It was the occasion of the opening of the greater Orpheum, and it was a gala event. It seemed as if every connoisseur in vaudeville was on hand to celebrate the revival of the most popular form of entertainment that San Francisco has

known. San Francisco has always been one of the greatest of vaudeville towns, and it was evident last Sunday that though it has lost some of its population its enthusiasm for the kind of amusement for which the old Orpheum was famous has not diminished. The star of the program was Valerie Bergere in her tabloid version of "Carmen." This version might be more eloquently described as concentrated extract of Prosper Merimee, with Valerie Bergere blown in the bottle. For Valerie has something more than her costume for the part of the fickle heroine. She has temperament among other things, and it sparkles and sizzles. The Sunday audience was in a most receptive mood and the whole show was good to everybody. Caprice, Lynn and Fay were joyfully received in their song-and-dance stunt. Clifford and Burke were kept going long beyond their allotted time, and nobody on the programme was neglected.

Opera at Idora.

One of the most delightful resorts in all Alameda County is Idora Park, a beautiful spot midway between Oakland and Berkeley, and direct from this city by the Key Route via Fifty-fifth street. There are many attractive features in the park, but the principal one is the opera company directed by Impresario Will Greenbaum. It is a first-class organization, having among its principals Ferris Hartman, comedian; Sybil Page, soprano; Hope Mayne, mezzo; Georgia Knowlton, contralto; Arthur Cunningham, baritone, and Eugene Weiner, tenor. In the chorus of thirty

...ORPHEUM....

WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE, MAY 27th
5—BIG NEW ACTS—5

Elizabeth Murray; Bailey and Austin Company; Katherine Dahl; Carson and Willard; Mosher, Houghton and Mosher; Eva Mudge; Clifford and Burke; Orpheum Motion Pictures and

VALERIE BERGERE & COMPANY,

Presenting "His Japanese Wife."

MATINEE EVERY DAY EXCEPT MONDAY.

Evening Prices—10c, 25c and 50c. Matinees, except Saturday and Sunday, 10c and 25c.
Admission to Chutes.....10c; Children 5c
Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Streets. Phone West 6000.

Oakland Amusements

(Under direction of H. W. Bishop.)

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

Next Week "HEARTS OF TENNESSEE."

Prices.....25c and 50c

IDORA PARK THEATRE

"CHIMES OF NORMANDY"

By Opera Company of 50.

Manager WILL L. GREENBAUM

Prices 50c and 35c, including admission to the Park.

are some of the most capable singers of the Tivoli company. The orchestra is one of the best ever organized in a California theatre. It is under the leadership of Paul Steindorf and has for first violin, Director Soldierna of the Columbia orchestra. First violin Koenig of the Fiesta Orchestra, of which Jaulus was the leader, is also a member, together with Dabelow, the French horn player of the Tivoli, Charles Heinßen, viola of the Fiesta, Arthur Weiss, the clever cellist of the Tivoli, Louis Neubauer, flutist of the Tivoli, Jake Kinzelmann, president of the Musican's Union, who plays the clarinet, William Mayhood, first trumpet of the Alcazar, Walter Calvert, trombonist of the Tivoli, and Dick Wright, percussionist of the Columbia. This musical organization gives a matinee concert every week day on the veranda. "The Mikado" is the present operatic attraction, and commencing Monday night "The Chimes of Normandy" will be revived for the first time in many years. There is an excellent restaurant at the park where many parties dine every evening before attending the theater. Admission to the park is ten cents for adults, five cents for children, and forty and twenty-five cents extra for admission to the theater. Reserved seats may be ordered at Sherman & Clay's store, at Thirteenth and Broadway. The park is under the management of H. W. Bishop.

(Continued on Page 22.)

SHE HANDED HIM ONE.

The beauty of her graceful glove
Within my heart still lingers;
I fear she lit my lamp of love
With her sweet, taper fingers.

—The Sentimentalist.

HIS IDEAL

Oh, some are for the cities of men,
And some are for the sea;
And some are for a nook with a musty book—
But the lips of a maid for me.

And some are for the forest and field;
Their whim is to be free;
But the lips of a maid, by a tree in the shade
Are freedom enough for me.

—The Sensualist.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



The Freshness of Roses

and balmy June days are not more delightful and refreshing than the soothing touch of Mennen's. Gives immediate and positive relief from **Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn** and all skin troubles. Everywhere used and recommended by physicians and nurses for its perfect purity and absolute uniformity. Mennen's face on every box. See that you get the genuine. For sale everywhere, or by mail, 25c. Sample free.



Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N.J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum.

GERMEA

FOR

Breakfast

George Mayerle, GERMAN
EXPERT OPTICIAN

WILL OCCUPY 1115 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE

On the 10th of May

SUMMER RESORTS

Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request

CALIFORNIA NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY

Is running its trains on schedule time.

The best resorts in the State are reached by this line.

These places of recreation and pleasure are uninjured by the earthquake.

To any one of them you can send your family—and be sure they will be comfortable and at small cost.

California Northwestern Railway

North End Nave of Ferry Building.

SEIGLER HOT SPRINGS

Untouched by earthquake. Natural hot baths and wonderful stomach water. Swimming pond. Furnished cottages and tents. Booklets and information. Reduced rates now. H. H. McGOWAN, Seigler, Lake county.

Arrowhead Hot Springs

The Most Curative Springs Known

Temperature 196°. The hottest curative springs in the world. Flow 500,000 gallons daily.

Altitude 2000 feet, ideal for health.

Climate Variation of mean temperature of summer and winter only 10°.

Scenery The scenery of Switzerland. Majestic mountains and beautiful orange groves. Only three miles from the orange on the trees to the snow on the mountains in winter. Horse and foot trails in every direction.

Baths Bath house will accommodate 400 daily. Hot water, vapor, mud, electric light, Schott. (Nauheim) needle, massage, X-ray.

Laboratory Thoroughly equipped for diagnostic and clinical study of every type of metabolic disorders.

Analysis Intermediate between Sruel of Carlsbad, Germany, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas, though more strongly radio-active than either.

Conduct Modeled after the great European Spas.

FOR BOOKLET ADDRESS

DR. G. W. TAPE, Medical Director, Arrowhead, Cal.

WITTER MEDICAL SPRINGS LAKE CO.

MR. H. W. WILLS, assistant manager of the St. Francis Hotel, will have personal charge of WITTER SPRINGS HOTEL this season.

This magnificent hotel is now open. No other resort is equal to it in the West.

WITTER MEDICAL SPRINGS CO.,

563 Eleventh St., Oakland

Saratoga Springs Fifteen Different Mineral Springs

NOT DAMAGED BY EARTHQUAKE.

J. MARTENS,

Bachelor P. O., Lake Co., Cal.

Send Your Family to

= = = Camp Rose

Healdsburg. On the Russian River at the base of Fitch Mountain. An ideal place to camp. Address J. W. ROSE, Healdsburg, Sonoma County, Cal.

Harbin Hot Sulphur Springs

Not injured by the earthquake.

J. A. HAYS, Proprietor.

...Hotel Alexandria...

LOS ANGELES

An absolutely **FIREPROOF** Hotel
Beautiful Indian Mission restaurant—the
most novel and finely appointed on the
coast. Music by the Alexandria Royal Hun-
garian Orchestra.

Alexandria Hotel Co. Los Angeles, Cal

...HOTEL LANKERSHIM...

SEVENTH AND BROADWAY

Los Angeles' Newest, Largest and Most Beautifully Fur-
nished Hotel.

300 Rooms—150 Baths—All Conveniences
Restaurant a la Carte—Perfect Cuisine

COOPER & DAVIS, Lessees

THE ANGELUS

LOOMIS BROS., Proprietors

The most elegantly and luxuriously fur-
nished hotel of its size in the United States.
Now under new management. American
and European plan.

LOS ANGELES

CALIFORNIA

SUMMER RESORTS

Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request.

Highland Springs

For rest and health, for cleanliness, climate and accommodation stands unsurpassed of all summer resorts.
Rates \$12.00, \$14.00 and \$16.00 per week.

For full particulars address
R. ROBERTSON.

VILLA FONTENAY

UNINJURED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.

Under new management. Santa Cruz Mountains. Three miles from Glenwood. First-class table; bowling; electric lights; billiards; dancing pavilion; club-room; \$10 up; round trip \$3.00; free carriage.

RICE HARPER, Prop., R. F. D. 1, Santa Cruz.

BEAUTIFUL RANCHELLA

In the Santa Cruz Mountains. Ideal country home. Fresh milk and eggs.

Rates \$10 to \$12 per week up. Telephone; Gas.
House absolutely uninjured by earthquake. Address
MRS. E. A. BUNTING,
R.F.D. 87, Santa Cruz

AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS

Not injured by earthquake.

The nearest hot sulphur springs to San Francisco for health and pleasure. No staging. Fare, \$1.10. Round trip, \$1.65. Address THEO. RICHARDS, Agua Caliente, Sonoma County.

DUNCAN SPRINGS

Not injured by the earthquake.

Open May 15th.

DUNCAN SPRINGS CO., F. M. HOWELL, Manager.
Hopland, Cal.

Hot White Sulphur Springs Canyon

625 acres, new hotel building not ready this season. Furnished cottages, 3 to 10 rooms, rented to families desirous of camping. Some choice locations for tents; rare opportunity to enjoy outdoor life; miles of lovely drives; large barn and stable; private table for limited number; strictly home service; fine fishing.

MR. and MRS. JOHN SANFORD,
St. Helena, Napa Co., Cal.

SKAGGS

Hot Springs, Sonoma county, only 4½ hours from San Francisco and but 9 miles staging; in no way injured by earthquake, but is NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS. Stages meet all trains at Geyserville. Round trip from San Francisco \$5.50. Take Tiburon ferry daily 7:30 a. m. or 2:30 p. m. Rates \$2.00 a day or \$12 a week. References: Any guest of the past 11 years. J. F. MULGREW, Skaggs, Cal.

... WILSON'S INN ...

In the mountains, twelve miles from Napa, 1900 feet elevation. Conducted as a home place rather than a hotel; pure air and water; own milk, cream, fruit and vegetables; \$3 to \$11 per week. Not injured by earthquake.

Arno H. Wilson, Atlas, Napa Co., Cal.

JOHANISBERG

UNINJURED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.

Open May 1. Rates reasonable. Stage meets guests at Oakville, Napa Co.

MR. AND MRS. THEO. BLANCKENBURG, JR.

Go To Byron Hot Springs

AMERICA'S
GREATEST SPA

Hotel in perfect condition. Earthquake not felt and climate delightful. Send your family if you can't go yourself. Southern Pacific trains running on schedule time to Byron.

HOTEL DEL CORONADO

THE CORONET OF THE PACIFIC
NO EARTHQUAKES HERE

All outside rooms. Every modern convenience provided. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Fine fishing. This magnificent hostelry is conducted on the American plan and is open the entire year. There is no better surf bathing in America than that at Coronado Beach. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Mgr., Coronado Beach, Cal.

H. F. Norcross, General Agt., 334 S Spring St., Los Angeles

SOLID COMFORT HOME

1900 feet altitude; no fog; telephone, hot and cold baths; large cement swimming tank. Rates \$7.00 a week up. Stage meets train at Napa. Fare to Napa \$1.35 round trip. Not injured by earthquake. SCHULER & SCHEBEN, Napa, Cal.

SODA BAY SPRINGS....

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

EARTHQUAKE DID NOT REACH SODA BAY.

Situated on Clear Lake. Hotel and cottages have been renovated; dining hall seats 175 persons. The best steam launch on the lake. There is no better fishing in the world than here. Address GEO. ROBINSON and AGNES BELL RHOADS, Managers, Soda Bay Springs, Lake Co., Cal., via Kelseyville P. O. Opens May 1.

MARK WEST SPRINGS

Open May 15. At this resort can be found all modern out and indoor sports. Earthquake not felt at Mark West Springs.

Round trip tickets from San Francisco, \$3.75. Single fare \$2.50.

Terms: \$2.00 per day; \$12 per week. Children under ten years half rates. Table, first class.

Address MRS. CHARLES JUERGENSEN, Mark West Springs, Sonoma Co., Cal.

Orr's Hot Springs

Open All the Year.
Not Injured by Earthquake

Just rebuilt and newly furnished. Hot Sulphur Baths famous all over the West. Cures Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Dyspepsia, Malarial Diseases and Stomach, Kidney and Liver Complaints. Excellent hunting and fishing and a first-class table. Telephone and Livery. C. N. W. Ry. to Ukiah, stage to springs. Round trip from San Francisco \$9.50. Address J. L. ORR, Ukiah, Mendocino Co., Cal.

KLAMATH HOT SPRINGS

BESWICK, SISKIYOU COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Have ample accommodations for all who wish to come at once.

REGULAR RATES—

\$2.00 per Day up to \$10.00 per Week up
Southern Pacific trains running on schedule time.

EDSON BROS.

IN THE DAYS OF BIG DEALS.

Time, A. D. 1930.

Layton—Where did he get his wealth?

Brayton—His father was a supervisor at the time of the big fire.—The Gossip.

PIONEERS OF GREATER SAN FRANCISCO.

R. D. Davis was the first dry goods merchant in San Francisco to resume business. He has opened a store at 1206 Post street, in the Mayo Newhall home which he has leased for a year. He has over fifty thousand dollars worth of stock en route to the city at the time of the fire, so when he opened for business he had a fine supply of goods on hand. Mr. Davis lost his stock but he has lost none of his enthusiasm, and he will soon have a store as well stocked as was his big down-town house.

Many of the old homes of the smart set west of Van Ness are now occupied by the merchants who were formerly patronized by the owners of those handsome residences. The Walter Hobart home, an historic residence, the gift of her mother, to the first Mrs. Porter Ashe, is now occupied by the City of Paris. The Emporium has taken the old Hecht home on Post and Van Ness, and has greatly enlarged the premises.

The American National Bank was the first banking institution in the burned district to resume business at the old stand and in its old quarters. The premises in the Merchants' Exchange Building were but slightly damaged. The vaults were found in good condition. As soon as the bank opened the deposits began to increase and business has been brisk ever since. Vice-President Wilson, of the American National, is proud of the confidence that has been shown in the institution.

The City and County Bank at Sixth and Stevenson streets was the first of the financial institutions to open in the burned district, but not in its old quarters, for the building was destroyed. It was the first bank destroyed, the first to rebuild and the first to reopen. The deposits in this bank have been large since the reopening. When Cashier Tonn opened the bank on the morning of the 16th of May he met at the door a man who explained that he was waiting to open an account. The man was President Steinberg, of the Greater San Francisco Lumber Company, and he opened his account with a deposit of \$10,250.

The first new drug store to be established was that opened at 333 Devisadero, by Edward A. Baldwin and the Ferry Drug Company. They also opened the first drug store in the burned district at 4 Sacramento street. Mr. Baldwin is one of a committee of eight appointed to distribute a fund for the benefit of the retail drug trade. The other members of the committee are Messrs. Brannigan, Boysen, Wulgen, Fuller, Lengfeld, Green and Bowermann.

THE ROUNDERS.

SUMMER RESORTS

DEL MONTE OFFERS

Hotel Del Monte was very slightly injured by the recent disturbance, and is offering welcome shelter to all San Franciscans. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families.

ADDRESS:

GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager
Del Monte, California

A PERMANENT HOME

Now is the time to go to

..Adams Springs..

If you cannot come yourself, send your family. Rates the same as last year. Book of testimonials sent on application.

DR. W. R. PRATHER.

Willow Ranch

UNINJURED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.

Delightfully located in the Santa Cruz redwoods. Milk, fruit, spring water, phone, daily mail, excellent table; \$7.00.

MRS. M. J. CRANDELL,

Box 81½, Santa Cruz

THE COLONIAL

UNINJURED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.

First-class family hotel. Foothills of Santa Cruz Mountains. Interurban cars pass the doors. S. P. to San Jose and Interurban cars, or S. P. direct to Los Gatos. Address THE COLONIAL, Los Gatos, Cal.

CAFE BRISTOL

THE BEST CAFE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
Fourth and Spring Sts. Entire Basement of
Los Angeles H. W. Hellman Bldg.
SCHNEIDER & FIEBER, Proprietors

In all kinds of weather and under all sorts of conditions.

White Rock
Lithia Water

Is a legitimate beverage. You don't have to boil it. It's the one effervescent mineral water combining every essential of perfection.

P. J. WENIGER & CO., Distributors,
"THE BREAKERS," Ocean Boulevard.

SUMMER RESORTS

Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request

EL CARMELO HOTEL

(THE LITTLE DEL MONTE.)

By the sea and pines of Monterey bay, is open for guests, where you can enjoy all the luxuries of the beautiful Monterey bay—fishing, swimming, golf, the famous seventeen-mile drive. Apply early to the manager. Regular rates.

GEORGE H. CORDY,
Pacific Grove.

....CAMP VACATION....

Hotel under canvas on the Russian River below Guerneville, in a grove a mile and a half long, skirting the river; tennis courts; 40 new boats. There will be a dam in the river affording four miles of smooth water for boating, bathing and swimming. Adults \$2 per day, \$10 per week; children under 10 half rates. Special rates for families. Open May 1. Address: MRS. L. C. CNOPIUS, Camp Vacation, "Vacation" P. O., Sonoma Co., Cal.

Spend the Summer ..at Healdsburg..

where everything is quiet and beautiful. You can boat, bathe or fish on Russian River; play tennis, croquet or billiards; walk, ride or drive along dustless, level roads, or simply rest after the excitement of the earthquake.

We have a delightful, cool climate, free from malaria. Our building is fire and earthquake proof.

Rooms single, double and en suite, with bath.

Tents furnished if preferred. Resident physician and nurse.

FIFTEEN DOLLARS per week, and NO extra charge for Boats or Drives.

Write for our booklet. Address:

Dr. H. B. Crocker

Healdsburg, Sonoma County, California

LAUREL DELL = Is the Place

Hotel is in perfect condition. Everybody will be cared for. Rates the same as they have always been—REASONABLE.

California Northwestern trains run on schedule time to Ukiah. Stage to hotel:

EDGAR DURNAN, Proprietor

...Garden City Sanitarium...

(NOT A HOSPITAL.)

Receiving patients as usual. Cottage, rooms or tents. Write for literature. SAN JOSE, CAL.

LAKE TAHOE TAHOE TAVERN

Opens May 15

F. W. Richardson, Manager, Tahoe, Cal.

TEN PER CENT REDUCTION IN WEEKLY RATES UP
TO JULY 1st.

Climate delightful

Excellent Fishing

Low Railroad Rates

Oakland office:

414 Fourteenth Street

...Go to...

Mountain View Ranch Hotel and Cottages

Uninjured Summer and Winter Resort in the Santa Cruz Mountains; near Santa Cruz. Rates \$9 up. Phone State 81. TONY PHILLIPS, Prop. P. O. address Santa Cruz.

BLUE LAKES

NOT INJURED BY EARTHQUAKE.

Boating, Bathing and all other amusements free. Hot and cold sulphur baths. White sulphur springs. Send for pamphlet. O. WEISMAN, Midlake P. O., Lake County, Cal.

Napa Soda Springs....

California's ideal resort did not feel the earthquake. More beautiful than ever. Ready and open for the season. Stages meet every train.

JOHN JACOB, Proprietor.

Hotel Rowardennan

("Santa Cruz Mountains") uninjured. Season opens May 5, 1906. Broad gauge trains to Santa Cruz, and narrow gauge from there direct.

WM. G. DODGE, Ben Lomond, Cal.

BEN LOMOND

Hotel practically uninjured. There will be no advance in rates. Write for booklet and rates. BEN LOMOND HOTEL CO., Ben Lomond, Cal.

F. A. CODY, Manager.

Stage

(Continued.)

At Ye Liberty.

Manager Bishop has rounded up a very strong stock company at Ye Liberty Theatre. Among the members are Franklyn Underwood, John Ravold, L. R. Stockwell, Frank McVickers, Lloyd Ingraham, Oral Humphries, James Gleason, Frank Bacon, Irene Outtrim, Frances Slosson, Georgie Cooper and Madeline Maxwell. Landers Stevens, the great favorite across the bay, is also a member of the company. Next Monday night "The Hearts of Tennessee," a comedy drama will be produced under the personal supervision of the author, Mr. Ulric Collins. Prices at this theatre are fifty and twenty-five cents.

In the Limelight.

Jim Corrigan, George Webster and Norval MacGregor have joined the Elleford Stock Company at the Oakland Macdonough and are appearing to crowded houses. Gerald Dillon, late of the Tivoli and Grand, is the press agent of this theatre.

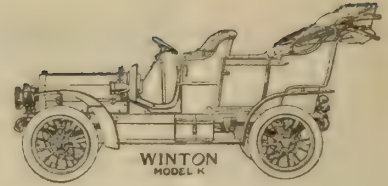
The Grand Opera House Company will erect a beautiful theatre on a north-of-Market street site.

Frank Healey, late assistant manager of the Tivoli Company, observed the effect of the earthquake in his hair. When he looked in the mirror after the big shock he found that the part, which he wears in the middle, had shifted over to the left side. Healey, by the way, is piloting a theatrical company through Washington and Oregon. It includes Teddy Webb, Aida Hemmi, Bert and Flo Bradley and Aimee Leicester.

THE SPIRIT OF '49.

He was achieving triumph after triumph. Success waited on him at every turn. Every opportunity that he grasped proved a golden one. His sun was ever in the ascendant. He had long forgotten the aspect of Failure. His pathway was strewn with roses. He had but to express a desire and Gratification danced attendance upon him. His cup of happiness was at the brim. It seemed as though the world was his apple and that its delicious flavor was eternal. Then suddenly, with no sound of warning, came the catastrophe. From a great height he was hurled into the abyss of desolation. All his possessions vanished. When he recovered his senses he felt that every bone in his body was broken. Blood was gushing from a score of wounds. He was badly mangled and almost dead, and he was told that he had lost everything. But, as he painfully drew his breath, the astounded villagers heard him say: "Let-us-get-together-and-build-anew-greater-than-before!"

THE TRAGEDIAN.

Stood the
TestWinton "K"
Thomas Flyer
Olds Four Cylinder

Beginning April 18th the greatest endurance test was opened in San Francisco.

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV. No. 718.

San Francisco June 2, 1906.

Price, 10 Cents



MISSION DOLORES

From a photograph taken after the fire showing no damage to the ancient relic.



THE HOME OF A REFUGEE.

TOWN TALK

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As part of our mailing list was destroyed, all subscribers not receiving their papers are requested to send in their addresses at once.

Opposition to Street Widening.

"Let the business men alone!" shouts the Call in stentorian tones that fairly drown the sonorous protests of ye raging editor in the brown-stone across the way. "The streets must not be widened," is the burden of the melancholy song chanted in doleful strains by those two justly celebrated mouthpieces of public opinion. It is explained that the business men of San Francisco object to civic adornment plans because they are in a rush to rehabilitate the city and resume business at the old stand. The two distinguished newspaper publishers who have put themselves on record in opposition to street-widening are business men and they have spoken authoritatively. But Mr. I. W. Hellman is a business man, and the very day that the Call expressed its solicitude for the business men, he announced that unless Montgomery street be widened the Nevada Bank, in which he is interested and in which Mr. James L. Flood, another business man is interested, will not be rebuilt. Hellman owns property on both sides of Montgomery street. He is in favor of widening the street twenty feet. He says that ten of the extra feet should be donated by the property owners on the west side and the remaining ten on that side should be purchased by the property owners on the east side. In other words Mr. Hellman, who is a business man, is eager not only to give away ten feet but to buy for the city ten more feet. We respectfully submit that the Call and Chronicle should ponder the generosity and public spirit of Mr. Hellman, that they should not be misled as to the sentiment of business men, but should take cognizance of the fact that Mr. Phelan, who is a business man and Mr. Herbert Law, who is a business man, as well as numerous other citizens in trade, are enthusiastically in favor of standing out of their own light and ad-

vancing the interests of the community. It is argued by the opponents of the street-widening proposition that we should consider the interests of the merchants first and let the city build up as quickly as possible without bothering about beautification schemes. We feel that such an argument is unjust to the merchants; that the opposition to street-widening comes from selfish property-owners who are badly in need of being reminded of the fact that they would all be pretty poor today without the presence of many thousands of people who own no land. The value of their land depends on the prospect of a new city being created. They have been sharing in the credit the world has been giving the people of San Francisco for their courage and determination; and by their greed and selfishness they are making it clear that they are entitled to none, that it is their land that concerns them more than all else.

Waiting for Popular Demand.

The capitalists by whom the Municipal Street Railroad Company was organized have assumed a somewhat strange position judging by the interview with Mr. Rudolph Spreckels published in the Examiner last Sunday. Some weeks ago the public spirited gentlemen who organized that company were going to give us a competing street railroad system, but now they are going to wait. They have \$450,000 in the treasury, to expend on a demonstration of the merits of an underground system, but they are not going to demonstrate for a while. "They want the demand for the demonstration to come from the people," but the people are busy with other things just at present. However, if the capitalists want the demand very badly E. P. E. Troy and a few other perennially public spirited citizens will organize and resolve that they are the people for the purpose of accommodating Mr. Spreckels and his associates. But in the same breath in which Mr. Spreckels says that they want the demand to come from the people he adds: "It is probable that we will wait until the next administration before we apply for a franchise, because I doubt whether any company except the United Railways could get a franchise from the present Administration." Obviously in this interview Mr. Spreckels is represented as standing both on his head and his feet. As we doubt that Mr. Spreckels is such a gifted acrobat we are inclined to the opinion that the interview was garbled. Perhaps Mr. Spreckels is right in assuming that this Administration would refuse to give his company a franchise but to us it seems, that if he believes none but the United Railways can get a franchise from Mayor Schmitz, there is no better way of exposing the compact between the Mayor and the Mullaly-Calhoun monopoly than by applying for a franchise and getting refused.

The Morality Panic.

It was wise to close the saloons of San Francisco and neighboring towns during the fire when there was danger of the situation being complicated by the Demon Rum. It is well to keep the saloons closed until conditions shall have once more become normal. It is unfortunate, however, that in officially taking cognizance of the evil influence of the saloon we instilled hope and courage into that pestiferous minority that are forever seeking to amend the law of Moses and to make compulsory a system of asceticism in keeping with the spirit of bigotry that has haunted this land since the days of the unctuously rectitudinous Pilgrim fanatics. The militant Christians, imbued with the notion that it is their sacred duty to place restrictions on the world, the flesh and the devil, are rallying to the flag in every corner of the State and preparing to march to San Francisco for the purpose of converting it to a cold-water town. Several hundred men and women are insisting that the many thousands of residents of this city shall regulate their lives in the manner prescribed by the Apostles of Prohibition. Some there are who are willing to compromise with the Demon Rum. Their terms are high license and the lid down on Sunday. They are Sabbatarians who hope to compel us to observe Sunday, as they observe it. It does not matter to them that the Constitution guarantees religious freedom. They demand that the Sabbath, their Sabbath, be observed in the manner prescribed by the founder of their sect. They are calling for legislation requiring Catholics who do not believe that a long face is orthodox on Sunday and Jews who have a Sabbath of their own and Atheists who have no Sabbath at all to honor the day they celebrate by abstaining from bar cock-tails between Saturday night and Monday morning. The impudence of these preposterous meddlers who feel that they have been divinely commissioned to turn the world into a miniature heaven, is appalling. They constitute an element in the life of this country the existence of which is very much to be deplored. There is no element akin to it in any other country save England, and there its influence has been rapidly diminishing. The educated people of England are very much ashamed of it and are constantly apologizing for it. Here its activities are tolerated as we have tolerated rebates and other evils against which we have but recently found time to revolve. These aggressively sanctimonious survivors of the benighted Puritans exercise an influence in this country mainly because nobody has ever thought it worth while to attempt the improvement of their manners or to impress upon them the virtue of attending more strictly to their own affairs. They have been treated with a certain degree of respect to which they are not entitled, it being assumed by the indifferent that they are merely zealous in the cause of religion. It is the general sentiment that though their zeal is misdirected, there are

too many disreputable saloons in existence any way, and it can do no harm to inveigh against the rumshop. But the puritanical agitators are a menace to something more important than the saloon business. They are the sinister foes of freedom. Their principles are at variance with the principles from which human rights flow, and by virtue of which we indulge the flesh in the ways that make life pleasant and enjoyable. It does not matter to us that whisky degrades one man in a thousand. That is not sufficient reason for compelling us to drink nothing stronger than water. And because a very small percentage of the jarring sects believe that Sunday should be spent as the Puritan fathers spent it, that is not sufficient reason for restraining us from purchasing a glass of beer on that day. It seems almost incredible that people can organize in this country for the purpose of restricting us in the pursuit of harmless happiness without fear of being consigned to a lunatic asylum for the rest of their days.

Work for Idle Hands.

The chain-gang for petty offenders has worked to such good purpose that it would not be a bad idea to make it perpetual. There is nothing which goes so much against the grain of the chronically lazy, who make up the bulk of the vagrants and small criminals as a little hard work. To be housed and fed without exertion is just what they enjoy, and it matters little to them whether they are sheltered in a prison or a charitable lodging house as long as no payment is exacted from either their pockets or their persons. There are only two sensations which appeal to them, physical weariness superinduced by toil or physical pain imposed by the lash. Public sentiment is too squeamish to countenance the latter, but in these days when the millionaire of last month stands in the bread line and takes what is doled out to him, sleeps in a tent or a barrack, and carries water in a tin bucket for all his needs, public sentiment is decidedly against pampering our favored classes.

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In the first days of our excitement any man with a whole pair of hands was subject to impressment, and though, on the whole, the order was an excellent one, since it minimized the confusion that would have resulted had idle gazing not been discouraged, it also worked hardship in special cases. There is plenty of work in sight, and no union to interpose objection to "taking the bread out of honest men's mouths," and likewise, surprisingly few applicants for a place in the chain gang properly qualified by a conviction in court. There is urgent necessity for a close paring of municipal expenses, and one of the best ways to stop a leak is to compel prisoners to earn their keep. A nine or ten-hour day cleaning bricks is a much more severe ordeal than a night in a cell and a bandying of words with a facetious judge

in the morning. The newspapers have no space to spare, at the present moment, for making police court news amusing, and for the first time in many years, the small boy has not had set before him the object lesson of an encouragement to crime under the delusion that it must be a huge joke. The lads who wander down into the burned district and see the prisoners hard at work at their imposed tasks will carry away a very different impression from what they have hitherto received between breakfast and schooltime by perusing the "humorous" and illustrated accounts of the doings of the disreputables. Let us keep our chain-gang till our new city hall is built. If the job hangs on as long as the last one did San Francisco will become a place to be shunned by all but the law abiding.



Perspective Impressions.

The Supervisors have discovered that the Examiner is very prompt in answering communications.

Why should woman complain when she is said to be without reason. She has her instinct to be proud of and she is.

According to Herman Whitaker, author of "The Human Drama at San Francisco" a dynamite blast "growls." What is it that booms—a dog or a bear?

The pessimist is scorned because it is believed by the ignorant that he sees badness in everything, whereas it is through him we learn that there are some things that are really good.

Also, according to the voracious Whitaker, a grocer was shot "against the walls of his own store" for protesting against the free distribution of his merchandise by the soldiers. Whitaker is at himself when writing fiction.

Madame La Bavarde tells us that Dr. Charles T. Abbott lost not only "his medical and other library instruments," but also "his manuscripts." Of what—prescriptions? And when did medical instruments begin to class with library furniture?

The property owners of San Francisco were unanimously in favor of widening the streets until somebody began designating the streets to be widened. Now it is difficult to get unanimous consent, the reason being that those men who do not own property on both sides of at least one of the streets to be widened happen to own on the side on which it is desirable to make the cut.

On the authority of Herman Whitaker and other reliable correspondents, Harper's Weekly tells us that

San Francisco was under martial law during the fire. Four weeks ago General Funston stated in an interview in this paper that martial law was never declared in San Francisco. The only paper in the United States that published an interview with General Funston, the hero of the catastrophe, was Town Talk.

The Associated Press tells us that Henry Math, a New York waiter, is going back to his native land "to assume a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars left to him by the will of his grandmother." It is safe to presume that he has taken off his apron forever and will assume tips never more. He will probably assume first-class passage on the way over, not to speak of a haughty mien, for in expectation of assuming a large fortune he will assume to be quite a swell.

Governor Pardee has been overlooking his hand. With an excellent chance to win additional distinction of the kind that he achieved when he called the correspondent of a Seattle newspaper a liar, he has maintained a dignified silence. The correspondent of Collier's thinks that Pardee would be more useful in a sore throat epidemic than he was during the recent emergency in this city. That correspondent should be ashamed of himself for exciting political prejudices at this time.

Ben Daniels, the newly appointed United States Marshal for Arizona is a gentleman with a past and a steady nerve. He served time in Wyoming for stealing a Government mule, but President Roosevelt knows that there were times in Wyoming when the Government did not need a mule nearly so much as Ben did. Ben killed two men once, but there were times in Wyoming when a man had to do a little killing to preserve his reputation. And besides President Roosevelt knows that a United States Marshal in Arizona who can't shoot straight isn't even ornamental.

The Misunderstanding of Ibsen.

By Theodore Bonnet.

It will be interesting to observe the flood of light that will be thrown on the genius of Henrik Ibsen in the years to come. In recent years familiarity, with the works of the great Norwegian dramatist, philosopher and poet, came to be regarded as the hall mark of culture and his published plays, as a consequence, threatened to become best sellers. In every large city there is an Ibsen cult, and almost every woman's club in the country has had a session or two with an Ibsen lecturer who affected a profound knowledge of the subtle meanings of the grand, gloomy and peculiar Norseman. So it is safe to predict that the floodgates will be opened and that we shall soon be deluged with the literature of Ibsenism. The dead playwright, likerowning, will be honored by societies devoted to the interpretation of his works, to the finding of hidden meanings where none exist. That "vast and sinister genius" of the fiords owned much of his celebrity to his inability to make himself understood, or rather to the great satisfaction which people derived from misunderstanding him. Believing that he had something of importance to say, curiosity impelled people to find out what it was, and as he was susceptible of varied interpretation, just as Christ was and just as everybody is who utters himself in symbols, each interpreter, proud of his own superior perceptive faculties, reached the conclusion most satisfactory to himself and rejoiced thereat. George Bernard Shaw took a tip from Ibsen and shaped the policy of his successful career while saturating himself with the great playwright's works. To nothing is Shaw more indebted today for the vogue that he enjoys than to the misapprehension regarding himself that he has so studiously cultivated. It is an open question whether Shaw is a countebank or a very much in earnest and fanatical vegetarian. But it is extravagantly flattering to the Britisher to couple his name with that of the greatest dramatist of the age. My reference to Shaw is purely accidental, having been suggested by the reflection that Ibsen was one of the most misunderstood of mortals, and that what he innocently fostered, the brilliant fishman deliberately made the vehicle of his vogue. As for the great Scandinavian poet it must be said that nobody ever more sincerely sought to convey his meaning to the public. But it was through being misunderstood that Ibsen became a topic of discussion, a subject of controversy. Communities were divided over the question of the soundness of his philosophical principles and he was attacked in the press as a menace to society. He usually answered his detractors in another play. So furious was the discussion over "The Doll's House" when the play was produced in 1879 that many a social invitation issued in Stockholm that year, bore the words, "You are requested not to mention Ibsen's Doll House." Ibsen was denounced for teaching in that play that it was all wrong

for a husband to treat his wife as a doll, so he wrote "Ghosts" to show the evil effects of a wife's tame submission to the infidelities of her husband. That play was produced in 1881, and it was as early as that year that a book was written to explain Ibsen. It purported to elucidate his position in the world of thought and literature. The author, a Scandinavian, asserted that it was Ibsen's purpose to be the Apostle of Ideal Love, to teach that marriage involves human dignity, responsibility and mutual trust, to rescue woman from crime and eccentricity to which she drifts, as Nora did in "The Doll's House" as a result of cramped or misdirected development. Thereafter Ibsen was known in Norway as "The Woman's Poet," and for a time it was generally believed that he blamed man for all the hindrances that come to the realization of marriage on earth. To make clear that view, it was thought, he created Helmer, the man who gave his wife everything but his confidence, not because he had anything to conceal but because she was a woman; and who so far succeeded in unfitting her for action that when she meddled in realities to befriend him she committed a crime, the consequence being that their happy but frail home went to pieces.

One of the first persons to misunderstand Ibsen was Frances Lord, who translated "The Doll's House" long before the Archer edition came out. She hailed him as an advocate of Woman's rights. And such, for many years, he was believed to be. But one day, at a dinner given in his honor by the Ladies' Club of Christiana, he made a speech about himself in answer to a toast, saying, "I have never regarded the woman's cause as a question in itself, but as a question of mankind, not of women. The women will solve the question of mankind, but they must do so as mothers. Herein lies the great task of woman." Thereafter Ibsen was not in demand at the women's clubs of Christiana. In this country, however, where he is still very much misunderstood, he is most beloved by women who imagine that he preached a doctrine quite different from that to which he gave utterance on the occasion of the dinner.

Ibsen has been called an anarchic preacher, a debaser of the moral coin, and no doubt there will be much written in support of the conception which is borne out neither by his works nor his life. Nearly twenty years ago he wrote: "In democracy will be found the only solution of the social question. But the new state of society should contain an aristocratic element, not the aristocracy of birth or of the money-chest, not even the aristocracy of intellect, but the aristocracy of character of the will and of the soul. I expect much in that direction from women and from the workingman, and it will be to the bringing nearer

The Spectator

Mrs. Malaprop in Marin.

There is a Mrs. Malaprop at the Hotel Rafael, a dignified representative of our press-made aristocracy, with a phraseology all her own, and she is one of the most attractive features of the Baron's suburban retreat. Whenever the conversation lags or threatens to bore Mrs. Malaprop sprinkles it with a few gems of her own vocabulary, and then everybody sits up and takes notice. The other day the conversation drifted to the subject of a firm of San Francisco merchants, and Mrs. Malaprop flagellated them for their business methods. "And," she said, "they are always committing adultery." Astonishment seized the group of visitors. "Adultery!" exclaimed one of the men, who wondered how that particular form of immorality was related to dishonest business methods. "Yes," said Mrs. Malaprop, fixing him with her eye, "Adultery. They had a room in their store where they committed it." She probably noticed that everybody looked incredulous, for she added, as though intent upon convincing them that she knew what she was talking about: "They committed adultery on nearly all their goods." And then they nearly all understood, and respiration once more became normal.

Some Conspicuous Millionaires.

In the crisis through which we are now passing several of our millionaires stand out conspicuously as a consequence of the revelation of traits with which they were not previously known to be equipped and because the conduct of the majority of our rich has shown that those traits are not commonplace amongst the wealthy. "Gameness" is the word that describes the most praiseworthy of the traits to which I refer. Several of our millionaires took their losses philosophically and even optimistically, while others wilted and imagining themselves on the threshold of the Old People's Home, proceeded to scale down expenses to the point of denying themselves luxuries that not even their salaried employes found necessary to eschew. The numerous Parrotts proceeded to huddle together under one roof, and on the first of May settled with their employes whom they discharged, paying them up to the eighteenth of April. So many amusing tales of penuriousness have come to my ears that a few years hence, when the crisis from which we will awake as from a dream in the morning, will seem a thing incredible and centuries ago, how much more than ever shall I enjoy the eulogistic gush in the social columns of our dailies. However, while our rich are usually condemned in summary, they are justified and extolled in individual after individual. James D. Phelan was hit harder than most millionaires. His wealth was largely in real estate and a great deal of his property was in San Jose where it was badly damaged by earthquake. He was far from being covered by in-

surance on the property, damaged by fire, but nobody has heard him dolefully lament. The earthquake played great havoc with the treasures in the old Phelan residence on Valencia street, and Miss Phelan ruefully viewed the debris in which she could vaguely trace the outlines of many of her most cherished mementoes. But with her brother she left the old home that was soon to go up in smoke and together they found a resting place in the Park. Never once did James D. Phelan despair. From the start he was rendering public service, and when the worst was over he increased his pay-roll, putting men to work to remove the debris from the site of the Phelan building where a larger and more imposing structure is to be reared. He did not discharge one servant. Will Crocker is another of our "game" millionaires. Several millions have been lopped off his capital but he is as light-hearted as though there had never been a fire. He radiates cheerfulness and hopefulness, and he has no misgivings as to the future.

The Poor Floods.

Some of our millionaires are being made ludicrous by those gush writers who are holding on with both hands to the fringe of society. The Floods, for instance, were pictured the other day in dire distress. We were told that they were feeling very poor and that Mrs. Flood "has discharged her maid and is herself taking care of her babies." From that item I should judge that the Floods have been snubbing somebody, for why should they be thus ridiculed if they have inspired nobody with a grievance. Of course the Floods are not worrying over their financial affairs. Mr. Flood is not broke. He could lose a few millions more and still be a rich man. I should be very glad to enter into an agreement with him whereby, in consideration of his gift to me of his empty lot at the corner of Fourth and Market streets I should guarantee to keep his babies supplied with at least four maids for the remainder of their days. And if he would throw in one or two of his mines and the Flood Building I should be willing to take a contract to keep him supplied with a whole staff of maids for the remainder of his days. And if he'd throw in his mortgages on Catholic Church property in San Francisco I could be even more liberal with him.

An Importer Becomes a Carpenter.

The other day while walking along Fillmore street I recognized in a gray-whiskered carpenter an old contributor, in the person of J. Kinghorn Jones. He was employed in the construction of a building. At first I thought I was mistaken. I had never known Kinghorn-Jones as a carpenter, but I addressed him and found that the man in his shirt-sleeves was indeed

the well known dilettante writer on political economy, who has for years been writing letters to the papers in a socialistic vein. Kinghorn-Jones was an importer of Scotch woollens. He started in on a very small scale some years ago and developed quite a business. I asked him if he was putting up a building for himself and he laughed. "No!" he said, "I'm working by the day. I lost everything and I didn't have a cent of insurance on my stock. But I'm not discouraged; I've simply got to start in over again!" And with a smile he resumed his work.

Such a Time She Was Having!

The wife of a distinguished attorney, connected with the law department of the Southern Pacific Company took a sympathetic interest in the Golden Gate Park refugees, and one day while making the rounds to learn how some of the poor women were faring she entered into conversation with a middle-aged Irish-woman who had given birth to a child on the day of the earthquake.

"Are they treating you well?" the attorney's wife asked.

"Treating me well?" exclaimed the refugee mother in joyous tones; "well, me child was bor-rrn five days ago and I haven't had to do a lick of wur-rk since."

The Hearst-Schmitz Split.

The inevitable has happened. Everybody versed in the ways that are peculiar to San Francisco journalism knew that Mayor Schmitz could not enjoy the friendship of the Examiner forever. For more than two years he did nothing to incur the displeasure of Mr. Hearst, and during that period Mr. Hearst felt that there was no occasion for criticising the methods of the Schmitz administration. Indeed Mr. Hearst was at all times in sympathy with the Schmitz administration even in matters that seemed to be of a scandalous character. It appeared that Mr. Hearst's confidence in the integrity of Mayor Schmitz was of adamant firmness. At any rate Mr. Hearst could not be persuaded that there was a scintilla of truth in the sensational stories in circulation regarding the nature of the alliance between his Honor, the Mayor, and his Majesty, Mr. Ruef. Indeed Mr. Hearst's amiable attitude toward Mr. Schmitz when the latter was being assailed on all sides was most comforting, for if the Examiner had unleashed the dogs of war in those days there is no telling what might have happened. But Mayor Schmitz has shown that he did not appreciate the acquiescence of the Examiner in his official acts. The Examiner, I am told, has for a long time deprecated the Schmitz-Ruef combine. Mr. Hearst felt that it was prejudicial to the best interests of the community, and it is said that when the fight against the trolley line was on he demanded a severance of the tie

that binds, and that Mayor Schmitz told him to go to, or words to that effect.

What Schmitz Knew.

Mayor Schmitz treated the Examiner most cavalierly. He knew that the Examiner objected to the stretching of trolley lines on Market street and purposed defeating the United Railways Company in its efforts to obtain permission to make electrocution possible along the city's main artery. He also knew that when a newspaper espouses a cause it is far from being indifferent to the outcome. Every newspaper, as Mayor Schmitz knows, likes to point with pride to its triumphs. And the wise newspaper like the wise lawyer espouses only such causes that appear to be easy to win. Despite his understanding of the situation Mayor Schmitz granted the United Railways Company, permission to run trolley cars on Market street. He caused the Examiner to lose its fight.

A Hurry-Call for Help.

Even before the earthquake the Spectator knew that the Examiner was destined to lose its fight. The news was published in these columns that petitions for a Market street trolley system were being circulated amongst the merchants of the city, the object being to strengthen the backbone of the Administration. Merchants whose chief interest was in having quick transportation facilities for bringing customers from the Mission and Richmond into down-town stores were easily persuaded to sign the petitions. And so were real estate agents and speculators who had outside lands to bring into the market. Indeed the whole deal had been arranged long before the catastrophe that made it so easy of consummation. But from now on the Examiner will warm the hide of the Schmitz administration, and perhaps when people have a little leisure time on their hands they will take some interest in the smashing of Schmitz. Just now they are so busy that they are not even reading that most fascinating thunderer, Mr. Arthur McEwen who, by the way, is once more fulminating for Mr. Hearst. McEwen exhausted his arsenal on the Bulle-

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tin some months ago after pouring verbal canister into Schmitz and Ruef day after day. When he saw them come up smiling with certificates of character in their hands signed by some thirty thousand voters he felt that the town was hopelessly perverted and he bought a ticket for New York and went back to work for Mr. Hearst. He was comfortably settled in Gotham when he received a hurry-call from his boss in San Francisco. Sullivan, the cartoonist, and Montague, the jingler, received similar calls, and the three rushed across the continent to open the anti-Schmitz campaign. Meanwhile the trolley cars are running on Market street.

When Supervisors Get Reckless.

The attempted browbeating of Rev. Father John Rogers at a meeting of the Board of Supervisors the other day was a most disgraceful performance. The priest was acting on that occasion as the representative of his parishioners. He was petitioning the supervisors in their capacity as public servants. It was not the proper time for them to question him as to what he thought or said about them. In interrogating him they justified the inference that their purpose was either blackmail or revenge: that if he did not disclaim thinking or speaking ill of them, they would not deal fairly with his clients. The supervisors should be more cautious. It is safer to give franchises away than to try to coerce a clergyman into violating his conscience under penalty of having hardships inflicted on members of his flock. Though Father John Rogers is not a man to be trifled with he is less easily aroused than some of his parishioners. That he is a man of great magnetism I am convinced, having learned that before coming to this city he persuaded the few hundred Catholics of Tomales to contribute to the glory of God to the extent of a six thousand dollar church. It was on the strength of the zeal shown by him in Tomales that Archbishop Riordan made him the pastor of St. Patrick's church, the stronghold of Catholicism in San Francisco and the most prosperous church in the diocese, a remarkable circumstance in view of the humble character of the parishioners.

A Suggestion.

Father Rogers, by the way, is deserving of the applause of the newspaper profession. He is the first man of whom I have any knowledge, who when it was to his interest to repudiate a newspaper interview, refused to do so. The applause of the newspaper profession will not suffice. The unique incident in which he figured should be commemorated. As the nation decorates its heroes to encourage valor, the newspaper profession should by some fitting testimonial express its appraisal of the worth of men

who sustain the honor and dignity of journalism. The practice of repudiating interviews has become so common in public life that men of little conscience no longer hesitate to evade the consequences of rash statements, by prevarication. There are prominent men in this state that reporters will not interview except in the presence of witnesses. Father Rogers could easily have equivocated in a manner satisfactory to the supervisors and if he had done so he would have won the friendship. Think of what the Rev. Dr. Starr Jordan the perennially misreported would have done under similar circumstances. I commend Father Rogers to the attention of the Press club.



Minetti and His Music Rack.

Giulio Minetti, concert master of the Berkeley Symphony Orchestra was rendered homeless and almost violinless by the fire. All that he could find in the ruins of his home was a music rack. Not one of his valuable violins was saved. He was the possessor of a Guadagnoni, an Amati, a Testore and a Macchettini. He also lost his symphonic library which he had been collecting for many years. After the earthquake he received as his guest Director Vignati of the Conried company, who wielded the baton in the Carmen performance the night before the catastrophe. They were getting along nicely together when they were driven away incontinently by the soldiers just before the dynamiting of the Minetti home. Minetti has opened a studio in Oakland.

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A. M. Robertson

Sing Fat Will be With Us.

One day last week I came upon a forlorn looking Chinaman, seated amid the ruins of Dupont street, reading the Examiner. When he looked up I recognized, despite his unkempt appearance, Sing Fat, the most widely known merchant of Chinatown, whose store, stocked with costly fabrics, quaint bronzes, rare porcelains and the varied ornaments and treasures of the Orient, delighted the heart of the Eastern tourist. The flames had reduced that great store, extending on an angle from Dupont to Sacramento street, to a mass of blackened ruins, and there sat Sing Fat, imperturbable as ever, as calm and unmoved as though he knew it would take but a little while for his store to reappear with its heavily laden shelves. He greeted me somewhat cheerfully. Sing Fat is an old resident of San Francisco and he has confidence in the future of the city. He told me that he had eight hundred thousand dollars worth of stock in his store and that carried not more than ten per cent of insurance. "What are you going to do?" I asked. "I have some money in a bank in China," he said; "I am going to Los Angeles for awhile. I will have a little store down there, and after awhile, some months from now when San Francisco all right again I come back and I build here again."

The Gallant Heathen.

Many of the representatives of our Chinese colony have risen considerably in the estimation of their American acquaintances since the fire. Some of them behaved in a manner that excited warm admiration. I heard of one Chinese servant whose only thought during the earthquake was of one of the children of the family—a little girl. He rushed into her room and carried her out. I heard of a Chinese cook whose mistress told him, after the fire, that she would have to discharge the second boy, and that she could not pay more than thirty dollars a month for a cook. He was receiving forty. He looked at her indignantly and said, "Who say anything about money? If you want money I got some. You never mind kitchen. I take care my business," and he turned his back on his mistress and returned to the store.

Pardee Done to a Turn.

Governor Pardee's friends and sympathizers are in great distress over the walloping he received last week in Collier's. During the past few years whenever I took occasion, in a kindly spirit, to suggest to the Governor that he should quit procrastinating, stop

doing politics and attend strictly to business, some little squirt-gun newspaper in a country, town whose editor was probably imbued with a lively sense of favors to come would deprecate the unfair criticism to which the Governor was being subjected by his political enemies. A clipping bureau kept the Governor supplied with the eulogiums of the thrifty sycophants and as time wore on he grew to believe himself a statesman of wonderful attainments. Even in the crisis through which we are passing, though his indecision has been exasperating, and he has lacked the nerve to announce promptly that he would call a special session and that only matters pertaining to San Francisco would be included in the call, his boomers have been steadily increasing the size of his pedestal. But now the whole State is laughing over the smashing he got in Colliers. "Moreover," wrote the correspondent of the paper, a gentleman from the East with no political ax to grind, "in this crisis the State Government showed itself worse than useless. The city would have been in a state of anarchy before the State Guard could have reached the scene. * * * Personally my sympathies are rather with Governor Pardee. He is the product of a time when it was not thought necessary to have a strong and able man as Governor of a State. For head of the State Board of Health you want 'one of the boys' who does not believe in interference with the vested rights which manufacture patent medicines. It is punishment enough for Pardee to go down in the history of the State as 'the weak brother.'"

Rank Injustice.

It is very unfortunate that our State Government should get a black eye at this time when we are so greatly in need of public confidence. However, though I am aware of the evil effects of Pardee's indecision and procrastinating habit I feel that he has been done an injustice by the intimation that he was "one of the boys" on the State Board of Health. The Governor is a man of high standing in his profession. He is one of the best eye, ear and nose doctors in the State. It is true he is the product of a time when it was not

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thought necessary to have a strong man for Governor, but he was popular and even though a strong man had been demanded at that time it is doubtful whether he could have been beaten for the nomination. For though not a great statesman Pardee is at least a clever politician. He is versed in the tricks of the trade. And at times he played amusing tricks; as for instance when, the week before the earthquake he sent a circular letter to the members of the County Committee of Oakland thanking them for having adopted resolutions acclaiming him for the success of his administration and launching his boomlet for renomination. His letter provoked a guffaw in Oakland where he controls the Republican machine which doesn't move until he presses the button. It was known in Oakland that the resolutions which were so pleasing to the Governor were drawn either by himself or by one of his lieutenants at his direction. If they were not drawn by him they were undoubtedly read by him and approved by him before being sent to his committee for adoption. Hence the subtle humor of the letter by which the Governor thanked each member of the committee personally for having expressed confidence in him and for having favored his renomination. It was an effusive letter containing assurances of gratitude and especially of pride aroused by the beautiful sentiments expressed in the hand-me-down resolutions. So Pardee is no weak brother in the field of politics, and as a doctor he enjoys an enviable reputation both for his skill and professional integrity.

Their Generous Benefactor.

Mrs. Andrew Welch who has turned her beautiful home over to the Jesuit priests has been the generous benefactor of the Jesuit order for many years. The beautiful organ in St. Ignatius church, which was one of the finest instruments on the continent and which is now in ashes, was the gift of Mrs. Welch.

Palmanteer of Oakland.

In view of the criticism provoked by the post-catastrophe methods of some of the citizens of Oakland I feel that it should generally be known that the Central Bank of that city is under the direction of W. G. Palmanteer, who set an example immediately after the earthquake that might have been most advantageously emulated by all the other financiers across the bay. The Central Bank being equipped with safe-deposit vaults of the most approved pattern, there was a rush for that institution with the first boatload of San Francisco refugees. Mr. Palmanteer was on hand to greet his new patrons, but he was not intent

upon charging all that the traffic would bear. He supplied many men with office space free of charge and he handled a great volume of exchange on Eastern banks without charge. He exhibited keen sympathy for the unfortunate and by his generosity won the lasting gratitude of the business men of San Francisco.

The Jocose Brewer.

San Francisco is still the literary center of the Pacific Coast, though for some years it has acted rather as a centrifugal force, whirling its writers eastward. In the first day's fire, its bookstores went to blazes. One of them, at the late 126 Post street, in burning lighted the way to the following jocose epistle from the Rev. Wm. A. Brewer, indicting at St. Matthew's School, Burlingame:

"Dear Mr. Robertson: Please have Putnam send me the Upton Letters; bill to Reading Club. I understand you have had a slight earthquake shock in San Francisco, but presume your store escaped without damage."

Robertson, after making a special trip to the ruins, in order to verify his memory, wrote the following answer: "My, dear Mr. Brewer: Yes; I think something did happen to my former store, some slight difficulty with an earthquake, a fire, and some dynamite. If I am not dreaming, something really occurred on that site. After getting my safe from the debris, I found in it a few heaps of burned pages that should have been accounts. I found no ledger, books of record or other important papers. There must have been something doing. If you found peace and quiet at San Mateo, then perhaps my dreaming was unreliable. However a good Californian is positive there was only a slight shake. Or do we now call it a temblor? Surely not an earthquake. It has not interfered with your order for the Upton Letters."

Landmarks That Survive.

Not all of the landmarks were obliterated by the fire. There are several on Montgomery and Jackson

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TOWN TALK

streets, and there are a great many in the Mission. Scarcely any damage was done to the old buildings by the earthquake. On Mission street, just south of Twenty-first, stands an old frame building which is probably now next in age to the Mission church. Forty years and more ago it was reckoned an old building, and pioneer residents may recall it as a tavern on the "road," "The White House, Robert Beaty, Proprietor," with its long verandas, green shutters and hospitable wide doorway, with old-fashioned fan and sidelights, its low ceilings and small windows, and its long row of horse-sheds and hitching racks. It then occupied a large lot several blocks farther out and on the opposite side of the street. Today the relics of the old "White House" stand firm. Not so much as a square inch of the plastering has fallen, and the carpenter who has his shop in what was once the best parlor says the place is as solid as if it had been completed yesterday.

The George Treat House.

Another example of old-time integrity is set forth in the case of two flat buildings on Shotwell street, near Twenty-sixth. They, too, are relics of an old landmark—the clubhouse of the old Mission racetrack. For years, the immense L-shaped building, white painted green-shuttered, with balconies upstairs and down on all sides, stood in the midst of a great garden and orchard, the home of George Treat. When the two blocks of land which surrounded the homestead were subdivided and the streets cut through, the old house was parted at the angle of the L, moved farther away and the two sections fitted up separately as flats. Notwithstanding the wear and tear of half a century, and the racking incidental to the moving process, there they stand, whereas new structures from which the contractors had not yet removed their tools are in ruins. What the earthquake did for us is to expose the amount of jerrybuilding which has gone on for years back and to call a halt betimes. It is to be hoped that the lesson is learned and that we shall have more integrity, if less ornamentation in the future.

The Famous "Willows."

Another old-timer which gave a good account of itself, but which went down before the fire was the two-storied, gabled residence on the southwest corner of Eighteenth and Mission streets. This was originally the restaurant and club-house of the old Willows, the city pleasure ground which antedated Woodward's Gardens. The Willows was submerged in the big flood of 1862, and for years afterwards the site was covered in winter by a great pond over which adven-

turous young navigators sailed precarious voyages on jerrybuilt rafts. The house stood, sometimes partially submerged, but always a prey to wind and weather until 1875, when it was rescued, removed to a new location and the interior remodeled. Other buildings from the old Willows tract were salvaged at the same time and refitted, yet despite their age and hard usage they defied the earthquake and proved to a later generation that the pioneer fathers "buildded better than they knew."

A Plea for Chinatown.

Some people think it would be shocking if Chinatown were reared anew on its old site. But Chinatown wouldn't be any worse than any densely populated district, if the city authorities attended strictly to business. Indeed Chinatown should be one of the most attractive features of the city. For commercial reasons it is advisable to encourage the Chinese merchants to stay with us, and as for the sanitary regulations, it is as easy to enforce them in Chinatown as elsewhere. Let us remember that the landlords of Chinatown were worse than the tenants; and most of the landlords were distinguished white citizens who were very well pleased with their Chinese tenants because they never insisted upon open-work plumbing or porcelain bath-tubs. While considering the advisability of removing the Chinese to the outskirts let us reflect on the disadvantages of putting too great a distance between the fan-tan games and police headquarters. If the police are to deal in that valuable commodity known as "protection," they should not have to go too far to dispose of their goods. The convenience of the police is a matter that should not be overlooked while we are hoisting the city from its ashes.

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Street Kitchen Nomenclature.

While most of the street kitchens have been named in ironical remembrance of the cafes, grills and restaurant which are now no more, there was a good sprinkling of literary reminders, too. "The Man of the Hour" was in evidence on all sides, but only once did I encounter his sign-board. "The House of Mirth" borrowed its title from Mrs. Wharton, but hardly with the same significance, for the author derived it from Ecclesiastes, vii. 4: "The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning, but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth." Geraldine Bonner may, or may not have suggested the "Pioneer" and "Hard-Pan," since both expressions are of the vernacular, but "Tomorrow's Tangle" is all her own. "The Wood Fire," whether in "No. 3" or elsewhere, must be accredited to F. Hopkinson Smith. The numerous "Dew Drop Inns" and "Holly Trees," go back to Dickens, but "Coffee John's" is most likely to have come via "Picaarons." There is a book, by the way, which will be worthy of perusal when the new town is built up. It will prove as reminiscent of by-gone days as "The Annals of San Francisco," and should have place with the souvenir pictures of "before the fire." Another local story which furnished title to at least one miniature cafe is Mrs. Gerberding's excellent juvenile, "The Golden Chimney." "The Blue Goose," another literary title, was decorated with appropriate Scriptural quotations, and the music of "Home, Sweet Home," but in all the efforts to compose doggerel or to unearth some poetical tribute which would meet the occasion I saw nothing which came nearer to the mark than a few lines of an old Irish ballad, "Widow Machree:"

"Sure, the poker and tongs to each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs full of family glee."

Mme. Virginia Ferrari, the well-known vocal teacher, is at San Rafael.

The Chester Stanley Myricks are at 868 Fallon street, Oakland.

The Beringer Conservatory of Music at 1614 Geary street suffered very little from the earthquake. Many of the students have resumed their studies and Professor and Mme. Beringer appear to be as busy as ever on both sides of the bay.

The good Father Carahar, of St. Francis Church, lost not only his church by the fire but a bag of money as well. How much there was in the bag he will not tell. All he will divulge is that, tired from looking after his flock, he went to sleep on Meiggs wharf, and that while he slept a conscienceless looter robbed him of the bag, which was under his head for safe-keeping.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(BOB BURDETTE ON SAN FRANCISCO.)

Editor TOWN TALK: I have an old scrap-book containing a clipping from the Brooklyn Eagle which will no doubt be interesting to your readers at this time. It purports to be Bob Burdette's impressions:

L. R. M.

As you sail across the bay San Francisco is a gray town. The town may be painted red sometimes, but the prevailing tone of the city is quiet; the houses show you in general the quiet drab of a Quaker town. Don't misunderstand me. I say that as you approach it San Francisco looks like a Quaker town. But it is not a Quaker town. Oh, no; it is an earthquaker, but that is something very different. Oh, quite. In fact, altogether. Nothing serious about San Francisco except its color. Frame houses go up quicker, which is a great point in a growing city; don't come down so easily, which is a great point in an earthquake country. Earthquakes don't amount to much. Not nearly so common as cyclones and blizzards back East. Had only one earthquake since we came here. I was walking at the time, so didn't feel it. Told me I would have noticed it had I been sitting down. Fellow can't sit around all the time, waiting to feel earthquakes. Nobody had to sit down to feel Charleston earthquake. However, nothing wooden about San Francisco except its houses. Houses built of redwood. Fences also. And coal sheds. Looks awfully extravagant to see ornamental woods used so lavishly. Red-

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TOWN TALK

wood as common in San Francisco as white marble in Philadelphia. All houses here are vaccinated for bay windows. If man is too poor to put up entire structure at once he erects bay-window or two and builds the house on to one of them when he is able. Bay window is fireplace of San Francisco home. Family gathers around and basks in the sunlight. Family on shady side of street shudders and shivers through breakfast, then goes across street to get warm. San Francisco in sunshine is bliss; in the shade it's blister; cold blister. With exception of fur cap, gloves and arctics, you dress in San Francisco as you do in Minnesota in winter. Only you keep these winter flannels and heavy raiment on all the year round in San Francisco. That would kill you in Minnesota. It is the evenings of the climate out here that charm you. The whole year is related to itself. There is a family resemblance between Fourth of July and Christmas that makes you feel they are blood relations, and didn't marry into the family of months just to make things hot or create a coldness in the circle. The man who doesn't like California climate should stay where he can alternate his chilblains and sunstroke, frost bites and mosquito bites, in the proportion of a slight tonic or mild aperient.

(IN THE MATTER OF THE DEMON.)

Editor TOWN TALK: Isn't it about time for Oakland to arise and demand that the saloons of San Francisco be opened? It occurs to me that by keeping our saloons closed we increase the percentage of drunkenness in Oakland, and that we are adding insult to injury by dictating to Oakland as to how she should regulate the liquor traffic. I am not in sympathy with saloon-keepers. I think they should pay a very high license, and keep out of politics. I think that the saloon business should be under very strict regulations, and that saloon-keepers should never lose sight of the fact that their business depends on conviviality more than brains, and I think it is wrong to lose sight of the fact that drunkenness is more common amongst the residents of this city today than it was before the earthquake. The jags are now accumulated in Oakland and the intoxicated men stay on the other side knowing that they will suffer if they cross the bay. If liquor were accessible in this city many of the men who are getting drunk in Oakland would be sober in San Francisco. Prohibition drives men to inebriety, because in a town where the liquor traffic is suspended when a man with a thirst gets hold of a bottle of whisky, he is uncertain as to when he will see another. So he fortifies himself against a drought. That is in brief the history of Prohibition. The Prohibitionists tell us that since the saloons were closed in San Francisco there has been no crime. In proportion to the popula-

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tion and the opportunities for certain kinds of crime the criminal is as active in San Francisco today as ever he was. If we have to keep the saloons closed in order to protect ourselves from crime then we should discharge our police.

LOUIS M. KIRKHAM.

Blessings of the Catastrophe

The Optimist: Well, it was a great thing, wasn't it?

The Cynic: What are you talking about?

The Optimist: About the catastrophe; it exterminated all the dangerous buildings in town and gave San Francisco a great advertisement.

The Cynic: Advertisement! Is that what you call it?

The Optimist: Yes; people all over the world are now talking about our courage and about the unique character of the city and of the community. When we rebuild they'll all want to come and see us.

The Cynic: Yes, when we rebuild.

The Optimist: 'What are you sneering about? We're going to rebuild.

The Cynic: Shacks.

The Optimist: Skyscrapers; and we'll have a bigger city than ever.

The Cynic: I don't like big cities. The fire reduced us to the right size. We were getting too big—in the head and other places. There's too much graft in a big city, too many policemen, too many social solomons, too many climbers and too many bores.

The Optimist: You're an awful kicker.

The Cynic: I'm not a kicker; I'm agreeing with you. You think the fire was a great thing because it gave the city a fine advertisement. You see virtue in it from a commercial standpoint. I think it was a great thing, too, but I view it from the standpoint of the hedonist. I think that San Francisco is an ideal place of residence when it isn't crowded. Hence my appreciation of the fire. You fellows in trade can never see beyond the cash register. Your view of life is circumscribed within very narrow limits. You think you're optimistic because you see more sales ahead. That isn't optimism. To be optimistic you must see good in everything. It's no trick to be optimistic, not even in the matter of a great calamity. Think, for example, of all the men that carried more insurance than stock; of the fellow who escaped a breach-of-promise suit in consequence of the burning of the letters in some lawyer's hands; of the fellow whose I.O.U.'s behind numerous bars went up in smoke; and above all, think of the men who owned corner lots in Fillmore street.

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The Stage

Mrs. Fiske Speaks of Ibsen.

Mrs. Fiske has come to California for her vacation and in view of the dearth of theatricals at this time she should have no difficulty in getting an abundance of rest. I hear that she will spend some of her time as a guest of the Ashton Stevens's. Upon her arrival across the bay she told a reporter that she ranked the death of Ibsen as a calamity with the San Francisco catastrophe. The sentiment is somewhat odd. Ibsen was seventy-eight years old when he died. It was unfortunate that he should grow old but having approached so close to the three score year and ten period it was no great calamity that he bowed himself off the world's stage. Ibsen died full of honors and with a long string of glorious achievements to his credit. He uttered a good many messages during his time. He could not have had much more to say. His last message, "When We Dead Awaken," was sent out several years ago and it contained nothing new though it was a great work of art. Ibsen played his part well and we should not begrudge him surcease of trouble.

At the Orpheum.

High class vaudeville talent is evidently as plentiful in this city today, as it was before the fire. At any rate the New Orpheum at the Chutes has shown no depreciation in the quality of the entertainment on tap. Carson and Willard and Clifford and Burke are still on the bill and are giving something new this week. Reinforcements have come in the person of Elizabeth Murray who made a hit here in former years. She is a superior dialect artist, and she has some fresh and breezy stories. Katherine Dahl, a London music-hall singer, takes the audience by surprise by, singing to a young man on the other side of the footlight who proves to be her partner. Valerie Bergere wins more encomiums this week in a clever sketch called "His Japanese Wife." The programme winds up with a rattling turn by Bailey and Austin.

His Crack Role.

Ferris Hartman is playing Gaspard this week in "The Chimes of Normandy" at Idora Park, the beautiful resort conducted in Oakland by Harry W. Bishop. I don't know how many years ago it was that I first saw Hartman in the role of the old miser, but I have never forgotten the impression which he made on me at that time. He convinced me that if he ever grew weary of being a comedian he could hold his own in a first-class organization as a character actor. In-

deed I have never seen him do anything quite so artistic as Gaspard. The opera company organized for Idora Park by Will Greenbaum is meeting with great success. The company has an abundance of verve and its performances are most enjoyable. Cunningham is doing a splendid piece of work as the Marquis de Corneville, and in Eugene Weimer the management has that rara avis a tenor who can act.

Greenbaum and Bishop.

Impresario Greenbaum has announced his intention of making the Idora Park Company the basis of a permanent organization. He is looking forward to establishing himself in this city in a theatre in which he will give light opera and grand opera in both Italian and English. It appears that Greenbaum and Bishop have come together to stay, and it is said that the combination will make some of the future theatrical history of San Francisco.

At Ye Liberty.

At Ye Liberty Playhouse across the bay Bishop's players have been delighting large audiences with that refreshing comedy-drama, "Hearts of Tennessee," in which some very pretty scenes in Southern life are depicted. Next Monday night will be produced that clever farce "How Baxter Butted In," with Elmer Booth in the role in which he made a great hit at the Central. A sextette of singing and dancing girls has been engaged for this production.

Next Week's Orpheum Bill.

The Scipio Argenanti trio of Italian opera singers from Milan will head the new bill at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. The barytone, whose voice has been highly praised by Eastern critics will sing the prologue from *Pugliacci*. Foster and Foster, who were great favorites here two years ago, will appear in their original comedieta, "The Volunteer Pianist." The Francelias, muscular marvels, will also be on the bill, and Valerie Bergere will present for the first time on any stage, "A Bowery Camille."

San Francisco's Plucky Spirit.

I am delighted to see that Town Talk has risen above the ashes and that the pen of its accomplished editor, Theodore Bonnet, is more vigorous than ever. The two issues of May 5 and May 12 that have reached my table are splendid samples of the plucky spirit that has characterized the good men and true of San Francisco.—Los Angeles Graphic.

GIULIO MINETTI

Concert Master of the Berkeley Symphony Orchestra and director of the Minetti Orchestra will receive pupils at his violin studio.

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TOWN TALK

BUSINESS REVIVAL.

Fillmore street has become the busiest thoroughfare in the state. You can meet almost anybody you want to see on Fillmore, sometime during the day. It is on Fillmore that the clothiers are congregating. Roos Brothers have taken a corner and are putting up a new building. Lilienfeld & Co., have put up a building at Ellis and Fillmore. Charles Keilus & Co. have established the Hub at King Solomon's hall, Sutter and Fillmore, and farther up the street at 1884 E. C. Heller & Co. are fitting up a store. The Raphaels have a corner and I notice that Weinstock Lubin & Co. have a clothing department in their store which is also on this busy thoroughfare.

The Baldwin Piano Company is doing business at 2512 and 2514 Sacramento. All their pianos were destroyed in the fire but a new lot was shipped them from the East.

Baldwin & Howell are doing a lively real estate business at 1692 Fillmore near Post. They saved all their important books, their fire-proof safes being in perfect condition. They intend opening soon a downtown office commensurate with the needs of their business, but they will maintain a fully equipped office on Fillmore street for the convenience of their customers.

John Porcher, the veteran hat dealer was on his way to Europe with his wife. They had reached New York when they heard of the catastrophe and they immediately started homeward. The Porcher home on Golden Gate avenue was burned and on its site Mr. Porcher built a store which he stocked with hats which he brought with him from New York.

The world was amazed at the solidity of the banks of San Francisco as shown by their successful handling of the greatest crisis in the history of American cities. They are all doing business as if nothing extraordinary had happened. One of the few that were able to open in their old quarters is the National Bank of the Pacific in the Call building at Third and Market. The vaults of this institution were in perfect condition. The San Francisco Savings Union opened May 28th in the old building that has been occupied for some years by the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank at California and Montgomery streets. This historic structure built of granite quarried in China fifty years ago withstood the shock and the fire. In early days it was occupied by the Adams Express Company. Some months ago the Parrotts, by whom it is owned were talking of tearing it down and erecting a modern steel structure. R. M. Welch, of the San Francisco Savings Union says that the vaults of that institution were found in first-class condition, and he was very well pleased with the way business opened up. Their experience was the same as that of all the other banks—deposits exceeded withdrawals.

THE ROUNDER.

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DEL MONTE OFFERS

Hotel Del Monte was very slightly injured by the recent disturbance, and is offering welcome shelter to all San Franciscans. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families.

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Now under new management. American
and European plan.

LOS ANGELES

CALIFORNIA

THE MISUNDERSTANDING OF IBSEN.

(Continued From Page 7.)

of their hour that my whole life-work shall be devoted." Surely it cannot be justly said that the man who enunciated those principles of democracy and who consecrated himself to so glorious a task as he described, was an evil force in the world.

It is not his fault that he has been misunderstood. He once asked the question, "Is it to some extent true that the reader weaves his own feelings and sentiments into what he reads and that they are attributed to the poet?" And to his own question he made answer: "Not alone those who write, but also those who read, compose, and very often they are more full of poetry than the poet himself," a sentiment much akin to that of another philosopher and poet who tells us that Walter Pater put into the portrait of Monna Lisa something that Lionardo never dreamed of when to him hers was "the head upon which all the ends of the world are come and the eyelids are a little weary." There has been much put into the plays of Ibsen that he never dreamed of. Indeed every drama of a psychological nature is susceptible of numerous interpretations. Differences of opinion regarding Nora and Hedda Gabler have not been more pronounced than those provoked by Hamlet and Brutus. But it is silly to be dogmatic over one's conception of a poet's meaning. It is also silly to condemn a dramatist for his solution of a problem so long as he is not illogical, and it is indicative of mental myopia to see nothing but the problem in an artistic drama that unfolds a story of human interest. While to me it has always seemed that Ibsen's aim was the ennoblement of his fellow creatures, I have been able to look above his philosophy and admire him for his dramaturgy. His types of character I enjoy because they are types—not mere puppets—and I never quarreled with him for creating Hedda, for I have always known that if I did not like her company Stockmann was always just around the corner.

Many years will probably elapse before the true position of Ibsen in modern life, especially in the domain of the drama is fully appreciated. His transcendent genius has been known to the intellectuals of Europe for more than a quarter of a century, but not until within the last decade did his messages reach the ears of that great audience that concerns itself more with the material things of life than with esthetic achievements. And to that audience the outlines of his genius today are as vague and indistinct as those of some distant mountain draped in morning mists. Indeed, there are students of Ibsen, men that pose as authorities, who make it clear that they do not appreciate his genius. They regard him mainly as a philosopher and discuss him as they would Schopenhauer, whereas his chief claim to immortality, lies in his mastery of the dramatic form of expression. His system of philosophy was but incidental

to his art. His aim was to depict phases of life, to suggest salient features of character, and in doing so he originated a method. The Ibsen technique is today the technique of the most successful dramatists of the world. Theatregoers are being educated up to the subtleties of his art through a primary course the text-books of which are the plays of his imitators—such men as Shaw, Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, J. M. Barrie, Gerhart Hauptmann and Hermann Sudermann—some of whom, notably Jones and Hauptmann confess that they perfected themselves in their art by familiarizing themselves with the art of the Norwegian. Traces of his method can be found in all the works of those men. In temperament Jones is farther away from Ibsen than any of the others mentioned. His themes are in lighter vein and his satire is of the sparkling order, but his technical handling of a plot is after the manner of the Ibsen school. Hauptmann is Ibsen's most successful imitator. One might read his "Lonely Lives" and easily be persuaded that it was written by the Master. Shaw's technique is but a variation of Ibsen's and he differs from his master in that he is more of a lecturer than a dramatist. The Irishman's philosophy is fantastic, his ideals visionary, whereas the Norwegian was at all times sane and never took passage for Utopia. Pinero is another dramatist who has taken leaves from Ibsen's notebook. It is popularly supposed that he follows the French method, but a French critic, M. Filon, is authority for the statement that there is more of Ibsen than of Scribe in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The fact is Ibsen was to the modern stage what Shakespeare was to the Elizabethan—the man that shaped its principles and gave them direction. He is also entitled to distinction as the first playwright to follow closely the evolution of the human consciousness, to see that the basis of the classical drama was a thing of the past and that the motives of French and German romanticism no longer held for us the interest they involved in the days of other manners and other sentiments. He was the first to treat the great realities of modern life on the stage, to bring the drama into relation with literature, religion and science, to make it reflect the main movements of modern thought and character; and through his drama he became a real force in the spiritual and intellectual worlds. He is the father of the drama of human consciousness, the first to place moral problems on a high pedestal. His is the drama that stands for the reality of our times. He has taught others the secret of leading their auditors into a small room and filling them with suspense while creating atmosphere and shaping character, there to make them spectators at the fireside to the play of human passions. It has been said that Alexander Dumas fils preceded him in the domain of psychology, but Dumas was essentially melodramatic. The Frenchman was addicted to the practice of proving the axiomatic.

Whatever there was that savored of psychology in his dramas was purely accidental. The conflicts that he created were peculiar to Parisian life. He was provincial. Ibsen was universal. Dumas was a specialist in sexual passion and confined his speculations to the soul of the vulgar sensualist. Ibsen fathomed the soul of humanity. He probed its sorrows and its joys, its good and its evil and out of his study of human nature he has fashioned plays that are like unto no others.

He is not popular in this country because we have not yet broken away from the leading strings of those awful Pilgrim fathers. He is disliked by many who have seen one or two of his many plays and who imagine that he was intent upon shaking the whole edifice of society and calling into question all the ideas and customs upon which the edifice is based. They can see nothing sane, virile or invigorating in his gospel and they have been laboring under the delusion that he was more of a polemist than a dramatist. The reverse comes nearer the truth. Unlike Shaw who weakens his plays by his preaching, Ibsen was first, last and all the time a dramatist. He never lost sight of the importance of action and never does his art fail to ring true in any of his pictures of modern life. Though he levelled his shafts at the tyranny of the majority as in "An Enemy of the People," the play that shows how selfishness and greed may dominate a whole community and make for corrupt government; though he ridiculed the hypocrisy of conventional morality as in "The Pillars of Society," the play that teaches that whited sepulchres may be found among the respected leaders of the commercial life and warns men of the danger of founding fortune on a lie; though he based all his plays on an intellectual idea, the artist ever rises superior to the philosopher, invariably is the lesson subordinated to the dramatic essentials, never does the sermon halt the story. The playwright himself disclaimed any intention to lead a crusade but his followers insisted upon rallying to the call of the bugle which he never sounded.

Furthermore Ibsen has not been popular in this country, first, because of a misapprehension in the public mind due to gibe and jest; second, because so many

of us go to the theatre to weep and laugh and resent being made to think. But is it not an unpleasant commentary on the boasted culture of this country that Ibsen, who is still somewhat in advance of his time in this land of little red schoolhouses and big universities, has been for more than half a century the idol of the plain people as well as of the illuminati of his native land? Long before the great playwright was discovered by the men of literary taste and discernment in France and England his works were in almost every household in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. He was recognized as a great intellectual force in those countries in the early sixties, when, in his indignation over the failure of Sweden and Norway to help Denmark resist Russia, he wrote scornful epigrams about his countrymen and left Norway forever. The first man to bring him to the attention of the English speaking world was that subtle poet and delightful critic, Edmund Gosse, then quite young and hardly known but destined to occupy one of the foremost places among those who create and criticise. In 1873 Edmund Gosse made known Ibsen's published works, his historical and historico-legendary dramas. He enthused over "The Comedy of Love," and translated it into verses of his own. He told of the sombre grandeur of "Brand" and the dazzling fancy of "Peer Gynt." In short, he acclaimed Ibsen as a great poet and satirist. But that was before the brilliant Norseman submitted his claims to recognition as a dramatist, psychologist and symbolist. Ibsen wrote to his young critic telling him of his intention to write a series of social and psychological dramas. "The play upon which I am now at work," he wrote, (it was "The Pillars of Society"), will give the spectator exactly the same impression as he would have watching events of real life running their course before his eyes." And that was the artistic effect he achieved not only in that play but in every one that came from his pen. He did not say, "I am at work on a play that will inculcate a great moral lesson." If preaching had been his passion, as many of the long-haired Ibsenites imagine, his mind would have been on the drippings of his sanctuary, not on the picture with which he hoped to fascinate the spectator.

George Mayerle, GERMAN
EXPERT OPTICIAN

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On the 10th of May

TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV No. 719

San Francisco, June 9, 1906.

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NOTICE.

As part of our mailing list was destroyed, all subscribers not receiving their papers are requested to send in their addresses at once.

Home Again.

We are pleased to announce that this periodical is once more being printed in this city. It is the pioneer of weekly journalism in Greater San Francisco, being the first to get a printing plant in operation. During a brief period we gladly availed ourselves of the courtesy and generosity of Mr. William E. Dargie, of the Oakland Tribune, who kindly afforded us all the necessary printing facilities. We have heard some complaint of the manner in which San Franciscans were treated in Oakland. Our own experience was so pleasant that we feel it to be our duty to give testimony to the courteous character of all with whom we had business relations. We are most grateful to Mr. Dargie and also to the publishers of the Oakland Herald for the use of their photo-engraving plant and their offer of any assistance they could render. But despite the pleasant relations established in Oakland we are delighted to return to San Francisco, the city in whose future we and all the world have unbounded confidence.

Our Wonderful Banks.

There is nothing for which we have more reason to felicitate ourselves than on the reputation established by our banking institutions through the ability which they have shown to handle conservatively and safely the funds with which they are intrusted. So nonchalantly did the bankers take the disaster that the public have looked upon their triumph as unemotionally as though nothing else should have been expected. Yet the financial world is amazed at the stability of the banking institutions of San Francisco. The bankers of the East and Europe were looking for a financial panic in this city. They were sure that some of our banks would go to the wall and start a stampede of a disastrous character. It was natural for them to give rein to their gloomy expectations, for there never was a great public calamity in the world's history that did not seriously disturb the money market. When the fortunes of a whole city are disastrously affected by an overwhelming catastrophe, when the rich are impoverished, when commerce is crushed, when creditors become impatient and debtors are unable to meet their obligations, then are the financial agents of the community expected to hoist distress signals. A notable

achievement, therefore, was the weathering of the unprecedented storm by the bankers of San Francisco. And for more than a merely sentimental reason should we rejoice over their ability to avert a financial panic. In defying us to disturb their equanimity or empty their vaults they have given incontrovertible testimony to the fact that there has been no misrepresentation as to the prosperity of San Francisco. The whole world must now be convinced that this is a city of extraordinary resources, and it must also have a better understanding of the optimism and enthusiasm of its inhabitants in their hour of misfortune.

Big Battleships.

A few years ago many naval experts were of the opinion that big battleships were less desirable than small ones, but they have changed their minds since the Japanese-Russian war. Now there is unanimity of opinion among naval officers in England, France, Germany and the United States as to the superiority of big guns and big ships. Hence the proposed construction of a battleship for this country larger than Great Britain's Dreadnought of 18,500 tons. The Dreadnought carries ten 12-inch guns, and it is proposed to build an American ship that will carry twelve 12-inch guns. In a recent issue of the Congressional Record is printed the speech of Representative Foss, setting forth the argument in favor of the big battleship. The principal points are these: We build cheaper in large vessels than in a number of smaller ones, and decrease materially the cost of maintenance and operation; in big ships we are able to secure a more stable gun platform and carry the heavy guns higher, thus being able to fight in weather which smaller vessels would be hampered by; big ships, on account of their capacity, are less dependent than small ones on colliers and coaling stations; great displacement means greater engine room and greater speed; big battleships occupy less sea room than the same tonnage of smaller vessels, and are therefore more easily controlled in smoke or fog. As both Japan, which has had recent experience, and her ally, England, have ordered big battleships, their decision in the matter should carry considerable weight. Indeed, all the great naval powers are agreed on a general increase in the size of their battleships. And yet we are soon to have another peace conference, a circumstance that is not to deter us from building a ship that will surpass anything that floats, for we remember that after the peace conference of 1899 the nations proceeded to build their naval establishments larger than ever.

Silurians In the Saddle.

It is to be regretted that many of the characteristic traits by which distinction was given to old San Francisco have vanished. But it is also to be regretted that some, of which we have no reason to be proud, are likely to survive. Silurianism, for example, shows no signs of abatement. It is to be the heritage of the new metropolis. We think so because of the attitude of some of the most influential of our landed gentry toward the street-widening movement. We recognize in that attitude the old, familiar sentiment handed down through successive generations from the days when the waters of the bay came up to Montgomery street. It is the sentiment that blocked every progressive movement made in San Francisco for more than a quarter of a century. Owing to the great vigor of that sentiment Frank McCoppin's plan for the extension of the park panhandle to Van Ness avenue was defeated away back in the days when land was being sold by the acre in Hayes Valley. And today that sentiment threatens to

thwart the efforts of progressive citizens to guard against the mistakes of the past. It is not only against the building of a City Beautiful that the silurians have set their faces. They are opposed also to greater facilities for the handling of trade, and in the shadow of a disaster full of warnings they are objecting to the greatest of precautionary measures that can be taken against a repetition of the calamity from which we are suffering.

Reid Flattering the British.

Ambassador Reid has been apologizing in London for American slang. In a speech the other day he deprecated the support that was given in England "to the constant and almost incredible corruption of the English language not only on the streets and in the newspapers of this country, but also in our colleges." This is the nature of a reiteration of the sentiments of Henry James, who thinks that pure English is spoken only in England. Both gentlemen are so ardent in their love of all things English that it is difficult for them to see any virtue in American institutions. In commenting on Henry James' criticism some months ago we affirmed that the English language was being corrupted in England quite as much as in America, a fact not unknown to educated Englishmen. We are now pleased at being able to offer corroboration of that statement, for shortly after reading the speech of our Ambassador we came across this paragraph in one of Max Beerbohm's criticisms in the London Saturday Review which might well be read and pondered by Mr. Reid before he again takes occasion to flatter Britons at the expense of Americans:

"For good or ill, England has no academy of letters; and, indirectly one result—certainly an ill result is that the people in every stratum of society talk hardly better than costermongers. They have not, of course, specifically the same slang; but their slang, is not less ugly than that which prevails in the Mile End Road; nor is their vocabulary of decent English words less limited; nor is their knowledge of grammar more sound; nor is their sense of rhythm better developed."

The foregoing paragraph appeared in the Saturday Review's issue of May 5th, several days after Mr. Reid delivered his speech. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Beerbohm ranks among England's leading men of letters.

The Illiterate Minority.

Even at this late day there are writers who seem to think it quite a joke on the critics that they should find merit in literary works that are not only unappreciated but sneered at by the ignorant majority. Ibsen being unpopular in the theatres they conclude that those by whom his genius is admired are egotists for not accepting the judgment of the common herd. Perhaps the only notable work in literature that was first accepted by the illiterate and decried by the cognoscenti is "Pilgrim's Progress." Macaulay tells us that it is the "only book about which, after the lapse of a hundred years, the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people." In the case of Ibsen, the common people are coming over to the opinion of the literary critics who have been singing his praises for a quarter of a century. When he was first introduced to England he was tried at afternoon performances, or, as a last resource, as a *fin de saison*, when there was nothing any longer to be lost or gained, in some second-rate theatre which was about to be closed. A little later he was played under the auspices of the Independent

Theatre, a nomadic institution that wanders from house to house. Gradually an Ibsenite public came into existence and today the Norseman's supremacy as a playwright is acknowledged in London. In this country the Ibsen drama has been making the same progress that it did in England, and Ibsen's genius is acclaimed not only by all who are versed in the technique of the dramatic art, but by a great number of theatre-goers.

The Decay of Literature.

San Franciscans have readily adapted themselves to the bookless state. With the large libraries destroyed, the surviving branches closed, and the book stores non-existent, even the perpetual devourers of light literature have learned to forego their daily diet and keep in good spirits notwithstanding the lack of knowledge of even the name of the latest sensation and the newest best-seller. When our good citizens went to bed on the evening of the seventeenth of April the problem of how to dispose of Maxim Gorky and his companion was agitating society and the literary lights, but today it is doubtful whether, asked off-hand, any one here could recall that there was a controversy, much less what it was about. The new books announced for immediate publication will still be new three months hence, if they are worth anything, and an immense quantity of the kind of literature that dies a-bornin' will never reach us at all. Just now a goodly number of victims of the book habit, who read as automatically as they smoked, chewed gum or munched candy, have all they can do to keep the beans boiling and rustle up firewood in daylight hours. However there will soon be the most tremendous book-hunger ever experienced, for it is not only the immense collections of the public libraries which have been consumed, but the stray volumes owned by individuals. When people thought themselves fortunate to be able to carry away a change of clothing and such small valuables as they could take in their hands, there was not time to pack heavy books, and today our city is in approximately the same condition as a mining camp of an earlier date where there were four precious volumes circulated from house to house, and read and re-read until any one of the inhabitants could have reproduced them all written verbatim from memory. There is too much doing and too much to be done just now for any but invalids to take much interest in words. Life is more than literature, but when the evenings begin to grow long and there are no theatres or promenades, then there will be a demand for something to read, something with blood and bones to it.

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King Solomon's Hall

Fillmore Street, Near Sutter,

San Francisco

The Bright Side.

There are already over one hundred hotels under way, and according to be the only authentic account of the destruction of San Francisco. No less than six hundred were advertised in a single edition of a Chicago paper, and yet, when it is all said, what is there to boast? We had the first greater earthquake known in this part of the world by tradition or record, and it was followed by a fire which, disastrous as it now seems, has simply swept away all the shacks and slums, and will sweep some of our shabby hotels to improve property which was long regarded as an eyesore. We have now available the Barbary Coast and Yer Flats for business purposes, while Telegraph Hill and North Beach can be utilized for residences, having a fine marine view. Meanwhile, bad as things are for the moment, our comfortable climate makes rent-life and cooking in the open a not uncomfortable form of exercise. One hears surprisingly little complaint of aches and ailments, for with rich and poor alike living on army rations, there was naturally a shortage of fashionable diseases. Between a letting in of fresh air and sunlight where there was before back alleys and dark courts, and the thorough housecleaning which our shake-up has entailed on those who were not burned out, there will not be room for a germ or a mite at the peninsula. By the time half the houses are rebuilt San Francisco can lay full claim to all the advantages of a health resort.

An Interpretation.

A writer construing certain lines of Robert Louis Stevenson in the catastrophe of the town as they were written long ago, that fatal earthquake seemed the precursor of some of tragedy about pass along by. The

lines, we are told, were in the nature of a protest. This inside information is not pleasing, since it tends to lower our estimation of the character of the ingenious story-teller and most artistic essayist. We have heard, but have never believed, that Stevenson was a pessimist. We were never told that he was envious, but if he wrote a protest against the world's failure to give him the precedence that he deserved, then he must have been afflicted with what the Scripture calleth an evil eye and what Bacon described as the gadding passion. For years we have been laboring under the pleasant delusion that Stevenson gave passionate emphasis to the sentiment that we should worship good for its own value without any reference whatever to victory or failure. "Whatever we are intended to do," said he, "we are not intended to succeed." It is not characteristic of the man of genius, fond of the world's acclaim and jealous of the achievements of others to get as far away as possible from the madding crowd of tuft hunters. However, Stevenson was an odd genius. But there is one thing to be said of him; he did not repine in the background and whine sotto voce at the world's neglect. There are many men of the whining class that find annoyance at the success of others and never neglect an opportunity to expose their irritation. Often in doing so they but give emphasis to the superficial character of the mental equipment on the strength of which they aspire beyond their capacity. Disqualified by blow-holes of character or shallowness of brain they drag along at the tail-end of their profession, professing to believe with Schopenhauer that luck is the principal factor in the guidance of man's affairs. In times like these ambition and in comparative obscurity they find employment where small merit receives greater credit than would be vouchsafed in a more enlightened environment.



CONTENTS OF THEIR SAFE
ARE ENOUGH FOR A FRESH START IN BUSINESS

The Call of the Lorelei

By Mabel Porter Pitts.

When the lessening light in her crystal cave
Speaks the time of the sunset's glow,
Then the mermaiden comes on a curling wave
From the cool of the depths below.

In her eyes sleeps the fire that is caught from the skies
As they speak in the lightning's glare,
And the dusk of the threatening storm-cloud lies,
In the coil of her wind-blown hair.

To the calm of a sheltering cove she drifts
And the sleep of the cliffs is stirred
By her call to the far-away sail that lifts
Like the wing of a frightened bird.

And it's woe to the ship if it swerves or starts,
And it's woe to the soul that hears;
For the mermaiden's couch is of grieving hearts,
And her cave is of crystal tears.

And the sweep of the reef where the seas upraise
From the wrecks and the bleaching bones,
Holds the passionate song of her fulsome praise
For the work of its jagged cones.

June, 1906.



Perspective Impressions

Seattle is trying hard to get among cities of the first class. She produced an earthquake the other day and it was only a measly ten-second shake—merely a village quake.

The hospitals of London are boasting of a surgeon who has perfected a method of incising the skin without leaving a visible scar. As a beauty doctor he should be able to monopolize the field.

Representative Hepburn confesses he does not know precisely what his own bill will do. Well, if it's any consolation to him, he may feel assured that he has all the rest of us in the same boat with him.

A physician condemns the dew face-bath on account of the danger of accidental communication of tetanus germs to an abrasion of the skin. There are some men that for the same reason will recommend it.

The Traders' Insurance Company of Chicago has turned out to be a typical American Frenzied Finance institution under the control and management of a gang of highly reputable rogues and distinguished get-rich-quicksters.

If you read the several gush columns these days you will get the impression that every San Franciscan who had to return home after the earthquake on account of

shortage of funds, came back through purely altruistic motives.

Invariably the woman whose conversational tones disturb you while you are reading on a train, ferry-boat or street car, is the homeliest passenger aboard. And as for the man by whom you are similarly afflicted, he has nothing but that voice worth speaking about.

The little bar in the corner grocery must go says Mayor Schmitz. In other words the poor man must go without his club near home, but he is to be privileged to wander into the pitfalls of the Barbary Coast. The gilded bars in the rich men's clubs are not to be molested.

Professor Moore of Harvard says that the "Velasquez" painting of Philip IV. in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is a bogus in more ways than one. It is not a genuine "Velasquez" and it is not a portrait of Philip IV. Perhaps after another examination he will shock Boston still more by pronouncing the picture a chromo.

Thus the chaperon, most exquisite of humorists in the Examiner: "Mrs. Huntington and her daughter Miss Marian Huntington arrived a few days ago from the Orient. As soon as they learned of our trouble they decided to return at once." How nice of them! But what are they going to do for us?

Mowry Talks about Merchants

By Theodore Bonnet.

The world has received with astonishment news of the remarkable recuperative powers of the people of San Francisco, and the people of San Francisco are felicitating themselves on their speedy recovery from the shock of the disaster and the fine optimistic sentiment that sustains the community. But the people of San Francisco present another aspect, one that is not creditable, but that should be brought to their attention occasionally. It is not unfamiliar. We have been frequently told that we do not make the most of our opportunities; and it is because we have so often ignored them that we present to the hustling tradesman and enterprising captain of industry from the great commercial centers of the East an aspect of almost primitive simplicity. This is an old story, but it was repeated to me the other day and with greater force than ever, by a man who has been taking observations in foreign parts and who has picked up a great deal of data of an illuminatory character. The man is Lyman D. Mowry, a San Franciscan. Some years ago Mr. Mowry was reported dead by a writer in this periodical, but the report was inaccurate. Mr. Mowry had merely changed his sphere of action. Some years ago he was practicing law in this city. His clients were Chinese. He assisted many a heathen into this country through the meshes of the Exclusion Act. When that ceased to be a lucrative employment Mr. Mowry took in his shingle, went to China, assisted in organizing the China Commercial and Steamship Company and then proceeded to supply Mexico with labor. The company has landed thirty thousand Chinese in the dominions of Diaz.

"We have solved for Mexico," said Mr. Mowry, "the great industrial problem with which it was confronted. We found millions of dollars of American capital invested in Mexico by men who had made no provision for labor and who had no way of getting labor until we negotiated for them a treaty between Mexico and China. A great deal of money was invested in rubber plantations in Mexico by men who were laboring under the delusion that trees would produce rubber at the end of seven years. If you cut a tree of only seven years' growth it will die. The planter must wait fourteen years for his trees to yield. While waiting for their rubber trees to mature they must grow something else. We pointed out to them that under Spanish rule Mexico was a great sugar country. They began raising sugar, and now for the first time since Mexico gained her independence she is exporting sugar."

All this was preliminary to a discussion of our indifference to our commercial opportunities. "When we began carrying Chinese laborers to Mexico," said Mowry, "we wanted to get freight to carry back to China, and we thought we could do business at this port. Seattle offered us all sorts of inducements, and the merchants of San Francisco promised to do business with us, but when the time came we met with opposition; we got into a rate war and the merchants of this city permitted us to be driven away."

Mr. Mowry grows eloquent on the subject of the San Francisco merchants. And his eloquence is of the perfervid character. But he thinks that a new mercantile element is coming to San Francisco soon, and that a more enterprising spirit will rule in Greater San Francisco.

"The San Francisco merchant of the past," he said, "was a product of mining days. He got hold of a little property and grew rich in spite of himself, and then he thought he was a wonder. The San Francisco merchant didn't know there was a Pacific ocean until the Spanish war opened his eyes."

"And do you know," the ex-attorney asked, fixing me with his eye; "do you know how he happens to be doing business in the Orient now?"

I had to confess my ignorance.

"Well," said Mowry, "it's because of the young men who went over there with our volunteer army—the finest body of young men that was ever seen in this world. They saw business opportunities over there, and they went into business. And wherever you go in China now, on the coast or in the interior, you will meet young Americans in business—ex-volunteer soldiers—and they're all doing well. It is to them that the San Francisco merchant is indebted for the business that he is doing on the other shores of the Pacific."

Then Mr. Mowry journeyed down to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. "I found California canned goods, California mineral waters and California wines down there," he said; "down in Salina Cruz, at the Pacific end. How do you suppose they reached there?"

I would not venture a supposition.

"Via New York," said Mowry, in a tone of intense disgust. "No San Francisco merchant has ever tried to do business at that port. In the City of Mexico I found the people drinking some awful stuff in one of the clubs and they called it California wine. I made them bottle it for vinegar and gave them a list of reputable California wine producers, and after that they sent up here for their clarets. The manager of the American Grocery Company in Mexico, a company that has a grocery in every town, told me that he had to come to this city to get some California canned goods. Nobody had ever been down after his trade."

Here endeth the discourse, not because Mr. Mowry exhausted the subject, but because circumstances have made me a commuter and I had to catch a train.

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The Young King

[This beautiful allegorical tale, written by Oscar Wilde, was among those of his works printed privately in London, and is not to be found in the Mosher or Roberts editions recently printed in this country. The book containing this story and another, "The Star-Child," was purchased for Town Talk in a second-hand book-stall in Paris. The alle-

gorical writings of Wilde are doing much toward reinstating him in public esteem, awakening as they do a sentiment of reverence for God and sympathy for mankind. They are stories that gratify the imagination with all the action and atmosphere of fairy tales while imparting lessons that enoble and purify.—Ed.]

It was the night before the day fixed for his coronation and the young king was sitting alone in his beautiful chamber. His courtiers had all taken their leave of him, bowing their heads to the ground, according to the ceremonious usage of the day, and had retired to the Great Hall of the Palace, to receive a few last lessons from the Professor of Etiquette; there being some of them who had still quite natural manners, which in a courtier is, I need hardly say, a very grave offence.

The lad—for he was only a lad, being but sixteen years of age—was not sorry at their departure, and had flung himself back with a deep sigh of relief on the soft cushions of his embroidered couch, lying there, wild-eyed and open-mouthed, like a brown woodland Faun, or some young animal of the forest newly snared by the hunters.

And, indeed, it was the hunters who had found him, coming upon him almost by chance as, bare-limbed and pipe in hand, he was following the flock of the poor goat-herd who had brought him up, and whose son he had always fancied himself to be. The child of the old King's only daughter by a secret marriage with one much beneath her in station,—a stranger, some said, who, by the wonderful magic of his lute-playing, had made the young Princess love him; while others spoke of an artist from Rimini, to whom the Princess had shown much, perhaps too much honor, and who had suddenly disappeared from the city, leaving his work in the cathedral unfinished,—he had been, when but a week old, stolen away from his mother's side, as she slept, and given into the charge of a common peasant and his wife, who were without children of their own, and lived in a remote part of the forest, more than a day's ride from the town. Grief, or the plague, as the court physician stated, or, as some suggested, a swift Italian poison administered in a cup of spiced wine, slew, within an hour of her awakening, the white girl who had given him birth, and as the trusty messenger who bore the child across his saddlebow stooped from his weary horse and knocked at the rude door of the goatherd's hut, the body of the Princess was being lowered into an open grave that had been dug in a deserted churchyard, beyond the City gates,—a grave where it was said that another body was also lying, that of a young man of marvelous and foreign beauty, whose hands were tied behind him with a knotted cord, and whose breast was stabbed with many red wounds.

Such, at least, was the story that men whispered to each other. Certain it was that the old King, when on his death-bed, whether moved by remorse for his great sin, or merely desiring that the Kingdom should not pass away from his line, had had the lad sent for, and, in the presence of the Council, had acknowledged him as his heir.

And it seems that from the very first moment of his recognition he had shown signs of that strange passion for beauty that was destined to have so great an influence over his life. Those who accompanied him to the suite of rooms set apart for his service, often spoke of the cry of pleasure that broke from his lips when he saw the delicate raiment and rich jewels that had been prepared for him, and of the almost fierce joy with which he flung aside his rough leathern tunic and coarse sheepskin cloak. He missed, indeed,

at times the fine freedom of his forest life, and was always apt to chafe at the tedious court ceremonies that occupied so much of each day; but the wonderful palace—Joyeuse, as they called it—of which he now found himself lord, seemed to him to be a new world fresh-fashioned for his delight; and as soon as he could escape from the council-board or audience-chamber, he would run down the great staircase, with its lions of gilt bronze and its steps of bright porphyry, and wander from room to room, and from corridor to corridor, like one who was seeking to find in beauty an anodyne from pain, a sort of restoration from sickness.

Upon these journeys of discovery, as he would call them,—and, indeed, they were to him real voyages through a marvelous land,—he would sometimes be accompanied by the slim, fair-faced court pages, with their floating mantles, and gay fluttering ribands; but more often he would be alone, feeling through a certain instinct, which was almost a divination, that the secrets of art are best learned in secret, and that Beauty, like Wisdom, loves the lonely worshiper.

Many curious stories were related about him at this period. It was said that a stout Burgomaster, who had come to deliver a florid oratorical address on behalf of the citizens of the town, had caught sight of him kneeling in real adoration before a great picture that had just been brought from Venice, and that seemed to herald the worship of some gods. On another occasion he had been missed for several hours, and after a lengthened search had been discovered in a little chamber in one of the northern turrets of the palace gazing, as one in a trance, at a Greek gem carved with the figure of Adonis. He had been seen, so the tale ran, pressing his warm lips to the marble brow of an antique statue that had been discovered in the bed of the river on the occasion of the building of the stone bridge, and was inscribed with the name of the Bithynian slave of Hadrian. He had passed a whole night in noting the effect of the moonlight of a silver image of Endymion.

All rare and costly materials had certainly a great fascination for him, and in his eagerness to procure them he had sent away many merchants, some to traffic for amber with the rough fish-folk of the north seas, some to Egypt to look for that curious green turquoise which is found only in the tombs of kings, and is said to possess magical properties, some to Persia for silken carpets and painted pottery, and others to India to buy gauze and stained ivory, sandal-wood and blue enamel, and shawls of fine wool.

But what had occupied him most was the robe he was to wear at the coronation, the robe of tissue gold, and the ruby-studded crown and the sceptre with its rows and rings of pearls. Indeed, it was of this that he was thinking to-night, as he lay back on his luxurious couch, watching the great pine-wood log that was burning itself out on the open hearth. The designs, which were from the hands of the most famous artists of the time, had been submitted to him many months before and he had given orders that the artificers were to toil night and day to carry them out, and that the whole world was to be searched for jewels that would be worthy of their work. He saw himself in fancy standing

(Continued on Page 28)

The Tigress

By James V. Coleman.

A tigress prowled in the light of day,
Her smooth hide waved with a sea-like flood;
Her yellow eyes were slitted with lust,
And the call of hunger she must obey;
To slay, to swallow, to gorge she must,
And her slobbering jaws were red with blood.

A tigress sprawled in the mid-day sun;
Her belly was full of its quivering meal;
She curled her tail and she blinked her eyes,
For she had done what her dams had done,
And like her dams she was animal wise—
Her quarry's woe was her natural weal.

A tigress lay in her lair at night,
And she purred and nestled and fell asleep,
But the beast was always unaware
Of the stars of night, of the stars in sight,
Of the stars in the sky out there,
That now and eternally vigil keep.

June, 1906.

The Spectator

The Tempest at Fort Mason.

Of the factions in Lilliput I was reminded by the commotion raised at the Presidio by Mrs. Ynez Shorb-White, a lady who modestly pronounces herself "a leader among her set," the tremendous import of which personal description I am unable to appreciate. In Lilliput many thousands of persons suffered death rather than break their eggs at the smaller end. Mrs. Shorb-White was going to throw up her job as superintendent of the refugee distribution station because Dr. Gunn sent a stenographer to keep tab on the articles distributed. Mrs. Shorb-White called Dr. Gunn a fool and a coward and affirmed that if she quit her job the army would want to know the reason why. The outcome of the affair was most disappointing. The fanfare with which hostilities were opened by Mrs. Shorb-White justified the hope that a battle royal would ensue, but it proved to be something less than a tempest in a teapot. Dr. Gunn is much to blame for the tame wind-up. Though merely a civilian, and not even a second assistant leader in his set, he utterly failed to join issue with Mrs. Shorb-White. Not only did he fail to apologize to the lady who called him a fool and coward, but he threw a cloud on her uncomplimentary appraisal by giving a very fine imitation of a man of wisdom and discretion, maintaining as he did an oppressive and overwhelming silence. In the circumstances what could the army do? There wasn't even a pretext upon which Secretary Taft could order a court-martial. Mrs. Shorb-White, the writers of social gossip have repeatedly told us, has been doing excellent work at Fort Mason, and therefore we should rejoice that she was not constrained to organize a rival White Cross Society and thereby cause a split in

philanthropic circles. We should also felicitate the army that was not called upon to inquire the reason why.

I know not, Dr. Gunn, just whence you came,
Nor care, nor whether you are known to fame,
But this much I am cognizant of now—
That Gallantry's not writ upon your brow;
For when a lady of the very smartest set
Pronounces you the worst fool she ever met,
And calls you coward, too, and worse than that,
You should be man enough to doff your hat.

Sir, there are rules that men polite observe,
No matter whence they came, nor whom they serve—
The laws of gallantry, and these forbid
You to ignore, as recently you did,
The castigation verbally vouchsafed
By one, I'm told, who had most sorely chafed
In fetters put by you upon her acts
Of charity; now those, sir, are the facts.

Too late for you to plead; to me 'tis plain
The lady has a grievance, you a stain
Upon your shield; for in polite dispute
With men or any other kind of brute,
The gentle sex must be allowed first crack;
Also, the last. So, when you turn your back,
Not deigning to join issue—well, sir, then,
You—yes, sir, you invite the scorn of men.

Woes of the Aristocracy.

The lamentations of Jeremiah are nothing compared with the dolorous wails of the smartsetters over their financial troubles. Their boosters of the press are

bravely keeping them before the public, telling of their movements as though they were still indulging their capricious fancies whereas many of them are perfecting new and vigorous systems of economy. Those whose trips to the Orient and elsewhere have been postponed are not staying home for love of it, nor were they who cut short sojourns in Europe influenced by mere sentiment. Some of our aristocracy have been reported stranded in Europe, being unable to get any cash from their agents. The O'Connor sisters, who are in Europe, are said to have been hit very hard. There is a function, purely informal, held every afternoon, in town by representatives of the ex-Four Hundred, which is almost as sad as a wake. It is a Clearance House for tales of woe, and there one learns how rich, in their imagination, were some of our society queenlets before the fire. One of them bemoaned, the other day, the loss of her forty flats, much to the amusement of the others who had always understood that she was dependent on a relative by marriage. Another told of the looting of her home and the theft of her diamonds. Later it was suggested by one of her sympathetic friends that perhaps she had pawned them. How dearly those society people love one another! There is much anxiety among them over the cutting down of the Parrott income because it was only a short time ago that another French Title was brought into the family, and it is known that the gilding had all been worn off. The Parrotts had a lot of money in Spring Valley and notwithstanding Captain Payson's election to the presidency the stock is far from firm.

A Society Matron Frightened.

The W. B. Bournes are the only society people in town who seem to be able to sport a carriage nowadays. The Bournes hastened home from the south of France as soon as they heard of the earthquake. Their clinker brick house was pretty hard hit, a lot of the bric-a-brac having been demolished. Maud Bourne created quite a sensation on Fillmore street the other day by her appearance in the smartest of French gowns driving in an open landau. A well known matron who lives on Laguna street went out driving the other day and just as she was about to alight from her carriage on Van Ness avenue a woman accosted her and berated her soundly on her heartless folly in flaunting her wealth when there was so much misery. The lady was so frightened that she has not ventured out in her carriage since.

Wilson's Terrible Crime.

The probability is that at the next jinks of the Bohemian Club an effort will be made to determine the punishment fitting the crime of Tom Wilson. The crime was perpetrated the day the owl had his feathers singed. When it appeared that the club was doomed those members that had not important business elsewhere proceeded to gather up the priceless treasures in the rooms. They had very little time but they had sufficient presence of mind to discriminate, not in favor of the intrinsically valuable but in favor of things that were identified with the history of the organization. Most of the jinks' cartoons were saved, and they are more highly prized than the most valuable of the masterpieces that were destroyed. However, they will

have a Keith and a Tavernier in their new home, for they are among the paintings that were saved. In the great excitement of the moment, Tom Wilson, being of the board of managers, thought of the books and he saved them together with the bar tags. I doubt that he will ever be able to vindicate himself. Fancy a member of the Bohemian Club with his mind on I. O. U's when the lares and penates of the club were threatened with destruction! Is it within stretch of the most elastic imagination to conceive anything more significant of commercial contamination? To the assembled members of the club, the other day, President Hall read a list of the things that had been saved, and as each item was given there was loud applause. General was the satisfaction of the members on learning that many of their historic treasures would grace their new quarters. Last on the list were the tags and mention of them evoked groans. President Hall was pleased to learn the sentiment of the club. It is said that Tom Wilson is preparing an elaborate defense, and that he will probably plead that he thought the tags contained the autographs of famous men.

Reedy's Picture.

Singular to relate, one of the most sympathetic pen-pictures of the San Francisco that is gone was drawn by a man who never set foot on California soil—William Marion Reedy, the gifted editor of the St. Louis Mirror. It is astonishing to learn how close a student of San Francisco's affairs was Mr. Reedy. There is more local color in his picture than in any of the sketches that have been drawn for Eastern periodicals by men and women that have lived in and grown up with the city. He writes like one who had absorbed the atmosphere of the town, who appreciated the tonic effect of the fogs as well as their weirdly beautiful effects on the landscape, like one who was proud to feel that he contributed to the exotic temperament of the community and who would look back with pain on scenes that had vanished forever. He treats lightly nothing but our affectation in the matter of the city's name: "Before the crash and flame Frisco was beginning to protest at being called anything but San Francisco. Yet Frisco clung; it held some winking, sly hint of frisky."

Some of the Great Ones.

Reedy reviews many of the principal events in the history of the city and shows the familiarity of a native with our most notable characters of the past and present who have figured in all the varied activities of the State. "Out of Frisco," he says, "came the gambler Keene to teach lessons to Gould and Fisk and Daniel Drew. * * * The daughters of rough-and-tumble bar-keepers and wrangling washerwomen married the sons of princes whose lives ran back to the

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A. M. ROBERTSON

time of Michael Angelo and beyond. The woman of the camp queneed it in London, and offered to buy the Arc de Triomphe in Paris because it obstructed her view. The grub-stake prospectors build palaces filled with the spoil of Italy on Fifth avenue. The contests over their wills by the wives they forgot to mention clogged the courts. * * * There came from the sand lots the cry that the "Chinese must go." Out of golden Frisco came the raucous voice of Denis Kearney, an agitator to live in history with Wat Tyler and Jack Cade, to inspire the thinking of statesmen who would not have wiped their feet on him. * * * Burst from Frisco the tender-tough singer of the "Heathen Chinese," the historian of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," the wildly luxuriant genius of Bret Harte. * * * With the romance that headquartered in Frisco Mark Twain savored his message of fun to the world, and developed his talent until he is today, not perhaps, but undoubtedly, our chiefest man of letters. * * * In Frisco Richard Realf sang a few songs unforgettably, and harassed by misfortune, slunk away to die to the music of De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum, a poem ranking surely with Thanatopsis."

A Town of Temperament.

Reedy has long been a student of Henry George, of whom he writes: "And then a little man, poor, unknown, a printer almost starving, meditating in this city of the Golden Gate on the problem of House of Have and the House of Need—this printer wrote a book. It set the economists by the ears. It challenged the theologians. It shook Mammon on his temple, the Pope on the throne of Peter. It made men realize the sense of brotherhood. It created a religion of the here and now, with a remedy for want, a curb on human greed." Next he tells of the more recent successful literary geniuses that have come out of San Francisco. He tells also of Keith, "who has something of the mastery of the dark color of Diaz—Keith, undoubtedly one of the greatest of American artists. * * * This town of less than half our population sent a boy to New York to challenge the supremacy of Pulitzer in journalism with les taches jaunes, and to frighten Wall street with a red flag having just a touch of yellow, and to compel by sheer audacity attention to his intention to be President—Mr. William Randolph Hearst. * * *

Frisco was loved by its citizens as no city is loved in this land, save, possibly, New York. It was a city that cared for the beautiful, that took to ideas. It has the only Bohemian Club in the world in which Bohemianism was fumigated of its disreputability. George Sterling wrote there the best book of verse of the last four years, "The Testimony of the Suns," and from Frisco Jack London, with his gospel of beauty in brutality, captured men's imaginations. * * * Life was lived in Frisco. It was a little of Paris, of Rome, of Florence, of Pekin. It was a town of temperament, in which lightness blended with a native beauty sense. * * * The world turned to Frisco and California as it turned in earlier ages to Rome and Florence and Italy. There the singer, the sculptor, the painter, the novelist, sought the sky and air that freshened heart and fecundated mind. It chained the sensitive of soul, and it invited the merely sensual

lovers of luxury. * * * There was a great gap in the history of American life, letters and character and achievement with Frisco's story omitted. * * * To have died in the fall of Frisco was something like coming home from battle on the Spartan shield. Will Frisco stay fallen? No. A new Frisco shall uprear itself and laugh at the sea, and when old Atlas again shifts the globe a little on his shoulders it will laugh and dance and fight and drink and make love as before, and be proud that among its other claims to greatness is that of having met and conquered a calamity that stilled and chilled the whole world's heart for a day.

Weill's Philanthropy.

Raphael Weill was one of the first merchants in San Francisco to get in a new supply of goods after the fire, but he was not one of the first to convert his merchandise into cash. Mr. Weill is San Francisco's most generous giver. But unlike most of our leading philanthropists he avoids the limelight while dispensing his charities. It was by an accident that I learned of his latest generous deed. I was looking for the office of the London, Paris and American Bank on Pacific avenue, and entered the house that had just been vacated by that institution. There I found about thirty clerks assorting dry goods, and I learned upon inquiry that Raphael Weill had purchased the goods in the east, thirty-five thousand dollars worth, consisting of suits and underwear for women and children, to be distributed among the deserving by the Associated Charities and the Sisters of the Holy Family.

Dingee's Man Dennis.

W. J. Dingee, the millionaire, who slakes Oakland's thirst, has a colored office porter by the name of Dennis. He had no hand in the acquisition of the name. He was born with it and he does nothing to deserve it. On the contrary his name spells "hero" in the Dingee system of orthography. On the morning of the earthquake the Dingees were in their apartments in the Palace Hotel. They were very eager to get to a place of safety, and when they learned of the conflagration they were prepared to take to flight and leave all their personal effects behind. Indeed, they were on the point of doing this when Dennis appeared on the scene and invited them to take a ride. He explained that he had

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been unable to get the Dingee carriage, but had borrowed one to which he had hitched the Dingee team. The carriage and pair were at the carriage entrance. There was no time to sing the praises of Mr. Dennis. There was no time for anything but to get into the carriage and the family did so and were driven to a point where they were transported to their home in San Mateo county. After the fire Dingee learned that Dennis drove back from the train to the hotel, then he loaded the carriage with all the Dingee goods and chattels, which were of great value, and removed them to a place of safety; also that he drove to the Dingee office and saved many more things including several valuable paintings. It would be hard to estimate the value of all that colored man saved. A week after the fire the man from whom Dennis borrowed the carriage presented Dingee with a bill for five hundred dollars.

"Did you pay him?" asked the friend to whom the millionaire had told the story.

"I should say I did," said Dingee. "I think I'd have given him five thousand if he had asked for it."

Jack Wilson's Luck.

To some people the fire has proved a great blessing and for the reason that their property went up in smoke; or, to be more accurate, after the smoke drifted away. There are many pieces of real estate in the down-town district producing more revenue today than they yielded before the fire. For example before the fire Jack Wilson, broker and bohemian, was receiving \$250 a month from the Western Fuel Company for a lot at the corner of Battery and Vallejo streets. Wells, Fargo & Company obtained a lease of the lot the other day for the purpose of erecting a stable thereon and Jack Wilson is now receiving five hundred dollars a month for his property.

The Brave Martins.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin is one of the coolest of dowagers. She is one of the few that kept their heads during the fire and she is about the only woman in society who is not going about with a long face and a tale of woe on her lips. The whole Martin clan will spend the summer at Burlingame. The Peter Martin house I hear will be rushed to completion but it is uncertain when the Walters Martin's will begin work on their French chateau. Mrs. Peter Martin's relatives have been sending her the most imploring letters to leave "that awful country," but she has so far refused countless invitations to visit in Newport and elsewhere.

Hotten's Epitaph.

George R. Sims, author of "Lights o' London" and "Ostler Joe," and now more familiarly known as "Dagonet" of the Referee, recently solicited the contribution of authentic comic epitaphs from village churchyards. Mr. Herman Scheffauer, who is still in London, writes me that in a spirit of fun he sent him an epitaph, that Ambrose Bierce had told him about, and asked him if he remembered it or the occasion

when it was produced. This is the story of the epitaph as I get it from Scheffauer: Many years ago when Bierce was a writer in London, he received a check from a publisher named Hotten, and on his way to the bank he dropped in to the Mitre Tavern, a favorite resort of the writers of the time, where he found his colleagues, George R. Sims, George Augustus Sala, Austin Dobson and others. The news of Hotten's death had shortly before reached the tavern and the young writers were engaged in making epitaphs on the dead publisher, who was not well beloved. One of them—either Mr. Sims or Mr. Sala—wrote

Hotten,
Rotten,
Forgotten.

After considerable time had been spent in pleasantries Bierce resumed his journey and when he reached the bank the clerk told him that payment had been stopped on all Hotten's checks, it having been learned only three minutes before that the publisher was dead.

A Coincidence.

Mr. Sims remembered the story of that epitaph. In answer to Schaffauer's letter he wrote: "Was it not a strangely curious thing that I was writing about Hotten and the check at the very identical moment you were writing to me." And Sims sent to Scheffauer a copy of his story as printed in the paper in which his "Reminiscences" are running. He relates that Bierce appeared in London in the sixties and became a contributor to Fun, a paper then under the editorship of Tom Hood. "Bierce," says Sims, "was a brilliantly clever man, whose work has not made the mark in this country it should have made. Some short stories he published under the title of "In the Midst of Life," are worthy of Kipling at his best." According to Sims, Bierce called on Hotten the day of the epitaph episode to see him about a check over which there had been some trouble. A servant opened the door.

"Where's Mr. Hotten?" Bierce asked.

"Upstairs, sir, I'll show you," said the girl. Bierce

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June 15th

followed her. The girl opened the door and Bierce who was in a rage strode into the room.

"Look here, Hotten," he exclaimed—what the——"

Then he stopped, for he saw that John Camden Hotten lay dead upon the bed. The girl had imagined that Bierce was from the undertakers.

Her First Earthquake.

The very word "earthquake" seems to exercise a fascination of terror over most minds, and those who have never experienced the doubtful pleasure of a shake-up are yet able to exercise their imagination to good purpose. One of the pioneer mothers, who has resided in San Francisco since the earliest fifties and is now philosophic enough to accept as a matter of course anything which does not bring the roof down on her head, relates this experience of her first shock: She came from New York to California via the Tehuantepec route, and had heard, before starting on her journey, of the terrors of the temblors and what course to pursue in case, as was almost inevitable, she should experience one. In crossing the isthmus she was obliged to pass one night at the "hotel," which proved to be an unfloored tent with as many low cots crowded into it as space would permit, and retired with some misgivings as to what might happen before daylight. After dropping off to sleep she was awakened by a most unpleasant heaving and pitching of her couch, and concluding that an earthquake had arrived and was about to swallow her bodily, she leaped up and screamed lustily, awakening all the other sleepers. Though none of them had felt any disturbance they added their shrieks to hers. Meanwhile a light was produced and as she still persisted in her assertion that there was an earthquake right under her bed, an investigation was made, and there were driven forth two of the proprietor's razorbacks, which had managed to find their way into the dormitory and were luxuriously scratching their spines on the under side of the bed slats.

Twain Mixes His Dates.

Mark Twain was slightly mixed in the reminiscences of the earthquake of October 21, 1868, which he contributed to the New York Sun. The events which he described took place in 1865, on October 8, and the shake of that date was "the big earthquake" until the bigger one, three years later, ousted it from its place of supremacy. The earthquake of 1865 took place in the middle of a Sunday afternoon, when the streets were quiet and deserted; and the sudden overflow of what Mark terms "rags of every color and description" was from the show windows of Popper's dry goods and furnishing store, one of the large establishments of the day. The glass fell out, and the neckties, ribbons and other goods displayed, were emptied upon the sidewalk. Mark is also drawing the long bow when he says he saw a four-story brick building collapse. Some bricks were dropped from the Neucleus, then in course of construction, but it was very far from collapsing. Indeed it was so well put up that, a few years ago, when it was demolished to make room for the Examiner, it could hardly be torn apart, and it was an object of curiosity and a source of wonder to architects and builders who were called in to see to what lengths the foolish fear of earthquakes could lead the pioneers. Doubtless they have changed their minds by now and new San Francisco will profit by attention to the wisdom of those ancients.

At Lake Tahoe.

People from all parts of the world are already gathered at Lake Tahoe for the summer season. At the Tavern there are many tourists enjoying the bracing mountain air and the delights to be had on the water and among the pines. Australia is represented by J. Blackwood and W. W. Buckle; Washington, D. C. by Mrs. C. W. Godey; New York by Miss L. A. Schulenberg; Chicago by Alice Cary Wood and Miss M. T. Morse; Boston by L. C. Talbot; Cincinnati by Robert Resor; Portland, Oregon by D. B. Smith; Geboa, Nebraska by Mrs. G. L. Burke and children; Salt Lake City by Mrs. E. M. Hugerim; Erie, Penn. by the E. H. Macks; New Berlin, Ill. by Mrs. Niblock. Among the San Franciscans at the lake are the C. Frederick Kohls and E. W. Kerr and son. Trout fishing is as usual the most popular form of amusement at the lake.

At Rowardennan.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske and the Ashton Stevens's are at the Hotel Rowardennan in the Santa Cruz mountains. There is already an abundance of life and gayety at his popular resort. Among the San Franciscans sojourning there are the Frank Bosqui's, Mrs. M. A. Reynolds, Albert Hanford, H. C. Wiell, A. M. Barnett, and Stanley Durbrow.

At Byron.

The roads to Byron Springs are in good condition, and the automobilists are foregathering there as usual. Among the arrivals during the week were John H. Speck and party, William F. Herrin and Walter Parker, Dr. and Mrs. J. Edson Kelsey, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Emanuels and Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Graham.

Irwin to Manage McClures.

Will Irwin is to be managing editor of McClure's Magazine, the information to that effect coming through a letter he has written to a San Francisco friend. Before the quarrels that led to a change in the editorship of McClure's, he had practically been engaged as editor of Public Opinion, but gave it up on receiving the other offer. This new position places him in the front rank, a position attained in a very short time. It was not more than seven years ago that Irwin came to San Francisco from Stanford and went to work on the Wave. He went from there to the Chronicle, and in a short time graduated from the reporter's room—where he did remarkably good work—

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to the Sunday editor's desk. His next move was to New York, where he went to work for the Sun. His rise there was as rapid as it had been here, and in a short time he was known as the star reporter of that paper—about as high a position, from a reportorial standpoint, as one could aspire to. His education, ability, and his varied training should make him a success on McClures.

Another Golconda.

Another great mining camp sprang into existence in Nevada a few months ago, and experts are saying that it is the "richest ever." One of the most enthusiastic of the prophets is Fred Galpin, a veteran miner, who recently came to town to invest some of his Nevada gold-dust in San Francisco real estate. He is as wild-eyed over the future of this city as he is over the prospects of Manhattan, the new mining camp, and he bases his judgment respecting the future of this city solely on his knowledge of current events in the sage-brush state. He says that this city is bound to get the bulk of the riches that are to come out of Nevada, and in his opinion the greatest ore beds of that state have not yet been uncovered. According to Galpin the history of Manhattan reads like a fairy story. On March thirty-first of last year, George Humphrey, a rancher of Reno, Nev., went on a spree in Tonopah, and the next morning, All Fool's Day, he started for Belmont where his aged father and three brothers lived. He took a bottle of whisky with him and got drunk on the road. Finding it uncomfortable on his horse's back he dismounted and went to sleep by the wayside. When he awoke he noticed a chunk of rock that his boot had dislodged, and he thought he detected color. So he put it in his pocket and when he reached Belmont he handed it to an assayer, who told him a day or two later that the rock carried gold values exceeding \$1,000 to the ton.

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice.

Humphrey immediately hastened back to the scene of his siesta and proceeded to stake out claims, the first of which he called April Fool in commemoration of the day of the discovery. He was soon joined by his father and brothers and today they are all millionaires. From April until December they had no companions. They told nobody of the discovery. Travelers along the dusty road occasionally stopped and talked to them but they invariably said that they were only prospecting. But one day an inquisitive visitor picked up a few rocks and carried them to Tonopah, where he had them assayed. Then began the rush to the new camp which is now known as Manhattan. Last Christmas there were only five persons in Manhattan. Now there are five thousand and the population is increasing every day, for there are many getting rich in the new El Dorado and stories of the great wealth that is being dug out of the ground are spreading through all the other mining camps in the state. So far not a shaft has been sunk in the camp. It consists of nothing but prospect holes but the ore that has been taken out is the richest ever seen. Selected ores have been taken out of one hole that ran one-eighth pure gold, valued at \$85,000 to the ton. Selected specimens from another hole showed one-fourth pure gold, \$166,000 to the ton. This kind of ore of course is not found in ton lots. Manhattan is sixty-one miles northeast of Tonopah. It is a little south of Belmont, one hundred and twenty miles southeast of Virginia City, eighty miles northeast

of Goldfield and one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Bullfrog. It is therefore nearly in the centre of the great mineral belt extending from the Golden Triangle to the Comstock lode.

Oh, For a Square Meal.

There is much complaint among the business men who are temporarily on Fillmore street over their inability to get anything decent to eat. They have to depend on the neighborhood restaurants, which are woefully lacking in either quality or variety as to their bills of fare. "I have eaten ham and eggs," said one disgruntled merchant, "until I feel like a combined pig-sty and incubator. And such ham! There are none of the generous slices that the word suggests. I have seen nothing but scraps from the shanks. Where they get so many shanks is a mystery to me." Most of these restaurants are what the late Frank Norris denominated "car conductors coffee houses." They are the habitat of beef a la mode or Spanish, lamb stew made of mutton, and similar made-over dishes, vilely served. "When I think," said one complainant, "of the little lunches that I used to get down on Sacramento street—a bit of broiled fish, an English mutton chop, a vegetable, some cheese, a glass of sound claret, and all for half a dollar." "And the broiled striped bass they used to give us at the 'fly-trap,'" said a second mourner; "and the Palace grill tenderloin steaks," wept a third. And each of them started out in the hope of meeting a club friend, planning to be excessively cordial to him. For the club men who have got into new quarters are the only homeless ones who are eating decent lunches, and they are the envy of those who do not belong.

Rader's Criticism of Wilde.

Rev. Dr. Rader has been writing of current literature and making a mess of it. But that is not remarkable. It is what usually happens when a man plunges into a discussion of something with which he is not familiar. But I am surprised at Dr. Rader for likening himself unto those that rush in where angels fear to tread. Dr. Rader tells us that Wilde is read because like Shaw he is lawless; in other words that he appeals to the prurient-minded and the morbid lovers of the salaciously erotic. Rather an unfortunate comparison that. It would be hard to find two writers whose works are more dissimilar than those of Wilde and Shaw—one a passionate preacher of the Christian

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idealities, the other, a heretic and a pessimist. As to the lawlessness of Shaw, that is a subject that has provoked endless debate, and the question involved is not to be settled by the ordinary mortal in a brief news paper paragraph. True Dr. Rader disposed of it less than a column of the Bulletin but the reverend gentleman is an extraordinary mortal. That which he so airily settles the brightest critics of London have been disputing over for years. It has inspired them in the filling of many pages of their periodicals. I have an opinion about Shaw, but I have expressed it so often that it bores me to repeat it. Of Wilde I have written but never to deny the charge of lawlessness; that charge was made and proved in Justice's Tribunal but never in the temple where questions of art are arbitrated. Dr. Rader appears to have confounded Wilde's physical habits with his spiritual achievements. A common error, that. There are many sacrosanct individuals that draw the line at the performances of Wilde's genius either through fear of being thought too indulgent toward an unfortunate pervert or in horror at the prospect of foul contamination.

Things Worth Reading.

It is not so extraordinary as one might conclude at first blush that Dr. Rader should condemn Oscar Wilde without reading him. He probably heard of one book attributed to Wilde and concluded that all the other works of the dead poet were in the same vein. Wordsworth being prejudiced against Goethe was as unjust to the German as Dr. Rader is to the brilliant Irishman. Matthew Arnold wrote: "the one thing wanting to make Wordsworth an even greater poet than he is—his thought richer, and his influence of wider application,—was that he should have read more books, among them, no doubt, those of that Goethe whom he disparaged without reading him." How easy to make application of a paraphrase of Arnold! The one thing wanting to make the Rev. Dr. Rader an even holier and better man than he is and his influence of wider application,—is that he should read Wilde. I would advise him to begin with "The Young King" in Town Talk, and then to take up "The Happy Prince" to be followed by "The Selfish Giant" and "The Devoted Friend." I will defy Dr. Rader or any other man to read those allegories, or Wilde's poems in prose, not to speak of his minor verses in religious strain and his essay on "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," and overcome their spiritual influence. I know that Dr. Rader has not read those works because if he had he would not accuse Wilde of being lawless. On the contrary he would feel that the dead poet had not lived in vain, he would feel toward him as the fervently religious feel toward all men who have quickened their finer sensibilities, who have intensified in them the spirit of charity and the sentiment of sympathy toward all mankind.

A Plea for Independence.

A brief review of the work done at the recent session of the Association of American Universities held in California appeared in the New York Sun, in the form of a letter to the editor from somebody too modest to reveal his identity. From the writer I learn that "Two great obstructions there are in the main channel of the stream of our educational progress," one of which is "the tendency which has been present from the beginning of our national life and which is dying hard (Heaven be praised it is indisputably dying at last),

the tendency to copy, to endeavor to conform the conditions of life to the precedents that obtain in Europe. We are told that "independence in literature and art we have hardly won, but in education individuality has begun to assert itself plainly." From these remarks I am inclined to infer that the unknown Sun correspondent is in favor of shutting American universities out of the world of ideas. At any rate it is clear that he craves independence in intellectual matters, and from that I infer that he is the product of one of the provincial New England universities that have been so active in imposing their prejudices and conceits on the people of this country. Why should we want independence in literature and art or in our method of teaching? Independence in such matters means provincialism. At the session to which the unknown commentator refers President Benjamin Ide Wheeler dealt with the subject of the "interchange of professors" and expressed himself in favor of the migration of the younger instructors. In my opinion the older ones should also migrate, for they are more in danger than are the younger ones of becoming affected by dry rot. But President Wheeler has the right idea. He no doubt feels that the college instructor should be impelled by an instinct to know the best that is known and thought

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in the world. It is a parochial conceit to hold that the best that is known and thought in the science of pedagogy is known and thought in this country. The universities of this country are very much in need of a little of the culture of European institutions of learning, the culture that will soften the brutalizing influence of our passion for promoting material progress. It should be the aim of our universities to quicken the approach of the people to that intellectual life which is supposed to come to men after they have satisfied their material wants. But before they make that their aim they will have to enlarge their stock of ideas, moreover they will have to find a substitute for the notion that we should have independence in literature and art. Literature and art are without a country. Though we speak of the literature of a nation and the art of a nation, we mean the literature and the art of individuals the current of whose intellectual activity had its source far beyond the borders of the state. Literature and art can flourish in no land that is not a land of freedom. When it is not a land of freedom it is a land of Philistines. Art and literature have flourished in France more than in any other European nation because the French have been more accessible than any other to ideas. They have not flourished in England because of what Heinrich Heine called "genuine British narrowness." But the British have seen the error of their ways and are now accessible to the intellectual ideas of all Europe. In this country, the Empire of Modern Philistia, art and literature are limping side by side in the shadows of Puritanism and Materialism, and looking appealingly at our great institutions of learning expectant of the helping hand that is never raised.

SINCE THE FIRE.

Brown: Do you feel like a cocktail?

Jones: No, like a patch of sand in the midst of the Sahara. If you belong to a club put me next to a keg of beer, and trust me to protect it from the looters.

—Old Soak.

HE WAS A PAINTER.

"We are not allowed to sell whisky except for medicinal purposes or for use in the arts," said the druggist.

"Well, I want about a quart for use in the arts," said the customer.

"Are you an artist?" asked the druggist.

"Yes, I'm going to paint the old town red," was the reply.



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February 12.—It is impossible to be borne any longer. If one only had the courage to go out of the "open door" and be through with the struggle!

It would not be necessary to make one of those very disagreeable spectacular exits, as the poor devil in the basement did last week with his dull razor.

I had a foreboding long ago, when Burt gave me that tightly sealed bottle of prussic acid to ease poor Hector's agony after his indiscreet sampling of uninspected food, that I might some day envy Hector his quiet finish. So I have half the bottle left.

I have acquired such a habit of letting the great satirist Pierce sway my opinions that I have a whimsical notion, even in my misery, to write him a letter from "A Constant Reader," asking his judgment on the case.

I will tell him how I have tried and failed; how I remember the words of the old Greek who said, "Poverty is no disgrace, provided all honorable means have been taken to overcome it." How I tried all honorable means open to me, and even considered others, but found the others too distasteful to contemplate seriously!

Will I abide by his judgment if he counsels the slower and more painful death, starvation? I do not know.

I must be wandering to suppose that he, Pierce, would notice the maunderings of a would-be suicide.

I shall try, anyhow.

February 14.—There is but one Pierce, and his name is Austin. He answered my note and requested an interview. And that is why I am here with the books and the flowers, the rugs and cushions, and this glorious grate fire. Two days ago I was shivering. I know it is grossly material to lay such stress on these things. Perhaps you never have had to go without them so long.

A year earlier I would not have had the courage to have bearded the lion in his den, but I thought it such a little time until I would be through with it all that I called on Pierce.

To indulge my last fantasy I donned all my purple and fine linen, remnants of past glory. I do not regret that final extravagance of gown and millinery, acquired just before the crash of a season ago.

I think I made a passably good appearance for a young woman who had not tasted meat for a week. A little pale, perhaps, and dark about the eyes—"those marvelous blue eyes," Burt used to call them. He was consoled as easily as his sex is usually, no more. Nell is the wife for him, after all. She will not distract his mind too much from his dear profession.

Nanette, place a bottle of wine in the cooler—you know his favorite brand—and bring me one of those red roses for my hair. You may turn the lights a little lower. I shall not need you again tonight.

Pierce is not simply a giver of counsel. I hear his step.

I find the pill not so distasteful, after all. The gilding is new.

But I keep the bottle Burt gave me, just the same.

—The Convert.

THE OLD STORY.

Financier: No, you can't have any summer dresses this year.

His Wife: Why not?

The Financier: We must economize until public confidence is restored.

—The Maid.

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(Being Excerpts Made for Town Talk from "Battle With the Slums.")

You must use the tools that come to hand and be glad for them if you want to get things done.

Preserve us from him, from the man who eternally wants to hold the scales even and so, never gets done weighing—never hands anything over the counter. Take him away and put red blood into his veins. And let the rest of us go ahead and make our mistakes—as few as we can, as many as we must; only let us go ahead.

You bring us the people slowly to a reform programme, particularly when it costs money. They will pay for corruption without a growl but seem to think that virtue ought always to be had for nothing. It makes the politicians game easy. They steal the money for improvements and predict that reform will raise the tax rate. When the prophecy comes true they take the people back in their sheltering embrace with an "I told you so" and the people nestle there repentant.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty! To be vigilant is to sit up with a club. We, as a people, have provided in the republic a means of fighting for our rights and getting them, and it is our business to do it. We shall never get them in any other way.

The longer I live the more I think of humor as in truth the saving sense. A civil service examination to hit home might well be one to make sure the man could appreciate a good story. For all editors I would make that kind compulsory.

We are none of us infallible, and what a good thing it is for us that we are not. Think of having an infallible friend to live alongside of always! How long could you stand it?

—The Bookworm.

They'll Not Eat Him.

Editor Town Talk:

An effort is being made to get up a sensation over the visit of Father Sherman, who celebrated mass in San Francisco during "earthquake week," along the route taken by William Tecumseh Sherman in his march to the sea through a country barren of about everything except women, children and manumitted slaves. Let us look backward some twenty-seven years. I happened to be in the village of Cartersville when General Sherman made his first march through the State of Georgia after the war. It was published throughout the North that he would surely be murdered. He rode in a Pullman car, and when the train stopped at Cartersville came out on the rear platform to see a gathering of some 2,000 people. The best of humor prevailed and not a few jokes were cracked between the warrior and those whom he had a few years before so ruthlessly beggared. Glancing over the village, Sherman, shading his eyes with his hand, asked in a loud voice: "What's become of those chimneys I left standing here the last time I called on you fellows? I don't see a single one. There's nothing but houses." Some

one in the crowd yelled back: "General, the chimneys are here yet, but we've built new houses around 'em." As the train pulled away Sherman said: "War is hell, sure enough; but what a reign of peace is here today." I guess they wouldn't eat Father Sherman in 1906.

Yours truly,

L. E. FELDMAN.

EVIDENCE OF CULTURE.

Mabel: Ma, what's the Decalogue?

Mrs. Pacific Avenue (horrified): Hush, dear! It's a dreadful book that some horrid Italian or other wrote.

—The Dilettante.

HOTEL MAJESTIC

SUTTER STREET, COR. GOUGH, SAN FRANCISCO.

GUSTAV MANN, Formerly of Zinkand's, Manager.

This hotel will be open about June first, and will be conducted on the European Plan. The management will conduct a first-class cafe.

ZADIG & CO. STOCK BROKERS

Formerly 306 Montgomery Street, resumed business IN THEIR OWN BUILDING,...

324 BUSH STREET

directly opposite new San Francisco Stock and Exchange Building.

CALIFORNIA OPTICAL CO.

Formerly of 205 Kearny Street, now located at 2109 FILLMORE ST., bet. Sacramento and California Sts.

FACTORY ON PREMISES

N. B.—We saved all prescriptions and records. Customers can have their glasses duplicated, or made from new prescriptions IMMEDIATELY.

Same Reasonable Prices as Before.

J. PORCHER .. HATTER ..

NEWEST SHAPES

ALL NEW GOODS

715 and 717 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Cafe Bristol

THE BEST CAFE
IN SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA

FOURTH and SPRING STS.
LOS ANGELES

Entire Basement of
H. W. Hellman Bldg.

SCHNEIDER & FIEBER, Proprietors

GEORGE MAYERLE

GERMAN

EXPERT OPTICIAN

EXAMINES EYES FREE

All the leading daily papers of San Francisco recommend the optical skill of George Mayerle, the German expert optician, now located at 1115 Golden Gate Avenue. His knowledge, skill and many years of practical experience are powerful factors to his great success.

FOR SERVICES RENDERED.

The Horse—It seems to me that you've been getting very proud of late.

The Auto—I'm surprised that you've had sense enough to get next.

The Horse—Well, you haven't improved in odor, so I don't see why you're getting so proud.

The Auto—Haven't you heard?

The Horse—What?

The Auto—I won the gratitude of the people in the San Francisco fire. They've forgiven everything.

—The Chauffeur.

WHEN THE HAMMER IS OUT.

Mrs. Rubber: Your daughter's trouble must come right home to you now.

Mrs. Ogre: Yes, just the minute her husband gets out of the house in the morning.

—The Neighbor.



Hotel Del Monte and some of its pleasant surroundings.

SUMMER RESORTS

CAMP VACATION

The tented park, beautifully situated on the Russian river, in the redwoods, is now open. Large dining-room, seating 250 guests; big dance pavilion, social hall. Boating, bathing, fishing, etc. Fine service. Table furnished with the best of everything. Write for accommodations. Address MRS. L. C. CNOPIUS, Vacation, Sonoma county, Cal.

HARBIN HOT
SULPHUR SPRINGS

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

All kinds of mineral baths, tub baths, mineral medicated mud baths, natural mineral steam room and shower baths. Swimming tank.

Best water in the State for kidney, liver and stomach troubles, neuralgia, paralysis, rheumatism and skin diseases. Mountain trails. Best equipped gymnasium in the State. Fine vegetable garden, dairy and livery stable. All connected with hotel. Fine fishing close to hotel. Round trip ticket to springs, \$7. Write for booklet.

J. A. HAYS, Prop.

Garden City Sanitarium

(NOT A HOSPITAL)..

Receiving patients as usual. Cottage, rooms or tents. Write for literature. SAN JOSE, CAL.

BEN LOMOND

in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Broad Gauge S. P. trains to Santa Cruz—Narrow Gauge to Ben Lomond—usual rates. Boating, fishing and out-door sports. Write for booklet and rates. BEN LOMOND HOTEL CO., Ben Lomond, Cal.

F. A. CODY, Manager

MARK WEST SPRINGS

MRS. C. JUERGENSEN, Proprietess.

A place where you feel at home. Under new management. Delightful walks and other amusements. Variety of springs. Table first-class. Rates, \$12 per week or \$2 per day. Children, half price. Open for guests June 1st. Address Santa Rosa, Rural 6.

JOHANISBERG

The well-known mountain and pleasure resort; in the midst of the Napa redwoods; boating, swimming; terms reasonable. Stage meets guests at Oakville, Napa county. MR. and MRS. THEO. BLANCKENBURG, JR., Props., Oakville, Napa county.

SODA BAY SPRINGS

The only resort in Lake county on the lake. Finest boating, hunting and fishing in the State. Newly furnished. Table unsurpassed. Terms for 1906 reduced: \$2 per day, \$12 per week. All amusements and baths in the great geyser, free to regular guests. Further information address GEO. ROBINSON and AGNES BELL RHOADS, managers, Soda Bay, via Kelseyville P. O., Lake county, Cal.

RANCHELLA

An ideal home in the Santa Cruz Mountains, surrounded by beautiful grounds, five miles from Santa Cruz, in the Redwood belt. Beautiful drives, good trout fishing. Telephone, gas. \$9 to \$10. Address MRS. E. H. BUNTING, R. F. D. 87, Santa Cruz, Cal.

WILLOW RANCH

Delightfully located in the redwoods, five miles from Santa Cruz; spring water; fruit; milk; excellent table; daily mail; telephone Suburban 87; free conveyance; \$7 per week. MRS. M. J. CRANDELL, Santa Cruz.



California Northwestern Railway

Is running its trains on schedule time.

The best resorts in the State are reached by this line.

To any one of them you can send your family—and be sure they will be comfortable and at small cost.

California Northwestern Railway

North End Nave Ferry Building

Mt. View Ranch Hotel

And cottages in the mountains near Santa Cruz. First-class table; gas; bath; phone; clubroom; dancing-pavilion; bowling; croquet; rates \$9 up. Campers' tickets to Santa Cruz \$4, carriage fare, \$1.25 round trip.

TONY PHILIPS, Santa Cruz.

VILLA FONTENAY

Under new management. Santa Cruz Mountains. Three miles from Glenwood. First-class table; bowling; electric lights; billiards; dancing-pavilion; clubroom; \$10 up; round trip \$3.00; free carriage.

RICE HARPER, Prop., R. F. D. 1, Santa Cruz.

Hotel Rowardennan

("Santa Cruz Mountains"), now open. Broad gauge trains to Santa Cruz, and narrow gauge from there direct.

WM. G. DODGE, Ben Lomond, Cal.

Complete comfort—the best thing we can say of the new hotel at

Witter MEDICAL Springs

LAKE COUNTY

It supplies every want—gratifies every wish. It is beautiful to look at—a delight to live in. Every hotel comfort you ever heard or dreamed of you'll find at Witter Springs. Rates: Old hotel and cottage rooms, \$12 per week. New hotel, \$14 per week and up. Mr. H. W. Wills, Ass't Manager of St. Francis Hotel, now has personal charge of the Springs Hotel.

WITTER MEDICAL SPRINGS CO.,

No. 563 Eleventh street, Oakland. Phone Oakland 7818.

Witter Water Cures Stomach Trouble

SOLID COMFORT HOME

1900 feet altitude; no fog; climate delightful; unsurpassed scenery; hot, cold bath; spring water; cement swimming tank, 40x80; telephone. \$7 week; stage meets train. Round trip to Napa, \$1.35. Schuler & Scheben, Napa, Cal.

ARROWHEAD HOT SPRINGS

The Most Curative Springs Known

Temperature 196 degrees. The hottest curative springs in the world.

Flow 500,000 gallons daily.

Altitude 2000 feet, ideal for health.

Climate Variation of mean temperature of summer and winter only 10 degrees.

Scenery The scenery of Switzerland. Majestic mountains and beautiful orange groves. Only three miles from the orange on the trees to the snow on the mountains in winter. Horse and foot trails in every direction.

Baths Bath house will accommodate 400 daily. Hot water, vapor, mud, electric light, Schott, (Nauheim) needle massage, X-ray.

Laboratory Thoroughly equipped for diagnostic and clinical study of every type of metabolic disorders.

Analysis Intermediate between Sprudel of Carlsbad, Germany, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas, though more strongly radio-active than either.

Conduct Modeled after the great European Spas.

FOR BOOKLET ADDRESS

DR. G. W. TAPE, Medical Director, Arrowhead, Cal.

WILSON'S INN

In the mountains, twelve miles from Napa, 1900 feet elevation. Conducted as a home place rather than a hotel; pure air and water; own milk, cream, fruit and vegetables; \$8 to \$11 per week. Descriptive folder at Bryan's Information Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street, Arnold H. Wilson, Atlas, Napa county, Cal.

Hot White Sulphur Springs Canyon

625 acres, new hotel building not ready this season. Furnished cottages, 3 to 10 rooms, rented to families desirous of camping. Some choice locations for tents; rare opportunity to enjoy out-door life; miles of lovely drives; large barn and stable; private table for limited number; strictly home service; fine fishing.

MR. and MRS. JOHN SANFORD, St. Helena, Napa Co. Cal.

SUMMER RESORTS

HIGHLAND SPRINGS

For rest and health, for cleanliness, climate and accommodation stands unsurpassed of all summer resorts. Rates \$12.00, \$14.00 and \$16.00 per week.

For full particulars address

R. ROBERTSON.

ADAMS SPRINGS LAKE COUNTY NOW OPEN

(Elevation 3000 Feet.)

Surrounded by a pine forest of 5000 acres. This and its new hotel makes it the largest and most desirable resort in California. The waters are a positive cure for Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints.

Send for book of testimonials to DR. W. R. PRATHER, Proprietor.

Hotel El Carmelo

In the Woods, by the Sea. California's popular Family Hotel (same control as Del Monte), near Presidio army post and old Monterey, \$2.50 a day up; special rates by the month.

GEO. H. CORDY, Manager, Pacific Grove, Cal.

NAPA SODA SPRINGS

California's famous mountain spa, only 50 miles from San Francisco, NOW OPEN. The nearest watering place and summer resort to the city. 1,000 feet elevation, overlooking for 25 miles the beautiful Napa Valley. Good hotel accommodations. New skating rink installed this season. Open all the year round. Terms on application to JOHN JACOB, Napa Soda Springs, Napa county, Cal.

Klamath Hot Springs

A fine health, fishing and hunting resort. For particulars apply to Peck-Judah Co., 414 Fourteenth St., Oakland, or write EDSON BROS., Beswick, Siskiyou Co., Cal.

ORR'S HOT SPRINGS

Just rebuilt and newly furnished. Hot Sulphur Baths famous all over the West. Water gushes from solid rock, cures Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Dyspepsia, Malarial Diseases and Stomach, Kidney and Liver Complaints. Excellent hunting and fishing and a first-class table. Located in the heart of the giant redwoods. Open all the year round; camping ground free. Telephone and Livery. C. N. W. Ry. to Ukiah, stage to springs. Round trip from San Francisco \$9.50. Address J. L. ORR, Ukiah, Mendocino Co., Cal.

CAMP ROSE Healdsburg, two miles east of town, on north and west bank of Russian river, at the base of Fitch Mountain; a wilderness in the heart of Russian River Valley; grand natural scenery; abundance of shade; pure water; medicinal mineral spring; bathing, deep and shallow; boating and fishing; river dammed during summer months; trails to the top of Fitch Mountain, 700 feet elevation, from which point the valley with its orchards and vineyards may be seen; with Geyser Peak and Mount St. Helena in plain view. An ideal spot to camp in and enjoy the beauties of nature; in the midst of the best fruit orchards of the State. Camping privileges without floors, \$1.00, and with floors \$1.50 per week. BOARDING DEPARTMENT—House-room sufficient for cooking, dining and sitting, and lodging furnished in tents with floors, beds, bedding and furniture; good cooking, table well supplied, and guests well fed and lodged, and in every way as comfortable as if in a first-class hotel, with much more freedom. Board and lodging for adults, per week \$8.00 to \$9.00; per day \$1.50, and children under 10 at reduced rates. For particulars address J. W. ROSE, Healdsburg, Sonoma County, Cal.

LAKE TAHOE

Tahoe Tavern

Open from May 15th to October 15th

F. W. RICHARDSON, Manager, Tahoe, Cal.

Ten per cent. reduction in weekly rates up to July 1st.

Fishing this season better than ever.
Specially Low Railroad Rates

HOTEL ALEXANDRIA

LOS ANGELES

AN ABSOLUTELY
FIREPROOF HOTEL.



Beautiful Indian/Mission restaurant — the most novel and finely appointed on the coast. Music by the Alexandria Royal Hungarian Orchestra.

ALEXANDRIA HOTEL CO.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HOTEL LANKERSHIM

Seventh and Broadway

Los Angeles' Newest, Largest and Most Beautifully Furnished Hotel.

300 Rooms—150 Baths—All Conveniences
Restaurant a la Carte—perfect Cuisine

COOPER & DAVIS, Lessees.

THE ANGELUS, LOOMIS BROS. Proprietors

The most elegantly and luxuriously furnished hotel of its size in the United States. Now under new management. American and European plan.

LOS ANGELES,

CALIFORNIA

\$15 Per Week for Board

with plenty of fruit, eggs and milk.

No extra charge for boats or livery. Special rates to families in cottages. Physician in attendance.

DR. H. B. CROCKER

Healdsburg, Cal.

SUMMER RESORTS

DEL MONTE OFFERS

Hotel Del Monte was very slightly injured by the recent disturbance, and is offering welcome shelter to all San Franciscans. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families.

ADDRESS:

GEORGE P. SNELL, *Manager*
Del Monte, California

A PERMANENT HOME

THE COLONIAL

First-class family hotel. Foothills of Santa Cruz Mountains. Interurban cars pass the doors. S. P. to San Jose and Interurban cars, or S. P. direct to Los Gatos. Address THE COLONIAL, Los Gatos, Cal.

*Seigler
Hot
Springs*

Natural hot baths and wonderful stomach waters. Swimming pond. Arsenic baths for nervousness. Rates \$9 to \$12 per week. Booklets at Peck's 414 14th Street, Oakland.

H. H. MCGOWAN,
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AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS

Send your family to the nearest Hot Sulphur Springs to San Francisco; first-class accommodations; special rates to families; no staging; four trains daily; fare, round trip, \$1.65; Tiburon Ferry or Southern Pacific; two hours' ride. Address THEODOR RICHARDS, Agua Caliente, Sonoma county, Cal.

BLUE

Boating, Bathing and all other amusements free. Hot and cold sulphur baths. White sulphur springs. Send for pamphlet. O. WEISMAN, Midlake P. O., Lake County, Cal.

LAKES

SARATOGA SPRINGS

Extensive improvements this year. A new spring discovered which will effect more cures in a day than the other waters in a week; 15 different mineral springs. We guarantee cure for dyspepsia, kidney, liver, stomach, rheumatism, blood, skin diseases, etc.; \$10 to \$16 per week. For information J. MARTENS, Bachelor P. O., Lake county, Cal.

SKAGGS

Hot Springs, Sonoma county, only 4½ hours from San Francisco and but 9 miles staging; waters noted for medicinal virtues; best natural hot mineral water bath in State; boating and swimming; good trout streams; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and San Francisco papers. First-class Hotel and Stage Service; morning and afternoon stages; round trip from San Francisco \$5.50. Take Tiburon ferry daily 7:30 a. m. or 2:30 p. m. Rates \$2.00 a day or \$12 a week. References: Any guest of the past eleven years. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street, or of J. F. MULGREW, Skaggs, Cal.

DUNCAN SPRINGS

Now open. Rates \$10 to \$12 week. Write for particulars. Address HOWELL BROS., Hopland, Mendocino county, Cal.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

AMERICA'S GREATEST SPA

One of the best appointed hotels in the State. Delightful environment and waters that cure. Send your family if you can't go yourself.

Week end excursion from San Francisco, \$7.50 round trip, includes two days at hotel, railroad fare, and use of waters. Everything paid. Ask Southern Pacific agents.

Hotel Del Coronado

THE CORONET OF THE PACIFIC

All outside rooms. Every modern convenience provided. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Fine fishing. This magnificent hostelry is conducted on the American plan and is open the entire year. There is no better surf bathing in America than that at Coronado Beach. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Mgr., Coronado Beach, Cal.

H. F. Norcross, Gen'l Agt., 334 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

LAUREL DELL

The Switzerland of America.

Rates same as usual. First-class orchestra, under the management of Dr. Monroe N. Callender. Boating, marine toboggan, bowling and other amusements free to guests. Write for pamphlet to E. DURNAN, Prop., Laurel Dell P. O., Lake Co., Cal.; also prop. La Trianon Hotel.

HAVE

TOWN TALK

SENT YOU

WHILE ON YOUR

VACATION

The Stage

Theatrical Prospects

When the drama gets on its feet in San Francisco again the Rialto will be, in all probability, on Van Ness avenue. The New Columbia is to be on that street and there will be other theatres not far distant. Harry Bishop expects to resume business in the Majestic theatre as soon as it is rebuilt and meanwhile he is getting ready to present attractions in the Bell theatre on Market near Seventh. This theatre was designed for the popular vaudeville circuit, and it was approaching completion at the time of the earthquake from which it suffered no damage. It escaped the fire, too. The original plans will be altered so that the stage shall be suitable for dramatic productions.

Trebelli Is Coming

Plucky Manager Greenbaum is resolved to keep San Francisco up to date in musical matters. Hearing the other day that Mlle. Dolores, better known as Trebelli, one of San Francisco's favorite concert singers, had finished her tour of Germany and Russia and was soon to pass through San Francisco on her way to Australia, he opened negotiations with her, and the probability is that she will be heard in a few concerts. Among the musical attractions secured by Greenbaum for next season are Schumann-Haink, Rosenthal "the little giant of the key-board," and Campanari, the great baritone.

At the Orpheum

Fred Karno's London comedy company will head the bill at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. There are sixteen people in this company, the largest vaudeville combination in the world. They present six special features in one act, which is called "The Humming Birds" or "A Night in an English Music Hall." It is said to be a whole show in itself. Probst, the whistler and imitator of birds, who was a hit with the Orpheum Road Show, will return Sunday, the Argenanti trio will be heard in new operatic selections, and the best features of this week's bill will be retained.

Oakland Theatricals

At Manager Bishop's beautiful Oakland theatre, Ye Liberty, crowds of farce-lovers have screamed through the week at the complications of "Are You a Mason?" This play will hold the boards until Monday night, when it will be succeeded by "How Baxter Butted In," a play that made a great hit at one of Mr. Bishop's San Francisco houses.

When such an old, familiar comic opera as "Chimes of Normandy" runs for two weeks in Oakland, two truths assert themselves,—that the performance is a meritorious one and that theatrical patronage is growing across the bay. Next Monday night that other old favorite, Audran's "Mascot," a comic opera that has not been heard for years, will be revived. Sybil Page, who is a captivating soprano, will appear as Fiametta, Eugene Weiner, as Frederick, Arthur Cunningham, as Pippo, and Ferris Hartman as Farmer Rocco.

One of the big attractions at Idora Park is the skating rink under the umbrageous trees, which presents a beautiful spectacle at night when incandescently illuminated.

The Press Club, at the invitation of Managers Bishop and Greenbaum, will soon enjoy an evening's outing at Idora Park.

In the Limelight

Melville Ellis is making a big hit in his pianologue in vaudeville.

Maude Amber is in Australia. As soon as she heard of the earthquake she was seized with misgivings regarding the fate of the record in her divorce suit, and immediately wrote for information.

Mrs. Fiske "tried out," shortly before starting for California, a new one-act play by John Luther Long, called "Dolce." It tells the story of a wealthy Italian countess who, in a poverty-bitten childhood, was a model for a starving artist in America. The pair meet after fifteen years, and the play hinges on the countess' efforts to induce the still starving painter to sell the portrait of "Dolce," and to win from him recognition of his little model. Mrs. Fiske was well received in the play.

Clyde Fitch has completed the dramatization of Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth."

Belcher's Return

Frank Belcher, the popular vocalist, who went to Italy ten years ago to have his voice cultivated, and who has been on the professional stage several years, is home enjoying a vacation. This season he was leading baritone of the Lillian Blauvelt comic opera company. He has had but one engagement in this city since he went on the stage, and that was when he was with the Hallan & Hart company.

IDORA PARK

OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager

The Idora Opera Co. in

"Chimes of Normandy"

Commencing Monday Night

"THE MASCOTTE"

Paul Steindorff, Conductor. Ferris Hartman, Stage Director.
Seats 50c and 35c, including admission to Park.

Ye Liberty Playhouse

14th & Broadway
OAKLAND

Bishop's Players in ARE YOU A MASON?

Commencing Monday Night

"HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN"

Reserved seats 50c. and 25c.

ORPHEUM

Formerly Chutes Theatre
Week Commencing
Sunday Matinee, June 10

European and American Sensations!

Karno's London Comedy Company, 16 in number: Marvelous Frank and Little Bob; Probst; Caprice, Lynn and Fay; Scipio Argenanti Trio; Foster and Foster; The Great Francielas and Orpheum Motion Pictures.

Matinee Every Day, Except Monday

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c and 50c. Matinees, except Saturday and Sunday, 10c and 25c. Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Streets. Phone West 6300.

CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight. Admission, 10c; Children, 5c.

Tait's Cafe

Will be Opened July 1st at the corner of Eddy and
Van Ness (old Wallace Residence) by

JOHN TAIT

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital and Surplus, - \$3,000,000

We beg to announce to our friends and the public generally that we have resumed business as usual at our former location.

Corner California and
Montgomery Streets.

We solicit and receive Commercial and Savings accounts and conduct a general banking business.

Interest is paid on Commercial and Savings deposits.

For the convenience of our customers we will immediately establish Branches at the following locations:

GEARY STREET, NEAR FILLMORE ST.
DEVISADERO ST., NEAR POST ST.
VALENCIA STREET, NEAR 22D ST.

The dates of opening will be announced later.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres. J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank of San Francisco

Has removed to its new quarters
in the Union Trust Building,
No. 4 Montgomery St.

Capital
Six Million Dollars

Surplus and Undivided Profits
Four Million Dollars

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTION. ACCOUNTS INVITED.

The National Bank of the Pacific



Claus Spreckels Building

THIRD AND MARKET STS.

Exchange Bought and Sold

Accounts of individuals, firms and corporations received.

Money to lend at regular rates.

Our vaults are uninjured by either earthquake or fire.

Safe Deposit Boxes to rent for \$4.00 per year. Vaults open from 9:00 a. m. to 5 p. m.

UNION TRUST COMPANY

OF SAN FRANCISCO

Has returned to its old office in the

Union Trust
Company Building

Corner Market, Montgomery
and Post Streets
San Francisco

BANKING, TRUST AND SAFE
DEPOSIT BUSINESS SOLICITED

Letters

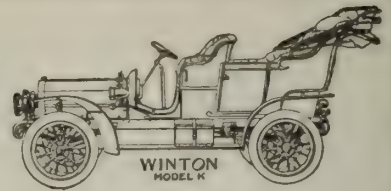
Vikings of the Pacific.

Now that our libraries are destroyed and most of the children who owned books are bereft, we can begin with a clean slate and wipe out past mistakes. One of the first volumes to be bought for the boys and girls, and one of the first to be placed in the juvenile section of the public libraries should be "Vikings of the Pacific." This is not a child's book in the ordinary acceptance of that term, but it is one that growing children should have access to. If it were not that every volume ever "studied" under a decree of an educational body becomes forevermore anathema, one would recommend it as a most suitable addition to the supplementary readers, but what is desired is to see it in the hands of the young students of history, not to frighten them from it. It is high time that the school histories were re-written for this coast and that less of the petty bickerings of the pious Puritans and the discoveries of the New England coasting captains were dished up for young California in order to leave room for something of the heroisms and hardships endured by Bering and his successors, and that Gray and Vancouver might be impressed on youthful minds by something more tangible than the name of a harbor and an island. The investigation into the causes of the wreck of the Valencía, together with the innumerable disasters which overtook vessels in the early days of the Klondike rush make it clear that the Pacific has lost none of its characteristics since the days when mariners sailed up and down the coasts of Oregon and Washington without discovering the Columbia river or Puget sound, and the accounts of the Indian massacres go to show that the conquest of America was not all carried on in New England. Miss Laut writes interestingly and entertainingly. She does not profess to be furnishing the last word, much less to exhaust her subject, but she opens wide a door which, at least as far as children and young readers are concerned, has been too long held on a crack. The boy who is wasting his time over the adventures of mythical young hunters, will find more in "Vikings of the Pacific" and "Pathfinders of the West" to interest him, and at the same time, to strengthen his mind and add to his store of information; and his father will enjoy them with him. The book is well indexed and illustrated. A larger map of the Pacific Coast with all places marked and named would be an appreciable addition. Published by the Macmillan Company.

"Randvar the Songsmith."

It is a pretty romance which Miss Otilie Lilien-crantz has woven about the mythical Norse settlement in America antedating the discovery of the continent by Columbus. She has chosen for her hero the son of the Viking who, according to Longfellow's poem "The Skeleton in Armor," built the round tower at Newport, and has skillfully interwoven a fabric composed of tradition, ancient beliefs, old Norse customs and historical fact, with a friendship like unto that of David and Jonathan, and a love story as old as the world and as new as today. This is an excellent book to put into the hands of boys and girls just issuing from the enchantments of purely juvenile books. Both the romantic and the adventurous features are treated rationally and temperately, without being either tame or exaggerated. Published by Harper and Brother.

Stood the
Test



Winton "K" Thomas Flyer Olds Four Cylinder

Beginning April 18th the greatest endurance
test was opened in San Francisco.

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"Six Stars."

In "Six Stars" Nelson Lloyd has gone back to that rural Pennsylvania district which furnished the setting for "The Soldier of the Valley." We are initiated into village customs which are equally entertaining to those who have been city dwellers all their lives and are learning of something strange to their experiences and to those who, having passed over a brief period in the backwoods, have some data on which to proceed. There are sixteen tales, mostly related through the lips of the old gaffers who gather around the stove or on the porch of the village store and exchange comments and stories, philosophize and gossip together. Their speech is full of quaint turns, and their beliefs tinged by superstition. They are simple souls, shut out by the mountains, but running, within their narrow limit, the whole gamut of human emotions. Mr. Lloyd evidently knows both extremes of society by heart, understands them thoroughly, and has the same kindly, tolerant humor for both. When San Francisco is restored to the normal and people begin to think of books once more, "Six Stars" deserves to be one of the first on every reading list. It is one of the latest good things to reach us from Charles Scribner's Sons just previous to the catastrophe.

The Fox, Duffield Company, who brought out Marguerite Merington's dramatized version of Mrs. Gaskell's immortal story, "Cranford," announced it as unexpurgated. Curiosity led to inquiry as to why "Cranford" should need expurgation and the explanation is on a par with the story of Kipling's "King William." It will be remembered that "King William" appeared serially in the Ladies' Home Journal. When the editors reached one installment they were horrified to discover that somebody indulged in a glass of wine, and cabled the author to come to their relief and extricate them from their dilemma. Mr. Kipling returned answer, "Make it Mellin's Food." It seems that the naughty ladies in "Cranford" once served brandied peaches, and at another time, a dainty which they called "little Cupids," concocted of maccaroons soaked in wine; and the menus of these feasts had to be reconstructed in order to protect the morals of the readers of the journal.

A matter of interest in the book world is the consolidation of the Fox, Duffield Company of New York and the Herbert S. Stone Company of Chicago. The property of the Stone Company has been acquired by purchase, and its removal leaves now only one large general publishing house in Chicago, that of A. C. McClurg. Though Fox, Duffield & Co. is a comparatively new name the members composing the firm are by no means amateurs, one of them having been connected with Scribner's and the other with Harper's for years. In the readjustment that was brought about a few years ago these young men saw their chance to make a place for themselves and the class of work which they have been turning out is its own justification for their faith in themselves.

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THE YOUNG KING

(Continued from Page 9)

at the high altar of the cathedral in the fair raiment of a King, and a smile played and lingered about his boyish lips, and lit up with a bright lustre his dark woodland eyes. After some time he rose from his seat, and, leaning against the carved penthouse of the chimney, looked round at the dimly-lit room. The walls were hung with rich tapestries representing the Triumph of Beauty. A large press inlaid with agate and lapis-lazuli, filled one corner, and facing the window stood a curiously wrought cabinet with lacquer panels of powdered and mosaiced gold, on which were placed some delicate goblets of Venetian glass and a cup of dark-veined onyx. Pale poppies were brodered on the silk coverlet of the bed, as though they had fallen from the tired hands of sleep, and tall reeds of fluted ivory bore up the velvet canopy, from which great tufts of ostrich plumes sprang, like white foam, to the pallid silver of the fretted ceiling. A laughing Narcissus in green bronze held a polished mirror above its head. On the table stood a flat bowl of amethyst.

Outside he could see the huge dome of the cathedral, looming like a bubble over the shadowy houses, and the weary sentinels pacing up and down on the misty terrace by the river. Far away in an orchard, a nightingale was singing. A faint perfume of jasmine came through the open window. He brushed his brown curls back from his forehead, and, taking up a lute, let his fingers stray across the chords. His heavy eyelids drooped, and a strange languor came over him. Never before had he felt so keenly, or with such exquisite joy, the magic and the mystery of beautiful things.

When midnight sounded from the clock-tower he touched a bell, and his pages entered and disrobed him with much ceremony, pouring rose-water over his hands, and strewing flowers on his pillow. A few moments after they had left the room he fell asleep.

And as he slept he dreamed a dream, and this was his dream:

He thought that he was standing in a long, low attic, amidst the whirr and clatter of many looms. The meagre daylight peered in through the grated windows and showed him the gaunt figures of the weavers bending over their cases. Pale, sickly looking children were crouched in the huge cross-beams. As the shuttles dashed through the warp, they lifted up the heavy battens, and when the shuttles stopped, they let the battens fall and pressed the threads together. Their faces were pinched with famine and their thin hands shook and trembled. Some haggard women were seated at a table sewing. A horrible odor filled the place. The air was foul and heavy and the walls dripped and steamed with damp.

The young King went over to one of the weavers and stood by him and watched him.

And the weaver looked at him angrily and said: "Why art thou watching me? Art thou a spy set on us by our master?"

"Who is thy master?" asked the young King.

"Our master!" cried the weaver, bitterly. "He is a man like myself. Indeed, there is but this difference between us,—that he wears fine clothes while I go in rags, and that while I am weak from hunger he suffers not a little from overfeeding."

"The land is free," said the young King, "and thou art no man's slave."

"In war," answered the weaver, "the strong make slaves of the weak, and in peace the rich make slaves of the poor. We must work to live and they give us such mean wages that we die. We toil for them all day long, and they heap up gold in their coffers, and our children fade away

before their time, and the faces of those we love become hard and evil. We tread out the grapes, and another drinks the wine. We sow the corn and our own board is empty. We have chains though no eye beholds them; and are slaves, though men call us free."

"Is it so with all?" he asked.

"It is so with all," answered the weaver, "with the young as well as with the old, with the women as well as with the men, with the little children as well as with those who are stricken with years. The merchants grind us down, and we must needs do their bidding. The priest rides by and tells his beads, and no man has care of us. Through our sunless lanes creeps Poverty with her hungry eyes, and Sin wakes us in the morning, and Shame sits with us at night. But what are these things to thee? Thou art not one of us. Thy face is too happy." And he turned away scowling, and threw the shuttle against the loom, and the young King saw that it was threaded with a thread of gold.

And a great terror seized upon him, and he said to the weaver: "What robe is this that thou art weaving?"

"It is the robe for the coronation of the young King," he answered: "what is that to thee?"

And the young King gave a loud cry and woke, and, lo! he was in his own chamber, and through the window he saw the great honey-colored moon hanging in the dusky air.

(To be concluded next week.)

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Correspondence

So many of Town Talk's contemporaries have proudly printed letters received from friends, full of sympathy and amiable sentiments, that the publishers of this periodical are constrained to break through the barrier of modesty, if for no other purpose than to show that they are not unappreciative of kind words:

A Pat From a Wanderer.

London, May 25, 1906.

Editor Town Talk—Dear Sir: Please accept a pat on the back from a subscriber far from home, whose grief over the destruction of the dearest city on earth is partly assuaged by the knowledge that he is not to be robbed of the pleasure of reading his favorite weekly.

Sincerely,

ROBERT L. PATTON.

From the Editor of the St. Louis Mirror.

May 15, 1906.

Dear Mr. Bonnet: I was mighty glad to see the copy of Town Talk which came to hand yesterday morning. Under all the circumstances it looks pretty good to me and doubtless much better to you. I hope that things will shape up for you and that you will make up the next two years all that you have lost in the disaster. I like your pluck and I know that it will have its proper reward. I have not yet seen the Argonaut, but I suppose it is weathering the storm all right like yourself.

Faithfully yours,

REEDY.

From the Manager of Goodwin's Weekly.

Salt Lake, April 21, 1906.

My Dear Mr. Bonnet: If there is anything we can do for you, don't hesitate to let me know. I tried to reach you by wire, but that seems impossible, and perhaps this will reach you much quicker. You don't know me, but I have watched you for a long time and you must pardon the intrusion prompted by a fellow feeling.

Sincerely yours,

TOD GOODWIN.

Ma Tel Vineyard, Upper Lake, May 16, 1906.

Dear Mr. Bonnet: It was with the greatest pleasure that I received the copies of your excellent paper of May 5th and 12th, and you do not know how glad I am to hear from you again through the columns of the press. I most heartily congratulate you on your energy in being able to resume business again so soon, and I hope soon to see the paper in its old dress, though the temporary one is good enough for the time being. When you get around to it, I wish that you would let me know when my subscription expires, for I shall be more than glad to renew it. I am awfully sorry for the loss that the conflagration must have caused you personally, and also for the utter wiping out of nearly all the old landmarks of the city, and for the loss to the owners. But you San Franciscans are wonders, and at the end of a few years at the longest I shall look for the city to be better than it was before. Up here we did not suffer very much, and my personal loss consisted of two chimney tops, a little bric-a-brac, and some badly shattered nerves, for the shock was very severe, and on May 6th we had two more that were almost as bad as the one on the 18th. But congratulating you that you are still in the ring, and with best wishes for your future success, I am very truly yours,

CHARLES MIFFLIN HAMMOND.

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From the Major.

Los Angeles, May 15, 1906.

Dear Mr. Bonnet: Very glad was I to see yours of the 5th and 12th and even more to read your excellent article. You can imagine how sadly I felt over such a catastrophe, as I know and loved the dear city better than any other in the world. Yours very truly,

BEN C. TRUMAN.

They're All Reading It.

Victoria, May 23d.

Editor Town Talk: Please send me another copy of the 5th. I want to keep it as a memento. My regular copy went through so many hands that it's now in bad shape. Your paper is the most popular weekly in this city, and people are now more enthusiastic over it than ever.

Yours truly,

RALPH C. BROWN.

From the Publishing Houses.

Miss S. Connell, Town Talk's book reviewer, recently notified several of the Eastern publishing houses that this periodical would soon resume publication of the department of "Letters," and she received some interesting replies, as, for example:

Dear Miss Connell: Your most interesting letter of May 5th is received today, and is being passed around the establishment so that everyone may read a letter written by one who has been through the earthquake and who knows how to tell about it as well as you do. The bravery and cheerfulness with which you people have gone to work again fills us all with amazement and admiration. It is particularly pleasant to us to know that in the midst of all this bewilderment you can keep an interest in our publications. We are

sending you to-day with our compliments The Woman in the Alcove, Anna Katharine Green's new story, which has just been published.

If we can be of any assistance to you in any way, please consider us at your command, and believe us with all good wishes.

Yours very truly,

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY.

My Dear Miss Connell: We are very grateful indeed for your informing and cordial letter of May 5th and for letting us know about the situation in regard to your interesting and spirited magazine, for which we have come to have a great deal of admiration. Then, too, every fresh intimation that we receive of the spirit with which you San Franciscans are taking hold of the rebuilding of your city is most inspiring. I trust indeed that our pleasant relations of the past may be long continued. We are sending you under another cover "The Vine of Sibmah," one of those few novels with regard to which there is absolutely no preconceived idea in the minds of anyone. Dr. Andrew Macphail has hitherto published but one book—"Essays in Puritanism." Also I am sending to you "The Way of the Gods," and Mr. A. C. Benson's biography of Walter Pater, which will be, I think, of particular interest to you.

Very truly yours,

HERBERT P. WILLIAMS.

(For the MacMillan Company.)

Dear Madam: We wish the best possible success to Town Talk and all the rest of San Francisco. We shall be glad to send you review copies again.

Yours truly,

FOX, DUFFIELD & COMPANY.

Dear Madam: We are much pleased to learn that you are so quickly and pluckily recovering from the

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June-July Number

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BY

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV No. 720

San Francisco, June 16, 1906.

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TOWN TALK

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

San Francisco Redivivus

A month ago there were a few pessimists in San Francisco who were somewhat sceptical in their views regarding the future of the city. They smiled indulgently when they heard it predicted that an era of unprecedented business activity would soon begin, and they were inclined to scoff at the suggestion that within a few years the city by the Golden Gate would resume its metropolitan air and become once more the commercial centre of the Far West. A month ago the most sanguine of our citizens, those that were most confident that time would show that the prestige of the city was unimpaired, would not have been so bold as to assert that before the end of June hundreds of business firms that had been swept away by fire would again be housed and engaged in trade as of yore. It was not to be expected that commerce would rise from the ruins. It was thought that the ruins would be removed to make way for commerce, and the removal of tangled steel and mounds of brick and stone was looked upon as a titanic task. But so impatient was trade that it would not wait for the orderly process of reconstruction. Business has been resumed in the midst of the ruins. Buildings have been or are being erected in almost every block of the devastated district, and today the supply of labor is far short of the demand though the price of both labor and material is about twenty-five per cent higher than it was before the fire. There is a great deal of money in circulation notwithstanding the dilatoriness of the insurance companies. If so much money is being spent for labor now, in advance of the settlement of claims against the insurance companies, the probability is that when those claims are cashed the volume of money that will pour into the channels of trade will exceed the most extravagant estimates.

The Temple of Greed

Existing conditions tend to make stronger the conviction that it is unwise to permit the erection of skyscrapers in this city. We have already protested against them on account of the discomfort they produce through causing congestion, shutting out light and heat and producing chilling draughts. It is not denied that those are some of the evil effects of the greed that is responsible for high buildings; and surely, if it cannot be shown that the disagreeable consequences are offset by some great public good, it is not the part of wisdom to sanction them. Mr. Hearst favors the skyscraper for the reason, perhaps, that he wishes to build at Third and Market above the sky line of his rivals. But he acclaims skyscrapers for their tendency to give verisimilitude to a metropolitan pose. New York has them, says Hearst; therefore San Francisco should have them. A very poor argument, since, in New York, they are imperative because

of the lack of ground space. San Francisco has abundant territory. It has room in which to expand, and it will have to spread over the ground if it does not go up in the air. Going up in the air means congestion, over-crowded street cars and various other discomforts. Spreading over the ground means demand for ground and demand enhances values. The price of real property has not depreciated since the fire because of the scarcity of high buildings. If owners of property far from the centre of the business district were to take the selfish view of the matter and join hands it would be easy for them to arouse sentiment against skyscrapers. It would please us very much if, by attacking selfishness with selfishness, we could succeed in abating an awful public nuisance.

A Gambling Game

The fire insurance business is being brought into disrepute through the misapprehension of many insurance men regarding not only their obligations to the public but the character of the business in which they are engaged. The insurance business is a gambling game. We were about to add, pure and simple, but the term cannot be truthfully applied. We have recently discovered that it is both impure and complex. It differs from most gambling games in the circumstance that the player, if cheated, may go into court for redress, with technically clean hands. Its complexity lies in the circumstance that the player never knows all the intricacies of it until he attempts to "cash in" against what is known in the argot of the profession as a short bank roll. When a man takes out a policy of insurance, he wagers the amount of his premium against the face value of his policy that the property involved will be destroyed by fire within a certain period agreed upon. The insurance man is pleased to describe his interest in the transaction as "a risk," and it never occurs to him that the insured has placed a sum of money in jeopardy, though as a matter of fact the policy-holder has assumed the risk of losing the money with which he purchased protection from something by which he may never be menaced. Moreover the policy-holder's position is that of a man who cannot win without losing; his property must be damaged by fire before he can win his bet. The odds are against him so far as the bet is concerned, and the percentage is therefore in favor of the insurance company, by reason of which fact it distributes large profits among its stockholders, pays handsome salaries to its employees and allows big commissions to its "cappers." And the percentage is not all that is to the advantage of the insurance company; the dealer holds the stakes and has the privilege of keeping a stack of cards in his sleeve for an emergency such as a general conflagration. In all square gambling games the dealer is satisfied with having the percentage in his favor, but in the insurance business he insists that all technicalities shall be resolved against the player. On the turf, when a horse loses a race by breaking his leg, the book-makers pocket the money bet on him but pay out to those that won by reason of the accident. In the insurance business, it is claimed that the book-maker is entitled to the premiums on all property that was saved by dynamite and that he doesn't have to pay off to those who suffered a loss through the use of the explosive. The insurance company goes so far as to take advantage of all technicalities, even claiming and enforcing the right to change the odds after losing the bet, as for instance when he is able to prove that the property destroyed was not worth the face of the policy. Thus do we see that in the tortuous insurance game the risk as well as the percentage is against the player. Indeed, in the long run, so little risk does the company incur, that it would probably be justified in denying that it gambles. It persuades individuals to gamble but its business is conducted on principles that place it beyond the domain of uncertainty.

British Manoeuvres in Insurance

Some weeks ago we reported that in London financial circles there was a strong sentiment in favor of the British in-

insurance companies taking advantage of the earthquake clause. That was immediately after the fire when it was thought that some of the companies had been hit so hard that if they discharged their obligations they would not be able to pay dividends for many years. We are now pleased to report that the sentiment has undergone a change; that after sizing up the situation the financiers of London came to the conclusion that it would be profitable for them to be liberal in their settlements. The papers which, a month ago, were reminding the insurance companies that they were not philanthropic institutions, and that as American "risks" were not profitable they might as well withdraw to their own tight little isle, are now explaining why it will be advantageous to pay their losses. In the light of the current utterances of the London press it is easy to understand the present vivacity of the local representatives of some of the big British companies who are saying that they are no longer to be hampered by the adjusters in the interest of the weak American companies that are eager for delay. The keynote of the British policy is to be found in this paragraph which appeared in the London Saturday Review of May 12th: "Already information has come from America of the failure of some of the local offices to pay their claims, and of the necessity for some companies retiring from business in consequence of the losses absorbing the whole of their assets. A few of the United States companies will meet their claims as readily and as easily as the British offices, but on the whole the San Francisco disaster will tend to raise the opinion of Americans about British companies and enable these offices to **make better profits in the future** than they have in the past." And it is to raise the opinion of Americans about British companies that the representatives of the British companies are now demanding quick action on the part of the adjusters. We have no objection to their doing so; nor do we doubt that in consequence the foreign offices will make better profits in the future, but we regret to see the American companies playing into the hands of their foreign rivals by forcing their policy-holders to accept less than the sums to which they are entitled. It was absurd for them to adopt the policy of intimidation under which they have persuaded many persons to accept cuts of twenty-five to fifty per cent. It would have been far better for them if they had confessed that to avoid sacrificing their securities they desired to pay their debts in installments. They could have easily made satisfactory as well as honest terms with their policy-holders and maintained their financial and moral reputation. Many of them have lost both.

The McEnerney Act

Nothing of greater importance than the act providing for the establishment and quieting of title to real estate in case of the loss or destruction of records, came before the legislature at the recent special session. The title to a great deal of property in this city was rendered insecure by the loss of many books of record, and though it is possible to get proof of title from the records of the title insurance companies it is much more satisfactory to get a record title through the court. A judicially determined record title is especially satisfactory to men and corporations having many hundreds of thousands or millions of dollars invested in land, for, after all, the guaranty of an insurance company depends upon the financial ability of the company to back up its own paper. Consequently it was very fortunate for many San Francisco taxpayers that so eminent an attorney as Garret McEnerney was sufficiently public-spirited to anticipate trouble for them by drawing up the act for the dissolution of title clouds. This act was designed to enable some people to strengthen the character of their tenure. For there is much property in San Francisco affected by what the legal profession term fly-specks—minor irregularities in the records that quite often interfere with sales and sometimes impel owners to sell land at a sacrifice. By this act they are

empowered to quiet title against the whole world so that henceforth, in the event of the Act going through, as at this writing seems likely, titles to property affected by the loss of records will run back only to the judgment obtained in the suits brought under the McEnerney law. This measure hardly met with the approval of the title insurance companies, the value of whose plants is in proportion to the demand for data extending into the remote past and confirmatory of the history of titles, but it will prove a great boon to land owners. The procedure provided for by Mr. McEnerney is very simple and inexpensive. Any number of separate parcels of land may be included in one action, and though the suit be of a sweeping nature sufficient precaution is taken to preclude a judgment being obtained by a false claimant. All actions authorized by the act must be commenced before July 1, 1909.

Burton's Ideal

Advocates of universal, permanent peace are bobbing up in the legislative departments of all the Christian nations. This is a good sign. It is significant of new impetus to civilization. But unfortunately the preachers of the peace gospel are not making much headway. They are propagating a sentiment against war but are persuading no Government to prepare for peace. However, the propagandists are very enthusiastic over their idea. If the idea belonged to any one of them by right of discovery he could not be more enthusiastic than he is, nor more pleased with himself for the endorsement that it receives whenever or wherever he sets it forth. It appears to meet with universal approbation. It is generally agreed that war is hell and that peace is conducive to longevity, prosperity and other things that are popular. But it is also agreed that there will always be danger of war while there is one standing army in the world. The peace propagandists, being of the opinion that universal disarmament is feasible, to hasten the attainment of the ideal state of brotherhood they are setting themselves in opposition to everything that is designed to strengthen military forces. In Congress we have an enthusiastic peace advocate in the person of Representative Burton of Ohio, who recently delivered a scholarly address against what he termed the needless enlargement of the navy, contending that the American nation may well afford to serve notice on the other nations that it stands for international arbitration and the peace of the world. Like most idealists Representative Burton is somewhat impracticable. He purposes converting by example, and in the world of practical affairs it is not always judicious to rely on the efficacy of example. By example we may vindicate our faith after the manner of the Christian missionary, but sometimes when the Christian missionary, in his zeal, gets too far away from a battleship, he loses his head. Nobody in this country objects to serving notice on other na-

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tions that we stand for international arbitration and universal, permanent peace, but there are not many in favor of weakening our powers of defense while there is a possibility of our being attacked. Representative Burton tells us that it is not in accordance with our ideals to maintain a great navy. Therein he is mistaken. One of our ideals is national security. It is an ideal paramount to the one by which Representative Burton is obsessed, and to preserve it we are constrained to maintain a great navy. The Burton ideal is one that is to be achieved only by the consent of nations, and their consent will be obtained only when they shall have been educated out of barbarism.

When Fortitude Is Imperative

In our experience of the past two months it appears to have been demonstrated that the theory of the superior sensitiveness of the female of our species is without foundation. It was at least shown that under the most favorable circumstances a woman need not become hysterical, nor collapse, nor throw any of her characteristic tantrums. It has been demonstrated that women's fortitude, when they must not yield to inclination is great, and now that it is known what they can put up with when they have to, fathers and husbands will not be likely to lose so much sleep hereafter as they have in the past. A few months ago there were many women in San Francisco of fibre quite as delicate as that of the princess of the fairy story who could feel the tiny pellet under twenty mattresses, but there was hardly a woman in the city who wasn't satisfied with any old kind of bed during the latter part of April. Some of the most fastidious of their sex slept on the ground. Women who would have made life unendurable for a whole household had a pocket handkerchief been scorched in the laundering or a pan of fat blazed on the kitchen range, saw all their treasures reduced to ashes without fatal results; and appetites heretofore supposed to be temptable only by tidbits and dainties have been proved robust enough under pressure to appreciate a plain "something to eat." Ladies who would have had nervous prostration for the rest of the summer, had our catastrophe stopped short with the earthquake, when they would have had an excuse to make the most of their own feelings, were suddenly deprived of an audience. Husbands and brothers, fathers and lovers had too much to do trying to save a few of the family belongings to listen to tales of woe, and the poor dames and damsels who would have claimed their attention suddenly discovered that for once they had to rely on themselves, to keep out of the way, save their tears, and if they could not help, at least they need not hinder.

Free Seed Graft

Apparently the free seed graft is about to become a thing of the past, and with it will go a heavy expense for which very little advantage has ever been reaped. When Congress began the distribution of free seeds it was distinctly with a view to introducing rare fruits and vegetables and foreign plants for the sake of experiment, to see whether they could be grown with advantage in the United States and thereby add to its resources. Naturally, it was presumed, too, that these choice cuttings, seeds and roots would be distributed to those who made a business of agriculture and who would give proper care to their experiments, reporting at length to the department for the guidance of others. But for many years the distribution of seeds has been a farce, as far as results are concerned. Tons of radish, lettuce, beets and other common vegetable seeds have been sent forth by Congressmen, and many a farmer and small truck gardener has depended on his representative to keep him in stock. Congressmen have used the free seed and their franking privileges in much the same way that bakers and grocers distribute stale cookies and cheap candies to their infant customers, as something extra to keep their customers in good humor, and many a dweller in an upper city flat has been surprised and be-

wildered to find in his mail a pound or more of assorted vegetable seeds. Not only vegetables, but flowers as well, have been passed out; lawn clover, Bermuda lilies, hyacinths, and roses and all that goes between, and the cost of the plants has been but a small portion of the expense, for every ounce has gone through the mails, to be paid for not at the expense of the sender or the beneficiary but of the general Government. Small wonder that the postal deficit has grown year by year, and that the carriers are loaded down like pack horses.

The Selfishness of Labor

Some weeks ago the captains of organized labor in this city were passing grandiloquent resolutions affirming the loyalty of trades unions to San Francisco. They assured the people that they would not take advantage of the situation by availing themselves of the opportunity to raise the rate of wages. They were resolved to vindicate their civic patriotism by exhibiting something of an altruistic spirit. As usual their protestations have proved to be the familiar admixture of sound and froth. Scarcely before the ink in which the resolutions were inscribed was dry a strike was on. It was declared upon the theory that labor is entitled to share in the profits of capital, it having been discovered that capital had increased its profits by raising the price of materials. The action of both capital and labor was dictated by a spirit of selfishness. Capital had taken advantage of the consumer and labor took advantage of capital. It was a case of the highwayman being held up by the footpad. On the part of each it was an exhibition of cold-blooded indifference to the welfare of the community. But the labor unions are not living up to their recent professions in any respect. They are charging all the traffic will bear in every line of industry, and for the purpose of keeping the price of labor at its present exorbitant rate they are circulating throughout the country the false report that the supply is greater than the demand. The labor unions are not only making the rebuilding of San Francisco as costly as possible, but they are sticking as technically as ever to union rules and in several instances they have delayed work by refusing to handle material that came from non-union shops despite the difficulty of getting material into the city. Greater San Francisco will have no reason to be grateful to organized labor.

THE EASIEST WAY.

Benton—Say, there's an awful lot of delivery wagons left in town, even if we did have a big fire.

Stenton—Have you been around counting them?

Benton—No, I staid home and counted them the day after my wife went shopping.

—The Joshier.

"The little store around the corner"

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OAKLAND, CAL.

A Mood of Midnight

The night is very soft and still
 [Is there a sermon in the stars tonight?]
 Their faint reflection, tremulously bright,
 Mirrors the memory of a fair green hill
 Where she, the idol of my youth's bright year,
 Stood trembling by me in her girlish grace,
 Her white breast swelling, and the foolish tears
 Blurring the beauty of her childish face.

O tears of ecstasy! Light tears of youth!
 Is there a spell in your swift flow, I say?
 Or can fond recollection stifle truth
 And wash the wan wraith of remorse away?

The night is very soft and sweet
 [Is there a dirge descending from the skies
 Whose sighing, tender, minor harmonies
 Voice memories sad but infinitely sweet?]
 The stars are fading and the skies grow pale,
 The dawn is breaking in its cold, gray light;
 O let the universe descend and fail
 So you, my love, reign in my heart tonight!

O absent love, who blessed my dear, best days,
 Take all my worship to thy heart, and see
 If all the songs I chant in thy sweet praise
 May not, perchance, some solace bring to thee;
 For then may Fate, in its mysterious ways,
 A fragment of that solace give to me.

—The Dreamer.



Perspective Impressions

William J. Bryan appears to be growing in popularity the longer he stays away.

It's an awfully hard job to work up a sentiment against trolley cars on Market street when everybody in town is yelling for more trolley cars on every street.

The income of Fraulein Krupp is said to be something like \$14 a minute. Almost as fast as one of her guns.

If there is a gag lying around loose in the Cabinet chamber President Roosevelt should use it on Secretary Shaw.

A rubber trust has been started by young Rockefeller and a son of Senator Aldrich. These names guarantee an elastic interpretation of the anti-trust laws.

The National League of Women's organizations says Smoot should no longer "participate in the making of laws for the moral and patriotic guidance of the women and children of our country." The League has a very original idea of Senatorial functions.

The dramatic critics of San Francisco are having a very hard time just now trying to earn their salt. It is not too late, however, to pass critical judgment on a certain great tragedy that was given "sumptuous production" in this city some weeks ago. Nobody has told us whether it was good dramaturgy or the work of a bungler; whether the motif was on straight or the technique a little awry.

Chancellor Day of Syracuse took another whack the other day at the men that slander the magnates of the Trusts. Somebody ought to put the Chancellor wise by giving him the hint that it isn't slander that's hurting those fellows, but a naked thing called truth. One Garfield report does more damage than all the magazine articles that were ever written.

Willie Hearst says he admires Mr. Bryan but feels sad to think of the vicious politicians that are flocking to the Nebraskan's standard. Tut! tut! Willie; think of some of the men you've had on your political staff from time to time. And remember, when a man is running for a job he doesn't waste any time scorning the support of rascals. Every vote counts.

Oakland's Chief of Police objects to arrests that are not accompanied by evidence of guilt. The Chinese gamblers across the bay should therefore be grateful. Oakland's chief is a man of exceptional scruples. He will no doubt be acclaimed by sure-thing men, gold-brick artists and other chevaliers d'industrie on whom evidence does not wait when the police decide to run them out of town.

A woman social reformer says it would be easier to keep servants if the mistress would only give up the sitting-room one day a week for the benefit of the "hired help's" guests. Perhaps; but there is no great amount of wisdom in the suggestion. It is easy to keep servants if you have no objection to catering to their caprices. Everybody knows that. But how to keep some of them without surrendering the house to them is the problem that many women would like to solve.

The Lesson of the Hour

By Theodore Bonnet.

While it is easy, as we have been learning, to renounce luxuries that we cannot afford or to which we are denied access through circumstances beyond our control, it is most exasperating to be compelled to forego at the same time pleasures that are within our reach. I refer to the pleasures of the table which have been rendered incomplete to the many through fear of the porcine habits of the few. But it is to be hoped that through our self-imposed asceticism we have come to a realization of the enormity of the crime of drunkenness. Every true lover of the Rubaiyat philosophy would have reason to rejoice, notwithstanding the protracted abstinence to which he has been constrained, if in consequence the drunkard were hereafter to be viewed in his true light. I have long hoped that drunkenness would be taken out of the category of misdemeanors and by legislative enactment pronounced a felony, punishable by hard labor in stripes with a ball-and-chain attachment, except when it could be shown that the offense was of the head and not of the heart, upon which showing a padded cell might be considered the most suitable environment for the defendant. And yet I am not a puritanical foe to gladness. I quite agree with the philosopher who is of the opinion that the only immoral way of drinking wine is to drink it as a medicine. I have often applauded Robert Louis Stevenson for suggesting that one might easily imagine that Shakespeare might begin the day on a quart of ale and yet enjoy the sunrise to the full as much as the ascetic Thoreau and commemorate his enjoyment in vastly better verses.

Society has never had an adequate conception of the iniquity of drunkenness. Nor has the drunkard ever appreciated the forbearance of society. Even now how many of us have stopped to think that for two months this community has been compelled to abandon one of its most pleasurable habits because there are some men that get drunk? I should not be surprised to learn that the thought has occurred to none but myself, and yet I have not suffered the deprivation that has been experienced by many thousands of men. This is no inconsequential matter. Those of us (and we are many), to whom a certain measure of wine and spirits is essential to a certain measure of happiness and gladness, feel justly indignant that through governmental interference we should be denied the privilege of indulging temperately our harmless passion. We have no complaint to make against the authorities for doing that which they deemed best for the preservation of law and order. We believe that the authorities, having in mind the confusion that prevailed and particularly the homeless state of women and children, and being sensible of the excesses to which some men permit themselves to be led through drunkenness, subserved the best interests of the community by closing the saloons. It is not against the interdiction of the liquor traffic but against the drunkard that we have a grievance, we, who know that the true simple life is founded on a sentiment of the heart rather than a habit of the stomach, we who love true, ennobling sociability and abominate the moral shyness that would spoil a good dinner with morbid scruples against wine.

Society does itself a grievous injustice in tolerating anything that tends to bring the sacred vine into disrepute. It commits a sin against humanity in maintaining an amiable attitude toward the vice which was responsible for much of the depression from which this community has suffered in the past two months. It is high time for society to apprehend that it is a delusion to view the drunkard merely as a consequence of the flowing bowl.

Through a perversion of the sense of humor the drunkard

is popularly regarded as a joke. He is the source of a great deal of the vulgar humor in our comic papers. The police court reporters delight in writing him up for the amusement of the readers of the dailies. He is one of the stock characters in farces and musical comedies. The Prohibitionists with their hard and fanciful code of ethics, professing to be eager to redeem the world from the sway of the Demon, are tolerant of the humor of inebriety, a circumstance that would persuade me of their insincerity were I not convinced that they have never pondered the unwholesomeness of the theme. For unquestionably they are illogical in frowning upon the cup that cheers and winking at the amusing exploitation of the drunkard. But there is no longer excuse for failure to note the baleful significance of that individual; for two months San Francisco has been a temperance town because of a dread of the fearful havoc that might be wrought if drunkards were permitted access to whisky bottles. I am not sympathizing with saloon-keepers. I would not weep if most of them were put out of business forever. My sympathy is with the citizen so unfortunate as not to belong to a club, who was denied beer at his lunch and wine at his dinner, who had to swallow such pernicious drugs as coffee and tea or take to water in which, perhaps, the deadly bacillus was on the qui vive for a victim.

Viewed in his proper relation to society the drunkard is absolutely devoid of comic aspect. On the contrary he appears as an hideous evil, a discordant, repulsive element of a most dangerous character, above all a menace to the peace and happiness of the community. That amiable philosopher, Montaigne, considered drunkenness an unmanly and stupid vice, but he thought it "less hurtful than others which more directly jostle public society." We have seen that it jostles public society very much. In Montaigne's day and for centuries preceding him every intellectual gentleman was expected to get drunk occasionally. The Stoics thought drunkenness refreshing to the spirit, and Plato, who thought that children should not be permitted to drink wine until they reached their eighteenth year, declared that men should not get drunk until after they were forty. Those ancient sages had no experience with drunkards of the hoodlum order, nor with spirits of the Barbary Coast brand. They had never seen the drunkard jostle public society. But the probability is that Society, in the centuries ago, would have resented being jostled by the drunkard. It surely would not have considered the advisability of abating drunkenness by prohibiting liquor drinking. There were no Puritans in those days intent upon putting nature in bonds. Those were the days when the loving cup was revered as a sacred vessel. Men, Horace tells us, warmed their virtue with wine. If it had been suggested to the ancient philosophers that Prohibition was the remedy for drunkenness they would probably have asked if burglary should be discouraged by interdicting the wearing of jewels. No, those sages of the younger world would have handled the problem in their usual blunt fashion. They would have discouraged drunkenness by discouraging the drunkard. They would have taken him seriously and made him understand that there was a cure for his disease and they would have applied the cure.

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The Young King

[This beautiful story by Oscar Wilde, begun in last week's Town Talk, is here concluded.]

And he fell asleep again and dreamed, and this was his dream:

He thought he was lying on the deck of a huge galley that was being rowed by a hundred slaves. On a carpet by his side the master of the galley was seated. He was black as ebony, and his turban was of crimson silk. Great earrings of silver dragged down the thick lobes of his ears, and in his hands he had a pair of ivory scales.

The slaves were naked, but for a ragged loin-cloth, and each man was chained to his neighbor. The hot sun beat brightly upon them, and the negroes ran up and down the gang-way and lashed them with whips of hide. They stretched out their lean arms and pulled the heavy oars through the water. The salt spray flew from the blades.

At last they reached a little bay, and began to take soundings. A light wind blew from the shore, and covered the deck and the great lateen-sail with a fine red dust. Three Arabs mounted on wild asses rode out and threw spears at them. The master of the galley took a painted bow in his hand and shot one of them in the throat. He fell heavily into the surf and his companions galloped away. A woman wrapped in a yellow veil followed slowly on a camel, looking back now and then at the dead body.

As soon as they had cast anchor and hauled down the sail, the negroes went into the hold and brought up a long rope ladder, heavily weighted with lead. The master of the galley threw it over the side, making the ends fast to two iron stanchions. Then the negroes seized the youngest of the slaves, and knocked his gyves off, and filled his nostrils and his ears with wax, and tied a big stone around his waist. He crept wearily down the ladder, and disappeared into the sea. A few bubbles rose where he sank. Some of the other slaves peered curiously over the side. At the prow of the galley sat a snake-charmer, beating monotonously upon a drum.

After some time the diver rose up out of the water, and clung panting to the ladder with a pearl in his right hand. The negroes seized it from him and thrust him back. The slaves fell asleep over their oars.

Again and again he came up, and each time that he did so he brought with him a beautiful pearl. The master of the galley weighed them, and put them into a little bag of green leather.

The young King tried to speak, but his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth, and his lips refused to move. The negroes chatted to each other, and began to quarrel over a string of bright beads. Two cranes flew round and round the vessel.

Then the diver came up for the last time, and the pearl he brought with him was fairer than all the pearls of Ormuz; for it was shaped like the full moon, and whiter than the morning star. But his face was strangely pale, and as he fell upon the deck the blood gushed from his ears and nostrils. He quivered for a little while and then he was still. The negroes shrugged their shoulders and threw the body overboard.

And the master of the galley laughed, and, reaching out, he took the pearl, and when he saw it he pressed it to his forehead and bowed. "It shall be," he said, "for the sceptre of the young King"; and he made a sign to the negroes to draw up the anchor.

And when the young King heard this he gave a great cry and woke, and through the window he saw the long gray fingers of the dawn clutching at the fading stars.

And he fell asleep again, and dreamed, and this was his dream:

He thought that he was wandering through a dim wood, hung with strange fruits and with beautiful poisonous flowers. The adders hissed at him as he went by, and the bright parrots flew screaming from branch to branch. Huge tortoises lay asleep upon the hot mud. The trees were full of apes and peacocks.

On and on he went, till he reached the outskirts of the wood, and there he saw an immense multitude of men toiling in the bed of a dried-up river. They swarmed up the crag like ants. They dug deep pits in the ground and went down into them. Some of them cleft the rocks with great axes; others grabbed in sand. They tore up the cactus by its roots, and trampled on the scarlet blossoms. They hurried about, calling to each other, and no man was idle.

From the darkness of a cavern Death and Avarice watched them, and Death said: "I am weary; give me a third of them and let me go."

But Avarice shook his head. "They are my servants," she answered.

And Death said to her: "What hast thou in thy hand?"

"I have three grains of corn," she answered: "what is that to thee?"

"Give me one of them," cried Death, "to plant in my garden; only one of them, and I will go away."

"I will not give thee anything," said Avarice, and she hid her hand in the fold of her raiment.

And Death laughed, and took a cup and dipped it into a pool of water, and out of the cup rose Ague. She passed through the great multitude, and a third of them lay dead. A cold mist followed her, and the water snakes ran by her side.

And when Avarice saw that a third of the multitude was dead she beat her breast and cried aloud. "Thou hast slain a third of my servants," she cried; "get thee gone. There is war in the mountains of Tartary, and the kings of each side are calling to thee. The Afghans have slain the black ox, and are marching to battle. They have beaten upon their shields with their spears, and have put on their helmets of iron. What is my valley to thee, that thou shouldst tarry in it? Get thee gone, and come here no more."

"Nay," answered Death, "but till thou hast given me a grain of corn I will not go."

But Avarice shut her hand, and clenched her teeth. "I will not give thee anything," she muttered.

And Death laughed, and took up a black stone, and threw it into the forest, and out of a thicket of wild hemlock came Fever in a robe of flame. She passed through the multitude, and touched them, and each that she touched died. The grass withered beneath her feet as she walked.

And Avarice shuddered and put ashes on her head. "Thou art cruel," she cried, "thou art cruel. There is famine in the walled cities of India, and the cisterns of Samarcand have run dry. There is famine in the walled cities of Egypt and the locusts have come up from the desert. The Nile has not overflowed its banks, and the priests have cursed Isis and Osiris. Get thee gone to those who need thee, and leave me my servants."

"Nay," answered Death, "but till thou hast given me a grain of corn I will not go."

"I will not give thee anything," said Avarice.

And Death laughed again, and he whistled through his fingers, and a woman came flying through the air. Plague was written upon her forehead, and a crowd of lean vultures wheeled round her. She covered the valley with her wings.

(Continued on Page 30)

Won

I saw her walking down the street—
Her face was fair, her figure neat—
And for whole days I could not eat,
For she was on my mind.

They introduced us at the dance—
At last had come my longed-for chance,
And what cared I for envious glance,
For she was on my arm.

I called one evening after that,
But when 'twas time to get my hat
I could not rise from where I sat,
For she was on my knee.

But since has come a sad surprise.
I see her now with other eyes—
O, would that it were otherwise,
For she is on my hands.

—The Flirt.



The Spectator

Padding the Social Columns

The society gush writers are having a very hard time trying to earn their money these days. There is absolutely nothing doing of a social character, and the smart set is all disorganized, being scattered all over the state. Social obligations have been declared off, many of the climbers are waiting for their insurance money, and not even those that have money in bank are in the humor to splurge or do anything to justify a write-up. Nevertheless the gush writers are keeping their favorites in the public eye. Madame La Bavarde tells us something about the Stents every other night, though hardly anybody knows just what part the Stents play in social or financial circles. However it is quite evident that along with a few others they are on the Bavarde staff and are entitled to mention in and out of season. So short is the news crop that Helene Robson, a very nice young girl, favored with the limelight, has had her proposed trip to the Orient and her change of mind mentioned about forty times in a fortnight. We shall probably never hear the end of the news of the removal of the Jack Spreckels's to a cosy cottage in San Rafael, for that item has become a "filler" in the social columns. And as for Frances Joliffe—well, by actual count we have been told eighteen times that she was in Europe at the time of the earthquake, fourteen times that she had returned, four times that she was in Oakland, twice that she was in San Francisco and six times that she was expected before the end of the week. I wish Frances would tell us just where she is. The whole city, including the Mayor and Abe Ruef, would like to know.

All Off for the Debutantes

None of the star debutantes who promised to make this season the record one will make their best bow this year. Helene Irwin, who was to be the bright particular star, will probably, I am told, make her debut in Philadelphia under the management of her aunt, Mrs. Robinson. There is some talk of the Gaiety Club renewing their festivities this season but no effort will be made to start the ball a-rolling in the absence of Christine Pomeroy, who is in Europe. The Pomeroy's are in San Rafael this year and will probably remain there during the winter months.

Too Dull for the Hills

It was owing to the prospect of a colorless and dull social season that the Horace Hills packed their trunks and started on a journey to the East and Europe. Mrs. Hill was one of the most active of the ante-earthquake hostesses, and she went in very strong for an artistic atmosphere, being desirous of giving her drawing-room a New York tone. Zelle de Lussan and Frank Pollock and other well known artists have contributed to the gayety of evenings in her home. The Hills suffered very little financially from the fire.

The Borels in Their Chateau

The feminine members of the Borel family have decided to spend the next few years in their chateau in Switzerland. Antone Borel was in Switzerland at the time of the catastrophe and returned only a few days ago. He reports that his losses were not very large, but he was one of the principal stockholders in the California street road, and the people that control the corporation seem to have a very hard time recovering from the shock. I hear that they would be very glad to sell to the United Railroads. Borel has always handled a great deal of French capital but he is a very conservative operator. The Borel mansion, which was to have been the scene of much festivity following the nuptials of the two daughters this winter, has been rented to the Pacific-Union Club, a circumstance that has given rise to the suspicion that the banker found a twist in his bank roll after the earthquake. Both Miss Alice and Miss Sophie Borel will be married next spring. Lupita Borel was to have made her debut this fall, and there was to have been a great deal of entertaining in her honor. Indeed, as a motif, she was to have rivaled Helene Irwin. The extent of the social slump may be gauged from the circumstance that the Borels and Irwins have abandoned their program, as well as from the fact that none but obscure climbers are now figuring to any extent in the gush columns.

Financiering That's Not Frenzied

Big money is being made in leases on Van Ness avenue in these piping times of reconstruction. One of the most fortunate of lease-makers is John Tait, the very earliest of

settlers on the avenue after the hegira of residents. Before the fire was quite under control Tait obtained a lease of the Wallace residence at Van Ness and Eddy. That residence and another building on Beale street were all that remained of Judge Wallace's income holdings after the fire, and the aged jurist gladly accepted Tait's offer of two hundred and fifty dollars a month. Tait was given a lease for two years with the privilege of renewing for two more. He then leased the ground in front of the residence on which small store are to be erected and from them he is to receive one thousand dollars a month. He expects, moreover, to lease the ground on the Eddy street side for five hundred dollars a month. So he will probably make more than twelve hundred dollars a month out of his lease and have nothing to pay for the residence which he has fitted up for a cafe at an expense of fifteen thousand dollars. This will be the cosiest and handsomest cafe in the country. The doors will be thrown open Monday morning, and there will no doubt be a great gathering of men and women who were familiar figures in the after-theatre throngs of the days agone.

Some Other Deals

But the Wallace property is not the only piece out of which Tait is going to derive a fat income. He also leased the Farquharson residence at the northwest corner of Eddy and Van Ness for two hundred and fifty dollars a month. And he sub-leased to Harry Ramsdell of Bullock & Jones for three hundred and fifty a month. There those fashionable tailors have resumed business, and by the way, from Ramsdell I learned that the claw-hammer is not to be tabu during the reconstruction period. In less than one week eleven evening dress suits were ordered by eleven club men who lost their wardrobes in the fire. But I have digressed again. I am writing of profitable leases. Ramsdell is paying Tait a profit of one hundred dollars a month on his lease and Ramsdell sub-leased to a jewelry firm and to several doctors, so that he is to draw down two hundred and fifty dollars a month profit and have the use of the whole first floor without cost. And while Tait was about it he didn't stop at two leases. To prevent the residence adjoining his cafe on Eddy street from falling into evil hands he took a lease of it for one hundred and fifty dollars a month, and his agent assures him that he will get one hundred dollars a month profit out of it for him.

Some Golf Jinglers

Some of the golf players that frequent the Presidio links sat down to a dinner the other night which was enlivened by impromptu verse-making. One of the cleverest of the verses, written by a young matron with a knack for deft allusion, is as follows

"A novice played, but his stroke was wild,
And he almost murdered a caddy child;
Though his play was slow and his look was mild,
And he tried to loft with his cleek, O."

A young insurance man who prides himself on having facility reeled off this parody:

"A novice played but his stroke was wild,
And he smashed a maid where she wasn't tiled;
Though his play was slow and his look was mild,
And he hasn't sat down for a week, O."

Murphys' Resignation

When, shortly after the fire, the announcement was made of the change in the presidency of the First National Bank, Rudolph Spreckels having been substituted for that veteran financier, S. G. Murphy, great was the curiosity aroused in the business community, and it was at once surmised that there had been occasion for grave dissatisfaction with the management. It was explained that Mr. Murphy had re-

signed, feeling that the strenuous times a-coming would prove too great a tax on his energies. This was a plausible explanation. Mr. Murphy is a very old man, and besides he is rich enough to retire and take his ease during the remainder of his days. However, in the business community, Mr. Murphy was never regarded as a quitter. He was looked upon as a man of extraordinary zeal in the money-accumulating pastime, and many of his acquaintances were so strong in the conviction that he would not voluntarily withdraw from the cool shade of the First National vaults that they were inclined to scoff at the story of his resignation. They asserted that no such trivial force as that of an earthquake could shake the zealous Mr. Murphy out of the financier's harness. Consequently there has been much speculation as to what happened just before the change of management. There is a story in circulation in club circles to the effect that Mr. Murphy was in a state of panic immediately after the fire, and that he was afflicted with a delusion regarding the true state of affairs. That story is also quite plausible. Indeed, many men that are far more phlegmatic than Mr. Murphy entertained extravagant views about financial conditions after the fire. But of course it behooved bankers to look cheerful. Most of our bankers did present a very cheerful aspect and by doing so they inspired confidence. Perhaps if we had a photograph of Mr. Murphy taken during the days of terror it would help to assuage curiosity regarding his resignation from the presidency of the bank.

Scotford the Upbuilder

The attention of the California Promotion Committee is respectfully called to one Frederick E. Scotford, whose advertisement occupies a page in the June Current Literature. "To Upbuild the Pacific Coast States," is what Mr. Scotford represents his aim in life to be, and he has headquarters at Seattle. From the advertisement we learn that "The Quoin Club of New York, an association of the leading periodicals of national circulation (reaching practically every intelligent English-speaking family in the United States and Canada), introduces Mr. Frederick E. Scotford who will represent it on the Pacific Coast in a movement that is of the greatest importance to every one interested in the upbuilding of the Pacific Coast States. He will co-operate with the various interests of the coast in obtaining proper publicity for their communities and their industries among capitalists, settlers and tourists"; also, "In order to assure the greatest degree of helpfulness through Mr. Scotford's work, the Quoin Club has undertaken to act as a clearing-house, putting every one interested in close touch with reliable sources of information on all matters pertaining to the Pacific Coast States—their topographical and climatic advantages, business opportunities, etc." This is the first that the Spectator ever heard of Mr. Scotford, and he would like to know if the gentleman in Seattle enjoys the confidence of the California Promotion Committee. The Spectator is of the opinion that the Promotion Committee would prefer to have the business of upbuilding California attended to from headquarters in San Francisco, and if so the Quoin Club (if there is such an institution) should be notified at once. If Mr. Scotford is interested principally in the upbuilding of Seattle, the sooner that fact is given publicity the better it will be for California.

"Robertson's"

A BOOK STORE

NOW AT 1186½ ELLIS STREET, NEAR OCTAVIA.
AFTER JULY 1st, VAN NESS NEAR PINE ST.
Mail orders will receive prompt attention. All persons who had card plates or dies at "Robertson's" will please communicate with

A. M. ROBERTSON

"Extra" Printed, but Presses Burned

The history of American journalism is filled with examples of grit, nerve and enterprise, for the devotion of the American newspaper man to duty has been vindicated in all sorts of emergencies and under the most trying circumstances. Reporters are always intent upon winning glory for their papers and seldom do they get credit for their achievements. The credit almost invariably goes to the paper, which calls for it in screeching headlines. The reporter may lose his job before the end of the week if it be deemed advisable to reduce expenses. But what I purposed saying was that occasionally, at long intervals, the newspaper itself, in its zeal for supplying its readers with the news, exhibits in a transcendent degree the spirit that animates the profession of journalism. I have in mind a notable instance of recent date. On the day of the earthquake only one daily newspaper was published in San Francisco and that was our little one-cent journal, the Daily News. This paper's plant was located in a one-story building on Ninth street near Folsom. When the flames were spreading in the direction of the building Editor Billy Wasson was getting out an extra. He had plenty time to save his machinery by burying it in a lot adjoining his office, but he preferred to get out an extra. As soon as all the matter was set up he had the linotype machines removed and buried. There was still time to remove the presses in sections, too, but the paper had to be printed and it was. The fire reached the building shortly after the last paper was run off. The presses were destroyed but the linotypes were saved.

One of the Heroes

There is much conflict of testimony in newspaper circles regarding the activities of certain leading journalists during the excitement of the most memorable of weeks in newspaper history. It is agreed that there was something of a panic in some offices, but according to some newspaper men they were absolutely under self-control all the time. However, there were many heroes, a fact to which you can get corroboration by reading Jimmy Hopper on himself, or Jack London on Jack London, or, indeed, any of the distinguished correspondents of Eastern papers. Even Ernest Simpson, City Editor of the Chronicle, was a hero. He did not say so for publication but he wrote a letter to a friend on the New York Sun, and the friend rushed into print with it. From this letter I learn that on the morning of the earthquake Mr. Simpson started to get out an extra but failed because he couldn't persuade the printers to stick to their posts. When later it was found that there was no power for the presses it was decided "to publish a one-for-all paper" and "as an emergency chance, an Examiner bunch was sent over to the Oakland Tribune to get out a Chronicle-Call-Examiner." This statement conflicts with the version of Editor Barrett of the Examiner, who says it was agreed to get out a combination paper upon which the staffs of all three morning papers were to work, but the only men that appeared in Oakland were the Examiner staff. However, the combination paper was published, and Simpson went home.

An Eventful Day

The next day was a strenuous one for him. It appears from his letter that the whole responsibility of getting out the Chronicle rested on his shoulders. "I sent French to

make a deal with the Oakland Herald," he wrote, "and put Clarke, my second assistant, in charge locally. I butted into the committee of fifty, was made a member of the press committee, got a special policeman's star, commandeered automobiles until I had a good one—with a regular devil of a driver—picked up staff and reporters and got to Oakland about 10 p. m. I took my bunch to the Oakland Herald. There I found French and my brother Lynne. We managed by 5 a. m. to pull out 7,000 copies of a combined Call and Chronicle, differing in title and editorial. There was no more paper left after the Herald had run off its own extra at 1:30 a. m. These 7,000 I had to count, stack and tie myself, as well as police them from the gang that was trying to grab them, papers being as good as wheat in that crisis. I helped load them on a one horse, rickety express wagon and sat on them for a four mile crawl through the dawn to the estuary, where I had a man holding a jayhawk launch with promises of money and threats of shooting. We hiked in through the wreckage of the wharves at 7 a. m., found that good automobile waiting, and tore through what was left of the town, giving away papers from Noe Valley to the Presidio. The people were crazy for them. Out in the park, crowded with refugees, a big chap got on our front board and refused to get off. If we had stopped anywhere we would have been stripped of our papers. I leaned across Jimmy Hopper in the tonneau and soaked Mr. Husky. We were running some and he spun like a top when he hit the macadam."

Walked Blood Out of His Feet

While Mr. Simpson was maintaining the Chronicle's prestige, I learn from the same letter, Mr. De Young was saving his home. Mr. Simpson called on Mr. De Young Friday and found that he had "plenty of food, no water, plenty of automobiles and no gasoline." So Mr. Simpson got busy again: "I got out and grabbed a can of oil with an order for more, and took Mr. De Young to Oakland. We had a dickens of a time getting there, making a deal with the Herald, arranging for white paper supply and getting back to San Francisco." That night when Mr. Simpson tried to pull off his socks at home he found they were stuck to his feet with blood. Thus was the proper melodramatic finish given to his day of toil. Mr. Simpson's thrilling letter filled more than a column of the Sun.

An Artist's Picture

Bruce Porter, the artist, told his story of the catastrophe in a letter to a friend from which I extract: "It was the day of judgment and all the Biblical terrors of the Wrath of God, but if you could have been here you would have seen

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what the people are. It was the noblest expression of humanity that the world has seen. Nobody thought of himself, and the prostitute with last night's paint on her cheeks sat and held the baby of the homeless and husbandless woman beside her. The town has never been in such perfect moral order, and if I once said to you—vauntingly—that the idea of the American people was charity and brotherly love, here is the proof. There has been no panic, no disorderly conduct, simply unconscious bravery and unselfishness under as severe a strain as was ever put upon a community. The desolation is inconceivable, and of course everybody is poor and one-half the population homeless. The Presidio beneath my windows was packed with people that first night—the heavens terribly red with fire, ominous, awful—people without a scrap to cover them sharing their crusts with strangers—and the good nature was like a cooling breeze in one's face as one walked among them. What help one could give was unanimously refused in the interest of more helpless neighbors. Not one case of drunkenness have I seen in seven days, and I have heard only two oaths, and those lightly spoken—and this in what has been named 'the wickedest city in the world.'"

Sentiment versus Trade

James D. Phelan intends to erect a new residence on the site of the one destroyed by the fire. The property is now in the heart of the Mission business district, and could be built upon without delay, as the land, at the corner of Seventeenth and Valencia streets, extending half a block on each street, was laid out in lawns and garden, and the house and stables were frame structures, entirely destroyed, so that there is no debris to clear away, but Mr. Phelan has a sentiment for the place where he grew up, where his sister was married and from which his parents were carried to their last home. It is only a few years since the home was rebuilt, so that it was scarcely recognizable as a landmark, but even then some of the apartments around which memories clustered were left untouched. Now that the utilitarian is ousting the esthetic, stores are being planted where flowers once held sway, and every lot owner with a ten foot alley is utilizing the last inch of space as a rent producer, the Phelan garden will, when restored, be more than ever a thing of beauty and a rest for tired eyesight.

More of Coppa's

I see that Coppa's has been getting more fame—this time in the columns of the Critic, in which excellent magazine that talented writer, Mabel Craft Deering has a description—from a before-the-fire standpoint—of the only downtown restaurant that escaped from the flames. I am afraid that I must accuse Mrs. Deering of having to a certain extent let her desire to make the article attractive influence her memory of what she saw at Coppa's. I'll not deny that the decorations are as bizarre and interesting as she states. But there was less of romanticism and Bohemianism at the centre table than the article would lead one to believe. "Straying in by chance," she says, "you might think that you had discovered the original of Du Maurier's Little Billee or the prototypes for Rodolpho and his friends from La Boheme, so strange are the clothes, so unfamiliar the talk." Now, in truth, no matter what desires the habitual diners at that table may have had in the matter of picturesque raiment, certainly they were not fulfilled. There were one

or two who affected long hair, Martinez wore a velvet coat, and most of them had on pendulous and depressed-looking Windsor ties—not enough of a departure from conventional attire to attract any particular attention.

When They Posed

"If you be too polite to stare you may listen to the conversation at this interesting table," says Mrs. Deering, adding: "Sometimes the talk does not scintillate because the worry of daily bread sits on the Bohemian brow." I am sure no one could be offended by staring at the diners at this centre table. Its location made it easy to stare at, and its occupants had become so used to being the spectacle of the place that they didn't mind people looking at them—really, they didn't. And their talk always scintillated to the best of their ability, for well they knew that half a hundred culturists were straining ears to catch every golden word that fell. The statement that a few newspaper men have been admitted to this inner circle has caused profane remarks and raucous laughter among the daily journalists, none of whom have ever sat at the show table, and none of whom, if I misjudge them not, ever had a desire to do so. I hear that Mateas, who had a Bohemian place on Broadway, opposite the jail, intends replacing his old wooden building with an adobe one, with a tiled roof.

Spare Us from Markham

Rev. Mr. Rader wants Poet Markham to "return to San Francisco and sing among the ruins a song of California victory—of victory over death and the grave." Markham will do much better if he stays where he is and continues to shed the lustre of his presence on pink teas and culture clubs. The earthquake was bad enough, the fire was worse, but the worst part of the whole calamity is the aftermath, the lurid descriptions of what never happened, the fake pictures, and fearful "poems." We have had just about as much as we can stand in the way of disaster, and it is high time to protest against having it rubbed in. The only "songs amongst the ruins" that we want to listen to are those of the humming steam saw and the rhythmical carpenter's hammer. This is the day for the paractical music of manual labor. Any poet who comes out here to jingle words should first be obliged to jingle a few dollars into the treasury. Let each and every one of them be obliged to take out a license of a hundred dollars a year, and the proceeds be applied to the rehabilitation of the schools. That would be a more creditable plan than exposing the ignorance of the pupils in order to wheedle the candy pennies from other little ones. After the earthquake of '68 a prominent member

LOST

In or Near Postoffice

A ladies' purse containing \$23.00 in money, one diamond ring and an order for two dozen Jackson's Napa Soda. Finder may keep the money and ring if they will return the Napa Soda. NO QUESTIONS ASKED.

*All Candy Stores, Saloons,
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"AT THE SIGN OF THE LAMP"

643 Turk Street, Near Van Ness Avenue.

The First New Bookstore Since the Fire.

of the aristocracy of that date took his two sons East to put them in school where their precious lives would be safe, but before the father had fairly arrived in San Francisco on his return he was met by a letter requesting him to come and get his boys and send on the earthquake. We do not particularly crave another shake-up at this minute, nor another fire, but we could stand either or both better than any more rhyme. It will be time enough to talk and to read by and by when the refugee tents have made way for substantial dwellings, when the debris is all removed, and people have earned their right to leisure by the sweat of their brows.

His Artistic Taste

Rev. Dr. Rader has joined the ruthless crew of Ibsen-swatters. He says he is familiar with "Peer Gynt," and he doesn't approve the Norseman's pessimism. The only literature worth while, according to Dr. Rader, is the literature that tends to gladden the heart and add to the pleasures of existence. If what Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes could be called literature that is probably what Dr. Rader would recommend. But the reverend gentleman is not consistent in the expression of his literary tastes since he acclaims the author of the hoeman, a most sombre and chilling piece of verse, and condemns Ibsen because he thinks the playwright is a grumbler and a cynic. All of which bears out what has been said in the columns of this paper regarding the popular misunderstanding of Ibsen. The playwright was quoted to show that he really considered himself the sort of man that Dr. Rader thinks he was not. And, by the way, in the Current Literature for June we are told that the plays of Ibsen have been described as "a long litany praising the man that wills," and that Ibsen himself, in his recently published "Letters," has made it clear that the motive underlying all his work and life has been a passion for self-realization; that, in a hundred different ways, he endeavors to convey to his audience a fundamental message which might be stated in ethical terms thus: "Be true to yourself. Be true to the highest that you know, at whatever cost. This is the only thing in life that is important." If that be really the import of Ibsen's message, and Dr. Rader could be convinced that it was, he would become a convert to Ibsenism. Meanwhile, for the reason that he dislikes Ibsen and condemns him as unworthy of being read, he feels, of course, that we should also shun the works of that other poet who wrote a very gloomy play called "Hamlet," since it is filled with hate and despair, and a play called "Othello" that has morbid jealousy for its theme, and a play called "The Merchant of Venice" that deals with greed, revenge and other disagreeable emotions.

The Hotel Rafael Deal

Once more is the rumor being circulated that the Hotel Rafael is to be sold. A month ago it was said that Charles Zinkand had obtained an option on the property and was organizing a syndicate to make the purchase. It was afterwards learned that the only foundation for the rumor was that Zinkand had asked Baron von Schroeder if the property was for sale and was told that it was. The latest rumor is to the effect that A. W. Foster and E. H. Harriman are negotiating for the property. All Marin county would have cause to rejoice if those two gentlemen were to get possession of the hotel, for they would do more than improve the character and prestige of that property. The Hotel Rafael has never been a very profitable resort, the reason being that it has never been properly handled. If it were to become a railroad asset then it would be to the interest of the railroad to exploit Marin county, a county that abounds in attractive features to a higher degree than any other in the state. All the special features of each of the other counties are concentrated in Marin. If E. H. Harriman ever gets an interest in Marin county and finds out how much more inviting it should

be to the Eastern tourist in quest of climate and scenery than any other section of the state, he will lose no time in calling the attention of the world to it. San Francisco, by the way, is very fortunate that Mr. E. H. Harriman is president of the Southern Pacific Company at this time. The big financiers of the East have great respect for Mr. Harriman's judgment, and his judgment is that San Francisco is to have a very rapid growth in the next decade. He has been vindicating his judgment by buying property in San Francisco since the fire.

Johnson's Rhetorical Flourish

Albert Johnson of the silver tongue and a faculty for giving lustre to pearls of thought has been doing a little fine writing on the subject of the late catastrophe. Mr. Johnson does not write for publication, and perhaps that is why the dailies overlooked his contribution to earthquake literature, which is now incorporated in the records of our courts. His facile pen was brought into play through the circumstance that he is petitioning for a new trial of the Dolbeer will case. It was necessary for him to explain the loss of certain important documents so he told of what happened in this classical style: "A violent seismic convulsion, undermining and shattering the physical foundations of California's metropolis, was succeeded by an appalling conflagration which swept

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"mutual" plan by which
the profits on goods bought
here come back to you

IF GOING AWAY

let us supply you. Everything here
right. Tents, Camp Stoves, Ham-
mocks, Pure Food Utensils — Camp
Life is ideal when you outfit here.

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"JUST AROUND THE CORNER."

over the surface of the city, carrying ruin and devastation in every direction. Within two days the mercantile and commercial fabrics of San Francisco's prosperity had vanished into thin air. It would seem as if the elements in general had conspired with the titanic forces of nature to effect the proud city's ruin." There is a stateliness to those sentences that reminds us of no less a rhetorician than Macaulay himself. Perhaps if Morse Stevens sees them he will incorporate them in his history of the calamity. I hear he intends preserving Ralph Renaud's "The Refugee's Rubaiyat" which appeared in the Bulletin, a very clever piece of work; so why not Johnson's paragraph?

Some More Johnsonese

But the foregoing was merely preliminary. The attorney explains the loss of his library in this language: "In numerous volumes were registered the sapient utterances and judgments of many Aristides, Solons and Justinians of this and earlier ages. Yet the demon of destruction, more ruthless than the Vandal, recking not for what Time had consecrated, sacrificed all as a votive offering to Ahriman." The information therein contained could be conveyed in fewer words, but Mr. Johnson was intent on catching the eye of the court. Hence the employment of sonorous names and the rounding of a period with the suggestion of a sacrifice. Next he paid his respects to the witnesses on the other side: "Will the casual glance of 200 or more 'social butterflies' whose Nirvana is composed of cotillions, new gowns, 'pink teas,' theatre parties, champagne suppers, Ibsen plays, wedding breakfasts, 'bridal showers,' picture hats, evening clothes and 'coming outs' fortified by a modicum of intellect, be considered amply sufficient for the formation of a tangible opinion?"

Greenebaum and the Ruskins

Among the artists who took to flight when the studios went up in smoke was Joseph Greenebaum whose destination was Los Angeles, where there is some culture, but a great deal of Philistinism. As soon as Joe arrived in Los Angeles he was taken up by the Ruskin Club, an institution whose members are more familiar with "Imagination Penetrative," "Imagination Contemplative," "The Superhuman Ideal" and "The Rank and Relations of the Theoretic Faculty" than they are with their prayers. Joe Greenebaum doesn't know much about those things but he can paint a picture, and therefore the Ruskins pounced upon him and took him right into their midst. He is now a family pet. His friends in this city are wondering whether he has his dainty little French model with him. They hope so, for they suspect that she was his chief inspiration.

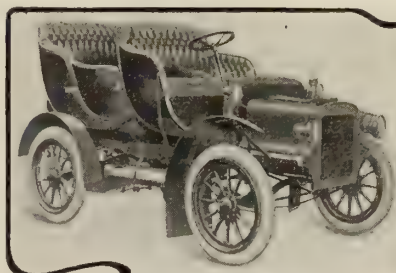
Grace Field's Progress

By letter from the East I am informed that Grace Field is now being celebrated in electric light, having risen to the dignity of a headliner in vaudeville. As Grace Field she will probably not be remembered by many of her old friends in this city, from whom, however, recollection of Grace Shain has not altogether departed. Grace Shain was the daughter of Joseph Shain, for many years the prosperous operator of a collection agency, who went broke on the turf. His daughter had achieved some prominence in society just before the crash came and there was much sympathy for her when she was left penniless. But she was a plucky girl, and believing that she had talent for a stage career she joined the Tivoli chorus. After a brief experience in the Eddy street opera house she went East and became a member of the Broadway chorus brigade. Being a very pretty girl and possessed of a

refined air she attracted some attention, but made very little headway in her profession though fetching photographs of her were constantly bobbing up in the flashy theatrical magazines. Several years ago the news came out that she had married a Philadelphia journalist, but it was an unfortunate match, for Miss Field, and they did not live together longer than a few weeks. When next heard from it was in connection with the Fads and Fancies, Colonel Mann case. It was because Post, the man who exposed the blackmailers, was seen very often in the society of Grace Field, despite the fact that he was married, that an attempt was made to extort money from him. The San Francisco girl rose above the chorus in the musical comedy, "What Happened in Nordland," and now she is being billed in vaudeville as "Grace Field and Her Nordland Girls."

She's Writing a Novel

I hear that Grace Llewelyn Jones is writing a novel just for a little mental exercise. The versatile Grace should some day win recognition as a genius, for she is a woman of great industry, and that is one of the chief qualities of genius. Miss Jones was one of the heroic workers of the busy month of April, and she rendered valiant service to some of her less sturdy neighbors. I hear that she carried water from a spring in the Presidio and that one day some of her admirers of the Browning Club were very much surprised to see their idol one day, with a long wooden pole resting on her shoulder, from which was suspended a large bucket of water. The other end of the pole rested on the shoulder of her Chinese cook.



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at an actual factory cost of less than our selling price. This is but one of the many benefits a Cadillac purchaser derives from the wonderful combination of equipment, skill and experience that backs up every car we build.

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SCHUSSLER BROS., located at 1792 Post street, have a full line of mirrors and some oil paintings on hand. They are doing framing and regilding, delivering work promptly.



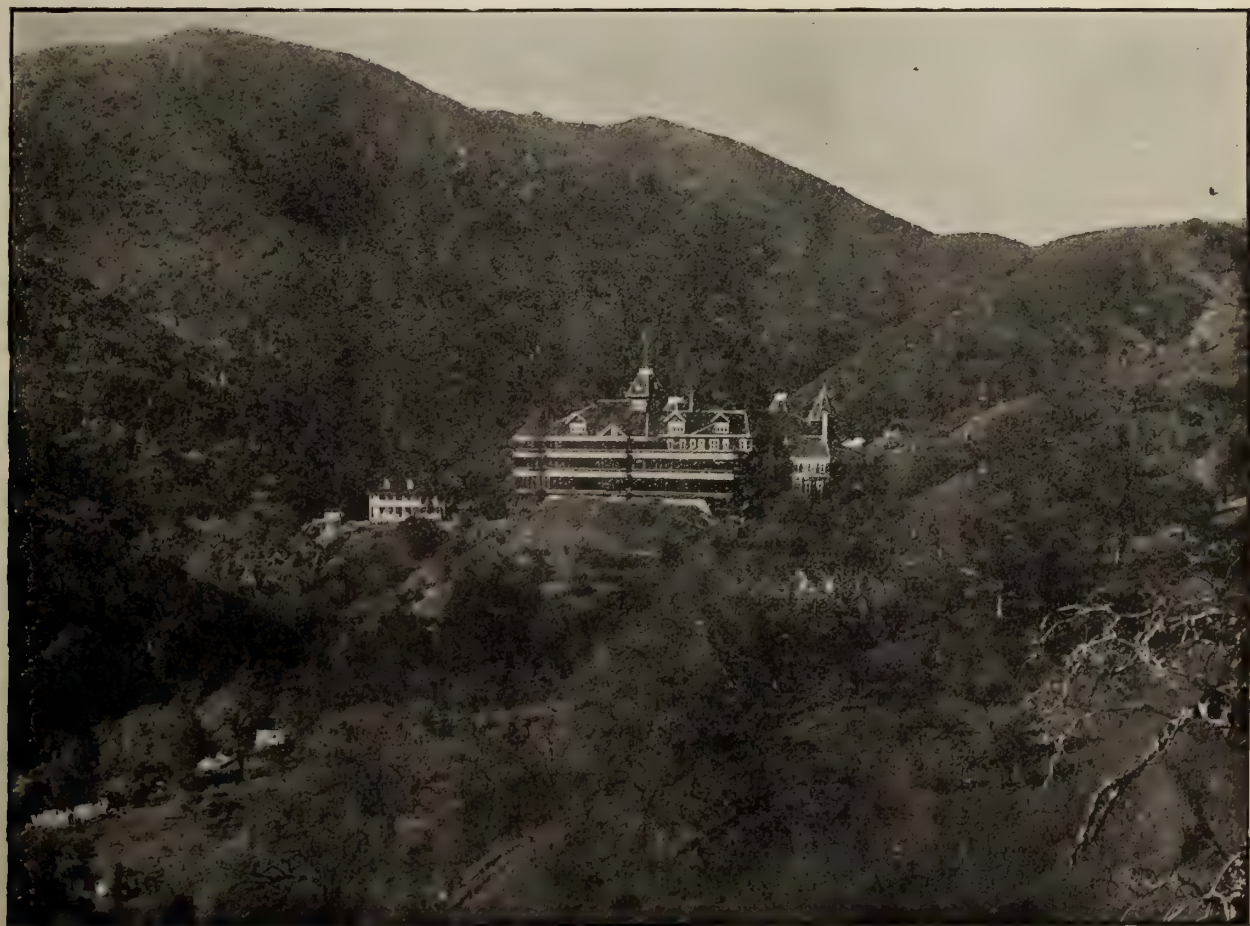
MARKET STREET TROLLEY CAR AT THE FERRY.



OPEN-AIR KITCHEN IN THE POTRERO CAMP



LAKE TAHOE, SOUTH FROM CAVE ROCK.



WITTER SPRINGS, LAKE COUNTY.

Robertson Will Stay Here

Though Paul Elder has transferred his publishing house to New York temporarily, A. M. Robertson intends to wait for the establishment of a printing plant in this city before bringing out another California work. He has several new publications in view. Robertson has published more works of Californian authors than any other publisher on the coast, and he had a complete collection of his own publications but it was destroyed in the fire. He is now in search of stray volumes. Robertson was the first book-seller in town to resume business, having received a large supply of books from the East about two weeks after the fire. He established temporary headquarters in a basement at 1186½ Ellis which was thronged with book-lovers as soon as the doors were opened. By July first he will be in his new store on Van Ness near Pine.

Blake's Venture

A new book store and publishing house has come into existence since the fire. It was opened by James D. Blake, who was formerly with A. M. Robertson. He makes a specialty of dramatic literature, for which there has lately been a great demand in this city. The new store at 643 Turk street is to be known as "At the Sign of the Lamp." Though the store is one of the new wooden shacks it is most artistically fitted up. The works of all the modern playwrights will be found on the shelves of the new store.

Stratton and His Labels

Collector of the Port Frederick Stratton, who has done much good work on the Oakland Relief Committee, combines artistic tastes with executive ability. A friend of his found him out recently while traveling across the bay with him. The Collector had with him a suit-case covered with labels of foreign hotels. "How artistic that looks," said the friend; "as a rule, labels are a hideous jumble." "Yes," said Stratton; "while I was abroad I never allowed a label to be pasted on my suit-case without pointing out exactly where it should be placed, and in that way I maintained a pleasing color ensemble."

IT IS NOT ALWAYS WINTRY JUNE.

[James Jeffrey Roche in an old Harper. Written for New Zealand, but seems to apply to the quality of weather the Meteorological Bureau is giving us.]

What though the icy winds of June
Around my cottage sweep and roar,
And blizzards tell that soon
July's deep drifts shall block my door?

Each April leaf that passed away,
Each blade that died on mead and glen,
Each flower slain by cruel May,
December's sun shall see again.

The mild nor'easter's balmy breath
Shall kiss the vale and mountain-side;
The stream by August chilled in death
Shall leap and laugh at Christmas-tide.

Then be of joyful heart, my love;
To hope its tender chords attune;
For, as I have remarked above,
It is not always wintry June.

What Murine Eye Tonic does for the Eye is to refresh, cleanse, strengthen and stimulate the circulation of the blood supply which nourishes the eye, and restores a healthful tone to eyes enfeebled by exposure to strong winds, dust and reflected sunlight.

Murine soothes and quickly cures eyes that need care. All druggists and opticians sell it at 50 cents per bottle.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.
Spreckels Line.

S. S. Ventura sails 2 p. m., June 21st.

Honolulu only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m., June 30th.
Round trip, first class, \$125.

Sydney, Auckland, Samoa, Honolulu

Tahiti, South Seas—S. S. Mariposa sails 11 a. m., July 1.
Grand tour this voyage, \$125 round trip.

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White Rock
LITHIA Water.

STILL White Rock Water packed in cases containing twelve one-half gallons **AT \$4.50 PER CASE.**

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1534 Ocean Boulevard. Phone Page 7702.

NOTE: Will open about July 1st at our new location Northeast corner Van Ness Avenue and Ellis Street.

Burned Homes Must be Rebuilt

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, having sustained practically no loss in the recent calamity, is in a position to loan money to the people who wish to rebuild. **SAN FRANCISCO MUST RESTORE HER HOMES** as well as her business blocks.

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THEIR OWN BUILDING,...

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directly opposite new San Francisco Stock and
Exchange Building.

Says Alexander Black in "Richard Gordon"

"Reformers speak of good government as if it was a determinable thing which all the people would agree in defining. Actually a government always is as good as the people want it to be—not as they say they want it to be, but as they really want it to be. The government expresses the people. When the government is bad the people are in a bad condition.

"We must remember that this is a representative form of government, that practically it is not a government of the whole people by the best, in the sense in which we use the word best. The best is necessarily a minority, and the great majority, while it should, never will choose to be managed by the minority if it knows it. A government which displeases the majority not only is unstable, but probably is a poor government, an undemocratic government. It is contended that the government has but to execute the laws. But no government does this literally. There are laws that hurt the poor, or are thought to do so, and there are laws that hurt the rich or that the rich do not like. Every government undertakes to make peace between the two, tempers the wind of law to the shorn lamb of circumstances. If every law were passed unanimously, or were unanimously retained; if every law were sincerely expressed, even by those who passed or who asked for it, the situation would be different. But laws have the quality only of the feeling that passed or retains them. The government is obliged to acknowledge this. The judge on the bench has the same obligation. So has the minister in the pulpit when he comes to consider the creeds of his own sect. It is no cynicism to say that a vast number of laws are Pickwickian. Some of them are mere scarecrows set up with the idea not of wholly excluding crows but merely of diminishing the attendance of crows. Such laws should not be made, but they are made every day. They should not remain, but they do remain, in statutes as well as

in creeds, because, perhaps, too much might be deduced from taking them away."

"Some men choose to renounce the world. Others choose to take it by the throat. Probably both are wrong, but life contrives to average its illusions." —The Gleaner.

Some Interesting Relics

Reminders of the artistic triumphs of Sembrich, Eames, De Pachmann, Pugno and other musicians are displayed in the windows of the new store of D. H. Baldwin & Co. at 2512 Sacramento street. They are pieces of iron plate and wire, fragments of Baldwin pianos which were used by those artists during their visits to this city, in recitals and for practice. A strong contrast is afforded by the spectacle of these twisted, shapeless frames alongside one of the new pianos recently received. The Baldwin Company has confidence in the future of San Francisco as a musical centre, and Mr. Brown, their coast representative, is most sanguine of an early revival of the demand for their high art productions, which have long been the favorite instruments of the world's greatest artists because of the variety and wealth of tone for which the Baldwin is famous. The latest products of the Baldwin factory, by the way, are of most artistic design and finish.

Tom—Miss Anteke seems full of life tonight.

Maud—Yes, she appears to feel almost as young as she says she is.

FAT FOLKS.

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches, in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.

The Emporium

*Will Again Be California's Largest, America's Grandest
Department Store*

NEW LOCATION VAN NESS AVE. AT POST ST.

The Emporium was the first large retail business to recuperate after the shock of April 18th. Saturday, April 20th an office was opened on Franklin Street for the registration of employees and to organize for relief work. Goods were being sold in the new location on April 27th, and each day since that has marked change and improvement. The Van Ness Avenue frontage of the new Emporium is 142 feet, Post Street frontage 200 feet. There will also be a frontage of 70 feet on Sutter Street giving a total floor space of more than 55,000 square feet, making the New Emporium by far the largest department store in New San Francisco. Stocks are now wonderfully complete and new goods are arriving from the East daily. Special sales will continue to be a feature in our business policy, and the money back privilege goes with every sale.

Watch for our Advertisement in the Bulletin Announcing Our Daily Specials

TURNED DOWN.

I asked her would she wed me, let our life be one sweet song,
 And then the maid—oh, she was very clever!—
 Evading all the question, murmured "Isn't that too long?
 I think it would be tiresome, singing ever!"

But still I pressed my question with much fervor and much
 grace,

Until she said: "From maidenhood I'll sever
 When Anna Gould shall make her hubby quit his Frenchy
 pace."

And then I knew the artful maid meant never.

—The Swain.

HIS PRESCRIPTION.

They heard somebody say, "How do you do, doctor?" so
 they rushed out and yelled "Doctor!" after him.

He turned and they beckoned frantically to him to come
 back.

He did so and as soon as he reached the door they
 grabbed him and rushed him into the bed-room where the
 woman was lying. She was very pale and was breathing
 feebly.

"What do you think?" they all asked at once.

"I think she's a sick woman," he replied.

They waited a moment and then one said:

"Well, what do you think we should do?"

"I should call a doctor," he replied.

They fell back as though he had hit each one between
 the eyes.

"Aren't you a doctor?" they demanded.

"Yes," he answered, "but not that kind of a doctor; I'm
 a veterinary."
 —The Medico.

HIS FINANCIAL DEAL

Brown—Did you say that young Blingum made his
 money in trade?

Jones—Yes; swapped his social position for Miss Rag-
 time's millions.
 —The Tattler.

PROOF STRONG AS HOLY WRIT.

"Young Larker must be hopelessly in love with Miss
 Pacific Avenue."

"Why do you think so?"

"He goes shopping with her."

—The Salesman.



IN THE PRESIDIO

Showing many of Uncle Sam's Brick Buildings that were not damaged.



ANOTHER VIEW.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital and Surplus, - \$3,000,000

We beg to announce to our friends and the public generally that we have resumed business as usual at our former location.

Corner California and Montgomery Streets.

We solicit and receive Commercial and Savings accounts and conduct a general banking business.

Interest is paid on Commercial and Savings deposits.

For the convenience of our customers we will immediately establish Branches at the following locations:

GEARY STREET, NEAR FILLMORE ST.
DEVISADERO ST., NEAR POST ST.
VALENCIA STREET, NEAR 22D ST.

The dates of opening will be announced later.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres. J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank

of San Francisco

Has removed to its new quarters
in the Union Trust Building,
No. 4 Montgomery St.

Capital
Six Million Dollars

Surplus and Undivided Profits
Four Million Dollars

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

TRANSACTION. ACCOUNTS INVITED.

SAN MATEO P A R K

Never so fine as in these summer days — never so attractive for country homes — yet within 30 minutes of the city.

Those 100-foot front lots have no equal on the Peninsula.

Baldwin & Howell
1692 Fillmore Street

FRANK S. GRUMMON
San Mateo Agent

UNION TRUST COMPANY

OF SAN FRANCISCO

Has returned to its old office in the

Union Trust
Company Building

Corner Market, Montgomery
and Post Streets

SAN FRANCISCO

BANKING, TRUST AND SAFE
DEPOSIT BUSINESS SOLICITED

Stage

Florence Roberts' Triumph

Florence Roberts' many admirers in this city will be pleased to learn that the critics of New York agree that she is entitled to rank with the stars of the metropolis. It has been frequently suggested in these columns that Florence Roberts was denied the credit she deserved because she confined her activities to popular-price houses. Despite her most artistic impersonations in "Zaza," "Marta of the Lowlands" and "Giaconda" she was but feebly praised, even by those critics that were willing to admit that she possessed ability. When she played "Zaza" they said she imitated Mrs. Leslie Carter. When she played "Marta" they said she imitated Mrs. Fiske, notwithstanding the clearness of her enunciation which not in the slightest degree reminded one of the high-priced New York star whose failure to render her lines audible and with distinctness is an imperfection that should debar her from serious consideration as an interpreter of dramatic works. Florence Roberts made her New York debut in a play so artificial and inane that it required nothing short of genius to command attention. Yet this is what critic Bullock of the Press said of her at the close of her short season: "Seldom has an unknown actress come to New York and achieved one-half the success of Florence Roberts. For several years Miss Roberts has been a favorite in the West, and she would have ventured long ago on a metropolitan appearance had it not been for the advice of mistaken but well-meaning friends. Persons who had seen many aspiring strangers come to grief here warned the actress that no benefit could be gained by inviting the hostility of our playgoers. The fate of Nance O'Neil is said to have had much to do with Miss Roberts delaying her experiment. Miss O'Neil came down from Boston with flags flying and bands playing, and it was not strange that Miss Roberts asked herself what chance of success she could have in slipping quietly into the city—and that without the endorsement of the aesthetic Hub. But it is not the form of the introduction that counts, but what follows. Miss O'Neil failed, although she had good plays in her repertory; Miss Roberts has succeeded in spite of a bad play. So the plain deduction is that the player who reveals a fresh talent will not go without praise in this city, which often is charged with being governed by prejudice in its views of new playwrights and new players. Were Miss Roberts to find a fitting medium there is no doubt she would take rank at once as one of the foremost of our 'stars.' It may be said of her that in the important point of acting ability and technical equipment she is infinitely superior to more than one of the actresses whose continued popularity as 'stars' tends to convict this same metropolitan public of a mean and almost vulgar taste. There is one thing, however, that Miss Roberts should not neglect, if she intends to conform to our ways. Without delay she should organize a large and exceptionally competent publicity bureau. She is a newcomer here, and she may not have knowledge of all the fine methods employed in the making of a Broadway 'star.' Without the press agent many actresses still would have to enjoy the sensation of their first automobile accident. One of the first acts of the trustworthy press agent is to dispense with motor cars with a reckless disregard for the cost, and it takes little additional imagination to increase the outlay by timely smash-ups. But Miss Roberts might do well to

weigh the fact that automobiles are fast losing their magic for lending lustre to a reputation. The favorite resort just at present is speculation in Long Island real estate. A careful estimate from the reports scattered broadcast in the last few weeks shows that our distinguished players, from Elsie Janis to De Wolf Hopper, have invested in Long Island property an amount a trifle less than that which went up in smoke in San Francisco. Miss Roberts well may rejoice over her substantial success. It does not seem possible she will return to comparative oblivion in the Western wilds. She is an impressive figure on the stage. There is no distressing theatricalism about her; instead, she is without artifice, and obtains her effects by a quiet dignity that compels admiration. Of the several fine features to her work probably that of her enunciation is the best. Her voice is a constant delight to the ear, and it is all the more acceptable by reason of the atrocious tones of the great majority of the players who, by no fault of their own, are public favorites. It is evident that Miss Roberts has given much care to her voice, and she will be repaid finely for it. To many playgoers there is nothing more charming than a good speaking voice. The art of speaking used to be cultivated faithfully in the theatre, but the voice is abused grossly in these latter days."

The Central Trust Company

OF CALIFORNIA

Is conducting a general Banking Business at its old address, corner of

Sutter and Montgomery Streets

Interest paid on Savings deposits at 3½ per cent per annum; no notice for withdrawal required. Collection of Insurance policies free to our patrons.

HOTEL MAJESTIC

SUTTER AND GOUGH STREETS

EUROPEAN PLAN

RESTAURANT AND GRILL IN CONNECTION

Hot and Cold Baths. Elevator Service. TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM.

The Only First-Class Hotel Running in San Francisco.
Opened June 1st, 1906.

GUSTAV MANN, Manager

Formerly of Zinkand's.

Tait's Cafe

Opens informally Monday, June 18th on the corner of
Van Ness Avenue and Eddy Street.

JOHN TAIT

CUYLER LEE

SELLS THE

CADILLAC MOTOR CARS

Can Make Immediate Deliveries

THE CADILLAC STOOD THE TEST

Without interruption, night and day, over hot streets—crowded with vehicles and men, women and children, the Cadillac served the people and the Government.

The Cadillac has proven its worth.

106 PRESIDIO AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO

Dr. H. A. L. Ryfkogel

..SURGEON..

Temporary Office 1809 Oak Street

Hours: 11-12 a. m.

Telephone Park 304

The New Columbia

San Francisco will be "out of the running" theatrically for about a year. Managers Gottlob and Marx are of the opinion that it will take fully a year to build the theatre in which they will resume business with top notch Syndicate attractions, and until then we must not expect to see many of the latest London and New York successes. The work of clearing the ground for the new theatre on Van Ness between Geary and Myrtle avenue has already begun, but as the building is to be of the Class A variety the work of construction will not be rapid. This theatre is designed to be the finest in the West. Its strongest appeal to theatregoers will be through its exits, for it is so situated that egress may be had from three streets—Van Ness, Geary and Myrtle, and the plans provide for exits to each.

Opera at Idora

The Idora Park company in Oakland, organized by Will Greenbaum, is acquiring a repertoire of all the old familiar comic operas toward which there has been reaction of late, theatregoers having become surfeited with musical comedy. This week Hope Mayne, a beautiful young Australian singer, is playing the leading role in "The Mascot," and in the cast with her are those perennial favorites Arthur Cunningham and Ferris Hartman. The next opera to be produced is "Olivette." Idora Park with its opera company, excellent orchestra and beautiful skating rink is the most inviting of resorts round the bay.

That amusing farce "Are You a Mason?" has proved a very strong attraction at Manager Bishop's "Ye Liberty Playhouse" but it will be withdrawn Sunday night, and the long promised "How Baxter Butted In" will be presented. Theatre-

goers will be pleased to learn that Katherine Grey, one of the most versatile of leading women, will soon join Bishop's players.

IDORA PARK — — — **OAKLAND**

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager

Every night, Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Audran's Comic Opera in Three Acts**"THE MASCOT"**Reserved Seats 50c. and 35c. including admission to Park.
Open Air Skating Rink. The Finest in the World.**Ye Liberty Playhouse** 14th & Broadway
OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop.

Last Performances Sat. and Sun. Mat. and Eves.

ARE YOU A MASON?Monday Evening **"HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN"**

Prices, 50c. and 25c.

ORPHEUM (Formerly Chutes Theatre)
Week Commencing

Sunday Matinee, June 17

VAUDEVILLE STUNNERS!

KAUFMANN TROUPE; Nora Bayes; Willy Zimmerman;
Bert and Bertha Grant; Marvelous Frank and Little Bob;
Probst; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week
of the Laughing Success of the Century,

16—KARNO'S LONDON COMEDY COMPANY—16**Matinee Every Day Except Monday**

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c and 50c. Matinees, except Saturday and Sunday, 10c and 25c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Streets. Phone, West 6,000.

CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight.

Varied attractions all over the grounds.

SEE "A DAY IN THE ALPS"

Chutes Grill Furnishes Meals at City Prices.

Admission, 10c.; Children, 5c.

SUNSET MAGAZINE**June-July Number****OUT JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH****"San Francisco"**

BY

E. H. Harriman**"San Francisco"**

BY

Joaquin Miller

"The Plight and Prospects of San Francisco".....by Charles S. Aiken

"Handling the Crisis".....by Col. Edwin Emerson

"The Chariots of the Gods".....by Charles K. Field

Photographs of San Francisco while burning and after the disaster.
Portraits of Funston, Schmitz and other prominent men.

FOR SALE ON ALL NEWS STANDS.**PRICE 10 CENTS**

Resurgam

A Monologue.

We two—alone in the dark; all the world forgotten; your arms around me; your lips pressed to mine. How the blood tingles as the sweet madness courses through the veins! The quickened breath; your caressing hand. "My dusk-rose," I hear you murmur, and the tender note in your voice is akin to sadness.

Again we two—alone in the dark. In vain my lips seek your pale ones. There is no response. I call to you, sweetheart; I press my hot mouth to your cold forehead; I chafe your hands; I hold my breath, straining to hear that caressing tone as you murmur, "My dusk-rose!" Can't you hear me, sweetheart? Ah, you must! Surely, this is not the end. Cannot all my passion, my love, my tenderness, bring you back? Let me conjure up some scene from the Eden we reveled in for so brief—all too brief—a time. You remember, dear, those perfect Summer nights; the stillness of the world around; the plaintive lapping of the water against the rocks below, and the moonlight? "Moonlight and the madness thereof and the love"—and the love! Ah! how can you forget the love? How lie there so calm, all forgetful of the love? Still no response. Have I lost my power, my cunning? But was it cunning, dear, to make you love? Was it sinful? You did not sin. It was the old, old story, "the woman tempted me." Yet no answer. The shadows deepen and the chill of death enters my soul. How sluggish beats the heart! The icy coldness of your hand pressed against my bosom has chilled the blood. Why should my heart beat yours—its mate—is hushed? Oh, the stillness, the hopeless quiet that envelopes us! Not a ripple of sound to break your sleep. They have left us alone, dear. He is waiting, outside. He felt that we should be alone. What does he know? Nothing. Yet, perhaps he questions and wonders. Well, some day he shall know all. He cannot now be jealous of my dead. Dead—dead—ah! How strange seems the room! Nothing changed; everything in its place; the book on the table marked where you had left off reading, and the bronze Venus, still smiling from beneath her rose-colored lights. How dare she smile at such a time! Were I, even as she, a cold bronze thing, the sight of you lying dead would wring from me bitter tears. How I hate her smile! I was always jealous of her, because she lured you to look on charms other than my own. No matter now. Everything in its place, yet how changed! I know! I understand; the soul has been snuffed out. It has returned whence it came. And where is that? Have you fathomed the mystery, dear, over which we were wont to ponder? Are you at rest, dear? You were soul-weary, I know. Well, the struggle is at an end. Perhaps you may gain there, in that great unknown, what was denied you here. Who knows? But to leave me behind, my darling; never to see your face again; never to hear your voice. Do you know what that means to me? Never to see your face again; never to hear your voice. God! How can I bear it? My spirit rebels. Where is your power, now, my dead beloved—the power to soothe, to calm this rebellious soul? Even my hot tears falling on your face do not wring from you a word of tenderness; you who were all gentleness. Who called? Yes, I will soon be ready. Leave us together yet a while. They have come for you, my beloved. I must take my last farewell. Is this good-bye? No, no no! I cannot believe it! I will not give you up! There is a Hereafter for us where we shall know no parting. You will come to me, my darling, will you not? You will sustain me in this struggle as you have done in all others. I must not forget honor—and duty. You who loved both—you would have me do my duty and remember honor, on whose altar you sacrificed our love. And now I think I see a smile lurking around the corners of your mouth. You are pleased with me. But

a moment more and you will open your eyes. You will end this searing dream. Closer to my heart, my beloved! Why, what sweet calm is this that steals over me? My limbs grow numb, my eyelids heavy. I am so tired, dear; let me rest here, close to your heart. It is so is dark.

Alone in the dark—quite alone. With straining eyes I peer into the blackness. I am waiting, dear. My lonely soul cries out to you. You will hear and answer its appeal. I may not see you in your habit as you lived, yet shall I know when you are near. I lie and wait—wait as of yore. My heart quickens with the thought of your coming. Ah, dear heart, do not delay. I am not strong. The awful days and nights of rebellion against the Power that called you away—the turmoil of the spirit deprived of its mate—have left their mark on me. But soon I shall be soothed. Even now, as I call to you, a great calm steals over me. I feel, I know your presence. And so there is no separation, beloved. This ecstasy is a foretaste of that life to come; that perfect life of perfect love. Ah, how your presence soothes my tired spirit, sweetheart! Sordid life cannot touch me now. Let grieved hearts look up and hope. There is no parting. We are together again—together in the dark—we two.

—The Mourner.

SUMMER RESORTS

RANCHIELLA

An ideal home in the Santa Cruz Mountains, surrounded by beautiful grounds, five miles from Santa Cruz, in the Redwood belt. Beautiful drives, good trout fishing. Telephone, gas. \$9 to \$10. Address MRS. E. H. BUNTING, R. F. D. 87, Santa Cruz, Cal.

HARBIN HOT

SULPHUR SPRINGS

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

All kinds of mineral baths, tub baths, mineral medicated mud baths, natural mineral steam room and shower baths. Swimming tank.

Best water in the State for kidney, liver and stomach troubles, neuralgia, paralysis, rheumatism and skin diseases. Mountain trails. Best equipped gymnasium in the State. Fine vegetable garden, dairy and livery stable. All connected with hotel. Fine fishing close to hotel. Round trip ticket to springs, \$7. Write for booklet.

J. A. HAYS, PROP.

Garden City Sanitarium

(NOT A HOSPITAL)..

Receiving patients as usual. Cottage, rooms or tents. Write for literature. SAN JOSE, CAL.

BEN LOMOND

in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Broad Gauge S. P. trains to Santa Cruz—Narrow Gauge to Ben Lomond—usual rates. Boating, fishing and out-door sports. Write for booklet and rates. BEN LOMOND HOTEL CO., Ben Lomond, Cal.

F. A. CODY, Manager

MARK WEST SPRINGS

MRS. C. JUERGENSEN, Proprietess.

A place where you feel at home. Under new management. Delightful walks and other amusements. Variety of springs. Table first-class. Rates, \$12 per week or \$2 per day. Children, half price. Open for guests June 1st. Address Santa Rosa, Rural 6.

WILLOW RANCH

Delightfully located in the redwoods, five miles from Santa Cruz; spring water; fruit; milk; excellent table; daily mail; telephone Suburban 87; free conveyance; \$7 per week. MRS. M. J. CRANDELL, Santa Cruz.



Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request.

California Northwestern Railway

Is running its trains on schedule time.

The best resorts in the State are reached by this line.

To any one of them you can send your family—and be sure they will be comfortable and at small cost.

California Northwestern Railway

North End Nave Ferry Building

CAMP VACATION

The tented park, beautifully situated on the Russian river, in the redwoods, is now open. Large dining-room, seating 250 guests; big dance pavilion, social hall. Boating, bathing, fishing, etc. Fine service. Table furnished with the best of everything. Write for accommodations. Address MRS. L. C. CNOPIUS, Vacation, Sonoma county, Cal.

VILLA FONTENAY

Under new management. Santa Cruz Mountains. Three miles from Glenwood. First-class table; bowling; electric lights; billiards; dancing-pavilion; clubroom; \$10 up; round trip \$3.00; free carriage.

RICE HARPER, Prop., R. F. D. 1, Santa Cruz.

Hotel Rowardennan

("Santa Cruz Mountains"), now open. Broad gauge trains to Santa Cruz, and narrow gauge from there direct.

WM. G. DODGE, Ben Lomond, Cal.

Complete comfort—the best thing we can say of the new hotel at

Witter MEDICAL Springs

LAKE COUNTY

It supplies every want—gratifies every wish. It is beautiful to look at—a delight to live in. Every hotel comfort you ever heard or dreamed of you'll find at Witter Springs. Rates: Old hotel and cottage rooms, \$12 per week; New hotel, \$14 per week and up. Mr. H. W. Wills, Ass't Manager of St. Francis Hotel, now has personal charge of the Springs Hotel.

WITTER MEDICAL SPRINGS CO.,

No. 563 Eleventh street, Oakland. Phone Oakland 7818.

Witter Water Cures Stomach Trouble

SOLID COMFORT HOME

1900 feet altitude; no fog; climate delightful; unsurpassed scenery; hot, cold bath; spring water; cement swimming tank, 40x80; telephone. \$7 week; stage meets train. Round trip to Napa, \$1.35. Schuler & Scheben, Napa, Cal.

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The Most Curative Springs Known

Temperature 196 degrees. The hottest curative springs in the world.

Flow 500,000 gallons daily.

Altitude 2000 feet, ideal for health.

Climate Variation of mean temperature of summer and winter only 10 degrees.

Scenery The scenery of Switzerland. Majestic mountains and beautiful orange groves. Only three miles from the orange on the trees to the snow on the mountains in winter. Horse and foot trails in every direction.

Baths Bath house will accommodate 400 daily. Hot water, vapor, mud, electric light, Schott, (Nauheim) needle massage, X-ray.

Laboratory Thoroughly equipped for diagnostic and clinical study of every type of metabolic disorders.

Analysis Intermediate between Sprudel of Carlsbad, Germany, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas, though more strongly radio-active than either.

Conduct Modeled after the great European Spas.

FOR BOOKLET ADDRESS

DR. G. W. TAPE, Medical Director, Arrowhead, Cal.

WILSON'S INN

In the mountains, twelve miles from Napa, 1900 feet elevation. Conducted as a home place rather than a hotel; pure air and water; own milk, cream, fruit and vegetables; \$8 to \$11 per week. Descriptive folder at Bryan's Information Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street, Arno H. Wilson, Atlas, Napa county, Cal.

Hot White Sulphur Springs Canyon

625 acres, new hotel building not ready this season. Furnished cottages, 3 to 10 rooms, rented to families desirous of camping. Some choice locations for tents; rare opportunity to enjoy out-door life; miles of lovely drives; large barn and stable; private table for limited number; strictly home service; fine fishing.

MR. and MRS. JOHN SANFORD, St. Helena, Napa Co. Cal.

SUMMER RESORTS

Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS

For rest and health, for cleanliness, climate and accommodation stands unsurpassed of all summer resorts. Rates \$12.00, \$14.00 and \$16.00 per week.

For full particulars address

R. ROBERTSON.

Hotel El Carmelo

In the Woods, by the Sea. California's popular Family Hotel (same control as Del Monte), near Presidio army post and old Monterey, \$2.50 a day up; special rates by the month.

GEO. H. CORDY, Manager, Pacific Grove, Cal.

ADAMS SPRINGS LAKE COUNTY NOW OPEN

(Elevation 3000 Feet.)

Surrounded by a pine forest of 5000 acres. This and its new hotel makes it the largest and most desirable resort in California. The waters are a positive cure for Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints.

Send for book of testimonials to DR. W. R. PRATHER, Proprietor.

NAPA SODA SPRINGS

California's famous mountain spa, only 50 miles from San Francisco, NOW OPEN. The nearest watering place and summer resort to the city. 1,000 feet elevation, overlooking for 25 miles the beautiful Napa Valley. Good hotel accommodations. New skating rink installed this season. Open all the year round. Terms on application to JOHN JACOB, Napa Soda Springs, Napa county, Cal.

Klamath Hot Springs

A fine health, fishing and hunting resort. For particulars apply to Peck-Judah Co., 414 Fourteenth St., Oakland, or write EDSON BROS., Beswick, Siskiyou Co., Cal.

ORR'S HOT SPRINGS

Just rebuilt and newly furnished. Hot Sulphur Baths famous all over the West. Water gushes from solid rock, cures Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Dyspepsia, Malarial Diseases and Stomach, Kidney and Liver Complaints. Excellent hunting and fishing and a first-class table. Located in the heart of the giant redwoods. Open all the year round; camping ground free. Telephone and Livery. C. N. W. Ry. to Ukiah, stage to springs. Round trip from San Francisco \$9.50. Address J. L. ORR, Ukiah, Mendocino Co., Cal.

CAMP ROSE

a wilderness in the heart of Russian River Valley; grand natural scenery; abundance of shade; pure water; medicinal mineral spring; bathing, deep and shallow; boating and fishing; river dammed during summer months; trails to the top of Fitch Mountain, 700 feet elevation, from which point the valley with its orchards and vineyards may be seen; with Geyser Peak and Mount St. Helena in plain view. An ideal spot to camp in and enjoy the beauties of nature; in the midst of the best fruit orchards of the State. Camping privileges without floors, \$1.00, and with floors \$1.50 per week. BOARDING DEPARTMENT—House-room sufficient for cooking, dining and sitting, and lodging furnished in tents with floors, beds, bedding and furniture; good cooking, table well supplied, and guests well fed and lodged, and in every way as comfortable as if in a first-class hotel, with much more freedom. Board and lodging for adults, per week \$8.00 to \$9.00; per day \$1.50, and children under 10 at reduced rates. For particulars address J. W. ROSE, Healdsburg, Sonoma County, Cal.

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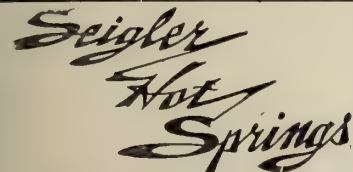
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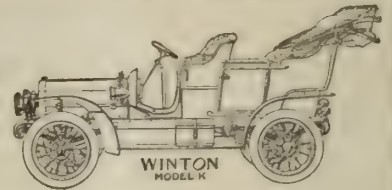
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Letters

The Scarlet Empire

Mr. David M. Parry has hit a smashing blow at Social Democracy in his novel, "The Scarlet Empire." Mr. Parry is president of the National Manufacturers' Association, and a determined advocate of the open shop. Like most employers, he has been hampered and annoyed by the dictation of trades unions, and he has set himself the task of showing what would result if they were given freedom to rule the world according to their wont, to regulate and restrict until they had a finger in every pie. John Walker, the hero of the tale, was a young man who had abandoned every other pursuit to give his time to street oratory, to declaim against things as they are and to expatiate on how they ought to be, and would be, if the people had "their rights." Strict attention to this species of propaganda had brought him to the verge of destitution and after an impassioned speech of denunciation and farewell he leaped from one of the Coney Island piers. His body was never recovered for the excellent reason that instead of meeting death he was saved by one of the citizens of an under-sea community, the lost Island of Atlantis, where he found his ideal government in full blast and expected to be in paradise. No so, however, for the very first thing he learned, before his rescuer had fairly resuscitated him, was that every one wore a registering meter, and that an inspector was liable to appear at any moment. Not only speech, but every other action, was limited. The people went to bed and arose at stated times, and prayed in a mechanical fashion for a definite number of minutes. They were dosed by rule, and each received precisely the same portion of the same food. That one found it unpalatable and another insufficient did not matter, for the state provided what was best and no man or woman had a right to reduce his strength below the average or contribute his portion to another and thus disturb the equation. Instead of the abundant leisure expected when each worked for all and all for each, Walker discovered that where every one was sure of food and shelter no one had an incentive to exertion and where men and women were attired alike in the same scarlet garmenture, even vanity had no room for play as a stimulus, so that sixteen hours was a day's work, and out of a total population of four million, one quarter were inspectors spying on the rest. Money, of course, and every equivalent or substitute, had disappeared, and the words "my" or "your" had gone with it. Marriages were regulated by the state, and the oldest and ugliest with the youngest and best favored, and the tall with the short, so that, as far as such things can be accomplished, there was a uniformity of even size and feature. The children raised in state phalansteries, and belonging to no one in particular, were in a worse case than in the worst of our baby farms, and advancement in every direction had ceased. The one unpardonable sin was atavism, inheriting pernicious tendencies threatening the overthrow of the "republic," and its punishment long imprisonment until the spirit was broken, or else a casting to the sea monsters, the occasion being made a public holiday. While the attention of every one was thus directed to the uprooting of tendencies to advancement, lest one should become better than another, no heed was paid to the opposite danger, and when our street orator was unceremoniously introduced to Atlantis, matters were ripe for a revolution, for the most degenerate and vicious of the citizenship were about to seize on everything and establish a new government by and for themselves. The man from the upper world speedily saw the tendency of events. Circumstances which it would be unfair to divulge put him in possession of a means of escape and to take with him a few friends and an abundance of the treasure, coin, jewels and antiques, stored in the museum, and when he returned to the surface of the earth with his Atlantean bride it was with abundance of means to establish himself as a capitalist, and with no more wild vagaries about

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the equality of all men. Mr. Parry points the obvious moral, that all a man wants, to be cured of his ideas of communistic ownership, is to be possessed of something of his own, and shows how futile the idea is that when no one has a personal incentive towards exertion he will work for the pleasure of adding to the common store. While the "Scarlet Empire" is not a great, epoch-making novel, it is deserving of the same kind and amount of attention that was bestowed on "Looking Backward," and if the manufacturers would push it as energetically as the Socialists did the Bellamy book, no doubt it would reach the same enormous circulation. "Looking Backward" was brought out in a cheap paper-covered edition and given as a premium to subscribers to socialistic journals. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company with illustrations by Herbert C. Wall.

Some Ghetto Stories

"An Idyl of the Gass," the first book published by Miss Martha Wolfenstein in 1901, was something to be long remembered by appreciative readers. It detailed the life of the Jews in a small Austrian town, the joys and sorrows, the Sabbath and holiday customs, and chiefly the events which befell one very small and very bright little scholar, Shimele, and his good grandmother Maryam. The new book by the same author, a volume of short stories which takes its name from the first tale, "A Renegade," is a worthy successor to the "Idyls" and should receive a welcome from all lovers of literature, irrespective of creed. Most of the narratives concern the dwellers in the same Ghetto of Maritz and the brief glimpses of the little Shimele are most welcome. There is much to laugh over and as much to call for tears, but the laugh is with and the tears for the persecuted people who are always ground between the upper and the nether millstone. The first story, "A Renegade," gives the pathetic history of a boy apprenticed to a tailor while all his heart was in books. His penchant for study was accidentally discovered by a neighboring count, a Christian, who offered to have him educated but was bitterly opposed by the mother and all the elderly Hebrews, who objected to receiving benefits from the Christians and who, moreover, knew only too well that there were no high positions open to Jews. In time it came about that the youth found that his career would be stopped short unless he consented to Christian baptism. To him it was only an empty form and in spite of maternal protests he went through the ceremony. In consequence he found himself cast out by his co-religionists, and yet never fully accepted by the Christians. To one he was a renegade and to the others still a Jew. "Dovid and Resel" is a bit of delightful comedy, a courtship and marriage according to prescribed rules. "Loebele Schlemiel" relates the life history of one of those unfortunates whose best efforts and most patient strivings come to nothing, though his misfortunes can be in no sense attributed to his lack of perseverance or good judgment. It was just his misfortune to be always the victim of chance or circumstances. "Genendel the Pious" is something new and the character most original. "A Sinner in Israel" and "A Judgment of Solomon" are delicious bits of comedy, and "A Monk from the Ghetto" illustrates the old saying that, given the right direction of a child's mind for the first ten years, it matters nothing where he is placed or what he is taught later in life. There are thirteen of these stories indexed. One wishes that there were thirteen more. Miss Wolfenstein is yet a very young woman. Her work cannot be said to "show promise," that empty phrase of compliment which means anything or nothing, for the two books put forth in her name are fulfillment. Martha Wolfenstein is not a name found in half the monthly magazines at every issue, and it may be because she takes time, and writes only when she has a story to tell, that her work is so fresh and invigorating. "A Renegade" is brought out by the Jewish Publication Society of America, whose headquarters is Philadelphia.

—The Bookworm.

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FOR

BREAKFAST

THE YOUNG KING

(Continued from Page 9)

and no man was left alive.

And Avarice fled shrieking through the forest, and Death leaped upon his red horse and galloped away, and his galloping was faster than the wind.

And out of the slime at the bottom of the valley crept dragons and horrible things with scales, and the jackals came trotting along the sand, sniffing up the air with their nostrils.

And the young King wept, and said: "Who were these men, and for what were they seeking?"

"For rubies for a King's crown," answered one who stood behind him.

And the young King started, and, turning round, he saw a man habited as a pilgrim, and holding in his hand a mirror of silver.

And he grew pale, and said: "For what King?"

And the pilgrim answered, "Look into this mirror, and thou shalt see him."

And he looked into the mirror, and, seeing his own face, he gave a great cry and woke, and the bright sunlight was streaming into the room, and from the trees of the garden and pleasure the birds were singing.

And the Chamberlain and the high officers of state came in and made obeisance to him, and the pages brought him the robe of tissue gold, and set the crown and the sceptre before him.

And the young King looked at them, and they were beautiful. More beautiful were they than aught that he had ever seen. But he remembered his dreams, and he said to his lords: "Take these things away, for I will not wear them."

And the courtiers were amazed, and some of them laughed; for they thought that he was jesting.

But he spake sternly to them again, and said: "Take these things away, and hide them from me. Though it be the day of my coronation, I will not wear them. For on the loom of sorrow, and by the white hands of Pain, has this my robe been woven. There is Blood in the heart of the ruby, and Death in the heart of the pearl." And he told them his three dreams.

And when the courtiers heard them they looked at each other and whispered, saying: "Surely he is mad; for what is a dream but a dream, and a vision but a vision? They are not real things that one should heed them. And what have we to do with the lives of those who toil for us? Shall a man not eat bread till he has seen the sower, nor drink wine till he has talked with the vinedresser?"

And the Chamberlain spoke to the young King, and said: "My lord, pray thee set aside these black thoughts of thine, and put on this fair robe, and set this crown upon thy head. For how shall the people know that thou art a king if thou hast not a king's raiment?"

And the young King looked at him. "Is it so, indeed?"

he questioned. "Will they not know me for a king if I have not a king's raiment?"

"They will not know thee, my lord," cried the Chamberlain.

"I had thought that there had been men who were king-like," he answered, "but it may be as thou sayest. And yet I will not wear this robe, nor will I be crowned with this crown, but even as I came to the palace, so will I go forth from it."

And he bade them all leave him, save one page whom he kept as his companion, a lad a year younger than himself. Him he kept for his service, and, when he had bathed himself in clear water, he opened a great painted chest, and from it he took the leathern tunic and rough sheepskin cloak that he had worn when he had watched on the hillside the shaggy goats of the goatherd. These he put on, and in his hand he took his rude shepherd's staff.

And the little page opened his big blue eyes in wonder, and said smiling to him: "My lord, I see thy robe and thy sceptre, but where is thy crown?"

And the young King plucked a spray of wild brier that was climbing over the balcony, and bent it, and made a circlet of it, and set it on his own head.

"This shall be my crown," he answered.

And thus attired he passed out of his chamber into the Great Hall, where the nobles were waiting for him.

And the nobles made merry, and some of them cried out to him, "My lord, the people wait for their king, and thou showest them a beggar." And others were wrath and said: "He brings shame upon our state, and is unworthy to be our master." But he answered them not a word, but passed on and went down the bright porphyry staircase, and out through the gates of bronze, and mounted upon his horse, and rode towards the cathedral, the little page running beside him.

And the people laughed, and said: "It is the King's fool who is riding by," and they mocked him.

And he drew rein and said: "Nay, but I am the King." And he told them his three dreams.

And a man came out of the crowd and spake bitterly to him, and said: "Sir, knowest thou not that out of the luxury of the rich cometh the life of the poor? By your pomp we are nurtured, and your vices give us bread. To toil for a hard master is bitter, but to have no master to toil for is more bitter still. Thinkest thou that the ravens will feed us? And what cure hast thou for these things? Wilt thou say to the buyer, 'Thou shalt buy for so much,' and to the seller, 'Thou shalt sell at this price'? I trow not. Therefore go back to thy palace and put on thy purple and fine linen. What hast thou to do with us and what we suffer?"

"Are not the rich and the poor brothers?" asked the young King.

"Ay," answered the man, "and the name of the rich brother is Cain."

And the young King's eyes filled with tears, and he

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The Water Front Tie-Up

When shipping was tied up along the water front by the Seamen's Union, a few weeks ago, we were told that the strike was the result of the action of the lumber dealers and ship owners in raising the price of lumber and freight rates. It was explained that union men felt that they were entitled to share in the profits of their employers; also that nearly all the vessels carrying lumber to this port were owned by the lumber manufacturers, by whom both the price of lumber and freight rates had been raised. This statement of the case created a sentiment against the ship owners and lumber manufacturers, and as it appeared that they were taking advantage of the necessities of the people of a city that has long been their most profitable market, sympathy was with the working men, who, in the circumstances, were but following the example of their greedy employers. But it now appears that, as usual, union labor has been evoking public sympathy through misrepresentation, equivocation and bold prevarication. The facts are that freight rates have not been raised, that comparatively few of the vessels affected by the strike are owned by lumber manufacturers, that the manufacturers of redwood lumber who own steam schooners have raised neither freight rates nor the price of the commodity in which they deal. The only lumber that has been raised in price is Oregon pine manufactured in Oregon and Washington, the price of which is regulated at the northern mills. So, instead of execrating the ship owners, the people of San Francisco should reserve their choicest invective for the cold-blooded leaders of union labor who, while affecting loyalty to the city and a burning desire to hasten the work of reconstruction and co-operate in the task of reviving the commercial prestige of the stricken metropolis, are falling upon her prostrate body and fettering her with the thongs of avarice. But this is no time for execration, or even for arbitration. If the labor unions intend to charge all that the traffic will bear in the reconstruction of San Francisco, and to make it bear as much as possible circulate false reports in the East respecting the industrial situation here, the commercial bodies of San Francisco should get together and organize for protection. If union labor has suddenly come to the conclusion that the price of labor is to be regulated by the law of supply and demand, it behooves employers to see that there is no shortage of supply. And meanwhile if the supply of sailors is sufficient to man the vessels that have business at this port, it is important that Mr. Andrew Furuseth and his emissaries should be warned against arousing the people to the advisability of taking a hand in the controversy.

Dishonest Financiering

Several thieving insurance companies will probably be driven out of business in consequence of their failure to discharge obligations arising out of San Francisco's big fire, but the victims of their dishonesty will not derive any consolation from that circumstance. Nor will any great amount of public interest be subserved by forcing the rascally delinquents to the wall. It will be easy for the grafters to organize new companies, go into business again, and resume the practice of obtaining money under false pretenses. The dishonesty of the fire insurance business is but another aspect of the immorality that is characteristic of financial operations throughout the country; and if we were to investigate we should probably find that the principal stockholders of the dishonest companies are conspicuous in some of the larcenous enterprises that have been the subject of investigation in Washington and New York. So long as the efforts of Federal and State officials are directed merely toward the inhibition of corrupt practices and no attempt is made to punish the offenders as ordinary criminals are punished, it is absurd to expect a cessation of the disreputable methods by which men strive to get what they are not entitled to at the expense of the unsophisticated. It does no good to hold the crooks up to the scorn of their fellow men. The motto of the age is: Get the money and you'll have no difficulty in assimilating scorn. We read and hear a great deal about the salutary influence of a healthy public sentiment, but we look in vain for proof of its curative properties. Reformers are demanding that every grafting frenzied financier should be made to feel the disrepute which should attach to his dishonest practices, but while the muckrakers are muckraking their victims in one column the social editor is holding those same victims up to the envy of the mob in another column. On one page John D. Rockefeller, the most vicious scoundrel in America today, the archetype of all the corporate grafters, is denounced for his iniquities, and on another page his triumphal trip through Europe is reported in a style that bespeaks feelings of the greatest admiration and highest respect. If the disrepute which should attach to dishonest practices could be depended upon to take hold of the predatory rich, and there was some probability of their descendants inheriting that disrepute along with illegotten gains, prison stripes would not be essential as they now are to the improvement of morals. In the present complaisant state of the public mind the only disrepute which counts is attached to poverty.

Clerical Opinion

The question whether San Francisco's catastrophe was an expression of God's wrath is still open for discussion. Arguments pro and con are still being made in the pulpit and on the editorial tripod, and all with equal vehemence. The Rev. R. A. Torrey, an evangelist of some note, affirms that the Lord took "a solemn way of speaking" to the inhabitants of "one of the wickedest cities in the country." A clergyman in Asbury Park tells us that "the city would not have been destroyed if it had been a Christian city," and that "no Christian city ever was destroyed." The New York Observer, a Presbyterian paper, cautiously suggests that the catastrophe "may have been in some sense a visitation of divine judgment." That is a non-committal way of discussing the matter, and it is in refreshing contrast with the dogmatic utterances on both sides of the question that imply confidential relations with God. We are inclined to attribute to the Observer's editor a higher order of intelligence than is possessed by the philosophers who profess a knowledge of God's ways and motives and assume to enlighten us in respect of his attitude toward the city of San Francisco. With those that tell us that God did not send the catastrophe we class the editor of the New World, a Roman Catholic publication of Chicago, who wrote: "When we remember that only a few years ago in Good Friday night of all the nights of the year many of the wealthy citizens of San Francisco assembled together

with lewd women in one of the most luxurious mansions of the city and carried their hellish orgies so far that they kicked the globes off the chandeliers, we shall be inclined at least to abstain from asserting that subterranean gases, "faults" and other seismic agencies were the principal and only cause of nature's convulsions." We have no recollection of the orgie described by the editor of the New World, but we would not question his veracity. We prefer to deride him for having to go so far back to find sufficient provocation for God's wrath, and not being able to bring to light anything more reprehensible than an orgie, at which the men capped the climax of their iniquities by kicking the globes off the chandeliers. If the lewd women had done the high kicking in the presence of the wealthy citizens, then we should concede that it was a scandalous affair and voice the sentiment that the participants deserved to be punished on the spot. We do not pretend to know that the earthquake was merely the result of the operation of natural laws. Nor would we be so bold as to deny that it was an expression of God's wrath. Indeed, we are less astonished at the wrath-of-God theorists than at the Christian clergymen who assert as did a Boston divine that "The real culture of the age forbids that we should longer hold God accountable for these disasters as his judgments upon us for our sins." If so, then, perhaps, we should not believe that Adam's transgression involved all men in punishment; nor should we believe the doctrine of the sacrificial atonement of Christ which carries with it the notion of appeasement, and therefore the notion, too, of a God of wrath.

Bryan's New Boom

The whirligig of time assuages prejudices and revolutionizes sentiments. Nobody ever had that fact brought home to him with the emphasis and lucidity with which it has been presented to William J. Bryan. The great silver champion, the erstwhile pet of the Populists, the man on whose account Grover Cleveland, Bourke Cockran, the Belmonts, and numerous other distinguished leaders of the conservative Democracy repudiated their party platform, is now being acclaimed by them the logical standard-bearer for the year 1908. The idol of the Plebs has become the protege of the Plutocracy. But the change of attitude is not accompanied by any change of front on the part of William Jennings Bryan. In the last National Convention the Nabraskan evinced a conciliatory disposition and a willingness to harmonize his principles with those of his opponents, and we thought at that time that he would alienate many of his followers of the uncompromising variety. Indeed, we recklessly ventured a prediction to that effect, believing as we did that Bryan's conduct was inconsistent with his professions and suspecting that he had made terms with the machine politicians of New York. By later developments we were convinced that he was as zealous as ever for the fundamental principles of Democracy, that he had abandoned no principle nor yielded in the slightest degree to the overtures of the enemy, but had, perhaps, cultivated a sweeter disposition and persuaded himself that he was not more important than the party. In other words the dogmatic, dictatorial Bryan had broadened his vision and ceased to attribute dishonesty of purpose to all who would not agree with him. The new Bryan is a much more amiable person than the one that inveighed against the terrors of the gold standard. But the change toward him in the attitude of the Democratic leaders by whom he was formerly flouted is not due merely to his amiability; rather is it the result of a quickening of the instinct of self-preservation for which one William R. Hearst is entirely responsible. Mr. Hearst is the bogie man of the Democracy, and to prevent him from capturing the works it has been deemed advisable to start a boom for William Jennings Bryan, the man for whom there is deep affection in the breasts of the very element to which Mr. Hearst most persistently appeals. The leaders of the con-

servative wing of the Democracy now feel that Bryan may be considered a conservative too, not that he has moderated his views in respect of the policy that should be adopted to stay the aggressions of the privileged class but because it has been proved that the privileged class is far more anarchistic than any policy that has ever been suggested as a remedy for the evils which it has fostered.

Heresy and Free Thought

Religious circles are in a state of agitation over the case of Rev. Algernon S. Crapsy. Dr. Crapsy was suspended from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church for heresy, having denied all the supernatural elements of Christianity. Nobody doubts that he is a heretic so far as the Episcopal religion is concerned, but there are many religious papers that deprecate the action which was taken, and there are many secular papers that pronounce the action unwise because, in their opinion, "the day of the heresy trial is passing." The New York Independent, while conceding that Dr. Crapsy has been preaching doctrines at variance with Episcopal Church creeds, holds that his views "are becoming more and more prevalent." Many laymen have participated in the discussion, and among them, Seth Low, ex-Mayor of New York, who expressed the opinion that a minister of the Episcopal Church should be permitted to follow his scholarship wherever it may lead him. These are remarkable views, indicating as they do, a sentiment in favor of free thought in matters of denominational religion. As the logical effect of their enforcement would be the dissolution of the Episcopal Church as an institution for the promulgation of a specific creed, they seem to us to be most unreasonable. If the day of the heresy trial is passing, as some papers assert, then the day of religious creed is also passing, but that we do not believe. We are probably approaching the time when it will be deemed advisable to institute a new church for the promotion of goodness which will have but one cardinal point of belief, but we seriously doubt that such a church would be able to alienate the faithful from all other Christian churches. However, it would be broad enough in scope to take in the disgruntled and sceptical of all other sects. The ministers of such a church would not suffer from too much scrupulousness, nor would they disquiet themselves over having given affirmation to certain dogma that had been set forth as cardinal at a time when things had not moved to the point which they had reached in their biblical and theological speculations. There could be no serious lapses from faith in a church that declared for nothing but salvation by righteousness. The ministers of the church could go on speculating on theology to their hearts' content. If it pleased them they could assert that the faith of Christendom was founded on ridiculous credulity and nobody might charge them with heresy. It would

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be their privilege to take literally that which they read in the Scriptures, or as poetry that which did not please them. And yet there will always be certain ministers, scornful of the scientific divines, holding that the only knowledge of a religious character which is of any use to us is that which teaches us our duty and assists us in the discharge of it.

Charges of Plagiarism

The June Bookman prints a letter from Jack London in connection with the charge of plagiarism which was made by the New York World and echoed over the country. The explanation is as simple as it is obvious, namely, that his story, "Love of Life," was founded on a narrative of fact. He simply took the published account of the experience of a man who was lost in the wilds of Alaska and turned it to use in a piece of fiction, something which is not only perfectly legitimate, but very common as well. Indeed, W. D. Howells, "the dean of American literature," goes a step further and declares that writers have the right to take anything they can get anywhere they can find it, and if they can make better use of the material than the original prospector the world is the richer because of their "plagiarism." He says obscure authors often have good ideas which they do not know how to use, or their writings are buried under the dust of years, and lost to mankind, and that the one who takes nuggets from the mine and coins them into current value deserves to be praised as much as the discoverer of any buried treasure. As to plagiarism, the modern cry has arisen so often that it has become like the historic "Wolf" of the ancient fable—no one heeds it. We have seen Kipling pilloried because some one, reading his *Sterne* for the first time, found therein the commonplace combination of words, "that's another story," and some equally erudite deliver used up a whole column of print in learned speculation as to whether it was plagiarism, telepathy or coincidence which caused the same writer and Miss Jane Barlow to use the expression, "at the back of beyond," though both were treating of Irish characters and the expression is as common in the green isle as the shamrock itself. The modern charge of plagiarism is usually brought by some superficial reader, who is probably spelling his weary way through his second volume and is agreeably surprised to discover that the commas and periods bear a family likeness. There are no new plots, there have not been for thousands of years, and will not be for thousands more to come. The only chance there is for originality is in telling an old story in a new way, animating dry bones or recalling what has been forgotten. The basis of all the novels in the world is the problem of one man and two women or two men and one woman. All the rest is but stage setting and costume. There are no new situations in all the novels of exposure, whether they refer to politics, business or religion. The plain, dry facts have always been accessible, but people would not take the trouble to read them or to make application of what they read. When the novelist turns these abstractions to account, gives his boss a name, takes us into his house or his office and lets us witness an animated conversation in which "you" and "I" and the name of the supervisor of the sixth ward are used he gets an audience that would never listen to the editor, not because he has discovered something novel, but because he has hit on a new way to make it attractive. Eliot Flower, who is authorized to speak, since he has done his own share of this kind of writing, says that authors are actuated by the legitimate desire to tell a good story the best way they can. The newspapers furnish the facts, and as one of his own characters in "The Spoilsman" is made to say, an anonymous story won't stick, but as soon as it is attached to a good name it will. There might be charges of plagiarism made every day in the week if all readers were wide readers or had good memories, or if anyone who recognizes an old friend in a new dress were to fly into print to apprise the world of it and to collect his

space rates. One of the most amusing incidents in Owen Wister's "Virginian," that of the mixed babies, was an actual prank of some irrepressible westerners so long ago as when the author must have been in school, and in Nancy Huston Banks' "Little Hills" there are other resurrections. One could go on indefinitely, naming authors who have committed this unpardonable sin, but if they had been so Puritanically scrupulous as their pious readers profess to desire, all those good things that had seen the light of print only in the provincial papers, would be lost forever and coming generations cheated of a chance to smile. People who are so conscientious that they cannot find pleasure in "Love of Life" because some living man once went through such a heart-breaking experience should confine themselves to the Book of Common Prayer and the dry goods advertisements.

The Reading Vice

In Belgium, where there are no free libraries, we are told, there are one hundred and ninety thousand public houses. The inference that it is expected will be drawn from this statement is that, given the free library, the public house will disappear. But free libraries are an unmixed blessing. There is just as much mental debauchery in over-reading as there is physical muddling through over-indulgence in drink. Here, in San Francisco, our pleasant climate is in our favor, and there are few days or evenings throughout the year when life in the open is not endurable, but elsewhere there has been serious debate over the advisability of restricting library privileges, requiring some sort of credentials for admission, and even of closing the reading rooms during working hours, for it has been observed that the library habit is as easily acquired as the saloon habit, and that a comfortable, warm room in which to lounge undisturbed, without the necessity for purchasing even a nickel's worth of anything to insure a welcome, is just as conducive to slothfulness as to mental activity. Librarians have made private confession that they have, within their own experience, knowledge of cases in which the library habit has been formed, and day after day spent in dozing over papers and magazines, when the time ought to have been spent in profitable employment. It is so easy to drop in to a free reading room, first to look over the advertisements in the daily papers, then to read the details of the latest sensation, to pass to the next periodical on the file for other details, and, finally, to sink into a chair and pick up one magazine after another, and all the time to feel a virtuous glow of self-satisfaction, because, somehow, reading is regarded as a highly meritorious act, independent of what is read or why. Reading is not, in itself, any more of a virtue than eating or smoking. It is a greater inducement to the wasting of time because it can be carried on longer without interruption, and with free books it does not even demand the intermittent energy of occasionally earning the price of a debauch.

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One Evening After the Fire

She mixed me a drink,
Will she mix me another?
When I gave her a wink,
She mixed me a drink.

She would do it, I think,
Were we rid of her mother,
She mixed me a drink,
Will she mix me another?

—The Boozier.

The Crimes of Labor

By Louis C. Metcalf

Hostilities on the Water Front between the shipowners and the Seamen's Union seem likely to involve a good deal of blood-spilling before tranquility is restored. Ship captains are, as a rule, a pretty stubborn class of men and there are certain traditions of the sea for which they have great respect and up to which they live at all hazards. One of them is that the captain is the boss of his ship and that he has a right to repel invaders with physical force. In the eyes of the captain every man is an invader who attempts to board a ship with hostile intentions. So it is not to be wondered at that fatal shots have already been fired. The union men are very indignant that they should have been fired upon, but they are not armed with authority to board ships. Union men are always indignant when they are not permitted to do as they please, and they have been known to engage in violent deeds themselves. Indeed, union men are seldom distinguished for decorum when non-union men are found ready and willing to take their places. They affirm their right to go on a strike and nobody disputes that right, but to win a strike it usually becomes necessary for them to terrorize those employed to do the work that they refuse to do, and that is why blood is shed during industrial disturbances. In this connection I am reminded of the crimes attributed to the Western Federation of Miners, the all-powerful labor organization of the mining states. Much has been learned of the operations of that organization since the murder of Governor Frank Steunenberg of Idaho in the evening of December thirtieth, 1905. He was killed by an infernal machine set by one Harry Orchard, who made a confession in which he charged that the murder was prompted by the Inner Circle of the Western Federation of Miners. The confession resulted in the arrest of President Charles H. Moyer and Secretary William D. Haywood of the Federation, G. A. Pettibone, formerly an active member of its supreme governing body, and Stephen Adams, another member, on the charge of conspiring to assassinate Mr. Steunenberg. All of these men have been indicted with Orchard. The assassination of Steunenberg was the final tragedy of years of violence and bloodshed in Idaho and Colorado, for which the authorities hold the Western Federation of Miners responsible. This union, one of the richest and most completely organized bodies of workingmen in the country, is charged with crimes as terrible as those that distinguished the operations of the Molly Maguires in the Pennsylvania coal regions a generation ago. Murders decreed by the Federation's Inner Circle were carried out by its faithful members, men like Orchard and Adams, who stopped at no crime and did their work with a cold-blooded attention to detail and remarkable ingenuity. All who opposed the Federation's rule were sentenced to death, and many of these sentences were executed. Steunenberg's assassination was ordered because he sent the State

troops to the mining districts to maintain order. The life of ex-Governor Peabody of Colorado was attempted many times, and once his entire family were poisoned by arsenic in their milk. A bomb was planted for Judge Goddard of the Colorado Supreme Court, who escaped it only by accident. A plot against D. H. Moffatt was frustrated only by his leaving the country for Europe. At Independence nineteen non-union miners were killed by the explosion of dynamite under the railroad station. Orchard has confessed that he set the bombs and exploded them, and he asserts that his act was instigated by the officers of the Western Federation of Miners. Orchard's confession was obtained by James McPartland, the detective who broke up the Molly Maguires, and it was corroborated by Adams, who thought that he had been deserted by the ringleaders. The authorities say that his statements have been corroborated by numerous reputable witnesses. When Orchard's confession was obtained Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were in Denver. Warrants for them were sent hurriedly to the Governor of Colorado, who issued the necessary extradition papers. The three men were taken in the evening of Saturday, February 18, and hustled on board a special train. They had no opportunity to retain or consult counsel or notify their families or friends of their arrest. On account of alleged irregularities in the conduct of the police who arrested them they applied to the United States courts for writs of habeas corpus. These being refused they appealed to the United States Supreme Court. That court on April 24 refused to hear their arguments until October 9. They maintain their innocence of any of the offences charged against them, and declare that Orchard and Adams had no instructions from the Federation to commit crimes. It was because of the irregularities in their arrest that the labor organizations of this city met a few months ago and indignantly protested against the procedure, at the same time affirming the innocence of the prisoners, though, of course, they had no personal knowledge of the facts, and intimating that organized labor would turn the government inside out if the men were not set free. Labor unionists and socialists throughout the country have pronounced the prisoners innocent and have raised large sums of money with which expensive counsel were hired to conduct the defense. The authorities are very eager to convict the men, believing that conviction will put an end to the violence and lawlessness that for years have kept the mining districts in a condition approximating civil war. During many years excesses have been committed by the mine workers and by the mine owners; the law has been violated repeatedly, and more than once it has been suggested that Federal aid must be invoked to secure a lasting peace. The confessions of Orchard and Adams are said to reveal a history of outrage unparalleled in the records of the country.

Reminded

Proud as the noon and lovely as its light,
Radiant and flushed with uncontrolled desire,
She flashed exultant through my youth like fire,
Thrilling my soul with an undreamed delight.
I clasped her in my arms with maddened might,
Gazed deep into her eyes—unfathomed, dire,
Like some dark Sybil's—felt their spell inspire
Fierce dreams of sin and then to sin invite.

Strange years have passed, of toil and dulling pain
That steeped my soul in Lethe, till I thought
The foul past buried deeper than the sea;
But yesternight, close cowering from the rain,
A loathely crone I marked as she besought
With quavering voice a paltry alms. 'Twas she!

—The Sentimentalist.



Perspective Impressions

"I'm no Moses," said Mayor Schmitz in an interview with Pauline Jacobson. Quite true; it's Abraham that he has been identified with.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler says we "have learned the inner mystery of the high religion of being a good loser." Not all of us; there are the insurance men, for example.

Mr. Henry James is threatening to rewrite his earlier works in his later style, for the purpose, no doubt, of showing the progress that he has made in the art of employing words to conceal his thoughts.

It is said that obesity is a disease. So, if objection be made to the nomination of Speaker Cannon for the Presidency on the ground that he is too old, he may suggest that Mr. Taft should get a certificate of health and feel absolutely certain of Mr. Roosevelt's pet being unable to come through.

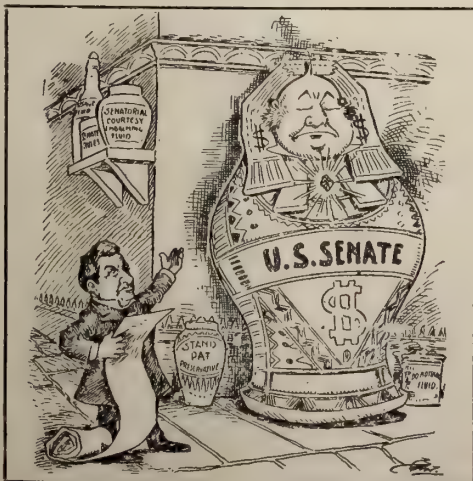
Mr. Armour denies that he sells meat that is "unfit for human consumption." Perhaps Mr. Armour's taste is so perverted that he isn't qualified to determine whether meat is suitable for the popular palate. In Chicago one can cultivate

a taste for almost any kind of meat, and in the proper packing-house atmosphere train his stomach to be docile under the strongest provocation.

H. G. Wells, the English writer now visiting this country, says that America will produce a Shakespeare. A Chicago University professor has said that America has produced a greater than Shakespeare. And a little later John D. sent around another check.

There may not be the slightest significance in the circumstance that John D. Archibold, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, is president of the board of trustees of the Syracuse University, the chancellor of which is James R. Day, who accuses President Roosevelt of anarchism for attacking corporate business.

Everybody was glad to learn that the supervisors have no control over the Relief Fund, not that anybody doubts the honesty of the honorable gentleman elected on a Labor ticket, but because it is known that they are very busy and it is felt that it would be unfortunate if so much financial responsibility were put upon their hands.



PERHAPS HE IS RIGHT.

Senator Tillman insists that the Senate is not decaying.

—Minneapolis Journal.



GRIT.

—Maybell in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Star-Child

[This is another of the beautiful allegorical tales from the pen of Oscar Wilde, which cannot be found in any of the editions of his works printed since his death. The book containing this story and "The Young King" was purchased

for Town Talk in a second-hand book-stall in Paris. The stories are now out of print, but will probably be included in the new edition of Wilde's works soon to be published by an American firm.—Ed.]

Once upon a time two poor Woodcutters were making their way homethrough a great pine forest. It was winter, and a night of bitter cold. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and upon the branches of the trees; the frost kept snapping the little twigs on either side of them as they passed; and when they came to the Mountain-Torrent she was hanging motionless in air, for the Ice-King had kissed her.

So cold was it that even the animals and the birds did not know what to make of it.

"Ugh!" snarled the Wolf, as he limped through the brushwood with his tail between his legs, "this is perfectly monstrous weather. Why doesn't the Government look to it?"

"Weet! weet! weet!" twittered the green Linnets, "the old Earth is dead, and they have laid her out in her white shroud."

"The Earth is going to be married, and this is her bridal dress," whispered the Turtle-doves to each other. Their little pink feet were quite frost-bitten, but they felt that it was their duty to take a romantic view of the situation.

"Nonsense!" growled the Wolf. "I tell you that it is all the fault of the Government, and if you don't believe me I shall eat you." The Wolf had a thoroughly practical mind, and was never at a loss for a good argument.

"Well, for my own part," said the Woodpecker, who was a born philosopher, "I don't care an atomic theory for explanations. If a thing is so, it is so, and at present it is terribly cold."

Terribly cold it was. The little Squirrels, who lived inside the tall fir-tree, kept rubbing each other's noses to keep themselves warm, and the Rabbits curled themselves up in their holes, and did not venture even to look out of doors. The only people who seemed to enjoy it were the great horned Owls. Their feathers were quite stiff with rime, but they did not mind, and they rolled their large yellow eyes, and called out to each other across the forest: "Tu-whit! tu-whoo! Tu-whit! tu-whoo! what delightful weather we are having!"

On and on went the two Woodcutters, blowing lustily upon their fingers, and stamping with their huge iron-shod boots upon the caked snow. Once they sank into a deep drift, and came out as white as millers are, when the stones are grinding; and once they slipped on the hard, smooth ice where the marsh water was frozen, and their fagots fell out of their bundles, and they had to pick them up and bind them together again; and once they thought they had lost their way, and a great terror seized on them, for they knew that the Snow is cruel to those who sleep in her arms. But they put their trust in the good Saint Martin, who watches over all travelers, and retraced their steps, and went warily, and at last they reached the outskirts of the forest, and saw, far down in the valley beneath them, the lights of the village in which they dwelt.

So overjoyed were they at their deliverance that they laughed aloud, and the Earth seemed to them like a flower of silver, and the Moon like a flower of gold.

Yet after they had laughed they became sad, for they remembered their poverty, and one of them said to the other: "Why did we make merry, seeing that life is for the rich, and not for such as we are? Better that we had died of cold in the forest, or that some wild beast had fallen upon us and slain us."

"Truly," answered his companion, "much is given to some, and little is given to others. Injustice has parceled out the world, nor is there equal division of aught save of sorrow."

But as they were bemoaning their misery to each other this strange thing happened. There fell from heaven a very bright and beautiful star. It slipped down the side of the sky, passing by the other stars in its course, and, as they watched it wondering, it seemed to them to sink behind a clump of willow-trees that stood hard by a little sheepfold no more than a stone's throw away.

"Why! there is a crock of gold for whoever finds it," they cried, and they set to and ran, so eager were they for the gold.

And one of them ran faster than his mate, and outstripped him, and forced his way through the willows, and came out on the other side, and, lo! there was indeed a thing of gold lying on the white snow. So he hastened towards it, and stooping down, placed his hands upon it; and it was a cloak of golden tissue, curiously wrought with stars, and wrapped in many folds. And he cried out to his comrade that he had found the treasure that had fallen from the sky, and when his comrade had come up they sat down in the snow, and loosened the folds of the cloak that they might divide the pieces of gold. But, alas! no gold was in it, nor silver, nor, indeed, treasure of any kind, but only a little child who was asleep.

And one of them said to the other: "This is a bitter ending to our hope, nor have we any good fortune; for what doth a child profit to a man? Let us leave it here, and go our way, seeing that we are poor men, and have children of our own whose bread we may not give to another."

But his companion answered him: "Nay, but it were an evil thing to leave the child to perish here in the snow, and, though I am as poor as thou art, and have many mouths to feed, and but little in the pot, yet will I bring it home with me, and my wife shall have care of it."

So very tenderly he took up the child, and wrapped the cloak around it to shield it from the harsh cold, and made his way down the hill to the village, his comrade marveling much at his foolishness and softness of heart.

And when they came to the village, his comrade said to him: "Thou hast the child, therefore give me the cloak, for it is meet that we should share."

But he answered him: "Nay, for the cloak is neither mine nor thine, but the child's only"; and he bade him God-speed, and went to his own house and knocked.

And, when his wife opened the door and saw that her husband had returned safe to her, she put her arms round his neck and kissed him, and took from his back the bundle of fagots, and brushed the snow off his boots, and bade him come in.

But he said to her: "I have found something in the forest, and I have brought it to thee to have care of it"; and he stirred not from the threshold.

"What is it?" she cried. "Show it to me, for the house is bare, and we have need of many things." And he drew the cloak back, and showed her the sleeping child.

"Alack, Goodman!" she murmured, "have we not children enough of our own, that thou needst bring a changeling to sit by the hearth? And who knows if it will not bring us bad fortune? And how shall we tend it?" And she was wroth against him.

"Nay, but it is a Star-Child," he answered; and he told her the strange manner of the finding of it.

But she would not be appeased, but mocked at him, and spoke angrily, and cried: "Our children lack bread, and shall we feed the child of another? Who is there who careth for us? And who giveth us food?"

(Continued on Page 30)

To You

By Mabel Porter Pitts

I work and struggle and with pain grow blind,
Endure my longings and my secret fears,
Bear patiently with erring human kind
And teach my heart a tenderness which years
Of suffering had hardened. Ere you came
I hated all my fellows, and the name
Of living thing upon man's lips to me
Was food for caustic, sour soliloquy.
Now all is changed; from out the portal bright
Of some fair heaven you stole to shed the light
Of better thoughts around me; all the bliss
And rapture of a life were in your kiss,
And yet withal a mystic yearning too
Which ever, love, will hold me close to you.
And had I come to my last hour to live
This priceless boon I'd ask the gods to give,
To hold you close to my enraptured breast,
To feel your lips to mine in passion pressed,
To have your arms around my form entwine,
Forget the world and feel you wholly mine.

June, 1906.

The Spectator

The Big Water Deal

Nine men out of ten in Alameda county are speculating on the probable effect of the sale of the Contra Costa Water Company to the Realty Syndicate Company. Everybody believes it will have tremendous bearing on the politics of the county, but nobody will venture a prediction as to how far the ramifications of the deal will extend. For many years William J. Dingee has taken a very deep interest in municipal politics across the bay. He was obliged to do so for self protection. He was made to feel that he could not afford to take chances with an unfriendly City Council, and therefore his political interests were carefully guarded by his lieutenant, the late Frank J. Moffitt, upon whom the task devolved of persuading Councilmen that the water company was a public benefactor and entitled to a fair rate of compensation. Occasionally a wild-eyed reformer became a member of the Council and threatened to reduce rates, and then Moffitt had to indulge in all sorts of casuistries. Once upon a time when logic was in vain, he employed Frank Jordan to lure a Councilman into the mountains. The Councilman was a botanist and Jordan promised to show him a new plant. They were looking for it when the vote on the water ordinance was taken.

Prospective Combinations

Now the politicians are curious to know whether the Realty Company purposes attending to the business of supplying Oakland with open-minded Councilmen as well as that of supplying the town with water. I have been assured by friends of the company that it is against the principles of its management to engage in politics, and that while they will sternly resent any effort to injure their business, they will not spend one cent for protection from grafting officials. It would be unique in the history of California if a public service

corporation succeeded in holding itself aloof in political matters, attending strictly and exclusively to the business for which it was incorporated. The wise-acres of Oakland do not believe such a thing possible. Indeed, they are of the opinion that the influence of the public utility corporations is to be felt in Oakland more than ever. They are looking forward to a combination, either for or against the Southern Pacific Company and are pointing to the fact that the Realty Syndicate, which owns the Key Route Ferry Service and all the electric street car franchises across the bay, is on very friendly terms with the Santa Fe System. As the Western Pacific Company officials are eager for a little political influence in Oakland, too, the politicians feel that very lively and profitable times are impending. But the water deal is not yet consummated. By the terms of the deal, I am told, the syndicate people may take the stock at seventy dollars a share, paying only twenty dollars per share in cash, Dingee having agreed to accept the bonds of the company for the remainder.

London and Miss Strunsky

A very unfortunate blunder was made by the Chronicle's New York correspondent in connection with the report of the announcement of Anna Strunsky's engagement to William English Walling, a young Chicago millionaire. He wrote that when Jack London was divorced "many people believed Miss Strunsky had been the cause of it, especially when it was discovered that she was mentioned in the application filed by Mrs. London." Though some people may have believed that Miss Strunsky was the cause of the London divorce, London's friends knew that she was not. Indeed, they knew that there had never been sentimental relations between London and Miss Strunsky. The statement that Miss Strunsky was mentioned in Mrs. London's application for a divorce is absolutely without foundation.

When Social Belles Fell Out

Among the many society people that have departed for pastures new are the Gibbons girls—Mrs. Shinkle and Miss Gibbons—who are on their way to Sandy Hook where they will join Lieutenant Shinkle, a famous beau of the Presidio Artillery Corps. I hear that there is speculation in society as to whether the entente cordiale has been restored between the Gibbons girls and the Bailey girls—Miss Mary and Miss Helen. According to gossip in the very inner social circles a most serious misunderstanding arose in that quartet of distinguished social beauties, and it led up to a sensational scene at the wedding of Miss Elsie Dorr, when one of the Gibbons girls gave an exhibition of temper. Their social set was divided in consequence of the row, and hostesses had to exercise a great deal of tact to avert embarrassing situations, but at a tea given by Miss Phelan there was another manifestation of acerbity of temperament.

The Gubernatorial Situation

We are almost on the eve of a gubernatorial campaign and none save the practical politicians appear to be concerned over the outlook. The primaries will be held in the early part of August and the nominations will be made before the close of that month, but one hears very little about the preparations that are being made for the contest. The principal concern of the people of this city is the money that is due them from the insurance companies, and civic weal is getting no share of their attention. We all know that George C. Pardee hopes to hold his job for another term, but that fact is cognizable to us because it obtruded itself in the days before we were absorbed in our personal affairs. None but the politicians know what progress Alameda's bewhiskered son has made toward the goal of his ambition. And the politicians are of the opinion that he has not got very far from the scratch. Those that are in touch with sentiment in the interior of the state say that they have been unable to discover any Pardee movement. Down in Los Angeles he is being abused like a pickpocket, especially by Editor Otis, who has been lampooning him as "The Weak Brother." In the San Joaquin Valley there is organized opposition to him through sympathy with C. T. Elliott, who was recently appointed United States Marshal. Pardee protested against Elliott's appointment on account of personal prejudice, but the President ignored him. And now Elliott's friends are out for revenge. As Elliott was Senator Flint's choice it is not likely that the latter will render the Governor the assistance that he was said to be disposed to give. In Sonoma county there is a deep-seated grievance against Pardee on account of his unsympathetic attitude toward Santa Rosa at the time of the catastrophe. He is not likely to receive a helping hand from the northern districts, for they are booming Congressman Gillett for the nomination. Monterey and Santa Cruz counties will probably be for Warren Porter, and if the Santa Clara Valley is not captured by "Black" Hayes the delegates will vote in accordance with the wishes of Harbor Commissioner McKenzie, and he is not for Pardee. So it is quite evident that the Governor has not succeeded in getting the situation well in hand.

What Pardee Will Get

Pardee's friends, nearly all of whom are job-holders under the State Government, find much to please them in the situation since it appears that the opposition is not

united. They are sure that Pardee will be able to beat any of the other candidates. It has not occurred to them that Pardee is in danger of being handled by the same subtle methods that were employed to lift the burdens of public office from the feeble shoulders of Senator Bard. It will be remembered that the machine did not concentrate its forces for the undoing of Bard. Every man with Senatorial aspirations was invited to get in and win if he could. It would have been much easier for Bard if there had been only one opponent out rounding up votes, for several candidates, each asserting his own personal claims, were able to get more votes than one. At the psychological moment the man with the largest number of votes was declared to be entitled to all the others, the main purpose being to beat the man from Ventura, and thus was Mr. Flint elected. Pardee appears to be up against the sort of strategy that proved successful in the Senatorial contest. Gillett will get some votes, Warren Porter will get some votes and "Black" Hayes will get some votes; and at the psychological moment Pardee will get up in the mountains with "23" on his hand-satchel.

When Gillett Comes Home

The Congressional delegation will be home early in July and then the Gillett boom will take shape and buoyancy. Immediately on his arrival Gillett will announce that he is not to be persuaded to run for Congress again. Ever since it was suggested that he would make a strong candidate for Governor, a great deal has been said about his fine record in Congress and the importance of having the northern section of the State represented in Washington by so influential a statesman. His friends, being versed in the ways that are shrewd of politicians, were quick to suspect that there was method in the constant reiteration of the complimentary comments on Gillett's Congressional service. They are now convinced that the comments emanated from the Pardee political bureau, and that the purpose was to create a sentiment against Gillett's gubernatorial aspirations. So the Congressman has been advised to eliminate himself from consideration as a Congressional candidate. Gillett, by the way, has a very strong following in the north where he is much admired for his industry and capacity. When he was a young man he worked in a logging camp to earn the money with which he was enabled to pursue the study of law. He is a great favorite throughout the lumber regions of the state.

Afraid of the Senate

According to some of the dailies the relations between Pardee and the legislature during the special session were of a most amiable character. While it is true there was no open

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rupture between them they were far from being on friendly terms. If the Governor could have been persuaded that he enjoyed the friendship of the Senate he would have filled several vacancies in public offices. The only names that he sent in for confirmation were those of men whose appointment was made months ago. Not wishing to court the danger of a black-eye on the eve of a campaign he did not dare to fill the vacancy in the Board of Prison Commissioners caused by the resignation of James Wilkins. If he had been sure that the Senate would confirm his appointment he would have filled the vacancy instead of waiting until after adjournment and leaving the confirmation to the next Administration. He would also have appointed a successor to Harbor Commissioner McKenzie if he had not been pretty sure that the Senate would decline to confirm.



MRS. CLEMENT TOBIN

One of Society's Queens who has won distinction by not posing as a heroine since the fire.

Lane's Bad Luck

The session of Congress is drawing to a close, and Franklin K. Lane has not yet been inducted into the office of Interstate Commerce Commissioner. His chances of getting the job are now very slim. The attempt to increase the membership of the commission so that the objection to Lane on the ground that he would change the political complexion of that body could not be urged, came to naught, the bill providing for the addition of two members having been sidetracked. Meanwhile, Lane's friends being much concerned for his political future, and also being eager to get him into some job where he might do them some good, are once more asking why it wouldn't be all right to nominate him for Governor again. As gubernatorial timber is scarce in the Democratic party, Lane may once more find that it is up to him to lead his party gallantly through another campaign, if for no other purpose than to reduce majorities.

Good to His Mother

Several months ago the Spectator suggested that Mr. Luther Burbank, father of the spineless cactus, creator of the Shasta daisy, the man by whom many an ambitionless

SCHUSSLER BROS., located at 1792 Post street, have a full line of mirrors and some oil paintings on hand. They are doing framing and regilding, delivering work promptly.

plant has been taught how to shoot, was in need of protection from his friends. That was when his friends were beginning to attract attention to themselves by getting within the limelight generated by the plant breeder. And now comes the London Academy with precisely the same suggestion while protesting against W. S. Harwood's gushing tone in writing about his hero's "New Creations in Plant Life." Mr. Harwood thinks that Mr. Burbank is deserving of great admiration for something more than his horticultural achievements. For what, think you? For being good to his mother. Thus does Mr. Harwood gush: "He counts no day completed in which he has not said a cheery good morning to his aged mother, now facing near the century line, looked after her with the utmost devotion during all its hours and tenderly kissed her good night at the going down of the sun." It has always seemed odd to me that one man should enthusiastically extol another for being an affectionate son. So much praise is given to filial love and devotion that one might be justified in concluding that the sentiment from which they spring is of an abnormal character.

Oaklanders Want a Change of Name

F. A. Stearns, Secretary of the Real Estate Association of Oakland, recently proposed that the name of Oakland and vicinity be changed to "East San Francisco." Now the advisability of making the change is being seriously discussed from one end of Alameda County to the other. There is some opposition to the proposed abandonment of the old name, but the probability is that if the question were submitted to the people the proposition would be carried by an overwhelming majority. The other day Mr. Stearns wrote to the Tribune giving thirty-three reasons why Oakland should be called East San Francisco. The reasons were that there are thirty-three Oakland on the map of the United States. Some other reasons have been given by Mrs. Remi Chabot, one of the most prominent of Oakland clubwomen. She wrote to Mr. Stearns as follows: "Your suggestion that Oakland be called **East San Francisco** strikes a responsive chord in my heart. The name 'Oakland' has so little individuality that it never occurred to us to register from there when traveling abroad. San Francisco was the city we loved to claim as ours; it opened all doors. The whole world knows **San Francisco** and nine-tenths of the residents of Oakland belong to San Francisco."

Bernhardt's Most Pleasant Experience

Sarah Bernhardt was interviewed on her return to New York and she was asked to name her most pleasurable experience in all her farewell tour, and she made answer: "Ah, that was at Berkeley, the college town across the bay from San Francisco. There is the great Greek Theatre. I played 'Phedre' as it has never been played before, under the blue skies and in a classical theatre of Greek design." "Bernhardt," says the interviewer, "closed her eyes in reminiscence." And she resumed: "And there sat before me there the thousands of folk who had been made homeless, miserable by the terrible earthquake and fire. And they forgot. Yes, I believe they forgot all."

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Rodolph Is Coming

Frank Rodolph is coming back to town and will make his appearance at the Orpheum Sunday night as a vaudeville artist with his wife Juanita Allen. Rodolph entered the profession through the matrimonial route. He was a dentist with a sweet voice to which society gave a hearing a few years ago at a fashionable charity concert in the Palace Hotel. Rodolph was one of a bunch of society amateurs who showed us how not to do the Florodora Sextette. Later he repented and married a star of the vaudeville circuit. They are appearing in a sketch written by Will Cressy, the man who writes all the best vaudeville skits. It is entitled "Car Two, Stateroom One." The scene is aboard the Owl on a trip between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Ashton Stevens Ill

Ashton Stevens' friends have been very much alarmed over his physical condition. Two weeks ago he was threatened with nervous prostration and went into the Santa Cruz mountains to recuperate. A little later came the report that he was in a state of collapse, the result of over-work, and that his condition was critical. Early this week his friends received news that tended to assuage their anxiety, it being to the effect that he had rallied and was showing signs of improvement. Stevens suffered a pretty severe shock in the earthquake, being in the Occidental Hotel at the time, but he went to work immediately, and though the dramatic muse was slumbering he kept himself busy at general newspaper work.

Critics Off Duty

The drama having been put out of business by the catastrophe, all the daily papers save the Examiner looked upon dramatic critics as excess baggage. Even Peter Robertson, the dean of local critics, for more than a quarter of a century connected with the Chronicle staff, was told that for a while there would be no space in the Chronicle for theatrical news or gossip. So the author of the Seedy Gentleman withdrew from the madding crowd and when last heard from he was at a summer resort in the mountains grinding out "copy" for the magazines. Blanche Partington of the Call is also at liberty and I hear that she, too, is doing magazine work.

Back to the Footlights

It was a great surprise to the friends of the Crellin family to learn that Camille D'Arville Crellin had decided to go back to the stage and stay there until the Crellin fortunes were revived. They had not heard that the Crellins were impoverished by the catastrophe. Camille D'Arville Crellin never quite succeeded in reconciling herself to an unprofessional career. Her married life has been a series of returns to the stage and renunciations thereof, and so great was her fondness for the other side of the footlights that when she wasn't filling a professional engagement she was preparing to participate in a benefit performance.

Tetrazzini Signs With Hammerstein

Luiza Tetrazzini's numerous friends in this city will be delighted to learn that the great little prima donna with a chest full of golden notes and a bird-like method of tone production is to make her appearance in New York. Not under Herr Conried's management is she to appear but under that

of Oscar Hammerstein, who has organized opposition to the impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House and purposes luring back to the operatic stage in New York many of the stars who have been singing in concert ever since Grau went into retirement. The music lovers of New York were very much disgusted with the Conried management last season because of the parsimonious methods pursued at the Metropolitan, and Oscar Hammerstein thought that he saw a favorable opportunity to break into the business. So a few months ago he started out in quest of artistic talent and one of the first singers engaged by him was Melba, who has not been heard in New York for two seasons. A few weeks ago, I have been informed by letter, an agent obtained for him Tetrazzini's signature to a contract, and he expects to create a big sensation by introducing her to the New York public in "Dinorah," the opera in which she won a great triumph in this city last season. The Hammerstein repertoire will include only one of the Wagner operas. This is "Lohengrin," which is to be sung in French. The novelties to be sung are Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust," Catalini's new opera "The Loreley" and Gluck's "Armida."

More Symphony Concerts

Says Acting Secretary Henderson of the Board of Regents of California University: "The University has not been led by recent happenings to give up its endeavors in the field of music. The University Orchestra is to give three symphony concerts this summer in the Greek Theatre, alternating with concerts of chamber music by the Minetti String Quartette." The symphonies under the direction of Dr. Wolle will be given on the Thursday afternoons at half after three o'clock of June 28th, July 12th and 26th. The chamber music will be given on the Thursday afternoons of July 5th and 19th. The Minetti Quartette consists of Mr. Giulio Minetti, first violin; Mr. Hans Koenig, second violin; Mr. Andre Verdier, viola, and Mr. Arthur Weiss, 'cello. For the symphony concerts, admission will be one dollar or seventy-five cents; for the chamber music concerts, fifty or twenty-five cents. These concerts are an enterprise altogether public in character and without any element of private profit. Remuneration is provided only for the musicians. Whatever surplus there may be will go toward promoting musical undertakings at the University.

They Fairly Eat It

Once more am I impelled to quote from that unblushing and seemingly unconscious gusher and drivel-geyser whose weekly ebullitions promote the gayety of the plain, unvar-

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nished people. Writing of a lady rich enough to be entitled to her unctuous attention, thus did she work up to her climax. "I know how generous she is and what a wonderful lot of good she is accomplishing. I trust she won't object to my saying so. Indeed, she won't, my dear, guileless gusher. At least, I feel that I may assure you that she won't. There wasn't anything extravagant in what you wrote of her. You were not going at your best gait when you wrote those lines. If I were to gauge the lady's temperament from the circumstance that she appeals to your favor, I should be absolutely certain that you could apostrophize her for a whole page without the slightest fear of giving offense. I have been deriving entertainment from your columns for lo, these many months, and I am sure that from the persons of whom you write you have carte blanche to go as far as you like. I have been watching you laying the condensed hot air on with a trowel and I have yet to detect a quiver of revulsion. Colonel Mann at his best was never more exuberant in his gush over the mushroom aristocracy. I know some people that might object to being publicly titillated in your naive way, but they are not among our best people"—as you are pleased to describe the objects of your industrious adoration.

The Persistent Booster of the Rich

A society chatterer in one of the dailies grows teary over the loyalty of the wealthy, who will not desert San Francisco in the time of her trouble and who have been obliged to economize by discharging their help. There is nothing quite so wearisome as the persistent glorification of the wealthy who have thrown faithful employees of many years' service out on the world, leaving them to find shelter in the public squares and food in the soup-kitchens, not because they cannot afford to keep them but because they are infernally parsimonious. "What some of these women suffered," says the booster of the rich, "who lost whole blocks of property, you and I will never know." Too stupid, you and I, to be able to comprehend such keen agony as is felt by the gently reared, the inheritors of wealth that had its beginning at the wash-tub and across the saloon bar. You may not know, but I know, of suffering endured by women whose birth—not their worldly position, but their birth—is as good as some of these property owners you write of. (I refer to the poor who huddled in the tenements.) They slept on the bare, bleak hills for nights with infants at their breasts. They have lived since in flimsy tents, open to the rain. They are eating now at the soup-kitchens. They suffered far more than the owners of San Francisco property who sat in New York and lamented while their inherited wealth was devoured. We all suffered more or less, Miss Booster—but don't you insult the public intelligence by trying to cram it down your readers' throats that the rich were the only ones who went through privations.

An Episode in London

J. C. Campbell, the attorney, was in Berlin when he received news of what had happened in San Francisco, and he began cabling for news of his wife and daughter, who were at the Palace Hotel and who, he knew, were making preparations for a trip to Japan, intending to meet him on their way around the world. It was not until Tuesday of the following week that he received a reply to his numerous messages. Mr. Campbell relates that a very exciting incident occurred in the Savoy Hotel in London, one that grew out of the San Francisco catastrophe. Shortly after the news was received a Frenchman standing in the lobby of the hotel remarked: "It serves them right; they rob everybody; they robbed me." An Englishman rushed for the Frenchman with hands raised as though he intended to strangle the fellow, at the same time calling him fifty-seven varieties of a blank scoundrel. The Frenchman fled for his life.

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Diamond Rubber Co.: Diamond Tires went through the Boston-New York and return non-stop run without any trouble of any kind, carrying seven passengers and three hundred pounds of baggage.

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An Army Engagement

The latest army engagement is that of Miss Georgene Shepard and Lieutenant E. C. Long of General Funston's staff. Miss Shepard is a most attractive girl, possessed of qualities of mind and heart that have made her very popular and that justify the very warm felicitations that Lieutenant Long has received from his friends. She is the daughter of Mr. A. D. Shepard, manager of the Pacific Improvement Company, the big corporation which controls Hotel Del Monte and Pacific Grove. Prior to the death of Mrs. Shepard, last December, the Shepard home in Sausalito was the scene of many interesting social gatherings. Miss Shepard was a devoted attendant upon her mother during her long illness. It was at the Hotel Cecil, where the Shepards made their city home, that she met Lieutenant Long, who, though he has not been here very long, has made many friends. Army officers predict for him a brilliant career in his profession. The wedding will take place in September.

Judge Platt of New York has decided that hexamethylentetramin does not contain alcohol. Nobody would call for it if it did.

Crocker Wins a Cup

From London comes the news that Henry J. Crocker won a prize at the Philatelic Exhibition for his collection of Hawaiian stamps which so narrowly escaped the flames in this city. The exhibition was a notable one. The Prince of Wales was among the exhibitors and in his display were several stamps worth five thousand dollars or more. The Earl of Crawford carried off the chief award, a handsome cup for his collection of English stamps. Mr. Crocker also received a cup.

The point of a joke in one of our daily papers, one day last week, was in quotes. It is the ruin of a joke, you know, to be unintelligible.

It's Only Circumstantial Evidence

President Raymond of Union College refuses to take his stand with those of little faith who infer degeneracy from the disclosures made by investigating committees and from indictments drawn by muck-rakers. It would probably be impossible to convince him that the Western Union Company is a petty larceny corporation or that a lot of wealthy thieves connected with insurance companies are intent upon swindling the people of San Francisco. President Raymond and the other sycophantic college degenerates who are giving encouragement to the enemies of the Republic, remind the Spectator of a jurymen that he once heard the late Colonel Flourney talk about during the course of an argument in a case in which he was demanding a verdict of conviction on the strength of circumstantial evidence. The jurymen had heard the testimony of several witnesses in a murder case, all of whom saw the defendant do the shooting. It seemed like a very clear case, but the jury disagreed, one man being for acquittal. When the jury was dismissed the stubborn juror was asked why he had voted for acquittal.

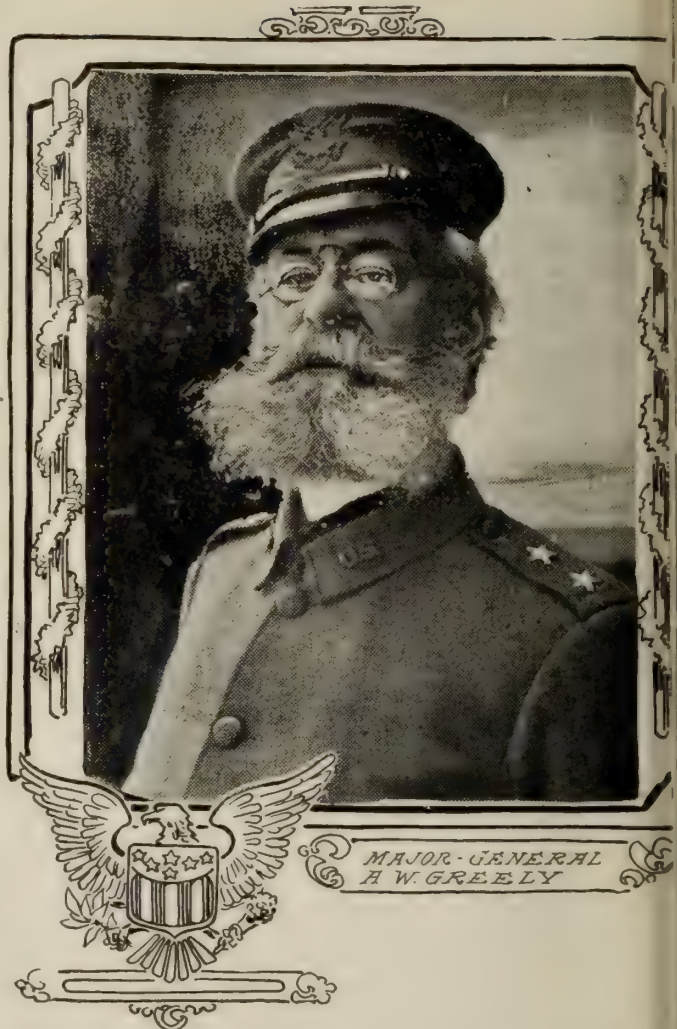
"Because," he said, "I have a prejudice against circumstantial evidence."

"But," said his questioner, "the witnesses saw him do the shooting."

"Yes," said the jurymen, "they saw him shoot, but not one of them saw the bullet enter the body of the deceased."

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The man whose valuable advice is always available to the members of the Relief Committee. General Greely has rendered great service to the people of San Francisco.

Mayor Schmitz is censured by the Examiner for not putting police on the boats sent out by the Seamen's Union to make trouble for the shipowners. Mayor Phelan was censured by the Examiner for putting police on the trucks during the teamsters' strike some years ago. It's pretty hard to know just what to do to please everybody during a strike.

The Brave Caruso

Caruso is getting a great deal of advertising in Europe out of his San Francisco experience. Not only the London but the continental papers have given the tenor space in which to narrate his experience, and from the comments of the editors it is evident he gave the impression that he exhibited great courage under circumstances that filled everybody else with awe and terror. The fact is that the little tenor was in a state of panic bordering on hysteria. He was one of the worst scared men in the city and even after the

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trip across the continent his fright had not subsided. I have heard that his appetite did not return until he got aboard a steamer bound for England. So terror-stricken was he that even in New York he felt that he was not beyond the borders of the danger zone, and upon his arrival there he rushed for the dock to buy a ticket for the trip across the ocean. Most of the members of the Conried company were either badly scared or else they have exaggerated their emotions and lied about their experience for the purpose of intensifying interest in themselves. Edyth Walker, the awful prima donna, who made a fizzle of the opening performance, figured in a column interview in a New York paper shortly after reaching her home, and she related that in the morning of the nineteenth of April, while she was en route to the ferry, she saw many unfortunates lying half buried in the ruins with extended hands pleading to be rescued. Nearly all of the great vocalists witnessed similar harrowing spectacles, but unfortunately none of them had cameras.

A young woman in Illinois broke her right arm, the other day, while trying to button her waist, which buttoned up the back. Which reminds me that nobody has ever satisfactorily explained why Nature has not accommodated itself to fashion by endowing women with arms long enough to button their waists up the back without fear of an accident.

Passing of "Deacon" Fitch

In his day George K. Fitch, better known in the years ago as "Deacon" Fitch, was the most influential editor in California. When the news of his death was published a few days ago many people were astonished to learn that the veteran editor had survived to so late a day. So seldom had he been heard from in recent years that he was almost forgotten. He was a very old man when he sold out his interest in the Bulletin after the death of his partner, Loring

Pickering, and his friends thought that, not having his pet paper to engross his attention, there would not be sufficient incentive for him to continue the dreary round of existence. But a few years later he bobbed up as one of the moving spirits in the Non-Partisan Convention and took a very active interest in the crusade for honest government. Twenty years ago "Deacon" Fitch exercised tremendous influence in the politics of the State. He was never a very shrewd man in politics, and he was often deceived by the bosses who consulted him before nominating a ticket, pretending to be unwilling to nominate anybody whose honesty he questioned. They knew that he would never suggest a candidate because he would not have it appear that he assumed to boss a party. But they usually succeeded in persuading him of the integrity of some man who was willing to do their bidding. So "Deacon" Fitch was in reality very much of a joke in politics, and yet it was always very important to win his support, for though the Bulletin, under his management, did not have a very large circulation, its readers had great faith in the wisdom and sincerity of its utterances. It was probably the most dignified and conservative paper ever published in California. It was conducted in strict accord with the old school of journalism and its circulation steadily decreased with every funeral of a highly respectable citizen.

Count Boni's conduct since the Countess fled from their palace has been irreproachable.—Press despatch. Somebody must be reading his letters.

Professor L. D. Ventura has been visiting at Del Monte and Carmel by the Sea. He will give a reading from his works in French and English at the Hotel Rafael, Monday the 25th at 11 a. m.

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Watch for Our Daily Specials in the Bulletin

Booming the Lottery Business

If you are a buyer of lottery tickets in the hope of getting rich it will interest you to read a letter that recently came into my possession. The letter bears date of August 19, 1904. It has been a long time reaching me, but I am not the person to whom it was addressed. It was sent to a prominent resident of Eureka, Humboldt County, and he turned it over to a newspaperman of that city, who wired a San Francisco daily asking if the "story" growing out of the letter, which he outlined, would be acceptable. He was told that it would, and was asked to send it along, which he did, but it was never published. He kept the letter until last Monday, when he turned it over to me. This is the letter:

Dear Sir: The trouble with the lottery business in your locality is that no one there has drawn a prize of sufficient value to induce other people to buy lottery tickets. If some well-known man like yourself could draw seventy-five thousand dollars, twenty thousand dollars, ten thousand dollars or even five thousand dollars this would stimulate the lottery business where you live and would be the means of selling thousands of tickets in your neighborhood. Now with this idea in view, we send you herewith fifty one-dollar tickets in the genuine Louisiana Lottery Company and present to you free of charge a five-dollar ticket, which we enclose in the small envelope. We want you to sell the fifty one-dollar tickets, but keep the five-dollar ticket yourself. Don't sell that. Your commission for selling the fifty one-dollar tickets will be 25 cents for each ticket you sell, and if you sell all of the fifty tickets, send us \$37.50; if you sell but twenty-five, send us \$18.75 and so on, and you must also return to us all of the unsold tickets, if any, in the same package that you send the money. See instructions sent herewith. We hope you will sell ALL of these one-dollar tickets, as we are anxious to have a lot of your people interested in this month's drawing. Don't sell your five-dollar ticket under any circumstances. We want you to keep that yourself, and remember, if you will do your part we will do ours to boom the lottery business in your locality. Be sure your remittance reaches us on or before Saturday, September 10th, the day of the drawing.

Sincerely yours,

ALEXANDER CONRAD.

The company represented by Mr. Conrad is now doing business under another name. The gentleman to whom he sent the letter has often wondered whether he would have won a prize had he kept the matter a secret and persuaded his neighbors to buy the lottery tickets.

The Professor—Now, Miss Berkeley, how do you define platonic love?

Miss Berkeley—Like all other tonics; a thing that excites but does not satisfy.

Book-Borrowing

These are the days when the book borrower is abroad in the land and it behooves those who are fortunate enough to save their libraries to be extremely quiet about their good fortune. A booklover would rather lend his pocketbook than any other book he sets value on, for there are many who are scrupulously honest about the return of a dollar, even of a cent, and yet who have neither conscience nor compunction about printed matter. They either never return books or if

they do will have so mistreated them that their owners would rather never see them than be obliged, out of politeness, to accept in silence their mangled remains. People who are reasonably careful in their handling of other valuables betray themselves the moment they take a book into their hands, and perhaps there is nothing else so conducive to suppressed curses as to have to stand by and see a full grown man or woman take a treasured volume by one cover, turn the pages with a licked thumb, and brush soiled gloves over print and illustration. The chronic borrower belongs to the genus that never read anything at all before the days of free libraries, and never now reads anything a second time. In consequence he cannot conceive of a volume being valued for association or of the pleasure which the owner may derive from browsing here and there and renewing memories. The important matter of whether she gets him in the last chapter, if it is a novel, and the satisfaction of marking a cross after a biography, history or volume of essays, as one more "done," is all that he can understand. One of the worst points about the borrower is that he is so apt to be also a lender. What comes to him so easily he has no hesitation about passing on, and the second solicitor is even more conscienceless than the first. Books today are scarcer than dollars, and those who have a few will be wise if they secrete their treasures betimes and cultivate deafness or absent-mindedness when either open requests or gentle hints are directed towards them. Moreover, it is well to remember that our booksellers must live and it is reasonable that they should do so by selling books. If the candy stores and soda water stands can find ready patronage there is money for books, too. With no theatres or other counter attractions, there is more time for books and less excuse for not having them. Book borrowing is like going in debt, more the result of bad habit than of necessity. This is a good time to turn over a new leaf.

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Schwab After Newland's Job

The news comes to me from Nevada that it behooves Senator Frank G. Newlands to keep an eye on his political fences in that State. Down in the new mining district a coterie of politicians from the East has started a boom for Charles M. Schwab, and it is said that at the proper time a barrel will be opened of huge proportions, one that will make the oldest inhabitant quit talking about the days when Fair and Sharon and Stewart were throwing money to the birds that nestle in the sagebrush. The Schwab boomers are saying that Mr. Schwab is doing a great deal for the State, that his investments have attracted other investors, that he will keep Nevada in the public eye and that if elected to the Senate his great financial pull will enable him to secure large appropriations for irrigation and other things. They also say that when he was first approached on this matter he threw cold water on the scheme, saying among other things that he was not a public speaker. It was pointed out to him that the world-over in legislatures the orator is a relic of the past, that there is so much business to be done and so little time for doing it that the orator is an infernal nuisance, and that the bulk of shaping legislation is done in committee rooms. After hearing these and other arguments, Mr. Schwab consented to allow himself to be considered as an available candidate to succeed Mr. Newlands, but he objects to having the matter made public until he shall have become a citizen of Nevada, which will take place within a few months. He has written from abroad that the longer he thinks upon the Senate the more he is strengthened in the opinion that a plain, direct business man is the best type to fitly represent a State like Nevada, which has so much in the way of natural resources to be developed by trained industrial managers. The purpose now is to start the Schwab preliminary campaign work next winter, and keep it hot till the time comes for voting in the Legislature for a seat in the Senate.

Barrie's Latest

J. M. Barrie's latest play, "Punch," is another drama of quaint fantasy. William Archer says: "The scene of 'Punch' is the home of that popular entertainer, the inside of his show. On the window-sill—his stage—he is going through his performance, Judy, his faithful old wife, handing him his puppets and generally assisting. But alas! his humors have palled on his public; they find his drama 'crude,' and the curtain falls to a chorus of groans and hisses. Punch is heart-broken. His artist's pride is wounded, and he is at a loss to imagine what the public wants. They have applauded him for forty years—why should they desert him now? All he asks is 'praise, praise, praise'; why should they refuse it him? Judy offers to tear up her treasured marriage-lines and pretend they are not married, for 'it's never serious drama if they're really man and wife'; but Punch will by no means sanction this sacrifice. Then the Public enters, incarnate in a butcher-boy, and declares that he has transferred his allegiance—he doesn't know why—to 'the New Man.' Punch hits the butcher-boy over the head with his staff, and so commits 'his last murder.' But then the New Man, or Superpunch, enters to take possession of the booth; and on his head Punch's staff breaks innocuous—the public, he explains, tried to bludgeon him at the outset, but found his head too hard. The New Man is, of course, made up to resemble—rather remotely—Mr. Bernard Shaw. When Punch acknowledging his defeat, offers to hand over to him his properties and puppets, the New Man answers that he requires nothing but a 'pot of ink' (it should have been a typewriter) 'and a few carrots.' In the end Superpunch seats himself on the window-ledge stage, amid thunders of applause, while Punch and Judy beat a mournful retreat. The little apologue, though it may be called a 'revue' of tomorrow rather than of today, is full of point and humor."

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**The Freshness of Roses**

and balmy June days are not more delightful and refreshing than the soothing touch of Mennen's. Gives immediate and positive relief from **Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn** and all skin troubles. Everywhere used and recommended by physicians and nurses for its perfect purity and absolute uniformity. Mennen's face on every box. See that you get the genuine. For sale everywhere, or by mail, 25c. Sample free.



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GERMEA

FOR

BREAKFAST

In Beauty's Guise

(A Latter-Day Allegory.)

For a moment he stared in dazed wonder at a pair of fat cherubs pictured on the canopy stretched between the four tall posts of the old-fashioned bedstead on which he lay. The room was in semi-gloom, but the cherubs stood out in bold relief from their white background. Then he looked about him and endeavored to collect his thoughts. Eagerly he groped back after straws that would direct his puzzled memory; and, presently, his eyes becoming more and more used to this dim, half-light, he caught sight of a red coat, torn and muddy, lying across the back of a great arm-chair, near the door. With this there suddenly came to him a vivid recollection of a scene. Far off, it seemed, in the years long gone, but sharp, clear and well defined, nevertheless.

A rough stubble field, over which a score of horses, each mounted by an enthusiastic huntsman, are madly flying at the top of their speed. Himself in the lead, he hears the others following him closely, while just ahead there is the chorus of the hounds in full cry, and the fox itself may be seen darting across the open, not fifty yards in advance of the foremost of its pursuers. One hedge more to take and the hunt will be over. The brush will be his. It is but an instant, and he feels the horse beneath him leave the ground. Up, up, up he is going as though he never meant to stop, and then—a sudden breath-taking plunge forward. Even as he braces himself for the shock, in less than a heart-beat, he knows that the brute has stumbled; that the horse and he are falling together, and he instinctively struggles to free himself from the stirrups. Then darkness, black as Egypt, and after that—the fat cherubs on the canopy of his bedstead.

The torn, mudspattered red coat on yonder chair told him that he had been brought to this room directly from the field, and with this link forged he began to run along the chain and to try to read the story of others. He wondered as to the time that had elapsed since the accident; whether his injuries were serious; to whose house he had been carried; under whose care he had been placed. He made an effort to raise his head to look about him, but as he did so a sharp pain, excruciating and cruel, shot through every nerve of his being, and he cried out in the fierce agony of the moment.

Then he became conscious that a woman had risen from a place close by his bedside and was standing, looking down at him, with great dark lustrous eyes, in the depths of which he descried an unspoken passion. Tall, slender, and with a dignity that was regal, she seemed to him the quintessence of feminine grace and queenly beauty. Her face was pale as marble, and stern as Fate; but in her wondrous eyes was a longing that wooed him; that brought his breath in quick convulsive gasps; that made his heart beat faster, and that spread over the pallor of his cheeks a flush that burned like fever. He stretched forth his hand and clasped her long, taper fingers, and held them, cool as stone, in his feverish grasp.

When some time after the doctor came in to rearrange the bandages on his injured head, and found him with his eyes open, gazing, a pleased smile on his lips, and his fingers nervously reached out for the hand which had suddenly eluded him, the professional man looked grave, and a tear trembled for a moment on his lashes.

"Doctor," the patient pleaded, in a voice so weak as to be scarcely heard even in the stillness of this darkened room, "tell me her name. She is my nurse, is she not? She will not leave me. Not for a moment, doctor. Don't let her go from me."

The doctor, in kindly tone, humored him as best he could.

"She will be with you always," he said; and then his face grew still more grave, and other tears followed the first, roll-

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ing down his furrowed cheeks and dropping on the counterpane.

When at last the doctor withdrew into the curtained embrasure of one of the windows to await the end, which now appeared to him inevitable, She returned, and knelt by the sufferer's bedside, listening eagerly to the murmured love passages which he addressed to her, to snatches of amorous verse and quotations from the prose sentimentalities of all times and climes.

"Tell me your name," he urged, as he pressed his lips to her chilled hand and stroked her long, shining black tresses, "tell me, that I may rhyme it with tender words of true love and deepest devotion."

She smiled as she denied him.

"No, no," she said; "do not ask me. It is because you do not know me that you care for me."

But her refusal made him all the more eager. His voice had become still weaker, but, in disjointed sentences, he continued his pleading. His hands were reaching now nervously towards her face, which he longed to caress.

"Come closer," he whispered, "closer—and tell me—your name—and—that you love me."

She moved nearer to him; the passion in her eyes blazing; her thin, cold lips parted. About his racked and bruised body she stretched her long white arms, enfolding him in her strong embrace. Her mouth was close to his.

"I love you," she said; and the words sounded to him like sweetest music.

"I love you," she repeated and her lips were on his.

His frame quivered under the fury of her caress. His breast expanded with a long, deep-drawn breath; in his eyes was the staring frenzy of mad desire.

"And my name," she went on, as she clasped him still more closely in her long, ravenous arms, "and my name is —"

The doctor finished the sentence. The deep-drawn breath had reached his listening ears. He had risen from his place in the curtained embrasure, and had approached the bed:

"Death!" he said.

—The Allegorist.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Suggestions for an Emergency Water Supply.)

Editor Town Talk:

There is a great deal of talk these days about plans to prevent a repetition of our recent disaster. Emergency reservoirs in the heart of the city are good things but we have a great natural and permanent reservoir ready at hand which seems to be overlooked. I refer to San Francisco Bay. It should be available at all times because there is always danger of broken water mains. Now as to my plan. Fireboats can be used to pump the water with large pumps through pipes laid along the streets and connected up to the point where the fire engines are stationed to help force the water to the fire. Sections of pipe eight or ten feet in length, made of light steel, would be attached to a ten-inch flexible hose on the hydrants aboard the fireboats. A twenty-inch discharge from two ten-inch openings would be sufficient for the purpose. When not in use these lengths would be stored along the decks under cover, say 500 to a shed, and at different spots near the centre of the city. At each place a hand wagon should be ready for use. In case of emergency they would be easily conveyed to places where they are to be run. These sections would have flanges with rubber washers and slip bolts attached so that they could be joined readily and so furnish the city with an independent supply of water. This system is practical and could be made to work to perfection.

LOUIS A. MORTON.

"Married him to get rid of him?"

"Not entirely; I thought of the allmony too!"

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Interest paid on Savings deposits at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum; no notice for withdrawal required. Collection of Insurance policies free to our patrons.

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White Rock
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Burned Homes Must be Rebuilt

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, having sustained practically no loss in the recent calamity, is in a position to loan money to the people who wish to rebuild. **SAN FRANCISCO MUST RESTORE HER HOMES** as well as her business blocks.

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Stage

Margaret Anglin's New Play

The appearance of Margaret Anglin in the title role of "A Sabine Woman," a play by William Vaughan Moody, has aroused much interest in the literary as well as the dramatic world. Until now Mr. Moody has been chiefly known for his work in the domain of pure poetry. Some competent judges have assigned him the first place among living American poets. But it seems that his great ambition has been to write plays that could be staged and that should grip the heart of the American people. This ambition has been in part fulfilled by Miss Anglin's production of his play, which took place in Chicago a few days ago. It provided, according to the newspapers of that city, "the most exciting first night" the stage had known there in many years.

A New Vaudeville Deal

Morris Meyerfeld Jr., of the Orpheum, returned, last Sunday, from the East, where he added a few more links to the vaudeville chain. Talent will hereafter be supplied by the Keith and Proctor houses in New York and the Kohls in Chicago, the vaudeville chain having been made of the endless variety extending from San Francisco to New York via New Orleans and back again via Chicago. Hereafter when a vaudeville artist signs a contract for this circuit it will mean continuous employment for a year. The Orpheum management owns houses in Denver, Minneapolis and Los Angeles and is soon to build one in St. Paul.

"Olivette" to be Revived

Audran's jolly and tuneful opera comique, "Olivette," will be put on at Idora Park, Monday night. This work has not been heard here for many years. It abounds in musical gems of the kind that linger in the ear. It certainly will be pleasant to hear again "The Torpedo and The Whale," "Bob Up Serenely," "When Balmy Garlic Scents the Air" and some of the other numbers that made the opera an enduring favorite of other days. The company at Idora has been doing excellent work and the management is having its judgment vindicated in reviving the old comic operas that are so refreshing now that we are weary of the trashy musical comedies that have so long been the staple of musical productions.

At Ye Liberty

Charles Hoyt's "Temperance Town" will be presented next week at Ye Liberty Playhouse, across the bay, with L. R. Stockwell in the leading role. Stockwell long ago made the role his own and Charley Hoyt declared that the man for whom it was written had no better conception of it than Stockwell. Katherine Grey will make her debut as leading lady of Ye Liberty in "Mizpah," the Biblical play written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It will follow Hoyt's play.

The Orpheum's Great Bill

Wilfred Clarke, than whom no more popular comedian ever faced a vaudeville audience, will head the new bill at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. Mr. Clarke and his accomplished and beautiful leading lady, Theo Carew, are great favorites here and they are bound to receive a rousing welcome in their new comedietta, "What Will Happen

Next?" described as a veritable whirlwind of merriment. Another important engagement is that of Miss Nita Allen and her company, who will present Will M. Cressy's latest and brightest one act comedy, "Car Two, Stateroom One," written in this author's happiest vein. The action takes place on the "Owl" train between this city and Los Angeles and elaborate scenic effects are carried for the production. Miss Allen, who is a former San Franciscan, numbers among her company Dr. Frank Rodolph, who has taken the stage name of Frank Erwin. Cliff Gordon, "the German politician," promises a monologue as amusing as it is original. As a mutilator of the English language Mr. Gordon has few equals and his talk is said to be screamingly funny. The Brothers Damm, European acrobats, who are guaranteed not to be any relatives of "The Whole Damm Family," are muscular marvels and perform astonishing feats of strength and dexterity. When last here, five years ago, they made an immense hit. The great Kaufmann troupe of bicyclists will continue their beautiful act, and Bert and Bertha Grant, the clever dusky entertainers, will change their songs and dances. So great has been the success of "A Night in an English Music Hall," presented by Karno's London Comedy Company, that the aggregation of sixteen people has been retained for a third and farewell week. Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete one of the greatest comedy programs ever offered at the Orpheum. The grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are open from ten o'clock in the morning until midnight, daily, and are filled with attractions, including "A Day in the Alps," the mile scenic railway, trip "Down the Flume," water chutes, scenic touring car, circle swing, miniature electric railway and many other amusement devices. The Zoo is full of rare, interesting and well kept animals.

ORPHEUM Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, June 24

THE SHOW OF THE SEASON!

WILFRED CLARKE & CO.; Juanita Allen & Co.; Cliff Gordon; Brothers Damm; The Great Kaufmann Troupe; Bert and Bertha Grant; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of

16—KARNO'S LONDON COMEDY COMPANY—16

Matinee Every Day Except Monday

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c and 50c. Matinees, except Saturday and Sunday, 10c and 25c.

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CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight.

Admission, 10c.; Children, 5c.

IDORA PARK OAKLAND

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Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager

Commencing Monday Evening, June 25

The Charming Comic Opera

"OLIVETTE"

Open Air Skating Rink.

Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

Commencing Monday Eve., June 25th

Bishop's Players in

"A TEMPERANCE TOWN"

Hoyt's Greatest Play.

MISS VASHTI RANKIN

—GOWNS—

1150 ELLIS STREET

At Byron

The following automobile parties visited Byron Hot Springs last week: Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce and Mr. Geo. K. Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roller and Poul Roller, Mr. Fred Meyerstein, accompanied by Judge and Mrs. Kerrigan and Miss Alice Crechton, and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McCabe. Among the other arrivals were Mrs. Henry Williams, Mr. J. H. Sayre, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Wilson from San Francisco, Mr. Geo. T. Deacon of Honolulu and Prof. and Mrs. Henry Senger of Berkeley.

Among the automobile runs from Oakland to Byron Springs during the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Durst, accompanied by Dr. Chas. E. Parent; Mr. S. Ducas and Jno. H. Grady; R. P. Lane, T. A. King, G. W. Dohrman, D. B. Harrison. Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. and Miss T. Louisson and Dr. L. R. Ash arrived at the Springs via Haywards, Livermore and Almont, returning via Antioch, Martinez, Walnut Creek and Tunnel Road into Oakland, and report the roads in excellent condition and almost entirely free from dust, as a result of the late rains. Wellington Grigg Jr., Geo. T. Cameron, Theo. Prather of Oakland, Mr. J. D. Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holtson and W. L. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. McKown and Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Thiel of Redwood City, H. P. Ludwig, L. B. Smith, H. H. Carrick of Tracy. The other arrivals were: Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Murdock of Los Angeles, Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Pickard of Virginia City, Judge A. L. Frick of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Sunderland of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. M. Macheca of New Orleans, and Mrs. J. P. Barrett.

At El Carmelo

The summer visitors at Hotel El Carmelo in Pacific Grove are enjoying the salmon fishing in the bay, a sport that is most delightful at this season of the year. Among the late arrivals from San Francisco who are there for the summer are Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wallace and son, Miss Blanch, the artist, who is busy sketching; Misses Mary and Barbara Small, Mr. Chas. and Mr. Barrett Small, Mrs. Grace Hibbard, the authoress; Mrs. J. R. Weir, Miss Annie Weir, Mrs. Haldan, Miss Haldan and Master Teddy Haldan of Alameda, and Miss Gladys Hale of Sacramento. Master Walker and Miss Sally Havens are with their pony and cart from Piedmont; Dr. Chas. W. Greene and Prof. Summers from the University of Missouri are making a scientific study of the salmon for the Department of Fisheries; Miss Helen Lee Dolan, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Ralph Berry and Mrs. S. S. Berry of Redlands, are also among the guests. Mr. Berry is interesting himself in the study of marine life at the Stanford laboratory there. The reputation of the Hotel El Carmelo as the most desirable place to spend a honeymoon is sustained by Mr. and Mrs. John L. McVey of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Percival R. Milnes of Eureka, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Brazil and Mr. and Mrs. Edward O. Allen of San Rafael and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cavelli of La Honda.

Nothing Can Stop Dividends

More evidence of the prosperity of San Francisco—the American National Bank has declared its usual semi-annual dividend of two and one-half per cent, payable June thirtieth. San Franciscans have reason to be proud of their banking institutions.

FAT FOLKS.

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches, in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.

At Wilson's Inn

The following are registered at Wilson's Inn, Napa county: Clifton E. Brooks, H. H. Haven and Paul W. Broadt, Oakland; George W. Olney and wife, E. W. Carpenter and Barbara Zeigler, San Francisco; E. N. Gifford and A. Watt Jr., Napa; Elsie E. Mitchell, St. Helena, and E. G. Scudder, Berkeley.

COLUMBIA DAIRY
231 Franklin St., near Hayes, San Francisco
Pure Milk and Cream George H. Pippy, Proprietor

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Continental Building and Loan Association, corner of Market and Church streets, San Francisco, Cal., has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1906, a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent on term deposits, and 6 per cent on monthly payment investments. Interest on deposits payable on and after July 1st. Interest on ordinary deposits not called for, will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President,
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Central Trust Co. of California, 42 Montgomery st., corner of Sutter—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the savings department of this bank as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent per annum, payable on and after July 1, 1906.

HENRY BRUNNER, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Security Savings Bank, 316 Montgomery st.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1906, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-half (3 1-2) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1906.

FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., cor. California and Montgomery sts.—For the six months ending June 30, 1906, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, N. W. Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.—For the half year ending 30th June, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of three and two-thirds (3 2-3) per cent. on Term Deposits and three and one-third (3 1-3) per cent. on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2nd, 1906. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1st.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California St.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 710 Market street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1-4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital fully paid, - - - \$2,000,000

Total Assets, - - - \$10,000,000

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SAN FRANCISCO

SUNSET MAGAZINE

June-July Number

OUT JULY 1st

"San Francisco"

BY

E. H. Harriman

"San Francisco"

BY

Joaquin Miller

"The Plight and Prospects of San Francisco".....by Charles S. Aiken

"Handling the Crisis".....by Col. Edwin Emerson

"The Chariots of the Gods".....by Charles K. Field

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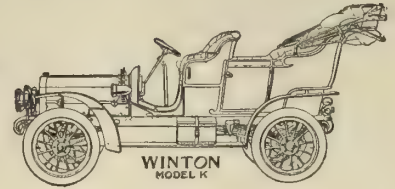
PRICE 10 CENTS

Letters

Long's Latest

John Luther Long is to be congratulated in that, in his new Japanese story, "The Way of the Gods," he has broken away from the deserted wife, the recalcitrant American naval attache and the everlastingly purple-eyed baby whose tendency to reproduce the features of the paternal parent was worthy of the attention of those of the medical fraternity particularly interested in the subject of heredity. "The Way of the Gods" is a tale of patriotism and sacrifice, and much nearer the real thing than what is generally given to us as a Japanese story, for the Orientals do not regard love as a sentiment. It is passion, intrigue, but never what it is to the Occidental, and in consequence, nice little love stories which could have been placed anywhere in the world, but which, by the introduction of "local color" in the shape of references to geishas, tea houses, jinrickshas, and a Japanese wife, have been passed as typical tales of Japan, are very far from being such. The great underlying motives for action are devotion to the Mikado, filial affection and vendetta, and Mr. Long has used two of these, patriotism and filial piety. Shijiro Arisuga was of the Samurai caste, but his inclinations were far from being military. On the contrary he was a poet, and though he wrote the most stirring verses and battle songs, he had no mind himself for "the great red death." The child was an orphan under the guardianship of two uncles, who piously concealed from him the disgraceful fact that his father had been a rebel and his death inglorious. According to their belief, the soul of the dead man could never be redeemed except through the patriotism of his descendants, and it was one of the punishments inflicted by the gods that this only son should be a "girl-boy." Still, they did their best by teaching and by object lessons, to induce the boy to think favorably of the army. Their good intentions might never have produced fruit had the child not overheard one of their conversations and discovered the deception. Thereafter he was resolved to accomplish his work of redemption and save his father's soul. He was small in stature, and when he desired to enlist the other members of the regiment objected to him as being unlikely to add to their laurels. When, however, he was made known to them as the author of their favorite battle songs, he was enthusiastically received, and when his daring more than once saved the colors in the Boxer war, he became their idol. In one of these desperate struggles he was desperately wounded and owed his recovery to the ministrations of a family of compatriots, and the result was a sentimental passion such as is more befitting the poet than the warrior. Hoshika, it appeared, was of the lowest caste, presumed to be without patriotism, and with whom marriage is proscribed except at the cost of losing rank and becoming also an outcast. Shojiro, however, married her and kept his connection secret from his colonel. In time followed a virtual desertion of the wife, and the highest personal honor to the soldier, and when the marriage was discovered, as he was averse to divorce, virtual banishment was decreed transferred from his beloved regiment to another and then given indefinite leave of absence to be spent abroad, preferably to America. Now begins the deterioration of the brave soldier. In order to live he must have occupation which he found as butler in a wealthy family on the verge of disruption. He speedily learned to drink and to gamble, and the money which he was at first intent on saving, in order that he might be always prepared for his recall, was never laid aside. Side by side with the deterioration of the Samurai goes on the regeneration of his wife, who is faithful to him throughout all his brutalities and humiliations. Eventually it is she who earns for both and when Sujiro's health fails and he dies "the small white death" reserved for

Stood the
Test



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women and children, on a hospital bed, it is Hoshika who answers the summons of the emperor. In the early days of their marriage, for amusement, Sujiro had taught his wife to don the uniform and to go through all the soldierly evolutions. He had taught her all the duties of the color-bearer and what was expected of the man-at-arms. Now, through some subtle transformation, she became virtually the man, taking on both the masculine appearance and the gruffer voice. When she took her place with the troops none doubted her, and she faithfully fulfilled every duty left unperformed by her husband. It was she who died the glorious "great red death," and through her the sin of rebellion and the shameful end of the old Samurai were atoned. "The Way of the Gods" was not the straight, obvious path, but in the end it reached its goal. No doubt the Japanese themselves may find faults and flaws in Mr. Long's story, but the Occidental mind which has any knowledge of things Japanese not derived from comic operas and magazine stories will find this a far more probable, and, for that reason, a more satisfactory story than anything since "Madame Chrysantheme,"

which, however, must bear the blame for the countless repetition of temporary marriage with naval lieutenants. It is to be hoped that if our author still continues to locate his stories in the Orient, he will give us more of this pattern. Published by the Macmillan Company.

Announcement is made of a new novel, "Robin Goodfellow," by Rudyard Kipling. "Robin Goodfellow" can hardly be called a novel. It seems more like a juvenile, intended to interest the author's own children and other little people in old English history. A brother and sister of the impressionable age are enabled, by some white magic, to meet Robin Goodfellow and through him, ancient Britons, soldiers of the Roman legions, and other long-departed worthies, and chat familiarly with them of the history and geography of their time. Like the "Jungle Books," "Robin Goodfellow" makes excellent reading for grown-ups, but the book is not, as has been fondly hoped, another "Kim." The stories will be published in McClure's before being brought out in a volume.

—The Bookworm.

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Summer Rates \$2 per day and upwards

American Plan Only

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Is running its trains on schedule time.

The best resorts in the State are reached by this line.

To any one of them you can send your family—and be sure they will be comfortable and at small cost.

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The tented park, beautifully situated on the Russian river, in the redwoods, is now open. Large dining-room, seating 250 guests; big dance pavilion, social hall. Boating, bathing, fishing, etc. Fine service. Table furnished with the best of everything. Write for accommodations. Address MRS. L. C. CNOPIUS, Vacation, Sonoma county, Cal.

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV. No. 722

San Francisco, June 30, 1906

Price, 10 Cents



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TOWN TALK

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Charles S. Smith.....Manager
Ralph A. GroverManager of Advertising
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Furuseth's Logic

As a controversialist Andrew Furuseth does not shine with the effulgence of a battleship's search-light. Mr. Furuseth invited a controversy with Mr. Hammond, of the United Shipping and Transportation Association, and he proceeded to argue that the strikers were right and the ship-owners were wrong, because Mr. Hammond had said that San Francisco "was not to be built up by men working under union rules." This is a fair sample of union labor logic. It is not only typical, it is inevitable. The labor union leader always seeks to persuade the public that the employer is unjust and that his injustice caused the strike by affirming that he is not in sympathy with unionism. It never occurs to him that by the same process of reasoning the conclusion may be reached that the union men caused the strike since they are not in sympathy with capital. So in every strike it is charged that the employer at some time or other expressed his hostility to union labor. And there are always scores of witnesses ready to swear that they heard him. Unfortunately for Mr. Furuseth in this instance Mr. Hammond was able to prove an alibi. For Mr. Furuseth having, with logical precision, set forth time, place and circumstance of Mr. Hammond's guilty utterance, Mr. Hammond was able to prove, not that he wasn't at the place at the time, but that the place wasn't there at the time. A somewhat novel style of alibi is this, but as conclusive as the more conventional. The place of the utterance was the deck of the "Ravalli"; time, during the fire. It happens that the "Ravalli" was not in the harbor during the fire and Mr. Hammond denies that he boarded her after she came into port. It is clear that Mr. Furuseth was indiscreet in being specific. That fact is now cognizable to him, but he is still no doubt in ignorance of the irrelevancy of the utterance attributed to Mr. Hammond. If the latter did say that San Francisco is not to be built up by men working under union rules he merely expressed an opinion that is held by most intelligent citizens who know something of the hopes and aspirations of visionary agitators of the type of Andrew Furuseth. That opinion is held by men who sympathize with workingmen, who would like to see them enjoy all the reasonable advantages that should flow from legitimate organized effort, but who know that the union men of San Francisco are subject to the dictation of professional promoters of industrial strife, and who feel that if they were to be permitted to control the industrial situation the city would not be rebuilt in a hundred years.

Why They Didn't Arbitrate

The Examiner, in pursuance of the Hearst policy, has extended its sympathies to the strikers and sought to create a sentiment against the ship owners by reprobating them for not submitting their differences to arbitration and accusing them of sending their vessels to sea with incompetent crews. The ship owners declined to arbitrate because, being able to obtain the necessary labor, there was no occasion for them to deal with the unions. The strike affords them a pretext to break off relations with the unions and assume once again full control over their own affairs, and consequently it was not to their interest to arbitrate. Indeed they have fared so well in consequence of the strike that it may be truthfully said that in stirring up strife Mr. Furuseth played into their hands. As to the charge that vessels are being sent to sea with incompetent crews, we do not think it worthy of serious consideration. Ship owners are not likely to jeopardize their property, and if they were inclined to do so the representatives of the marine insurance companies would call a halt. But the probability is they are able to find better seamen outside the unions than in the ranks of organized labor, for it is a well known fact that more incompetents are to be found among the union seamen of the Pacific Coast than anywhere else in the world. The breeding of incompetents is one of the effects of labor unionism. Workmen are judged nowadays not by their skill but by their standing in some union, and employers are not privileged to reward skill or to dispense with the services of the incompetent. Through this system assiduously fostered on the water front by Mr. Furuseth many men ignorant of the duties of a seaman have obtained employment on the coasting vessels, and it is believed that many wrecks have been due to the incompetency of union crews. The experience of sea captains on this coast in recent years has been of such a character that they should rejoice in the discontinuance of union domination. We need but cite the case of the schooner Lakme to convey a hint of the character of the experience that captains have had. Coming out of Eureka the Lakme struck on the bar and was in distress. The union crew immediately informed the captain that they would not try to get the vessel into port unless he agreed to pay them "over-time." This was mutiny, but the captain had great respect for the power of union labor and he acceded to the demand of his men.

Negro and Nigger

The Rev. Dr. Rader has been complaining of our tendency to coin nicknames, and he says: "The term 'negro' has been left over from slavery, and is not a word in which the Christian white man will find even a semblance of the orthodox belief in brotherhood. There isn't a thread of the Declaration of Independence in 'nigger.' It is vastly different, as everyone knows, from the word 'negro.'" From the Rev. Dr. Rader's language we might infer that he was laboring under the erroneous notion that there was a shred of the word "negro" in the Declaration of Independence. That glorious document is so little known today that none but the opening words of the second paragraph are ever quoted, and generally they are misquoted, the consequence being that many persons believe that the founders of the Republic affirmed that they held to be self-evident the truth that all men are created free and equal, whereas they said nothing about freedom. They did assert that the inalienable rights with which men are endowed are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but they made it clear that they did not mean individual liberty. They referred to the liberty of a people, a right implied by the theory that governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed, or, more specifically speaking, from the consent of the majority. Most of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were slave holders, who most assuredly did not believe that negroes were created

free or their equals. Consequently it would not have made much difference to them whether they were called negroes or niggers. The "man and brother" doctrine, as applied to the negro, came much later than the Declaration of Independence and is rapidly being discarded. It is a beautiful abstraction. Ask any man who professes it if he believes that some concrete negro is his brother and see how quickly he will sidestep. Contact with the negro, a chance to study him not in isolated cases—the best and more intelligent who won their freedom in one way or another—but in the mass, has worked a decided modification of ideas, and recently, in an article in the "Century Magazine," Charles Francis Adams, a descendant of Revolutionary leaders and Abolition stock, candidly admitted, after seeing the negro at home in Africa and looking him over in the United States, that the "man and brother doctrine" is a huge mistake and negro suffrage almost a crime, while that awful period of reconstruction through which the south was forced was a greater calamity than the war. The negro, as a race, has proved incapable of initiative and not even capable of holding to what has been learned through imitation. "Man and brother" is easy to preach from pulpit, platform and newspaper; it is another thing to live up to. Meanwhile, with abundant leisure, it might not be a bad idea for some of our self-constituted oracles to read again not only the much quoted but little known Declaration but the Constitution and the debates and arguments that were carried on when it was in course of adoption. It may surprise them to learn that the document was not found ready made, like the Mormon Bible, but that every article and section of it was fought for and against, that most of its provisions were compromises and that more than once the deadlock was so serious as to threaten the proposed amalgamation of the colonies. There were a good many things going on in those glorified days that never found their way into a primary school history.

It Was An Old Story

One of the Cudahy packing-houses went out of business the other day and other packing-houses may be forced to close because of the injury done to the business by the meat scandal. The business of the packers has suffered greatly in foreign countries and many years may pass before they again win the confidence of their foreign customers. We are told that the packers have been most unfairly treated and that many false and exaggerated reports have gone abroad and been gleefully circulated by the press of those countries of Europe in which, a few months ago, statesmen were "viewing with alarm" the relentless American progress and competition. The New York "Sun" says that this nation has "injured itself heavily in pocket by its quick indignation with the presence or suspicion of unhealthful treatment of meat products at Chicago," and in the same paper it is stated that the conditions complained of in Chicago affect some eight per cent of the meat slaughtered. This assertion is not in harmony with the report filed by the commissioners who investigated the stockyards and packing-houses of Chicago. President Roosevelt described the conditions shown to exist as "Revolt-ing." The commissioners found that the meats were handled without regard to cleanliness. They found stale meat scraps and even bits of rope and other rubbish being shoveled into barrels to be ground up to be used in canned goods. Incidentally they reported that the care which is taken with the meat for export to foreign countries is lacking with regard to meat that is destined for domestic use. Strenuous efforts are now being made to counteract the evil effects of the meat scandal and to create the impression that there has been much exaggeration respecting the conditions reported by the commissioners, but it will not be easy to persuade the people of this country that an injustice has been done to the packers. The revelations made by the commissioners were not a surprise. They did not tax credulity. American canned meats

have been under suspicion for years, and it is difficult to understand how the packers managed to do a successful business in view of the unsavory reputation of their establishments. American canned goods have long been barred out of many thousands of American homes because of the conviction that they were both unclean and dishonest. And though it is to be regretted that American products have once more been rejected in Europe we should not deplore the scandal that may lead to the improvement of our morals and the abatement of practices prejudicial to public health.

Western Union Insolence

President Robert J. Clowry, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, has entered a very amusing plea in extenuation of the charge that the corporation which he represents collected \$1,000,000 for messages that were sent through the mails at the time of the fire in this city. "Our company," says Mr. Clowry, "did more to help the stricken folk of San Francisco after the fire than any other company or corporation in my knowledge. This report upon the incompetency and alleged frauds practiced by the Western Union comes with a poor grace from the people of San Francisco, concerning whose flight we furnished free bulletins to 23,000 offices throughout the country during the progress of the fire." We are told by a New York paper, in which Mr. Clowry was interviewed, that the sentence in our Grand Jury report which affirms that the Western Union Company contributed not a penny to the relief fund "is what rankles particularly in President Clowry's breast." In answer to that charge he asserts that immediately upon receipt of the first news of the earthquake his office gave notice that telegrams, money orders or any other telegraphic communications to the various relief bodies in San Francisco would be received in any of the company's offices and forwarded absolutely without charge. He also explains that messages were accepted on the strict reservation by the company that they would be subject to delay in delivery. It is evident that Mr. Clowry is of the opinion that as the company sent a few telegrams to the relief bodies free of charge it was justified in taking a million dollars from people for service which it had no intention of rendering. Though messages were accepted with the understanding that they would be subject to delay in delivery, nobody understood that they would be sent by mail. If persons desirous of sending telegrams knew that the company purposed sending them by mail they would not have been so unwise as to pay more than a dollar for service which they could have obtained for two cents. As to the assertion that the company posted 23,000 bulletins throughout the country we feel that Mr. Clowry has placed an extravagant estimate on the value of that service. Sufficient publicity was given to the catastrophe by the press,

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King Solomon's Hall

Fillmore Street, Near Sutter

San Francisco

and the newspapers were well compensated for circulating the news. Moreover the Western Union company was well compensated by the press for conveying the news over its wires, and the probability is that the 23,000 bulletins were copies of press bulletins for which the company was paid.

Back to the Land

Many owners of home-sites thought, some weeks ago, that long ere this the insurance companies would have met their obligations and the reconstruction of homes would have been begun, but the prospect is that Christmas will come and find many an innocent trying to square the story of Santa Claus and his descent of the chimney with tent life and a cook stove out doors. Most of the plans under discussion for municipal housing contemplate the herding together of families, and the perpetuation of the tenement idea. Cheapness, of course, is a consideration, and the initial intention is to make these dwellings but temporary—substitutes for the tents. But there is always a considerable class in every community which has not initiative enough to improve its own condition, and if municipal barracks are once erected there will never come a time when some excuse will not be forthcoming in behalf of the shiftless ones content to sit down where they are put. Now is the time to deal with our tenement house problem, and to prevent the erection of rear shacks, dark holes without ventilation and sunlight, and all the other evils which, heretofore there has been no law to reach. The authorities, from the mayor down to the last member of the citizens' committees, could do no better service than to procure copies of Jacob A. Riis's two books, "How the Other Half Lives" and "A Ten Years' War," the new edition of which is entitled "The Battle With the Slum," and learn what it means to delay action. One of the hardest problems to solve is how to cure people of the crowd habit. There were hundreds of residents of this city who who settled within a stone's throw of Market and Sixth streets, and a census of some of the blocks would have revealed children enough to have crowded whole schools, whose idea of a yard was a narrow back porch and whose only playground was the street. The parents had the crowd habit and the elder children, self-supporting, at least in part, could not be happy

without the noise and glare of the streets at night. Their idea of a walk was a promenade on Market street, of amusement, a cheap theatre. It is generally found that children who belong to families long inured to tenement life cannot be weaned from it. What the municipality should strive to do is to encourage people to live by themselves, to return to the old idea of a cottage with a back yard and a bit of garden, more privacy and greater independence, not of the individual but of the national unit. There are a number of firms that make a business of dealing in portable houses, as easily put together as a child's "model village." They are cheap, serviceable and available. Houses of four or five rooms, with doors, windows and porches cost less than two hundred and fifty dollars, and any man with average physical strength and gumption can put one together in the course of a few hours. We have heard the cry "Back to the Land" these many years. Now let us get back.

The Burdens of the Poor

The effects of poverty and early employment on children are set forth in one of the latest Macmillan publications, "Bitter Cry of the Children," written by John Spargo, a socialist, who tells also of the effects of environment on the working mother during the pre-natal period, and advocates by way of reform state support of both the offspring and the mother during the critical period. Mr. Spargo has abundance of example to prove the correctness of his position, but what he urges so strenuously is more in the nature of a tiding-over than of a cure. If all the little bread-winners of today, all the under-fed school children and all the neglected infants were provided for by municipal or state legislation, the evil would be as great again tomorrow, and worse next week. The real difficulty is not in the rapacity of manufacturers who will employ babies at starvation wages, or in the indifference of the great round world to the sufferings that must be sought out but in the reckless improvidence of the parents who continue to reproduce their species without a thought of the welfare of the children. Parents whose combined earnings do not net ten dollars a week should not have more children than dollars. If they really felt a tithe of the regret they affect when sociologists and reformers interview them, they would not refer with pride to their experience

**Mr. E. C. HELLER, formerly of
Heller & Frank, corner Grant Avenue and
Market Street, begs to inform his friends and
the public in general, that he has opened a
Men's Clothes Shop at 1884 Fillmore Street,
near Bush, United States National Bank Bldg.**

E. C. HELLER & COMPANY,

Clothiers.

gained in burying nine. If they had any conception of the degradation which they admit in such confessions they would amend their lives. The instances which are quoted of women having children born to them in crowded factory rooms prove nothing since there is no evidence that they were obliged to present themselves in the work shop. The same thing is not so infrequent in street cars, trains, ferry boats and even on the streets, simply because women are reckless enough to dare to be abroad at such times. They take one more chance, that is all. Poverty is not a factor in the situation. Mr. Spargo also tells us that one of the excuses for sending children to work before the golden age of eighteen is that the children did not do well at school. He is greatly mistaken in his idea that by keeping such children in school they will, eventually, develop into scholars, do creditable mental work, and then, become efficient workmen. There are children in every walk of life, every state of social condition, who never can progress beyond elementary branches. It does not matter whether God, Nature, heredity or environment is accountable, the fact remains that they simply do not learn. If they are kept in school they are a drag, a dead weight, a bad example to their classmates and source of discouragement to teachers. Such children are not necessarily feeble-minded or idiotic. They simply are not book-minded, and after they have learned to read and write, to perform simple arithmetical calculations and get a general idea of geography and history, their place is at the working bench, where they often astonish their elders by their manual capacity. Mr. Spargo admits that manufacturers say it is the cheapness of child labor, not its efficiency, that makes it commercially attractive. If children were not thrown on the market in such large numbers machinery would be installed to perform their tasks. But when improvident parents with faith in the old world creed that "children are the poor man's wealth" and that a Divine Providence sends them in order that their parents may early retire to a life of ease, are willing to deprive their little ones of a chance to live and to

grow, it is not state aid but state interference that should be urged. We have specific laws for the government of stock raisers. They can be arrested, prosecuted and punished for overstocking their pasture ranges, yet a man who would be heavily fined for attempting to keep two cows where he had feed for one may have a half score of children when he does not support himself, and be coddled into a belief that he is a good and reputable citizen because he has furnished entries of births and deaths for the bureau of vital statistics. The compassion which Mr. Spargo invokes for the unfortunate victims,—not as he fondly imagines, of commercial greed, but of the criminal recklessness of those who are responsible for their advent—is tempered by a very different and stronger feeling when the parents are considered. If the state is to feed, clothe and care for children, to look after their welfare while mothers absent themselves, and to educate and teach them remunerative occupations, as well as to provide medical supervision for the mothers before the births and throughout the nursing periods, it is only logical to grant it also the right to regulate the reproductive process, to designate how many infants are to be added each year, who may produce them, and, if heredity counts for so much, what grade of population the state is to breed. Is our author prepared to go to that length? Would the people themselves, those who are supposed to benefit by all this paternalism, submit to regulation? What Socialistic reformers should do, instead of writing books which are directed to the understanding of the intelligent classes, and call forth editorial comments, is to direct their energies to the education of the poverty-stricken and teach them that a large part of their misery is of their own making and that they themselves must cure it. "The Bitter Cry of the Children" is a book to be appreciated by college professors, philanthropists, club ladies and preachers. It leaves the slum dweller, if, perchance, he should ever see it, with an idea that he is very much to be pitied for being an innocent sufferer from "conditions."

Perspective Impressions

The despatches from New York tell us of a veteran of sixty-nine who rode 125 miles in ten hours. It's like carrying coal to Newcastle to send such news to the home of William Greer Harrison.

Some of the buildings now being constructed in San Francisco are of the X-23 class. All sorts of mechanics, except carpenters, are working on them. There's nothing like a catastrophe to teach people a lesson.

One of the women suffragists of England who vindicated their claims last week, to admission to calm, deliberate political bodies, by breaking up a convention, is Mrs. Pankhurst. She probably dropped one letter out of her name through fear that it would convey an erroneous notion as to her mission in life.

It is said that Emperor William is going to interest himself in the insurance business. If there is anything Bill hasn't interested himself in it would be worth while knowing what it is.

The work of relieving the destitute in San Francisco is being conducted in such a manner as to make destitution unpopular. It is extremely improbable that there are persons seeking relief at this late day who are not absolutely in need of assistance. It is easy enough to be destitute but not so easy to have inexhaustible patience.

The "Chronicle" says it will be unprofitable to build Class A buildings under the building ordinance as drafted. This is an inaccuracy. The "Chronicle" meant to say that it would not be so profitable to build Class A buildings under the ordinance as drafted as it would be under an ordinance that permitted owners to pierce the empyrean with their skyscrapers.

Olive Fremstad won a husband during her recent San Francisco engagement. The marriage took place before the gentleman saw her play Carmen.

The land is filled with walls of lack of opportunity for individual success. And yet an insurance company may be started on a shoestring.

According to Dr. Isadore Singer there are 11,218,294 Jews in the world and they seldom get into the criminal courts. But do they ever get into the insurance business?

Bishop Potter says that the insurance scandal is viewed in England as emphasizing American greed. Remarkable! In this country we view it as indisputable evidence of the philanthropic spirit of our greatest thieves.

Immediately after the fire the labor unions decided not to raise the scale of wages. It now appears that they preferred to establish an entirely new scale.

A Revolt Against Puritanism

By Theodore Bonnet

The worm has turned. Not to the worm popularly known as the legitimate prize of the early bird do I refer, but to the worm that has been repeatedly trod upon by the Pilgrim Fathers and their hopelessly atavistic descendants. In no contemptuous spirit do I refer to the traditional object of puritanical meddling as a worm, but only because in his protracted meek submission to the tyranny of the aggressively rectitudinous his attitude was suggestive of some crawling thing whose essential insignificance drew upon him the abuse and obloquy of God's favored creatures. As a matter of fact you are the worm and so am I, and so is every American citizen who has been giving polite and deferential ear for years to the dissonant voice of sad and angry faith without a murmur of dissent; who has never had the temerity to rebel against the vulgar dogmatism of that self-righteousness which takes for granted its possession of the truth and the power of deciding how others violate it.

It was in Chicago that the worm turned, Chicago the city of isms and cults. Usually when something starts in Chicago it has to go through an alembic before it is purified, but the latest propaganda may prove an exception. Its purpose is to destroy the pernicious influence of the sabbatarians through which the timid authorities were persuaded to prohibit the sale of liquor on Sundays. The sale of liquor on Sundays is not essential to our happiness. There are many of us that would not object to the closing of saloons on Sundays if we were assured that certain arrogant Christians, who flatter themselves that they alone know how to construe the gospel would not employ the concession as an entering wedge for the crowding upon us of ascetic restrictions that we do not deem any more essential to salvation than abstention from wine on the Sabbath. It would perhaps be pleasing to many zealous Christians not of the Puritanical class to see saloons closed on Sundays out of respect to the founder of Christianity; but even they would probably object to having them closed for the reasons advanced by some of the agitators who demand that they be closed irrespective of the wishes of their neighbors. If a sanitary measure were enacted prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sundays it would prove beneficial to many people, but as a bit of religious legislation it is obnoxious because it violates a principle of liberty. The State has the right to protect society from physical ills in the manner suggested by science, but it has not the right to safeguard the soul from contamination in the manner prescribed by one or two of the jarring sects.

However, there is a small element of nearly every American community that spends a great deal of time trying to induce the State to trespass on constitutional rights. The closing of saloons is no trespass because the saloon business is tolerated only under public regulation, but there are many innocent pastimes in which we all have the constitutional right to engage but which the Sabbatarians would inhibit. Their inspiration is a legacy of the spirit that prompted one philosopher to set fire to another philosopher in Smithfield Market because they could not agree in their theory of the universe. In other words it is the spirit of Puritanism, of a religious system which, according to Matthew Arnold, is founded on a misconception of the meaning of St. Paul and is an obstacle to progress and a true civilization.

Though the Puritans of this country constitute a very small minority of the populace they dictate certain laws for the guidance of human conduct in certain states. They have not made much headway in California, but they importune nearly every legislature for pious measures, and there are many states where they have succeeded in having Sunday baseball and other forms of innocent amusement prohibited in deference to their wishes. They have made it appear that the sentiment of the community in which they live is opposed to public spectacles that incite persons to merriment and

divert the mind from spiritual reflection. They object to many things that are not more conducive to evil than the kiss which a loving husband gives his wife and which was once anathema in New England. And they have created the semblance of a sentiment against those things by their persistent clamor, by organizing communities headed by clergymen that preside over empty pews and petitioning legislators that violate their conscience to coddle the church vote.

We are slow to rebel against the activity of the Puritans because we feel that we should not resent efforts to improve public morals. The object of their endeavor is presumably for the public good, and we do not perceive that their method involves violation of individual rights and that it is unnecessary and in defiance of personal conviction. I have more than once predicted, however, that there would be revolt against the rule of the self-constituted monitors of society, and I warned them that in the event of an uprising the uprisers, like most revolutionists, would in the intemperate zeal that usually animates protestants against oppression, demand more than redress. That is what the revolt in Chicago may lead to, and if successful the movement may spread. It is not in the interest of religious liberty or merely for the abatement of obnoxious meddling, but for the benefit of groggishers. That is unfortunate. It is not by way of rebuke to narrow-minded Puritans for attempting to interdict healthful Sunday pastimes, but by way of retaliation and to stiffen the backbone of city officials so that they shall not be afraid of religious influence. It is a movement directed by men who are not concerned for the moral welfare of the community, but who are strong in numbers and who may gain the support of all that resent puritanical arrogance. To strengthen their cause they are going to start a newspaper, plunge into local politics, and seek to crush every candidate for office who is known to be in sympathy with the enemy. Perhaps the logical effect of excessive puritanical zeal may prove to be the development of moral anarchists.

The Puritans are so sincere and well intentioned that it is unfortunate they do not perceive the error of their ways. The trouble with them is they are pursuing a wrong religious tack. Instead of pointing the way as Ruskin does to the perception of God which leads to love of God, they are ever holding forth the prospect of everlasting punishment to agitate our souls and frighten men into the practice of virtue and aversion from vice. They seem to be wholly ignorant of the fact that virtue has in herself the most engaging charms. It has been said by way of consolation for that deplorable superiority which some among us arrogate to themselves that we are all equal after death. The Puritans seem to fear that the inferiority which separates us from them will continue even into the next world unless they come to the rescue. They are very kind, but dreadful bores. They are laboring under the delusion that they are the only genuine Christians in the world whereas they are animated by motives that are purely pagan. It was Christianity that brought joy into the world. The Pagans were the original preachers of temperance and asceticism. Along with Christian civilization came the perception of God through which we have found it easy to love him, for Christianity pointed out the Beautiful and the harmony of the universe and told us that everything was created for man's pleasure. In other words Christianity made us understand that we have reason to be grateful, and of course it is natural for affection to follow gratitude. But the Puritan teaches us principally to fear God and fear never will inspire love. Christ taught us to be cheerful; the Puritan commands us to be sad. Christ made a sacrament out of wine and the Puritan would destroy the vine and ruin the beautiful symbolism of the most powerful of Christian churches. So the Puritan has driven the liberty-loving citizens of Chicago to revolt. The worm has turned.

The Star-Child

[The first installment of this beautiful story from the pen of Oscar Wilde appeared in last week's Town Talk. The story will be concluded next week.]

"Nay, but thou art indeed my little son, whom I bore in the forest," she cried; and she fell on her knees, and held out her arms to him. "The robbers stole thee from me and left thee to die," she murmured; "but I recognized thee when I saw thee, and the signs also have I recognized,—the cloak of golden tissue and the amber chain. Therefore I pray thee come with me, for over the whole world have I wandered in search of thee. Come with me, my son, for I have need of thy love."

But the Star-Child stirred not from his place, but shut the doors of his heart against her, nor was there any sound heard save the sound of the woman weeping for pain.

And at last he spoke to her, and his voice was hard and bitter. "If in very truth thou art my mother," he said, "it had been better hadst thou stayed away, and not come here to bring me to shame, seeing that I thought I was the child of some Star, and not a beggar's child, as thou tellest me that I am. Therefore get thee hence, and let me see thee no more."

"Alas! my son," she cried, "wilt thou not kiss me before I go? For I have suffered much to find thee."

"Nay," said the Star-Child, "but thou art too foul to look at, and rather would I kiss the adder or the toad than thee"

So the woman rose up, and went away into the forest, weeping bitterly; and when the Star-Child saw that she had gone, he was glad, and ran back to his playmates, that he might play with them.

But when they beheld him coming they mocked him, and said: "Why, thou art as foul as the toad, and as loathsome as the adder. Get thee hence, for we will not suffer thee to play with us"; and they drove him out of the garden.

And the Star-Child frowned, and said to himself: "What is this that they say to me? I will go to the well of water and look into it, and it shall tell me of my beauty."

So he went to the well of water and looked into it, and, lo! his face was as the face of a toad, and his body was scaled like an adder. And he flung himself down on the grass and wept, and said to himself: "Surely this has come upon me by reason of my sin. For I have denied my mother, and driven her away, and been proud, and cruel to her. Wherefore I will go and seek her through the whole world, nor will I rest till I have found her."

And there came to him the little daughter of the Woodcutter, and she put her hand upon his shoulder and said: "What doth it matter if thou hast lost thy comeliness? Stay with us, and I will not mock at thee."

And he said to her: "Nay, but I have been cruel to my mother, and as a punishment has this evil been sent to me. Wherefore I must go hence, and wander through the world till I find her, and she give me her forgiveness."

So he ran away into the forest and called out to his mother, but there was no answer. All day long he called to her, and when the sun set he lay down to sleep on a bed of leaves, and the birds and the animals fled from him, for they remembered his cruelty, and he was alone save for the toad that watched him, and the slow adder that crawled past.

And in the morning he rose up, and plucked some bitter berries from the trees and ate them, and took his way through the great wood, weeping sorely. And of everything that he met he made inquiry if perchance they had seen his mother.

He said to the Mole, "Thou canst go beneath the earth. Tell me, is my mother there?"

And the Mole answered: "Thou hast blinded mine eyes. How should I know?"

He said to the Linnet: "Thou canst fly over the tops of the tall trees, and canst see the whole world. Tell me, canst

thou see my mother?"

And the Linnet answered: "Thou hast clipped my wings for thy pleasure. How should I fly?"

And to the little Squirrel who lived in the fir-tree, and was lonely, he said: "Where is my mother?"

And the Squirrel answered, "Thou hast slain mine. Dost thou seek to slay thine also?"

And the Star-Child wept, and bowed his head, and prayed forgiveness of God's things, and went on through the forest, seeking for the beggar-woman. And on the third day he came to the other side of the forest and went down into the plain.

And when he passed through the villages the children mocked him, and threw stones at him, and the carlots would not suffer him even to sleep in the byres lest he might bring mildew on the stored corn, so foul was he to look at, and their hired men drove him away, and there was none who had pity on him. Nor could he hear anywhere of the beggar-woman who was his mother, though for the space of three years he wandered over the world, and often seemed to see her on the road in front of him, and would call to her, and run after her till the sharp flints made his feet to bleed. But overtake her he could not, and those who dwelt by the way did ever deny that they had seen her, or any like to her, and they made sport of his sorrow.

For the space of three years he wandered over the world, and in the world there was neither love nor loving-kindness nor charity for him, but it was even such a world as he had made for himself in the days of his great pride.

And one evening he came to the gate of a strong-walled city that stood by a river, and, weary and footsore though he was, he made to enter in. But the soldiers who stood on guard dropped their halberds across the entrance, and said roughly to him: "What is thy business in the city?"

"I am seeking for my mother," he answered, "and I pray ye to suffer me to pass; for it may be that she is in the city."

But they mocked at him, and one of them wagged a black beard, and set down his shield and cried: "Of a truth, thy mother will not be merry when she sees thee; for thou art more illfavored than the toad of the marsh, or the adder that crawls in the fen. Get thee gone! Get thee gone! Thy mother dwells not in this city."

And another who held a yellow banner in his hand said to him: "Who is thy mother, and wherefore art thou seeking for her?"

And he answered, "My mother is a beggar, even as I am, and I have treated her evilly, and I pray ye to suffer me to pass, that she may give me her forgiveness, if it be that she tarrieth in the city." But they would not, and pricked him with their spears.

And, as he turned away weeping, one whose armor was inlaid with gilt flowers, and on whose helmet couched a lion that had wings, came up and made inquiry of the soldiers who it was that had sought entrance. And they said to him: "It is a beggar and the child of a beggar, and we have driven him away."

"Nay," he cried, laughing, "but we will sell the foul thing for a slave, and his price shall be the price of a bowl of sweet wine."

And an old and evil-visaged man who was passing by called out, and said: "I will buy him for that price;" and, when he had paid the price, he took the Star-Child by the hand and led him into the city.

(Continued on Page 30.)

Vacation

Kin to the skies when is mirrored their shade
 In the calm of the ocean
 Was the blue of her eyes
 Vowed I, and never for me had a maid
 Stirred such depth of emotion
 As spoke in my sighs.

Yellow, I told her, as poppies that cling
 To the brink of the river
 Was the gold of her hair;
 Said Love and I had a song we could sing
 To the luck of his quiver
 Did passion but dare.

Half was in jest when I swore that her heart
 If it joyed in deserting
 Would make sunless my life.
 After three weeks I awoke with a start
 From the jesting and flirting
 To find I'd a wife.

—"The Benedict."

June, 1906.



The Spectator

The Saturnine Kearney

A man of very peculiar temperament was Theodore Kearney, the Fresno horticulturist, who bequeathed his immense ranch, orchard, arboretum, agricultural and horticultural plants to the California University. President Wheeler recently issued a bulletin calling attention to the fact that the Kearney bequest was one of the most important ever made to the University. It is more than that; it is one of the most important ever made to any university. It means that now the department of which it has become a part is unsurpassed in the world. The value of the Kearney bequest is, perhaps, from the commercial standpoint, not more than one million dollars, but if the State of California undertook to equip the University as it has been equipped by the Kearney estate it would take twenty years to accomplish its purpose. The Kearney property is one of the wonders of a State that abounds in sublime spectacles, but it has never enjoyed the celebrity that it deserves, the reason being that Kearney was a most inhospitable individual. He mingled rarely with his fellow men. He had no friends, no family and no relatives with whom he communed. He was a man of repellant temperament, and was most cordially disliked throughout Fresno County. A hint to his character was supplied in this city on the day of the earthquake. He was living at the St. Francis and he appeared that day in his automobile. While driving through the streets an injured woman was carried out of a building. The chauffeur halted and Kearney was asked to take the woman in his machine to some hospital. "Drive on!" he sternly said to the chauffeur and off he sped in his auto.

Loved Flowers, Hated Women

The Kearney property, now that it belongs to the State University should become one of the great show-places of the California. There are five thousand acres included in the tract, and they have been both beautifully and scientifically cultivated. The morose and austere owner was a born husbandman. Though he held himself aloof and seemed utterly

devoid of sympathy for his fellow men, he was impassioned of plants and flowers, and spent a lifetime in gathering rare specimens in all parts of the world. His one delight was to tread the gay carpet of his fields. He found society in the silence of the trees. His garden was peopled with purple and perfumes that spoke to him a language he understood. Flowers scattered their inspiring smiles along the leaf-littered pathway that led to his grave. Kearney came to California in the sixties and during all the years of his residence here nobody ever became sufficiently intimate with him to learn anything of his antecedents, or of his family; but since his death, I have heard that Dennis Kearney, the famous sand-lot orator, claims kinship to the Fresno millionaire. The latter never spoke to anybody of his family, and he never cared to have anybody speak to him. None of his employes ever dared to speak to him without first being addressed. Dennis Kearney says that the dead millionaire was his cousin and that there are persons of closer kinship in Ireland who will probably come to California to try to get the estate. So perhaps there will be a contest over the estate, and if so one may learn that the mysterious horticulturist, like many other Californian millionaires, had a romance in his life. It is not likely, however, that anybody will attempt to prove that he figured in a romance since coming to California, for here he gave a pretty consistent performance in the role of a misogynist. His acquaintances were sure there was not a scintilla of sentiment in his heart. This conviction was particularly strong in the minds of many persons to whom he sold land in Fresno County in the years immediately preceding the hard times of the nineties. Those persons bought the land on mortgages and improved and cultivated it. When the hard times came and interest was not promptly forthcoming Kearney swept down on them and despoiled them of their possessions without a word of warning.

The Pardee-Melvin Alliance

Governor Pardee has found it advisable to placate the friends of Judge Harry Melvin. To entice the milk white

dove of political peace into Alameda County he has joined forces with the singing jurist for the avowed purpose of winning for that gentleman the nomination for the Supreme Court. The Alameda County delegation will go to the State convention pledged to Pardee for Governor and Melvin for Supreme Court Justice. If this combination be viewed in the light of Oakland political history it will take on an odd aspect. So incredible does the political alliance of Pardee and Melvin seem that there are shrewd politicians by whom it is not taken seriously. They suspect that Melvin is being beguiled by the Governor, the motive being the same as that which inspired Quintus Marcius, the Roman legate, in the war against Persius of Macedon, when, to gain time wherein to reinforce his army he made conciliatory overtures and lulled the enemy to sleep. The old Roman senators condemned that method of winning battles. They said that a man should fight with valor and not by artifice. But Governor Pardee is not truly Roman; at least, not in politics. He has something of Grecian subtlety and Punic cunning. Judge Melvin declared war on Governor Pardee some months ago, and as the Judge has some political strength in Alameda County it was important that he should be conciliated. Pardee could not afford to take chances with a split delegation from his home county.

When Pardee Was Against Melvin

But nobody in Alameda County believes that Pardee will vigorously insist upon Melvin's nomination. Those cynical politicians who do not appreciate the Governor's gilt-edged sincerity think that he is making a Persius out of the confiding Melvin. "Where the lion's skin is too short," they are saying, "we must eke it out with a piece from that of the fox." On the other hand some of the guileless ones across the bay with vivid recollections of political history are amazed that Governor Pardee should undertake to put Melvin in a chair of the State's highest tribunal; not that they pretend to know anything about the jolly, singing jurist's qualifications, but that they recall that not long ago Pardee had a very poor opinion of the Melvin judicial equipment. These persons with the pernicious memory are quoting Pardee on Melvin. They can give you almost verbatim what Pardee said, in the columns of his paper, the Enquirer, when Gage appointed Melvin to the Superior Court. And from these quotations I learn that it was Justice Henshaw of the Supreme Court who stood sponsor for Melvin, or, at least, who urged Governor Gage to make the appointment. For Pardee smashed Henshaw for recommending such a man as Melvin. So here again we witness the strange pranks of the whirligig of time. Here is Melvin, the man who is indebted to Justice Henshaw, in a large measure, for his appointment to the Superior Court, giving reign to an ambition, the ultimate purpose of which is to unseat the man who was censured for having given him a helping hand over the hurdle to the pathway of his judicial career.

His Hatred for Henshaw

And the situation derives additional interest and color from the circumstance that in entering into the combination Judge Melvin is supplying water to the wheel upon which Governor Pardee expects to whet the blade that he longs to thrust between Henshaw's ribs. But of course Judge Melvin is innocent of intention to injure Judge Henshaw. He is merely engaged in furthering his own laudable interests. He wants to be a judge of the Supreme Court and Pardee's motives do not concern him. To get the nomination he must get the endorsement of the delegation from his home county, but in getting it he will make it a little harder for Justice Henshaw who endorsed him for the Superior Court. It is to his interest that the delegation be united, and therefore it

was imperative for him to join hands with Pardee. It was to Pardee's interest that the delegation be united, and so he joined hands with Melvin. It was perhaps humiliating for the Governor to do so in view of his criticism of Gage for appointing Melvin to the Superior Court and of his more recent unfriendly attitude to the distinguished Oakland Elk. Judge Melvin, it will be remembered, was a candidate for the Court of Appeals. His friends expected to see him appointed, but Pardee turned him down. A little later he was a candidate for the Supreme Court on the death of Justice Van Dyke. Once more Pardee was expected to conciliate the Melvin forces, but he didn't. The enmity of the Melvin faction seemed not to bother him in the slightest degree, and now the reason is clear. He was looking forward to a compromise combination, one by which he might use Melvin to swat Henshaw. And yet Pardee has been dubbed "a weak brother" upon the theory that he has not great executive ability! As a matter of fact he has genius for turning tricks in politics, and to be a good Governor a man should be skilled in the political game, for most of his dealings are with politicians.

Harriman's Bon Mot

There was one week in April last when men were almost bereft of a sense of humor, but even during that period a hearty laugh was provoked by a bon mot that, by reason of its historical value, if not for the humor of it, which is its essence, should be preserved. It was sprung one day at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Committee of Fifty. Much important business was being transacted, and during the course of proceedings it was felt that the presence of the Governor of the State was imperative. Somebody suggested that Mr. Harriman should supply him with transportation so that he would have no excuse for not getting across the bay. Mr. Harriman was asked if he could supply the Governor with transportation facilities.

"Well," replied Mr. Harriman, "I provided facilities for getting one hundred thousand refugees out of the city. I think I can provide facilities for getting one back."

The Peerless Maxine

Maxine Elliott is lending her peerless beauty to London society at present, and is being admired at garden parties, and all sorts of smart fetes. Any actress can know all the smart men in England, from Prime Ministers down to Piccadilly Johnnies. The masculine Briton loves art as embodied in the American actress, but it falls to the lot of very few artists of our stage to accomplish the more difficult task of conquering the haughty British matron. And this Miss Elliott's social tact and savoir faire have accomplished despite her beauty. Of course it is quite likely that the high favor in which she stands with American millionaires of more than one class, may have something to do with her popularity with English hostesses, but anyway whatever its cause, the pleasing fact remains that next to Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Mrs. Maxine Elliott Goodwin is the most popular American actress in London at this moment.

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The Whittell Comedy Drama

For his age George Whittell is a very promising young man in the matrimonial field of activity, and as he is blessed with a kind and indulgent father he may succeed in accumulating quite a bunch of wives during his career. He appears to be always on the point of getting married or getting out of marriage, and though he never asks for the paternal blessing when about to take unto himself a wife, his father is always on hand to speed the parting daughter-in-law and finance her withdrawal from the Whittell family circle. Young Whittell has a pretty taste in wives. Mrs. Josephine Whittell was one of the Anna Held girls and all there was to Anna's shows was the pulchritude of her environment which was considerable. When George fell in love with Josephine, Papa Whittell frowned on the prospect of a match. When Josephine went East with the show Papa Whittell heaved a sigh of relief, and a little later, when George, in company with his friend Ray Baker, called on the old gentleman and announced that they had decided to take a trip around the world the millionaire was delighted. He concluded that George's passion for Josephine had been assuaged, but he suggested by way of precaution against accident that they go around by way of the Orient. But George and Ray pooh-poohed that suggestion. They knew a much better way around. So Whittell pere took Baker into a private room, and obtained a promise from him that he would guard George well and protect him from another marriage. Then the young men started off with a fat letter of credit, and George got into communication with Josephine before he reached the State line. They were married in New Jersey and Baker was best man. Then followed the honeymoon trip to Europe, and when it was over the young couple received the parental blessing and a nice home in Alameda which became noted for its hospitality in that rollicking set of which Jack Baird and Joe Eastland were the shining lights. The young Whittells seemed very happy until a few months ago when their friends were very much surprised to learn that they had agreed to separate. It is said that there had been no quarrel but that Mrs. Whittell longed to get back to Broadway and the old familiar scenes of revelry by night, and that Papa Whittell came promptly to the front to see that the curtain was rung down on the little domestic comedy drama without a hitch and that all accounts were properly adjusted. Meanwhile the rumor is afloat that George has a society match ahead of him, and the story is told that some nights ago the young lady who fondly expects to become his fiancée met her prospective husband's wife under somewhat embarrassing circumstances. She was alarmed at the prospect of a scene but there was no scene. George Whittell is a very fine looking young fellow, and very popular. I believe he is to part from his wife without any hard feelings.

Hearst's Project

Though I am not in favor of skyscrapers I sympathize with Mr. Hearst in his lambasting of the authorities for their attitude of hostility to tall buildings; for I have been informed that the enterprising proprietor of the Examiner and loyal Californian wishes to build for his San Francisco paper a twenty-four story building at the corner of Third and Market streets. In view of the fact that each of the other morning journals has a tall building in the neighborhood of Lotta's Fountain, I am in favor of granting Mr. Hearst a special privilege to go up high enough to enable him to dump refuse on the roofs of his contemporaries. In espousing Mr. Hearst's

cause I am, I believe, expressing the sentiment of the community. San Francisco feels very grateful to Mr. Hearst. Even those San Franciscans that do not approve some of the things he has done are not unappreciative of his public-spirited character and generosity. Thousands of them mindful of his determination to publish an insurance blacklist in all his papers would be willing to vote him permission to put up a forty-four story building with a mansard roof. It wouldn't hurt their feelings if he made the Call building look like a sugar loaf. They could view without a pang the dwarfing of the Chronicle Building until it looked like a wart on Mr. De Young's little finger. But at this writing Mayor Schmitz does not approve either tall buildings or Mr. Hearst. But Mayor Schmitz's term will expire before Mr. Hearst gets his building up high enough to need a special permit.

Why Campbell Loves Englishmen

Attorney J. C. Campbell, of this city, dissents from the opinion of Bishop Potter respecting the sentiment in England toward the people of this country. Bishop Potter recently returned from England with a message to his countrymen, which he uttered through the press of New York. It was not the sort of message that one might expect from a dignitary of the Christian church, for there was nothing in it suggestive of the peace-to-men-of-good-will spirit. Bishop Potter came back from England not to promote the hands-across-the-sea sentiment but to warn us that England's professed friendship for this country is merely pretense. Joe Campbell, though not a professional apostle of peace, returned from London with a message so eulogistic of the British that his friends suspect him of an inclination to swear allegiance to Edward's throne. He will talk to you by the hour about the big-heartedness and generosity of Englishmen, and he will tell you that never again will he permit anybody to abuse an Englishman in his presence. Campbell's enthusiasm was born of his experience in London shortly after the catastrophe. The banks on the continent stopped payment on personal letters of credit from San Francisco as soon as the news of the catastrophe was received, and many wealthy people from this city were consequently in distress. In England nobody with a letter of credit had any difficulty in getting money. "My first experience with British sentiment," says Campbell, "occurred when I was crossing the channel. A British customs officer came aboard to examine the baggage. When he saw my trunk marked 'J. C. C., San Francisco,' he said, 'Is that your trunk?' I said it was and he marked it 'O. K.' and passed it

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without examination. I attended some of the meetings held for the purpose of raising money for the relief of San Francisco sufferers and there I saw evidence of sympathy that I shall never forget. I saw men and women all around me weeping, and I heard many expressions of tender sentiment that were most touching. And the way those big subscriptions rolled in was amazing. Why they raised millions of dollars in a few hours and naturally they felt hurt when it was refused, but their kindness was not abated." Mr. Campbell relates, by the way, that one of the most generous givers was none other than William Waldorf Astor, who subscribed five hundred thousand dollars, beating John D. Rockefeller's donation by four hundred thousand. When Mr. Campbell went to the office of the White Star Line Steamship Company to arrange for his trip across the ocean, the clerk called an old gentleman who appeared to be the manager, and who asked him if he had any money.

"Yes, I have money," said Campbell, who felt a little indignant that he should be asked such a question.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the man, "but I have been directed to furnish sufficient money to everybody with letters of credit from San Francisco to enable them to get home."

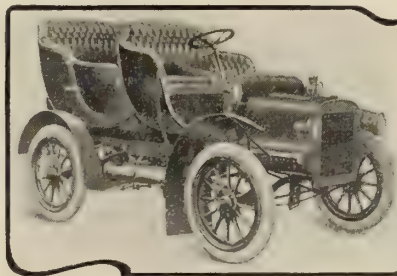
Mr. Campbell also learned that persons from San Francisco with drafts on banks on the continent could get money on them in England. So there are many reasons why the San Francisco attorney dues not agree with Bishop Potter.

Meanness of Insurance Men

In the years to come men engaged in the insurance business will either apologize for being in it or explain that the companies which they represent came into existence subsequent to the San Francisco fire. I heard an insurance man asked, the other day, in a tone of scorn, if he was still engaged in the insurance business, and he apologetically explained that he had been in it all his life and knew nothing of any other kind of business. He seemed inclined to beg forgiveness for not having the courage to enter some other field of activity. But of course there are different brands of insurance men, and there is much to be said in palliation of the conduct of some of them since the fire. It was not a very pleasant situation that they had to face in San Francisco and they should not be censured for proposing to discount for cash in such an emergency. Those that insisted on horizontal reductions, of course, belong in a category with petty larceny thieves. And those that pleaded that their losses were in excess of their assets and for that reason demanded that policy-holders accept less than the face of their policies, are a pretty contemptible lot. Many of them have been pocketing fat dividends for years, and in San Francisco alone, I am authoritatively informed, the profits of the insurance business have been so great in recent years that the companies juggled their figures so that they might not be expected to reduce rates. In defense of their conduct many of the insurance men have pointed out that they were unfairly treated, that policy-holders lied about the damage done by earthquake. I have heard that there has been a great deal of falsification, but the meanness of many of the insurance companies is not to be extenuated because of the attempts that were made to defraud them. From the beginning many of the companies assumed an attitude highly inconsistent with honesty of purpose. Before they could have known that attempts would be made to defraud them they prepared to defraud their policy-holders. Their attitude was that of the man who would say, "Yes, I have some money belonging to you, but I defy you to get it; there are certain forms that you must go through before your claim can be made valid. I have the key to those forms, but I'll not give it to you. I'm going to obstruct you at every step of the way that leads to the pocket in which I have your money."

How Solomons Obtained Proof

It is because such was the position assumed by scores of insurance men in this city that I predict an apologetic tone for insurance men in the years to come. It was a position that bespoke not only a larcenous nature but a lack of common sense. And, by the way, it was astonishing to me to learn that the insurance business was so short of brains. The fatuity of the policy adopted for the defeat of honest claims showed that many insurance men are mentally equipped for little more than the mere routine of filling in the blanks of a policy. For instance, they declined to acknowledge service of a proof of loss. By doing so they did nothing more than arouse contempt and hatred. Some of them scowled at you when you presented your proof of loss, and on the day of the expiration of the time in which proofs should be filed, the officers of one of the companies threw the papers out of the window as fast as they were presented. A nice gentlemanly thing to do! And wherever it is reported in this country there will the insurance business be popular. Some amusing stories are told of the experience of men in presenting their proofs of loss. Lucius Solomons, the attorney, visited the office of one company with his client and handed his proof to the manager. The manager refused to accept it. Solomons walked over to his client, returned and again presented the paper depositing it on the manager's expansive chest. At that very moment a click was heard, and the insurance manager's eyes came out on his cheek. The attorney's client had taken a snap-shot of the proceedings, the photograph to be used in the event of the company's denial of the receipt of



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the proof. "Now," said Solomons, as the picture was taken, "you can go to —!" and he walked out with the man with the camera.

A Shady Trick

The firm of Campbell & Metson had an interesting experience with an illusive insurance company manager who was intent upon defrauding a policy-holder but who only succeeded in calling attention to his contemptible character. A clerk employed in the law office was sent to Oakland on the last day allowed by law for the presentation of proofs. He visited the headquarters of an insurance company and presented a proof of loss to the manager. That individual smiled benignly and so the clerk rushed out and telephoned to the law office. He was instructed to go back and present the proof, which he did, leaving it at the office. Then a copy of the document was quickly sent from the law office to the San Francisco office of the company and there the clerk by whom it was sent saw a notice posted up directing policy holders to file their proofs in the Oakland office. It was signed by the man who, in Oakland, informed one of the law clerks that the San Francisco office was the place to present proofs. He had lied in the hope that the clerk would rush to San Francisco and be unable to get back to Oakland before the closing of the office.

The Forgetful Dr. Evans

Rev. David Evans, pastor of what was Grace Episcopal Church, Stockton and California streets, is now living in Alameda. The reverend gentleman had a hard time finding a house, for he was only one of many homeless ones, but now he occupies a bungalow at the foot of Walnut street. It is on the bay shore. The waters lap the basement at high tide, and one might step from the porch into the bay. It is the irony of fate that Mr. Evans' landlord, who lives in an annex to the bungalow, is an atheist of the bigoted type. So if he wishes to do any soul-saving, material to work on is right at hand. Rev. Mr. Evans has made himself very popular since his arrival here from the East. He is an eccentric, amiable character, English in appearance, and generally in a great hurry. Often this acceleration of movement is because the minister has forgotten something and is hastening back after it. On one occasion a wedding party assembled at Grace Church, and waited long for the pastor to come. The bride and groom showed signs of anxiety as time went by, the attendants were nervous, and the guests began to fidget and whisper. Things were at a pretty tight strain when Rev. Mr. Evans was seen coming on the run down the California-street hill, his cane in one hand, his gloves in another, his hat on the back of his head, and his coat-tails flying to the breeze. Absorbed in a book, he had forgotten all about the wedding. He was a widower when he came here, bringing with him a daughter, a beautiful child. About two years ago he was married to Miss Susie Le Count.

Our Loyal Aristocracy

So eulogistic are the gushers of the daily press in their comments on the society women who are so loyal to San Francisco that they have determined to stay right here and grow up with the city that it is surprising they do not reprehend those that are so disloyal as to yield to the wanderlust. They are telling us a lot about the Martin clan, assuring us that Mrs. Eleanor Martin is intent upon stimulating social gayety, that the Walter Martins are faithful and true, that Mrs. Peter and the baby have no intention of going back to Newport, etc., etc., but nothing is being said of Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, one of the most distinguished members of the family, who went off to Europe, leaving Downey to build up the city unaided. Evidently Mrs. Downey Harvey doesn't appraise very highly the importance of her presence at this critical period in our history. But probably she isn't reading the San Francisco papers.

The Jack Spreckels's Have Moved

Our bavardes are telling us that there is just as much doing in a social way as ever, but they belie their assertion by getting space rates for matter that should be left standing, it is repeated so often. It is evident that they are going back over the files every day in quest of paragraphs, not having sufficient material out of which to fabricate fresh news. And they show a deplorable lack of ingenuity in working over personal gossip. For example, every week since the fire, we have been told that the Jack Spreckels's have moved to San Rafael. With each repetition the item is altered merely by juggling the words. The bavardes are woefully lacking in imagination. They are not skilled in the use of fashioning new dress for a bald statement. They have no repertoire of language. They are unable to impart freshness to stale news, to give it the aspect of novelty, to spice it for the jaded palate. Hence we have had served to us over and over again the insipid statement that "the Jack Spreckels have taken a home in San Rafael," and it has become almost as nauseating as a diet of quail thirty consecutive days. True we were told that it was "a cosy home" they had taken; also that it was "a cosy cottage"; also that it was "a comfortable cottage"; and that they had "taken it for the summer," and that it was "after the fire that they took it," but all these are dull and uninteresting details and might have been given all at once instead of in sections. The matter of the removal of the Jack Spreckels's to San Rafael was a matter of tremendous moment and should have inspired any person susceptible of inspiration with a wealth of thought on the uncertainties of this life and filled the mind's eye with a touching picture, an artistic description of which in words that burn and glow should arouse the most profound emotions.

The Unafraid Laffer

For men and women of letters the earthquake has no terrors. Not, at any rate, for the star scribblers of the New York magazines. Of that I am convinced, for I have read the pen products of all that were sojourning hereabouts in April last and I was impressed with their unanimity on one point—the failure of the earthquake to stir in them that emotion which is excited by threatening evil and is usually accompanied by a desire to avoid it. I believe that all the litterateurs from Rincon Hill, Coppas, and the Piedmont Hills, have been heard from. The last under the wire is Henry Anderson Laffer, late of the Argonaut and now of the Blue Mule, a short-story magazine. Mr. Laffer is a scholar and a man of veracity, and he assures us that he dashed off his "copy" within sixty hours of the shock. It was a long time being converted into type, but Mr. Laffer verifies his proud assertion with a picture of himself at his typewriter braving the vulgar

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gaze of the mob in the shadow of Robert Louis Stevenson's monument in Portsmouth Square, getting inspiration in that environment which, in the long ago, was so often sought by that other great writer of thrilling tales. Mr. Lafler, with characteristic modesty, explains that he did not pose for the picture, that it was taken when he wasn't looking, and that he came across it accidentally. Of course Mr. Lafler doesn't know, but the fact is a corps of photographers followed him and the conflagration all around town. However, the picture has no bearing on the subject of Mr. Lafler's bravery, for when it was taken the danger had passed. Of Mr. Lafler's immunity to earthquake terror we know because he tells us so. Thus: "The tilting, heaving, throbbing roof; the thick, furious roar of falling walls; the whitish-yellow dust that choked and blinded—these were the things that smote my senses. Yet there was no fear." Mr. Lafler is a poet and he has a very keen perception of emotion. He knew that he experienced no fear, but he differentiates fear from dread or apprehension. For in the paragraph preceding the one in which he affirms that there was no fear he tells us, "It was but a small fraction of a second between the moment when I became conscious of noise and motion and the moment when I stood naked, but for an undergarment, on the roof of the building, having leaped through the open window." Now the question that naturally arises is, What was it that impelled the fearless Lafler through the open window? He explains that while the building was tilting and he was standing on the roof "naked but for an undergarment," he asked himself what he should do to save the life that was in him and that was demanding "not to be miserably crushed out." There's the answer in a phrase; it was not fear but the life that was in him that dictated his movements that morning. And the probability is that the life that was in him merely objected to being miserably crushed out. If it was to have been gloriously crushed out Mr. Lafler would not have stood on the tilting roof "naked, but for an undergarment."

A Vague Picture

I am not one that would sneer at vainglory. I am mindful with Cicero that the very authors that scoff at it in their books write their names in the title-page. Nevertheless I am amused at the harmless conceit of our distinguished magazine writers, especially as it seems to me that fear of an earthquake is a symptom of intelligence. Mr. Lafler, however, does not deny that he was sensible of the danger that attends a temblor. He was seized with a dread of evil and being a poet he does not confound that emotion with fear as most of the illiterate do. As he did not shrink unduly from the possible effect of the mysterious phenomenon, but merely jumped through the window with undressed discretion, he felt that he was only avoiding embarrassment. That he was slightly agitated is evident from his frank confession that after the shock he jumped back into his room, rushed down stairs and out into Portsmouth Square still "naked, but for an undergarment." All of which enables me to gauge the degree of my fright, for I was never in greater dread and now I am inclined to think I was rooted to my room with fright for I did not dare to venture out until I got into my clothes, making the fastest time on record. And so as I reflect on the picture of the handsome and talented Mr. Lafler, "naked, but for an undergarment," and unafraid in the cool, morning air of Portsmouth Square, it occurs to me that there are more kinds of courage than moral and physical. One of them is the kind that a man has when he ventures across Kearny street in the dawn, garmented as was Mr. Lafler on April eighteenth. How vastly more interesting would be the picture of Mr. Lafler in the undergarment than the one published in the magazine! That picture would go a great way toward satisfying curiosity, for "an undergarment" is indefinite. If Mr. Lafler wore conventional pajamas it would be easy to picture him mentally. Or if he had said "undergarments," the figure that he cut would loom on the retina of the mind's eye, but when a genius sleeps in "an undergarment" who shall say which undergarment or determine offhand the amplitude of its folds?

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A Practical Joke That Miscarried

In the last chapter of "A Little Sister of Destiny," Gelett Burgess' new book, there is a toy railroad which plays an important part. The plaything, with its attachments and appurtenances is called the "New York and Arcadia," and was probably suggested by the name of another railroad which figured prominently in a practical joke which missed its mark. It was the invention of the old firm, Burgess & Irwin, and was meant to be at the expense of the post-office authorities who were at the time, several years ago, hot on the trail of get-rich-quick schemes. A miniature road with locomotive and other rolling stock, tracks, stations and all other essentials to successful operation was arranged and the stock sold by the promoters at twenty-five cents a share, the purchasers being publishers, writers, and members of the newspaper fraternity. It was called the San Francisco and Arcadia. The scheme was to notify the stockholders and others in the secret by mailed circulars that they must send in their subscriptions by a certain date. The city editor of one of the big New York dailies was then to call the attention of the secret service men to the enterprise. It was expected that they would take the bait and come to investigate the scheme, when they were to be shown the toy contrivance in operation, but there was a hitch in the performance somewhere and the raid never took place. It was suspected that a Federal Court reporter was the leaky vessel, but at all events stock in the S. F. & A. R. R. is still to be had by a favored few at a good premium.

William Penn Humphreys and Mrs. Humphreys, who was Miss Paula Wolff, are living in Alameda since the fire. Mrs. Humphreys is a harpist of more than ordinary skill, and her chief regret over the calamity is that she lost her harp, an unusually fine instrument.

Dr. Stewart Gets Busy

Dr. H. J. Stewart has accepted the position of organist of the Synagogue Sherith Israel, at California and Webster streets, and will begin his duties this Saturday. Dr. Stewart has organized a band of about thirty of our best musicians and is giving concerts Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday evenings of each week at Piedmont Park. During the past week the vocal music has been furnished by the Golden Gate male quartet, with Miss Camille Frank as soloist.

The "Countess" Morowski

The arrest in Berkeley of Mrs. Fanny Rosenthal, or "Countess Morowski," or Mrs. Welch, the tobacco dealer, on the charge of shoplifting, comes as a great surprise to everybody who knows the genial, diamond-bedecked Fanny. For years before the fire her store, on Montgomery street near California, was one of the famous institutions of the town. She kept the finest Egyptian and Turkish tobacco and cigarettes, and had a great trade among army and navy men, and was exceedingly proud of the fact that she shipped tobacco all over the world to wanderers who would be contented with nothing but her pipe and cigarette mixture. She generally attended the store with several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on her, some of them as big as birds' eggs. Mrs. Rosenthal was famous for her matrimonial ventures. I do not know through what evolutions her name went before it became Rosenthal, but I know that under another name she, in company with a sister, kept a tobacco store in Dublin before coming to San Francisco. About four years ago a tall, handsome young Russian came to the Palace Hotel and registered under the name of Count Morowsky. His taste for fine tobacco led him to the Montgomery street store. He was captured at once by the proprietor's ample charms, or her diamonds, or her prosperous business. Later developments indicated that it was one of the latter two that caught his fancy, for their

marriage, which followed closely upon their first acquaintance, ended in a divorce. According to the bride's complaint, he smoked vast quantities of her choicest tobacco, and spent her money on another woman. "That woman had him hypnotized," Fanny told me in reciting her woes. "He tried to keep away from her, but he couldn't. I know that, for he told me so himself. He loved me, and I loved him, but she had him hypnotized; so what could I do. It was too expensive." The Countess's susceptible heart was next won by a liquor dealer named Welch, but about a year ago she got rid of him through the courts. Judge Kerrigan, who was a great friend of the Countess, always officiated at her weddings and divorces. The Countess' store was a favorite place with society girls who liked cigarettes. Just before the fire she was preparing to open a place near the St. Francis, with elegantly fitted back rooms for lady lovers of the weed.

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San Mateo Agent

Health Followed a Legacy

Luscombe Survelle, co-author with Ella Wheeler Wilcox of "Mizpah," is in New York at present and intimates that he will soon be out here. Survelle, it will be remembered, was ill in San Francisco when "Mizpah" was produced, and for a time his life was despaired of. However, when his condition was at its worst, word came that a large sum of money had been left him. The news beat pills and doctors, and Survelle recovered and went East. He says now that he has a new play, which is going on either in London or New York. I hope it's better than "Mizpah." Charles Erin Verner is also drifting back. He was in Melbourne, headed this way, when last heard from. This romantic Irish actor is a great friend of Survelle, and when the latter was ill and penniless last year, the former, who was also in financial straits, hustled quarters for him and saw him through his troubles. Verner, too, fell heir to some money, and has been having a great time ever since, traveling all over the world. Not that this experience is new to him, for he has always been a wanderer, traveling both as a star and a barn-stormer in all civilized countries. He writes as well as acts, and is the author of both songs and plays that are successful. But no one can tame his ebullient Irish spirits and hold him down to steady work.

Doc Leahy is so busy trying to get a hearing from the insurance companies these days that he hasn't time to think of plans for a new Tivoli. Leahy was one of the Mayor's right hand men during recent critical activities, and he has had very little leisure since the fire. Immediately after the earthquake he rushed down to the Tivoli and found that not a brick had been disturbed. He says there is plenty of time to think about building a new theatre. Mrs. Kreling has decided to rebuild on the site of the old Tivoli.

Casey—Did you hear about McCarthy? He struck his wife?

Murphy—Did she have him arrested?

Casey—No; she sent him to the hospital.

Miss Edith A. Bridgman, a popular Sausalito girl, and Lester B. Cheminant were the principals in one of the recent weddings in Sausalito. The groom is a popular graduate of the University of California, and is employed as a civil engineer by the Spring Valley Water Works.

Silverware Rehabilitation

Rehabilitation is the watchword. Order, utility and beauty are springing from the ashes. Even the beloved silverware, abandoned to dynamite and fire by the fleeing householders, and afterward recovered all battered and blackened, is being made over as bright and beautiful as before. It is a miracle. And it is true. A visit among the busy silver-smiths at Hammersmith & Field's new store, corner of Van Ness and Eddy, fills one with pleasant astonishment. Dinner-spoons, tea-pots, salvers are there, apparently ruins, and, in sharp contrast beside them are seen similar articles completely restored, in fact, new again. Burned, broken souvenirs are interesting, but far more preferable are perfect polish and patterns.

MISS VASHTI RANKIN

— GOWNS —

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Hot and Cold Baths. Elevator Service. TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM
The Only First-Class Hotel Running in San Francisco.
Opened June 1st, 1906.

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Music Every Evening between 6:30 and 12:00 o'clock

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Cafe Bristol

*THE BEST CAFE
IN SOUTHERN
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Entire Basement of
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VITRIFIED BRICK, PAVING BRICK, FIRE BRICK,
FIRE TILE, FIRE CLAY, DUST, DRAIN TILE,
ACID JARS, ACID PIPES, ACID BRICK.

Architectural Terra Cotta, Hollow Tile Fire-Proofing, Semi-Dry Pressed Brick, Terra Cotta Chimney Pipe, Brick and Tile Mantels, Flue Linings, Urns and Vases, Flower Pots.

All kinds of Vitrified Salt-Glazed Sewer Pipe.

Factory: Tesla, Alameda County, Cal.

Yards: San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, San Jose.

Office, 10th and Division Sts., San Francisco

Commissioner Pippy

Being appointed a commissioner at six thousand a year to look after the interests of the destitute is no trifling matter, as George Pippy will tell you. If George Pippy had his picture in the rogues' gallery he could not have expected to get a worse drubbing than he has received for working himself into a lucrative job. And yet George Pippy has been permitted to enjoy many unsalaried honors in this city in recent years without being pronounced unfit. He has been president of the Union League Club and is reputed to have financed that institution so cleverly that it is now in a more prosperous condition than any other club in the city. He has been a colonel on the staffs of one or two governors and they were never reprobated for appointing him. He was an aspirant for the high position of Minister to Mexico and nobody charged that he was morally disqualified for the job. But having been appointed a commissioner for the relief of the destitute of San Francisco he is suddenly discovered to be a very bad man. Colonel Pippy has been the subject of more than one pasquinade in these columns, but not because of any very grave shortcomings. On the whole he stacks up fairly well alongside the average citizen of San Francisco. I would not be afraid to trust him with my purse. As for his associate, Mr. Edward F. Moran, I have always understood that he was considered a highly respectable citizen. He was on Mr. Hearst's payroll for many years and enjoyed the reputation of being a capable and honest journalist. He was brought into public life by Mr. Phelan, whose judgment of men is believed to be very sound, and who put him in a position of great responsibility.

It is Greely's Plan

It is pretty generally believed that too much money is to be diverted from the Relief Fund to defray the cost of distribution, but the plan adopted and under which the commissioners are to work was recommended by General Greely. The commissioners are not to have the handling of the money, but are to suggest the manner in which it should be distributed, and enter into the contracts under which it is to be expended. They should have no difficulty in improving on the wretched system which has been in operation and which has given rise to much dissatisfaction. The handling of supplies by the Red Cross Society has been most discreditable to that organization.

The John R. Coles received a visit from the stork two days before the earthquake. The new arrival is a little girl and is to be christened Elizabeth.

E. W. Currier is sketching and fishing in the neighborhood of Lake Tahoe. His son is with him.

Ethel's Latest

The latest theatrical gossip deals with the alleged engagement of Ernest Lawford, a well-known English actor, to Miss Ethel Barrymore, our own particular pet star. Of course, as is always the correctly fashionable thing, the engagement has been vigorously denied by Mr. Lawford personally, and in Miss Barrymore's absence, by a number of her closer friends. As a matter of fact, the whole gossip is a sequel to the "cherchez l'homme" habit which naturally follows every broken engagement of Miss Barrymore, who is probably the most fickle young woman in her profession. From the Duke of Roxburghe and Frederic Gebhard, down to a mere common or garden actor, ornaments of all ranks of society and the stage have fallen before Miss Barrymore's irresistible charm, and there is little doubt that when his time comes the now happy Lawford will be thrown into the discard with the same airy grace with which the actress tossed Captain Graham aside in favor of the actor last week.

GERMEA

FOR

BREAKFAST

COLUMBIA DAIRY

231 Franklin St., near Hayes, San Francisco

Pure Milk and Cream

George H. Pippy, Proprietor

There is no beverage so deliciously refreshing and healthful in its absolute purity as

White Rock

LITHIA Water.

STILL White Rock Water packed in cases containing twelve one-half gallons AT \$4.50 PER CASE.

P. J. WENIGER & CO., Distributors

1534 Ocean Boulevard. Phone Page 7702.

NOTE - Will open about July 1st at our new location Northeast corner Van Ness Avenue and Ellis Street.

Burned Homes Must be Rebuilt

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, having sustained practically no loss in the recent calamity, is in a position to loan money to the people who wish to rebuild. **SAN FRANCISCO MUST RESTORE HER HOMES** as well as her business blocks.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.

GAVIN McNAB, Attorney.

WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.

Office, Cor. Market and Church Sts.

OPEN AND DOING BUSINESS

LASH'S BITTERS

TONIC LAXATIVE

San Francisco At Coney Island

A San Franciscan writing from New York informs me that an enterprising showman is making piles of money at Coney Island out of a spectacular entertainment called "San Francisco." In the course of half an hour the spectator sees San Francisco built, shaken down, burned up and rebuilt. All this is represented in six scenes and several scores of actors, with and without lines, help push along the doings. As the programme describes it, you see San Francisco's inception, evolution, realization, destruction, incineration and resurrection. About sixteen persons who appear as earthquake sufferers are declared to be the real thing in that line, and it is not hard to believe it. There are Indian braves, squaws, miners, tenderfeet, bad men, Salvation Army lads and lasses, soldiers, Chinese, scouts, peddlers, newsboys, Mayor Schmitz and stage managers. The stereopticon burns the town up with a good deal of realism and the big shake certainly shivers the timbers of the stage skyscrapers. Also, there's a miners' chorus that's not half badly sung. The resurrected city may not be all that San Francisco hopes for, but it ought to be good enough for New York. The California Promotion Committee should apply for an injunction against the management.

FINANCIAL GOSSIP

Since the resumption of business in the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange there has been surprising activity. The stocks that have suffered the most are naturally those of corporations whose sole field of operation was in this city. Conspicuous among them is Spring Valley, which depreciated from 38 to 19 at the opening but which recovered to \$22. This company was hit hard and it will take an assessment variously estimated from \$3 to \$5 a share to put it on a satisfactory basis. California Street Cable sold at a decline of fifty dollars, the reason being the popular notion that the

company will require a considerable expense bill when it comes to buying rolling stock and restoring the equipment. However there is strong capital behind this company, the principal owners being Antoine Borel and the Coleman brothers. Various bank stocks have declined from \$15 to \$10 a share. California Bank stock sold for \$420 a share before April 18. It is now at \$350. There are other minor fluctuations depending entirely on supply and demand. In the bond market the gilt-edge investment bonds have held surprisingly well. It is worthy of comment that five per cent bonds have sold at \$117.50, which is but a slight drop from former prices. Brokers are expecting a good demand during the coming months for high grade investment bonds, and they believe the public will be more particular in choice of security, preferring the high grade to speculative issues. Bonds of the California Gas and Electric and the United Railways companies have had a recession of about five points, but are surprisingly well taken at the prices quoted. Indeed the situation so far as investment securities go seems to be one of abiding confidence for the future. So far as speculative issues are concerned there is a quiet demand for sugar shares based on the demand for raw sugar and the splendid condition of the properties. Alaska Packers, California Wine Association and Telephone stocks are being handled in small quantities at prices which seem very fair.

—The Financier

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"I'm surprised to hear that Freddy Larkin and Miss Blingum are to be married," said Mrs. Gossip. "How on earth did they get acquainted?"

"They rode in one of those electric cars that were built for the United Railroads in early days and they were naturally thrown a good deal together," replied Tattle.

—The Reporter.

85 CENT GAS

The San Francisco Gas and Electric Company begs to announce to its consumers and the public at large that the general rate for GAS, commencing July 1st, will be

85 Cents Per Thousand Cubic Feet

Offices for the transaction of Consumers' Business and the Sale of Gas and Electric Appliances:

500 HAIGHT STREET
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1260 NINTH AVENUE
NEAR H STREET

421 PRESIDIO AVENUE
NEAR CALIFORNIA

925 FRANKLIN STREET
CORNER ELLIS

"At Your Service"

The Gas Company

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Continental Building and Loan Association, corner of Market and Church streets, San Francisco, Cal., has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1906, a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent on term deposits, and 6 per cent on monthly payment investments. Interest on deposits payable on and after July 1st. Interest on ordinary deposits not called for, will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President,
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Central Trust Co. of California, 42 Montgomery st., cor. Sutter.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the Savings Department of this bank, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 1/2-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent per annum, payable on or after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

HENRY BRUNNER, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Security Savings Bank, 316 Montgomery st.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1906, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1906.

FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., cor. California and Montgomery sts.—For the six months ending June 30, 1906, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 1/2-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1/2-10 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California st.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6/10) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

GEORGE TOURNAY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union, N. W. cor. California and Montgomery sts.—For the half year ending 30th June, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of three and two-thirds (3 2/3) per cent. on Term Deposits and three and one-third (3 1/3) per cent. on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2nd, 1906. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1st.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 710 Market street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1/4) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

French Savings Bank, cor. Montgomery and Market sts., San Francisco.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-half per cent, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1906.

C. CARPY, President.

L. BOCQUERAZ, Vice-President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Humboldt Savings Bank, 626 Market st.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend on all savings deposits has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6/10) per cent per annum, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906.

W. E. PALMER, Cashier.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital fully paid, - - \$2,000,000

Total Assets, - - - \$10,000,000

A general banking business conducted.
Savings and checking accounts received.
Interests paid on deposits. Main office

Cor. California & Montgomery Sts.

Branches :

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St., near Post.

Mission Branch, 927 Valencia St., near 21st

Up Town Branch, 1850 Geary St., near Fillmore

DAVID F. WALKER, President.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

The Central Trust Company

OF CALIFORNIA

Is conducting a general Banking Business at its old address, corner of

Sutter and Montgomery Streets

Interest paid on Savings deposits at 3 1/2 per cent per annum; no notice for withdrawal required. Collection of Insurance policies free to our patrons.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus \$2,526,763.61

Capital actually paid up in Cash 1,000,000.00

Deposits, December 30, 1905 39,112,812.82

OFFICERS—President, F. S. Tillmann, Jr.; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tournay; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

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STOCK BROKERS

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Pianos repaired, tuned, moved and stored
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His Happy Mean

The Story of a Miracle

It was a dinner of eighteen—just the proper number for the due display of brilliant toilettes and sparkling epigrams. The sweet had been duly passed, and, as he noted its disappearance, Esme Duplessis sighed gently, with a relief he only half-disguised. The tall, fair girl on his right had not interested him in the least. She was too modern, too mentally bloodless, for his somewhat mediaeval taste. The woman on his left, with harsh white hair brushed back from a low brow, was more in touch with his mood. Her hard face had a dash of color that, taken in connection with her elderly coiffure, was piquantly wicked. His hostess was one of the everyday sort. The other guests were the usual collection of blase men about town and girls old before they had known what it was to be young.

Duplessis was tired—tired of dinners, tired of women and of the present-day apology for the name of "girl," and very tired of himself. He was thirty and had never had a wish he could not gratify. He was rich, healthy, a bachelor, and yet he was tired of life, and had determined to leave it. Suicide in the abstract was repulsive to him, while in the concrete he regarded self-destruction as but a casual incident in an existence that necessarily involves the destruction of living creatures. He intended to be original in his exit, and had brought in his waistcoat pocket two small pellets which he meant to drop quietly into his coffee at the end of dinner, and thus escape the inevitable dyspepsia that follows a banquet.

Whether in thus escaping the twin fiends Indigestion and Boredom he would not encounter something more tiring than either across the grave, he did not bother to inquire. He objected on principle to questions that could have no answer.

As he fingered the pellets the fair girl turned to him with a remark so genuine to his thought that he started.

"How Ibsen would have described this dinner! I should like to read it, only he would have introduced a suicide; he so often did."

Duplessis smiled.

"Poor Ibsen is gone but we still have our old friend Edward W. Bok," he murmured, as he turned to the white-haired woman, who whispered something risqué about the freely shown natural charms of the hostess. He replied in the same strain, receiving an amorous glance from the full eyes that hinted at more than a touch of belladonna.

"It is always so," he thought, wearily. "There's no happy mean, always the cold pose of the mentalist who needs a steam-heating plant, or the position of the sensuist who suggests an antiseptic. It reminds me of my old bath man at Carlsbad, who said very briefly, when I asked him if he ever took the waters himself, 'Lieber bier.' Yes, 'lieber bier,' before the turgid Burgundy of the one type and the flat soda water of the other. But where? The 'bier'—plain, honest 'bier'—of this world is out of date. Before I start on my journey in the Unlimited Mail for Jupiter or the sun, I'll give myself another chance."

With a smile he turned to the fair girl

"You were talking of suicides just now, Miss Dean. Suppose I told you I should drop enough poison in my glass before leaving the table to send me to—well, say Buddha—what would you do?"

Slowly the anaemic face turned in his direction, and the cold green eyes had a look of mild interest.

"I should say you were too original—even Ibsen never suggested that."

He turned impatiently to the woman and repeated his question to her. She looked startled for a moment, then smiled on him in a way that had turned the heads of many men. Then she whispered, as she leaned over to him, so that he was half-intoxicated by her physical presence:

"Is life so dull, then, when I am at home to you—to you—on Sunday afternoons?"

He groaned as he sat back and played with his fork. Was there naught but these two things in the world—the body and the mind? Was not death, after all, cleaner, sweeter, purer? He drew the pellets from his pocket and quietly dropped them into his glass of champagne. Such small pellets they were, and such cheap tickets to carry him on so long a journey! Yes, he had decided—"lieber bier"—and the pure brew he could find only in the next world.

As he drank, the door opened and a girl of fifteen stood on the threshold—a vision in soft white muslin tied with a blue sash, and with long golden curls down to her waist. Her face was that of an angel, pure and unspotted from the world. He had found his happy mean. It was only his host's daughter coming down to dessert. And, as she caught his eye and smiled, he realized that it was too late, that he had emptied his glass.

Then the harsh voice of the white-haired woman sounded vaguely in his ears:

"Do you always drink water, Mr. Duplessis?"

His glass of champagne was still untouched.

—The Butler.

FOURTH OF JULY AT DEL MONTE

It is an odd sort of a season for all California resorts. That place which affords the most comfort and the most pleasure at the most reasonable rates is the place which is drawing San Franciscans. Many families have taken advantage of the opportunities offered at Hotel Del Monte, where all conditions are as usual in spite of disturbances elsewhere. In fact, a recent visit there shows that things are better than usual, for the Hotel during the past year has been thoroughly renovated. The rooms in the main building, as well as those in the large annexes are now supplied with all modern equipment, including baths, electricity and telephones. New carpets, new paper and new furnishings add to the general effect and comfort which has ever made the hotel noted among all other resorts. And then there are the large park-like grounds and the sea, both close at hand, the golf links and the salmon fishing. Just at present and likely to continue for several weeks the salmon are running in Monterey Bay as never before, and ardent sports are getting all kind of fish trophies. Over at the Presidio are many events, devised by army men, and Monterey and Pacific Grove offer a round of outside attractions. Special rates are made to families who desire to make Del Monte their home. It is just the place to spend the Fourth of July holidays. Special round-trip rates. Parlor car direct to Hotel leaves Third and Townsend streets 3 p. m. daily.

FAT FOLKS.

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches, in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.

"The little store around the corner"

**\$75 worth of Furniture
for \$1 a week**

CREDIT TO RESPONSIBLE PARTIES
WATCH OUR SATURDAY SPECIALS.

WILL J. CULLIGAN FURNITURE CO.

467 NINTH STREET,
BET. WASHINGTON AND BROADWAY,
OAKLAND, CAL.

Stage

More Praise for Florence Roberts

They are still writing about Florence Roberts in the East, and though the critics are praising her more highly than she was ever praised in San Francisco, where she was never given the credit to which she was entitled, they are even more laudatory than they are aware. They are judging her by the work they saw her do in "The Strength of the Weak," and they are passing final judgment on the strength of that performance. And their judgment is that she is a fine artist, greater than many of the Broadway stars, but not one of the greatest. And they admit that "The Strength of the Weak" is an impossible play. Here is a sample of Eastern criticism from the current "Everybodys":

"The role of Pauline Darcy gives opportunity for an actress to range from comedy to profoundly bitter tears, and it is not difficult to understand why it should appeal to a star. It is natural for a player to think more of a part than of a play. Florence Roberts would undoubtedly shine much more luminously if she were not so handicapped by 'The Strength of the Weak,' for she is an excellent actress, so much better technically than most women stars that it is a great pleasure to see her act. She has had long experience, and it is plain that she has studied and worked with great energy and steadfastness of purpose. Her training is of the old school, and that, modified by the more modern spirit of repression, is the best training. She has succeeded despite her temperamental endowment and not because of it, which is one way of saying that she cannot be a really big actress. In many respects she suggests Mrs. Fiske, but she has not Mrs. Fiske's distinction, her subtlety, her great art. On the other hand, Miss Roberts speaks English, while Mrs. Fiske speaks Fiskian, a language understood only by a few of her blindly devoted admirers."



SYBIL PAGE

Prima Donna of the Opera Company now singing "Olivette" at Idora Park.

How absurd for a critic to pretend to be able to gauge the "temperamental endowment" of an actress from her performance in a single role and such a role as Pauline Darcy! If there is one thing that Florence Roberts has it is temperament and temperament for just such a part as Pauline Darcy. If there is one thing she lacks it is the subtlety of technique for the highest artistic achievement in character portrayal. But the fact that she convinced the Eastern critics in such a play as "The Strength of the Weak" that she is an artist is proof of the greatness of her ability.

The Orpheum Show

Julia Heinrich, the delightful contralto whose singing has often charmed San Francisco concert audiences, and her brother Karl, a barytone and violinist, will head the new bill at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. They will be heard in a number of classical and popular selections and are sure to be an artistic success. From high class music to a canine and simian show is certainly a far cry, but Macart's dogs and monkeys, the second of the new acts, is the best of its kind on the vaudeville stage. The four-legged actors in the aggregation display almost human intelligence and furnish an entertainment as unique as it is amusing. The Majestic Trio, two men and a woman of a dusky hue with original comedy and singing and dancing specialties, will be new to this city. They have a line of entertaining material out of the ordinary. Their comedy is bright and refreshing, their dancing is of the liveliest and latest character and their singing far above the average. Nothing funnier than "What Will Happen Next?" presented by Wilfred Clarke and his company of comedians, has ever been seen in San Francisco and the decidedly strenuous sketch will be given for the last times. "Car Two—Stateroom One," Will M. Cressy's delightfully humorous skit, with its bright lines and realistic scenic effects and capably played by Miss Nita Allen and her capable company, has made an emphatic hit and will continue another week. Cliff Gordon, the inimitable "German Politician," has set the town laughing and for his farewell appearances he will deliver a new harangue. The herculean Damm brothers, in feats of strength, and the Orpheum Motion Pictures will complete a varied and interesting program.

IDORA PARK

OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager

Every Evening, Saturday and Sunday Matinee

"OLIVETTE"

Next Opera: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"

Ye Liberty Playhouse

14th & Broadway

OAKLAND

"MIZPAH"

With Katherine Grey as Esther

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing
Sunday Matinee, July 1

Matinee Every Day Except Monday

A VAUDEVILLE CELEBRATION

JULIA AND KARL HEINRICH; Macart's Dogs and Monkeys; Majestic Trio; Nita Allen and Company; Cliff Gordon; Brothers Damm; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of

WILFRED CLARKE AND COMPANY

PRICES: 10c, 25c, and 50c. Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Streets. Phone, West, 6000

CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight. Admission, 10c.; Children, 5c.

J. PORCHER

.. HATTER ..

NEWEST SHAPES

ALL NEW GOODS

715 and 717 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Katherine Grey In "Mizpah"

Katherine Grey, the talented California actress who recently severed professional relations with W. H. Crane, in whose company she played leads for two years, and who was also with Nat Goodwin and Arnold Daly, will make her appearance Monday night with Bishop's players at "Ye Liberty Theatre." She will play the part of Esther in "Mizpah," the play that had such a long run at the Majestic.

Thompson to Appear in Opera

Frank Thompson has decided to take to the stage. Thompson's profound basso is familiar to members of the Corinthian Yacht and Family Clubs. He is a brother of Charlotte Thompson, the playwright and friend of Margaret Anglin. He will make his debut at Idora Park in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," which is to be the next attraction at the popular resort where Audran's "Olivette" is now drawing crowded houses. Will Greenbaum is responsible for Thompson's impending dash into opera and he says that the ex-drummer will do Will Scarlet in "Robin Hood," which is also to be one of the early Idora productions.

A SONG OF THE HOUR.

O that the world were upside down,
And all things wrongside up
Then would we melancholy men
Fill all our glasses up.

And in the mellow, ruby wine,
We melancholy men
Would turn the poor old twisted world
All right side up again.

—An Insurance Victim.

The Wretch

At a seaside hotel:

Wife—Please fetch my cloak, George.

Husband—Eh? Oh, let some other fellow fetch it; I've got to play this hand out.

Wife—Wretch! I have long suspected it, and now you have confessed it.

Husband—Hush! Confessed what?

Wife—That you don't care a rap for me.

—The Waiter.

APROPOS THE SEASON.

Tomson—Who said that language was given us to conceal thought?

Bronson—The manager of an insurance company, I think.

—The Policy-Holder.

LOWER EDUCATION.

A damsel who lives in Bordeaux,
Had corns on her pink little teaux.

She became a co-ed

In a school where 'tis said,

Corn-doct'ring is all that they kneaux.

—The Nursery Rhymester.

HER CAPRICE.

Mrs. Knocker—I see you still have that fresh maid.

Mrs. Clever—Yes; she adores my husband and I keep her as a curiosity.

—The Butler.

WHEN STREET KITCHENS WERE FASHIONABLE.

All hail to society's belle,

All bow to her puissant charm,

As she stalketh about with soot on her face,

And a stove-pipe under her arm.

—The Gusher.

John J. Barrett

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1416 POST STREET, NEAR GOUGH, SAN FRANCISCO

Telephone West 1485

Hugh J. McIsaac

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Samuel M. Shortridge

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Pianoforte, Organ, Harmony and Composition.

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GIULIO MINETTI

Concert Master of the Berkeley Symphony Orchestra and director of the Minetti Orchestra will receive pupils at his violin studio.

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Teacher of Whistling

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Southern
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Lv. San Francisco 8 a. m.

Ar. Los Angeles 9:30 p. m.

At Tahoe Tavern

The Corey party, consisting of Mrs. W. E. Corey, Mrs. A. A. Corey and Miss Ada Corey, have been enjoying the scenery of Lake Tahoe, making the Tavern their headquarters. Among the prominent people from this city who have been stopping at the Tavern are Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Braden and the Misses Braden, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Saxe, J. Lindsey Johnson and Miss Letitia Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Cutting, Mrs. C. B. Wilcutt, her son George Wilcutt and her mother Mrs. G. R. Hayes. There is a group of Santa Barbarans at the Tavern: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stewart Gane and Miss Marjorie Gane, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Frink, Mrs. H. K. Bull and Mrs. H. P. Lincoln.

At Del Monte

During the week the following were registered at Del Monte:

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Bienenfeld, Mrs. Chas. W. Rosenbaum, Dr. G. A. Wood, Miss A. Crichton, Andrew Carrigan, Wm. Freeman, Wm. A. Landry, Jos. Sloss, J. C. Brittain, Edw. H. Kinney, Miss Laura Britton, Eugene Goodeoin, Mr. and Mrs.

Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Holbrook, Wm. R. Wheeler, Y. Yamakana, Miss M. Hogg, W. J. Hogg, F. E. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Bing, A. T. DeForest, Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Marks, G. K. Weeks, E. Raymond Armsby, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Moffitt, J. J. Moore, Wm. F. Scrubb, Mrs. E. I. Baker, Miss Cornell, Chas. S. Aiken, F. F. Ryer, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. James, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Deming Jarvis, of Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. K. Russell, of Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney and Vincent Whitney, of Rocklin; H. A. Ensign, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Learmonth, of Melbourne.

AT BYRON SPRINGS

Among the automobile arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bayer, C. A. Miller, C. H. Shattuck, Mr. S. O. Johnson and sister, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Boyes, Mrs. H. Bendel and Mr. E. H. Bendel, Mrs. B. A. Harnett, Major and Mrs. Burrows, Frank Maskey, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Barrett, and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Kollner.

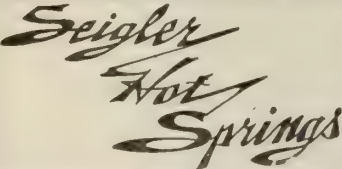
SUMMER RESORTS

Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request.

DEL MONTE OFFERS

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address **GEORGE P. SNELL**, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A PERMANENT HOME



Natural hot baths and wonderful stomach waters. Swimming pond. Arsenic baths for nervousness. Rates \$9 to \$12 per week. Booklets at Peck's 414 14th Street, Oakland.

H. H. McGOWAN,
Seigler, Lake County.

MARK WEST SPRINGS

MRS. C. JUERGENSEN, Proprietess.

A place where you feel at home. Under new management. Delightful walks and other amusements. Variety of springs. Table first-class. Rates, \$12 per week or \$2 per day. Children, half price. Open for guests June 1st. Address Santa Rosa, Rural 6.

THE COLONIAL

First-class family hotel. Foothills of Santa Cruz Mountains. Interurban cars pass the doors. S. P. to San Jose and Interurban cars, or S. P. direct to Los Gatos. Address THE COLONIAL, Los Gatos, Cal.

Garden City Sanitarium

(NOT A HOSPITAL)..

Receiving patients as usual. Cottage, rooms or tents. Write for literature. SAN JOSE, CAL.

Hotel Del Coronado

THE CORONET OF THE PACIFIC

All outside rooms. Every modern convenience provided. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Fine fishing. This magnificent hostelry is conducted on the American plan and is open the entire year. There is no better surf bathing in America than that at Coronado Beach. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Mgr., Coronado Beach, Cal.

H. F. Norcross, Gen'l Agt., 334 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

WILLOW RANCH

Delightfully located in the redwoods, five miles from Santa Cruz; spring water; fruit; milk; excellent table; daily mail; telephone Suburban 87; free conveyance; \$7 per week. MRS. M. J. CRANDELL, Santa Cruz.

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LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

All kinds of mineral baths, tub baths, mineral medicated mud baths, natural mineral steam room and shower baths. Swimming tank.

Best water in the State for kidney, liver and stomach troubles, neuralgia, paralysis, rheumatism and skin diseases. Mountain trails. Best equipped gymnasium in the State. Fine vegetable garden, dairy and livery stable. All connected with hotel. Fine fishing close to hotel. Round trip ticket to springs, \$7. Write for booklet.

J. A. HAYS, PROP.

SOLID COMFORT HOME

1900 feet altitude; no fog; climate delightful; unsurpassed scenery; hot, cold bath; spring water; cement swimming tank, 40x80; telephone. \$7 week; stage meets train. Round trip to Napa, \$1.35. Schuler & Scheben, Napa, Cal.



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It is Well Known

that the proper place for a vacation
is in Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino or
Lake Counties, reached by the

California Northwestern Railway

AND THE

North Shore Railroad

You can stop at some mineral spring resort or private home in one of the pretty towns, rusticate on a farm or camp by some stream.

Call or write for "Vacation 1906" which will give detailed information showing terms for board \$7.00 per week and upwards.

Ticket Offices and General Office in Ferry Building, foot of Market St., San Francisco, California.

JAMES AGLER,
General Manager.

R. X. RYAN,
Gen. Pass. and Freight Agt.

CAMP VACATION

The tented park, beautifully situated on the Russian river, in the redwoods, is now open. Large dining-room, seating 250 guests; big dance pavilion, social hall. Boating, bathing, fishing, etc. Fine service. Table furnished with the best of everything. Write for accommodations. Address MRS. L. C. CNOPIUS, Vacation, Sonoma county, Cal.

VILLA FONTENAY

Under new management. Santa Cruz Mountains. Three miles from Glenwood. First-class table; bowling; electric lights; billiards; dancing-pavilion; clubroom; \$10 up; round trip \$3.00; free carriage.

RICE HARPER, Prop., R. F. D. 1, Santa Cruz.

Hotel Rowardennan

("Santa Cruz Mountains"), now open. Broad gauge trains to Santa Cruz, and narrow gauge from there direct.

WM. G. DODGE, Ben Lomond, Cal.

Complete comfort—the best thing we can say of the new hotel at

Witter MEDICAL Springs

LAKE COUNTY

It supplies every want—gratifies every wish. It is beautiful to look at—a delight to live in. Every hotel comfort you ever heard or dreamed of you'll find at Witter Springs. Rates: Old hotel and cottage rooms, \$12 per week. New hotel, \$14 per week and up. Mr. H. W. Wills, Ass't Manager of St. Francis Hotel, now has personal charge of the Springs Hotel.

WITTER MEDICAL SPRINGS CO.,

No. 563 Eleventh street, Oakland. Phone Oakland 7818.

Witter Water Cures Stomach Trouble

DUNCAN SPRINGS

Now open. Rates \$10 to \$12 week. Write for particulars. Address HOWELL BROS., Hopland, Mendocino county, Cal.

ARROWHEAD HOT SPRINGS

The Most Curative Springs Known

Temperature 196 degrees. The hottest curative springs in the world.

Flow 500,000 gallons daily.

Altitude 2000 feet, ideal for health.

Climate Variation of mean temperature of summer and winter only 10 degrees.

Scenery The scenery of Switzerland. Majestic mountains and beautiful orange groves. Only three miles from the orange on the trees to the snow on the mountains in winter. Horse and foot trails in every direction.

Baths Bath house will accommodate 400 daily. Hot water, vapor, mud, electric light, Schott, (Nauheim) needle massage, X-ray.

Laboratory Thoroughly equipped for diagnostic and clinical study of every type of metabolic disorders.

Analysis Intermediate between Sprudel of Carlsbad, Germany, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas, though more strongly radio-active than either.

Conduct Modeled after the great European Spas.

FOR BOOKLET ADDRESS

DR. G. W. TAPE, Medical Director, Arrowhead, Cal.

RANCHELLA

An ideal home in the Santa Cruz Mountains, surrounded by beautiful grounds, five miles from Santa Cruz, in the Redwood belt. Beautiful drives, good trout fishing. Telephone, gas. \$9 to \$10. Address MRS. E. H. BUNTING, R. F. D. 87, Santa Cruz, Cal.

Hot White Sulphur Springs Canyon

625 acres, new hotel building not ready this season. Furnished cottages, 3 to 10 rooms, rented to families desirous of camping. Some choice locations for tents; rare opportunity to enjoy out-door life; miles of lovely drives; large barn and stable; private table for limited number; strictly home service; fine fishing.

MR. and MRS. JOHN SANFORD, St. Helena, Napa Co. Cal.

SUMMER RESORTS

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HIGHLAND SPRINGS

For rest and health, for cleanliness, climate and accommodation stands unsurpassed of all summer resorts. Rates \$12.00, \$14.00 and \$16.00 per week.

For full particulars address

R. ROBERTSON.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

AMERICA'S GREATEST SPA

One of the best appointed hotels in the State. Delightful environment and waters that cure. Send your family if you can't go yourself.

Week end excursion from San Francisco, \$7.50 round trip, includes two days at hotel, railroad fare, and use of waters. Everything paid. Ask Southern Pacific agents.

ADAMS SPRINGS LAKE COUNTY NOW OPEN

(Elevation 3000 Feet.)

Surrounded by a pine forest of 5000 acres. This and its new hotel makes it the largest and most desirable resort in California. The waters are a positive cure for Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints.

Send for book of testimonials to DR. W. R. PRATHER, Proprietor.

NAPA SODA SPRINGS

California's famous mountain spa, only 50 miles from San Francisco, NOW OPEN. The nearest watering place and summer resort to the city. 1,000 feet elevation, overlooking for 25 miles the beautiful Napa Valley. Good hotel accommodations. New skating rink installed this season. Open all the year round. Terms on application to JOHN JACOB, Napa Soda Springs, Napa county, Cal.

Klamath Hot Springs

A fine health, fishing and hunting resort. For particulars apply to Peck-Judah Co., 414 Fourteenth St., Oakland, or write EDSON BROS., Beswick, Siskiyou Co., Cal.

ORR'S HOT SPRINGS

Just rebuilt and newly furnished. Hot Sulphur Baths famous all over the West. Water gushes from solid rock, cures Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Dyspepsia, Malarial Diseases and Stomach, Kidney and Liver Complaints. Excellent hunting and fishing and a first-class table. Located in the heart of the giant redwoods. Open all the year round; camping ground free. Telephone and Livery. C. N. W. Ry. to Ukiah, stage to springs. Round trip from San Francisco \$9.50. Address J. L. ORR, Ukiah, Mendocino Co., Cal.

CAMP ROSE

Healdsburg, two miles east of town, on north and west bank of Russian river, at the base of Fitch Mountain; a wilderness in the heart of Russian River Valley; grand natural scenery; abundance of shade; pure water; medicinal mineral spring; bathing, deep and shallow; boating and fishing; river dammed during summer months; trails to the top of Fitch Mountain, 700 feet elevation, from which point the valley with its orchards and vineyards may be seen; with Geyser Peak and Mount St. Helena in plain view. An ideal spot to camp in and enjoy the beauties of nature; in the midst of the best fruit orchards of the State. Camping privileges without floors, \$1.00, and with floors \$1.50 per week. BOARDING DEPARTMENT—House-room sufficient for cooking, dining and sitting, and lodging furnished in tents with floors, beds, bedding and furniture; good cooking, table well supplied, and guests well fed and lodged, and in every way as comfortable as if in a first-class hotel, with much more freedom. Board and lodging for adults, per week \$8.00 to \$9.00; per day \$1.50, and children under 10 at reduced rates. For particulars address J. W. ROSE, Healdsburg, Sonoma County, Cal.

LAKE TAHOE Tahoe Tavern

THAT RESTFUL INN AMONG THE PINES

ELEVATION 6000 FEET

Open from May 15th to October 15th

F. W. Richardson, Manager, Tahoe, Cal.

LAKE AND STREAM FISHING UNEXCELLED

Low Round Trip Excursion Rates

\$15 Per Week for Board

with plenty of fruit, eggs and milk.

No extra charge for boats or livery. Special rates to families in cottages. Physician in attendance.

DR. H. B. CROCKER - - Healdsburg, Cal.

HOTEL ALEXANDRIA

LOS ANGELES

AN ABSOLUTELY
FIREPROOF HOTEL

Beautiful Indian Mission restaurant—the most novel and finely appointed on the coast. Music by the Alexandria Royal Hungarian Orchestra.

ALEXANDRIA HOTEL CO.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



HOTEL LANKERSHIM

Seventh and Broadway

Los Angeles' Newest, Largest and Most Beautifully Furnished Hotel.

300 Rooms—150 Baths—All Conveniences

Restaurant a la Carte—perfect Cuisine

COOPER & DAVIS, Lessees.

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Proprietors

The most elegantly and luxuriously furnished hotel of its size in the United States. Now under new management. American and European plan.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

SUMMER RESORTS

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POTTER HOTEL

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Summer Rate \$2 per day and upwards

American Plan Only

AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS

Send your family to the nearest Hot Sulphur Springs to San Francisco; first-class accommodations; special rates to families; no staging; four trains daily; fare, round trip, \$1.65; Tiburon Ferry or Southern Pacific; two hours' ride. Address THEODOR RICHARDS, Agua Caliente, Sonoma county, Cal.

BLUE

Boating, Bathing and all other amusements free. Hot and cold sulphur baths. White sulphur springs. Send for pamphlet. O. WEISMAN, Midlake P. O., Lake County, Cal.

LAKES

SARATOGA SPRINGS

The paradise of California, fifteen different mineral springs. We guarantee cure for Dyspepsia, Kidney, Liver, Stomach, Rheumatism, Blood, Skin Diseases, etc., \$10 to \$16 per week. Information and booklets at Review Bureau, or J. Martens, Bachelor P. O., Lake County, California.

SKAGGS

Hot Springs, Sonoma county, only 4½ hours from San Francisco and but 9 miles staging; waters noted for medicinal virtues; best natural hot mineral water bath in State; boating and swimming; good trout streams; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and San Francisco papers. First-class Hotel and Stage Service; morning and afternoon stages; round trip from San Francisco \$5.50. Take Tiburon ferry daily 7:30 a. m. or 2:30 p. m. Rates \$2.00 a day or \$12 a week. References: Any guest of the past eleven years. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street, or of J. F. MULGREW, Skaggs, Cal.

LAUREL DELL

The Switzerland of America.

Rates same as usual. First-class orchestra, under the management of Dr. Monroe N. Callender. Boating, marine toboggan, bowling and other amusements free to guests. Write for pamphlet to E. DURNAN, Prop., Laurel Dell P. O., Lake Co., Cal.; also prop. La Trianon Hotel.

JOHANISBERG

The well-known mountain and pleasure resort; in the midst of the Napa redwoods; boating, swimming; terms reasonable. Stage meets guests at Oakville, Napa county. MR. and MRS. THEO. BLANCKENBURG, JR., Props., Oakville, Napa county.

SODA BAY SPRINGS

The only resort in Lake county on the lake. Finest boating, hunting and fishing in the State. Newly furnished. Table unsurpassed. Terms for 1906 reduced: \$2 per day, \$12 per week. All amusements and baths in the great geyser, free to regular guests. Further information address GEO. ROBINSON and AGNES BELL RHOADS, managers, Soda Bay, via Kelseyville P. O., Lake county, Cal.

Mt. View Ranch Hotel

And cottages in the mountains near Santa Cruz. First-class table; gas; bath; phone; clubroom; dancing-pavilion; bowling; croquet; rates \$9 up. Campers' tickets to Santa Cruz \$4, carriage fare, \$1.25 round trip.

TONY PHILIPS, Santa Cruz.

Have Town Talk sent you while on your vacation

Letters

"The Portreeve"

Some one has aptly named the problem of the two women and one man, or the two men and one woman, the "eternal triangle." In "The Portreeve" Eden Phillpotts has added to the usual complications by giving us two triangles with some of the corners common to both. It would be impossible to represent the plot by a mathematical diagram, and where such a condition arises in life, ordinarily, the losers step aside or form new connections so that their subsequent actions have little, if any, effect on those from whom they are separated. It was because the rejected lovers would not accept their defeat that the tragedy of the Portreeve resulted. The scene is laid in Dartmoor, where Mr. Phillpotts is most at home. It is not one of the plots which could have been worked out anywhere on this earth or another planet, for the author has the faculty of making the scene and its natural surroundings an essential part of the story. The novel is one of the present century, and though Mr. Phillpotts' peasants and working men are as entertaining as ever, they are a sophisticated generation. Dicky Barkell, who is signalman on a railway, is a good son to his old father, and old Henny Pierce has the ancient virtues, but the trail of the board school and the free library is over them all. Baby Ilet is christened without the venerable observances, and Dickey discourses of the origin of species, heredity and pre-natal influences. He is a socialist and an individualist, and freely expresses opinions which his grandfather would have expected to see cause the heavens to fall on his blasphemous head. No doubt the later generation are better citizens, and there is no use in trying to make the world stand still in order to furnish picturesque characters for fictional purposes. Churdles and Cramphorn, Ash, Pinsent and Bates, of the earlier day were, no doubt, crabbed curmudgeons to deal with and a good riddance, but one misses their naive ignorances and vague speculations, and their contradictions and contentions about matters they could not comprehend. Dartmoor is moving up and onward. It has been discovered by the tourists and "trippers," and it is a great and grievous pity. Published by the Macmillan Company.

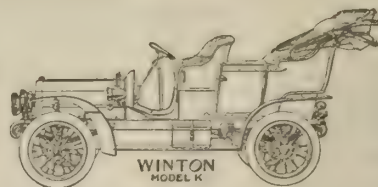
Andy Adams Again

"Cattle Brands" is the fourth volume which Andy Adams has contributed to the lore of the cattle industry as it was. There are fourteen stories, or rather chapters, since each chapter contains two or three reminiscences, the exchange of gossip and stories around the campfires of the round-up or the trail, the drifting from one topic to another of men who meet after months or years of separation and exchange tidings of friends and experiences of their own. The stories are all related in that matter-of-fact manner which has characterized the former books of this author, of "The Log of a Cowboy," "A Texas Matchmaker," and "The Outlet," and is either a triumph of simplicity or the acme of art. The most exciting adventures and hair-breadth escapes are chronicled as though they were as much a part of the day's work as saddling and watering the horses, which is probably just the way the participants would regard them, besides which the men who do the things are seldom fluent talkers. The range is wide, including reminiscences of "bad men," episodes in the career of the Texas Rangers, that body of state militia especially recruited to deal with the outlaws who settled themselves near the border line and preyed indiscriminately on Ameri-

What Murine Eye Tonic does for the Eye is to refresh, cleanse, strengthen and stimulate the circulation of the blood supply which nourishes the eye, and restores a healthful tone to eyes enfeebled by exposure to strong winds, dust and reflected sunlight.

Murine soothes and quickly cures eyes that need care. All druggists and opticians sell it at 50 cents per bottle.

Stood the
Test



Winton "K" Thomas Flyer Olds Four Cylinder

Beginning April 18th the greatest endurance test was opened in San Francisco.

Days and nights the Automobile traveled at top speed over all conditions of roadway—through thoroughfares congested with people and vehicles. This work of the Automobile is the wonder of the people of the world.

Through it all not a Winton K or Thomas or an Olds Four Cylinder was disqualified. Such a record did our machines make that we have sold every stock car.

Our factories are now rushing 21 large machines and 6 runabouts to us. These will arrive during the next 15 days. If you want one of these machines, call at once and arrange for reservation.

Fire never touched us.

Pioneer Automobile Co.

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Oakland Branch, 12th and OAK STREETS



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— "MURINE 2 DROPS" —

A FAMILY FAVORITE — USED DAILY BY PEOPLE OF REFINED TASTES AS A TOILET REQUISITE

AN EYE TONIC

MURINE

EYE REMEDY

Restores Normal Conditions and Natural Brilliancy to a Tired and Faded Eye

A Panacea for Weak, Red, Inflamed and Itching Eyes and Eyelids

AFTER A "RECORD BREAKER" IN YOUR TOURING CAR MURINE IS AN EYE INSURANCE

STRONG WINDS REFLECTED SUNLIGHT AND DUST CAUSE IRRITATION, GRANULATION AND ULCERATION. MURINE SOOTHES AND QUICKLY CURES

MURINE Safe in Eyes of Infant and Adult.

cans and Mexicans, and episodes in the settlement of the West. "The Poker Steer" is quite in the Seton-Thompson or Thompson-Seton vein. There is one point to be commended about Mr. Adams, and that is that he takes his cowboys seriously and expects his readers to do the same. Be it wedding or funeral, we are not invited to sit with tongue in cheek and make covert game of our hosts, but to understand that they are giving us the best that they have and to accept it in that spirit. The index to the brands or "outfits" mentioned in the course of the stories, illustrative and interpretative, are a decided help to those readers who have never lived in a cattle country, and the cover design, a selection of the same markings in black on a dark background, is an inspiration. If Mr. Adams has any more of these good stories in his repertory (and, having lived the life he must have plenty), he cannot do a better thing than write them all out. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston.

"If Youth But Knew"

This is the latest contribution to the library shelves made by Agnes and Egerton Castle, and has its scene laid in the last days of the toy kingdom of Westphalia presented by Napoleon Bonaparte to his "little brother Jerome." The story has little to do with war or battles, though there is one scene in which the ragged Cossacks and Jerome's soldiers take part. It is a romantic and idyllic love story full of surprises, and unexpectedness, gloomy castles, court intrigues and almost miraculous escapes from both. There is a wardship in which the guardian has made use of his opportunities to misappropriate a fortune, a sudden marriage and its repudiation, a glimpse of the court and its scandals, an escape from bondage and a reconciliation, and in the background the mad dance about the tottering throne and the toppling crown. The title of the story is taken from an old French song, and the moral is that if Youth but knew its opportunities or Age could retrieve its errors, the world might be regenerated. What his connection was with character and events the reader must discover for himself. From the Macmillan Company.

Will Irwin's descriptive article published in the New York Sun a few days after the earthquake, is to be brought out in book form. The article was entitled "The City That Was," and was one of the best of the many written by Californians, though it was hardly meritorious enough to deserve perpetuation between book covers.

Still another Stevenson book! The author's mother, having waited until every one else was done, has brought out a volume of the correspondence which passed between her and her son after he took up his residence in Samoa. One dares not say that even this is the last, for some local enthusiast, with a genius for catching on behind, may take it into his head to gather photographs of the streets and lounging places of Stevenson as they are today, and bind them together with a few lines of description, to offer to an admiring and generous public.

—The Bookworm.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

6 CARLOADS OF STOVES AND RANGES

And 5 Carloads of the Famous

ALASKA

REFRIGERATORS

VARIOUS SIZES AND PRICES

Cor. Polk and Turk Streets

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1780 THE LEADER FOR 1905
125 YEARS

Walter Baker & Co.'s Chocolate & Cocoa

It is a perfect food, highly nourishing, easily digested, fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health and prolong life.

A new and handsomely illustrated Recipe Book sent free.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LTD.

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

45 Highest Awards in Europe and America

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GEORGE MAYERLE

GERMAN

EXPERT OPTICIAN

EXAMINES EYES FREE

All the leading daily papers of San Francisco recommend the optical skill of George Mayerle, the German expert optician, now located at 1115 Golden Gate Avenue. His knowledge, skill and many years of practical experience are powerful factors to his great success. Mayerle's Eyewater, 50c; by Mail, 65c. Mayerle's Eyeglass Wipers to be used when glasses blur, tire or strain the eyes, 2 for 25c.

The Star-Child

(Continued from Page 9.)

And after they had gone through many streets they came to a little door that was set in a wall that was covered with a pomegranate tree. And the old man touched the door with a ring of grained jasper and it opened, and they went down five steps of brass into a garden filled with black poppies and green jars of burnt clay. And the old man took then from his turban a scarf of figured silk, and bound with it the eyes of the Star-Child, and drove him in front of him. And when the scarf was taken off his eyes the Star-Child found himself in a dungeon, that was lit by a lantern of horn.

And the old man set before him some mouldy bread on a trencher, and said, "Eat," and some brackish water in a cup, and said, "Drink;" and when he had eaten and drunk the old man went out, locking the door behind him and fastening it with an iron chain.

And on the morrow the old man, who was indeed the subtlest of the magicians of Libya and had learned his art from one who dwelt in the tomb of the Nile, came unto him and frowned at him, and said, "In a wood that is nigh to the gate of this city of Giaours there are three pieces of gold. One is of white gold, and another is of yellow gold, and the gold of the third one is red. Today thou shalt bring me the piece of white gold, and if thou bringest it not back, I will beat thee with a hundred stripes. Get thee away quickly, and at sunset I will be waiting for thee at the door of the garden. See that thou bringest the white gold, or it shall go ill with thee, for thou art my slave, and I have bought thee for the price of a bowl of sweet wine." And he bound the eyes of the Star-Child with the scarf of figured silk, and led him through the house, and through the garden of pop-

pies, and up the five steps of brass. And, having opened the little door with his ring, he set him in the street.

And the Star-Child went out of the gate of the city, and came to the wood of which the magician had spoken to him.

Now, this wood was very fair to look at from without, and seemed full of singing birds and of sweet-scented flowers, and the Star-Child entered it gladly. Yet did its beauty profit him little, for wherever he went harsh briars and thorns shot up from the ground and encompassed him, and evil nettles stung him, and the thistle pierced him with her daggers, so that he was in sore distress. Nor could he anywhere find the piece of white gold of which the Magician had spoken, though he sought for it from morn to noon, and from noon to sunset. And at sunset he set his face towards home, weeping bitterly, for he knew what fate was in store for him.

But when he had reached the outskirts of the wood, he heard from a thicket a cry as of some one in pain. And, forgetting his own sorrow, he ran back to the place, and saw there a little Hare caught in a trap that some hunter had set for it.

And the Star-Child had pity on it, and said to it: "I am myself but a slave, yet may I give thee thy freedom."

And the hare answered him and said: "Surely thou hast given me freedom and what shall I give thee in return?"

And the Star-Child said to it: "I am seeking for a piece of white gold, nor can I anywhere find it, and if I bring it not to my master he will beat me."

"Come thou with me," said the hare, "and I will lead thee to it; for I know where it is hidden, and for what purpose."

(To be continued.)

SUNSET MAGAZINE

June-July Number

OUT JULY 10th

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BY

E. H. Harriman

"San Francisco"

BY

Joaquin Miller

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San Francisco, July 7, 1906

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Assuming a Virtue

Objection has been made to the appointment of a citizen of this city to a public position of trust on the ground that his morals are not all that they should be. It is charged that he sold impure food to his customers, which circumstance is assumed to be conclusive of fatal moral blemish. How highly creditable it would be to this community if such a charge could be made with the expectation that, if proved, the guilty person would be deemed disqualified for public office! The public sentiment that is intolerant of dishonest business methods is much to be admired, but does the sentiment of this community revolt at infractions of the moral code in commercial circles? Would we, for example, denounce Governor Pardee for appointing such a man as Mr. Armour, of Chicago, to the Board of State Prison Commissioners? We think not. Mr. Armour sells filthy, poisonous meat to his customers, but he is a successful merchant and we confound commercial success with godliness. Mr. Armour is a highly respectable citizen and he would be an ornament to any office in the gift of Governor Pardee. It would please us very much to get a Cudahy on the Board of Supervisors, especially at this time. Yet we admire honesty in the abstract, because we prize a virtue that we have not. Our conscience reproaches us for yielding to cupidity, but we yield. We have a keen appreciation of the abstract truth of the teachings of the Nazarene, but we cannot ignore the facts that have become cognizable through personal experience. We know that the man who rails against the blind, slavish worship of gold today is tomorrow converted into a disciple of Baal. There are many virtuous journalists, zealous in their advocacy of high ethical principles in business methods, who are trying to render the moral perceptive power more acute, but not one of them denies that business morality is at a low ebb. And conditions are not the result of the operation of a natural law similar to that by which the solar system is controlled. Conditions are the effect, men are the cause. It is most deplorable, but lying and cheating are regarded as necessary ingredients of business principles; not only in fire insurance and life insurance circles, but in the meat

packing business, in the railroad business, in our relations with the tax collector and the customs house, in short throughout the channels of trade. As Hamlet says, "To be honest as this world goes is to be one man picked out of ten thousand." So when we object to the appointment of a man to public office because he sold impure milk we are adding hypocrisy to our other vices. We are assuming a virtue that we merely would like to have. That is the best that may be said of us—we would like to be virtuous—for while we appreciate virtue our case is not hopeless. To wish to be virtuous is better than to console ourselves with the reflection that everybody else is immoral in business.

Pardee's Ambition

Governor Pardee's friends (and there are many of them in public office), are very much agitated over the prospect of an unfriendly convention being called together at Santa Cruz. Governor Pardee announced some months ago that he was a candidate for a second term, but the announcement was not followed by any public demonstration in his honor. His friends were very much aggrieved at the indifference of the public. A little later, when they learned that there were other men in the State who would like to be Governor, they grew indignant, and now, it appearing that a large majority of the delegates to the convention will not consecrate themselves to the furtherance of the Pardee ambition, they are in a most resentful mood. It would be useless to suggest that they assuage themselves. They have been looking forward to a second term for Pardee and they cannot be dissuaded from insisting that a second term he shall have. It would be a great disappointment not only to them but to Pardee himself if he were denied renomination. For Pardee has cherished the dream of a second term ever since his election four years ago. He took office with the firm resolve to hold it for eight years, and his policy was to do politics for the first four and confine himself to his gubernatorial duties during the second four. Hence it would be most unfortunate if he were retired from office before completing his programme with a record for nothing but dilly-dallying and procrastination, marked by not a single achievement by which he might be remembered except, perhaps, the San Francisco catastrophe through which he won the sobriquet of "The Weak Brother." So it is very important for the Governor that he be renominated. A second term will give him the opportunity to live down the memory of the first. The only serious objection that may be made to the renomination of Dr. Pardee is that it will establish a bad precedent. There is an old-fashioned sentiment in this State against encouraging our Governors to spend their time manipulating the machinery of government for the furtherance of their political interests. It is thought that a Governor's highest duty is to assist in the building up of the State, and that when a Governor occupies himself with the building up of a political machine he is likely to neglect the interests of the commonwealth.

The White Murder

At this writing the manner in which the life of Mrs. Harry Kendall Thaw was ruined by Stanford White is a great mystery, the solution of which is

putting the ingenuity of the newspapers to a very severe test. Mr. Thaw knows but he won't tell. Mrs. Thaw knows but she won't tell. The always sensational Comstock pretends to know, and, as usual, talks in glittering generalities without saying much that anybody with any sense cares to hear. However, the murderer, at this writing, expects to be acquitted upon the theory that there is an unwritten law authorizing the assassination of a man for ruining the life of his wife. His attorneys would rather plead for his acquittal on the ground of insanity, for it is always easy to prove that a man is crazy, and it appears that in Thaw's case there is an abundance of evidence accessible by which it may be proved that he was never of very sound mind. But Thaw appears to be sufficiently sane to shrink from the humiliation of being adjudged crazy. He prefers to pose as a hero. He believes that it was heroic to kill Stanford White and in all probability he believes that in doing the shooting he avenged his wife. It remains to be learned whether there was occasion for vengeance, and whether the occasion was before or after marriage. Perhaps it will be shown that there was strong provocation for the shooting, that White was a vicious scoundrel quite as depraved as he is now represented to have been, and that he persecuted Mrs. Thaw and tried to or did coerce her into the renewal of relations that existed before her marriage. It is conceivable that Thaw was driven to his desperate deed by conduct that was beyond human endurance, but the attitude of his attorneys does not justify the theory that there was sufficient provocation for the homicide. If, in their opinion, the provocation was sufficient, they would not be so eager to procure expert evidence of their client's insanity. If, for example, Thaw avenged his wife for a wrong inflicted on her before her marriage, the attorneys might think it inadvisable to offer proof of such an incentive to the murder. But at this time it is clear that their plan of campaign is to blacken as much as possible the character of Stanford White, who, from all accounts, was a very gay and lecherous individual, so notoriously addicted to lewd practices that it is incredible that he should have been able to maintain his high position in respectable society. The purpose of Thaw's friends is to create the impression that the community was well rid of White, and the money of the Thaw family will be prodigally spent to that end. Mr. Anthony Comstock is already rendering valuable assistance to the defense. He says he knew that White was a blackguard and that he was guilty of practices for which he should have been criminally prosecuted. But Mr. Comstock could not procure the necessary evidence. We do not believe Mr. Comstock. But if Stanford White was all that he is said to have been it will probably be shown that he contributed less to the ruin of Mrs. Thaw's life than did Mr. Thaw in stirring up a very nasty scandal.

Why Our Plays Fail In London

Bishop Potter's assertion that in England there is hostility to this country, is corroborated by an American theatrical manager, who knows that the British dislike us because they harshly criticise our plays and even refrain from going to see them. All of which is not quite true. The American drama is not profitable in England, but not because the British dislike Ameri-

cans. They may be prejudiced against some American institutions and inclined to scoff at our business methods, but to attribute to them intolerance in matters of art is unfair and unjust. Years ago when Augustin Daly was making artistic adaptations from the German drama he did a very profitable business in London. Mary Anderson was idolized in London. Even now Maxine Elliott is a great favorite in the British metropolis, but the Fitch play in which she appeared was berated by the critics and it deserved to be. The American drama is not a success in London because British theatre-goers have been educated in the dramatic art, and there is no dramatic art in America. The American dramatist is writing plays for the exploitation of theatrical stars, and he exhibits woful ignorance of the principles of the art. He is as ignorant of those principles as was the British playwright of twenty years ago, and the plays that pleased British theatre-goers twenty years ago would be laughed off the stage of London today. A school of English drama has been developed in recent years through the scholarly efforts of the critics and close study of the methods of continental playwrights. And now the theatre-goers of London are taking an interest in the drama as a picture of life and not as a funny theatrical entertainment. Consequently the American drama is not taken seriously in London.

Municipal Building Graft

The "Bulletin" is nothing if not optimistic. In discussing the rebuilding of San Francisco it makes the casual remark that we will not have a permanent City Hall inside of five or ten years. A prophet, basing his auguries on the usual duration of municipal jobs, would not think he was overstating the case if he were to predict that no one now living, save, perhaps, the "earthquake babies" would see a new city hall completed. City halls do not come the way of contractors every day. We shall be doing very well indeed if the site of the next municipal structure be selected and the plans drawn and accepted before 1910, and what, with wrangles over union labor strikes, cornering of building materials, and the "push" that has to put in a thumb and pull out a plum, there is no hurry for a programme for the dedicatory exercises at this time. Municipal buildings are of slow growth in San Francisco. The City Hall was many years in course of construction.

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It was begun long before the plans of the Palace Hotel were drawn, but was not completed until many years after the finishing touches were put to the historic structure. Children who trudged out to the sandlots to attend the cornerstone ceremonies grew to manhood and womanhood, married and had children of their own before the City Hall Commissioners reported that there was no more work to be done. And the experience of San Francisco is not unique. The same story is to be read in municipal buildings in nearly every State in the country.

The Missionary Delusion

Rev. Francis E. Clark, president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, has spent nine whole days in Turkey, and on the strength of this long and intimate knowledge of that portion of the Orient he writes back to Boston: "Our own missions and schools are in a more perilous condition than ever, and since our American fleet was withdrawn from Smyrna, with only the verbal assurance of the Porte that our schools and churches would have as many privileges as those of other nations, these assurances have been utterly repudiated, and there seems no likelihood of Americans getting their rights until another fleet visits Turkish waters." Just what the rights of the American missionary are is one of the points never to be decided to the satisfaction of all parties, for apparently the missionary himself believes that he is entitled to do precisely as he pleases, without regard to native customs and laws, and that the chief duty of the United States Government is to brandish a club and dare any one to object. It is a grave mistake on the part of these reverend gentlemen and their supporters to imagine that the United States is specifically and particularly a Christian nation bound by any interpretation of constitution or treaty, to concern itself with religious propaganda. It is assumed that the majority of the inhabitants of our country recognize some form of the Christian religion; and on the principle that the majority rules, the United States is Christian, but in no other sense. Our population includes a large number of Jews, Bhuddists, and Agnostics, not to mention such nondescript sects as Koreshians, Dowieites, Holy Rollers, and half a score of others. Each and every one of them is as much entitled to the protection of a fleet of war ships in disseminating its peculiar religious tenets as any one of the recognized Christian denominations, and there is just as much occasion for threatening war when some Mormon propagandist is treated to a coat of tar and feathers as when a Mussul-

man cow makes a meal of a Methodist truck garden. The United States is under no obligation to protect missionaries as such, but it is interested in the welfare of citizens residing elsewhere, provided, always, that they are showing due regard to the feelings of the people on whom they have quartered themselves. Too many Americans who go abroad for the purposes of pleasure or personal financial benefit make the mistake of imagining that their American citizenship is a license to do as they please. They believe their temporary dwelling places to be in the category that includes consulates and vessels of the navy,—technically, American soil, not to be invaded, and not under the jurisdiction of foreign laws. The American missions and schools in Turkey are in no sense "ours." They are private enterprises which the government neither establishes nor supports, and those who conduct them do so at their own risk. If they choose to teach doctrines or propagate opinions at variance with the views of the Porte they ought to expect occasional rebuffs. If the "heathen" were to come amongst us, knowing as little of our traditions and beliefs as the average missionary does of theirs, and offer inducements to children to come and learn strange doctrines in a tongue their parents could not understand, if they harbored criminals who claimed to be persecuted for religion's sake when they were only being apprehended for lawlessness, if they made preposterous claims for indemnity and damages every time some hoodlum threw stones, they would be given short shrift and small satisfaction. As to the benefits conferred by these missionaries, Mr. Jerome Hart says, "I may say that if the worthy people at home who contribute to 'foreign missions' think that the missionaries in Mohammedan countries are trying to Christianize Mohammedans they are much in error. The missionaries have more discretion. Nowhere in European or Asiatic Turkey, in Syria or in Egypt, in Constantinople, Smyrna, Beirut, Damascus, Jerusalem or Cairo, in Roberts College or any other Christian missionary school, does any Christian missionary attempt to convert a Mohammedan to Christianity. The result would be bad for both missionary and convert. The Christian missionaries do not even attempt to make converts in these countries. Naturally this phase of foreign missions is not much talked of at home. But this statement is unqualifiedly true." Uncle George Bromley says the nearest approach to a convert that he found in his sojourn in China was a native ringing a church bell. Frank T. Bullen says the majority of the missionaries live a life of comfortable ease and all their hardships are not to be compared to the privations

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suffered by a conscientious curate in a poor city parish. Kipling exposes the fallacy of the "rice Christians," and Mark Twain tells of his Ceylonese attendant who professed to be a devout Christian, explaining that the natives had two thousand gods, and the Christians only one but he was on the safe side, simply adding the new

one to the regular two thousand. Battleships are expensive toys to be kept in commission and raced around the world to back up such a farce. It should be understood that missionaries who go abroad do so at their own risk, just as Arctic explorers do and that they must abide the consequences of their own rashness.

The Drudge

Heigh-ho for the coolness of mountain retreat!
 Heigh-ho for the sea and the shore!
 No heigh-ho for me, since to make both ends meet
 I'm working away in the store.
 Del Monte, Lake Tahoe, or Santa Cruz way,
 My wife in the summer elects
 While I, her devoted, am called on to pay
 Each week with my generous cheques.

Heigh-ho for the summer vacation! But no
 Heigh-ho from my lips you will hear.
 I sit at my desk adding row upon row
 Of figures—a prospect most drear—
 While a torturing fiend makes my life a mad dream—
 (An insurance adjuster of pelf)
 Oh some day by lake shore or sea beach or stream,
 I'll take a brief outing myself.

—A Fire Victim.

Perspective Impressions

The profession of politics involves hardship, self-denial, patience, and hard work, but it pays as Franklin K. Lane will tell you.

By way of proof of Harry Thaw's insanity the circumstance is cited that when the Earl of Yarmouth held up the Thaw family at the altar rail with a demand for more money, Harry declared his intention to kick his prospective brother-in-law across the Atlantic. An indication, we should think, that on that occasion young Thaw was enjoying a lucid interval.

The Reverend David M. Steele of Philadelphia has discovered that George Washington has been imposing on posterity. He has recited a list of George's shortcomings, but the list doesn't matter. Neither does the Reverend David M. Steele.

From a little volume of hitherto unpublished Browning letters it is learned that the poet himself was conscious of a certain "obscurity and imperfect expression" in his work. He confessed to a friend that he wrote to achieve musical effect. Perhaps it is for the same reason that Henry James is frequently nothing but sound.

Widespread is the demand for the abatement of conditions which permit individuals to amass large fortunes, and yet we all wish to get rich.

It seems a significant coincidence that along with the rumor that Whitelaw Reid intends to resign the Ambassadorship to England, comes the other rumor of his daughter's engagement to Lord Brooks. The inference is not unwarranted that Miss Reid, having won a title, her father's mission to England is at an end.

A commencement orator extols Sampson as a man who was "worked to the limit of his capabilities." We thought it was Solomon that had so many wives.

Anna Strunsky having married a millionaire will not modify her opinion that Socialism is a good thing—in theory.

The residents of Alameda are very proud of themselves because they prohibit the sale of liquor on Sunday. But they permit the water company to supply them with tepid water every day in the week.



New Church, College and Monastery of St. Ignatius

In Old San Francisco

By R. Francis Logan

It has been said that the strangest of all the sardonic jests that history ever played is to be found in the circumstance that there is a city which is of all cities the most typical of innovation and dissipation, and certain almost splendid vulgarity, and that this city bears the name in a sweetly soft and old European language of the most perfect exponent of the simplicity and holiness of the Christian traditions—San Francisco, the capital of the Bret Harte country, a city typifying novelty in a manner in which it is typified by few modern localities. But that San Francisco has departed. It was old San Francisco, old in the sense that it passed into history and that its site is marked by ruins through which the hoarse wind moans and in which the shades of leaders unforget to fancy's vision rise.

It is of life in old San Francisco I would write, a city rich in dramatic incident and stirring episode, the scenes of which have been swept away and are but a memory, the result being that the momentous happenings of but a little more than half a century ago are imbued with that aspect of remoteness which lends enchantment to historic events of the centuries ago. We are now in the dawn of a new epoch and we are beginning to take on some of the dignity of age. We have a past rich in romance, a past divided into two epochs, the first of which was opened by the Spaniards who followed the missionaries, the second by the adventurous spirits lured by the yellow metal that glistened in our mountain streams. It was with the second epoch that the great American city so recently devastated by fire came into existence, and in that city occurred the things of which I shall write, episodes of great historic interest that grew out of political affairs national in their scope and bearing.

A little more than half a century ago the genius of young San Francisco was unredeemed from social chaos. In this infant city of the union was a community such as had never before sprung into existence in any country in the world. It was a republic of incognitos. Everyone was an equal because everyone was a stranger. It was a community composed of men of every race and nation, creed and humor. A man's past was nobody's business; all were concerned only for the future. Here were scores of men who had braved all sorts of dangers and hardships in the pursuit of fortune. Some had come to dig for gold and had changed their minds, for the reason, in some instances, that they were not accustomed to hard labor. There were men looking for business opportunities, some were honest and some were prepared to cut a throat for gold. Hundreds were unsuccessful professional men who had come to California in quest of pastures new, having failed in other fields or found that their talents were unappreciated. There were also many politicians among the argonauts, and they had not conquered the tax-eating habit. Indeed many of them had occupied high positions in other States and had pushed their way to California in the hope of being returned to Congress or elected to the United States Senate. So the early community of San Francisco was made up of most incongruous elements, and it is not surprising that during the process of organization, adjustment and assimilation the conflict of temperament should have found peculiar expression.

In the most stirring of the dramas enacted during that eventful epoch the principal role was played by a typical hero in a period of unrestraint and innovation. I refer to David Colbrith Broderick. By studying his brief and sensational political career in San Francisco one becomes so familiar with the social conditions of the times that a picture instinct with the life of the period spreads itself before the mind's eye. The name of Broderick is indissolubly linked with the early history of the city by the Golden Gate and while a pioneer of the State

of California survives it will revive recollections of one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of the West. Broderick was born of Irish parents in the District of Columbia, February 4, 1820. His father was a stone-cutter and worker in marble, and it was the glad boast of the proud son, when in the zenith of his fame as a Senator from his adopted State, in the Senate chamber of the United States, that he was the offspring of the man by whom the massive marble columns which support and adorn the eastern front of the capital, were chiseled. When quite young, Broderick became a resident of the city of New York and at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to his father's trade. At that time the Volunteer Fire Department of New York was an organization which attracted the hardy and adventurous young men of the city, particularly those engaged in trades and all forms of manual labor. It was a notable training school for robust natures fond of excitement, disposed to displays of muscular superiority, fearless of danger, ready to imperil even life in deeds of daring emulation. Young Broderick entered this training school and soon rose to the dignity of company foreman. About the same time he drifted into politics and became the Democratic leader of his ward. He was prominently identified with Tammany Hall and during the administration of President Tyler was recognized as one of the political representatives of that gentleman in New York. About that time he began to long for an education and applied himself to the study of the best literature. With the improvement of his mind came ambition, a desire to achieve high political distinction. In 1846 he ran for Congress, but, unfortunately, at that time a split occurred in his party and in a three-cornered fight he was defeated. He felt greatly humiliated and it was because of his disgust with the treatment he had received that when the gold-discovery fever raged he decided to try to repair his political fortunes in the far West, and he declared just before his departure that he would never return to the East until he should come as a Senator of the United States.

Broderick arrived in San Francisco in the early summer of 1849, and one of the first men he met on his arrival was Colonel Jonathan D. Stevenson, who afterwards commanded a regiment of California volunteers in the Civil War, and who lived to see San Francisco become a great city. Stevenson and Broderick had been associated in Tammany Hall and the former, who came hither in 1847, was one of the wealthiest and most influential of citizens. Another old-time friend of Broderick who had preceded him to San Francisco was Frederick D. Kohler, a manufacturing jeweler.

Gold coin was very scarce in San Francisco in those days, gold dust being the only substitute for currency, and many business men had consulted with Colonel Stevenson about the feasibility and propriety of coining gold pieces to supply the public want, it being impossible to procure gold coin from the United States Treasury in less than from four to five months. Stevenson thought it would be a good idea to start a private mint, and he persuaded Kohler, who was an assayer, to go into business with Broderick, who was penniless and to whom he loaned \$3,500. The co-partnership was established and the profits were enormous. But Broderick was restless. Political ambitions stirred his soul, and he was not in town six months before he was up to the ears in politics. Early in the first session of the Legislature in November, 1849, one of the two Senators from San Francisco resigned and the ex-Tammany leader became a candidate for the office. His opponent was John A. McGlynn, also a New Yorker, who was subsequently elected the first Recorder of San Francisco. At the primary election, which was held in the old Ward House on Clay street, then

(Continued on Page 30.)

The Star-Child

[The first installment of this beautiful story from the pen of Oscar Wilde appeared in Town Talk of June 23d. The story is here concluded.]

So the Star-Child went with the hare, and lo! in the cleft of a great oak-tree he saw the piece of white gold that he was seeking. And he was filled with joy, and seized it, and said to the hare: "The service that I did to thee thou hast rendered back again many times over, and the kindness that I showed thee thou hast repaid a hundred-fold."

"Nay," answered the hare, "but as thou dealt with me, so I did deal with thee." And it ran away swiftly, and the Star-Child went towards the city.

Now at the gate of the city there was seated one who was a leper. Over his face hung a cowl of gray linen, and through the eyelets his eyes gleamed like red coals. And, when he saw the Star-Child coming, he struck upon a wooden bowl, and clattered his bell, and called out to him, and said: "Give me a piece of money or I must die of hunger. For they have thrust me out of the city, and there is no one who has pity on me."

"Alas!" cried the Star-Child, "I have but one piece of money in my wallet, and if I bring it not to my master, he will beat me, for I am his slave."

But the leper entreated him, and prayed of him, till the Star-Child had pity, and gave him the piece of white gold.

And, when he came to the Magician's house, the Magician opened to him, and brought him in, and said to him: "Hast thou the piece of white gold?" And the Star-Child answered, "I have it not." So the Magician fell upon him, and beat him, and set before him an empty trencher, and said, "Eat," and an empty cup, and said, "Drink," and flung him again into the dungeon.

And on the morrow the Magician came to him, and said: "If today thou bringest me not the piece of yellow gold, I will surely keep thee as my slave, and give thee three hundred stripes."

So the Star-Child went to the wood, and all day long he searched for the piece of yellow gold, but nowhere could he find it. And at sunset he sat him down and began to weep, and as he was weeping there came to him the little hare that he had rescued from the trap.

And the hare said to him, "Why art thou weeping? And what dost thou seek in the wood?"

And the Star-Child answered: "I am seeking for a piece of yellow gold that is hidden here, and if I find it not my master will beat me, and keep me a slave."

"Follow me," cried the hare, and it ran through the wood till it came to a pool of water. And at the bottom of the pool the piece of yellow gold was lying.

"How shall I thank thee?" said the Star-Child; for lo! this is the second time that you have succored me."

"Nay, but thou hadst pity on me first," said the hare, and it ran away swiftly.

And the Star-Child took the piece of yellow gold and put it in his wallet, and hurried to the city. But the leper saw him coming, and ran to meet him, and knelt down and cried: "Give me a piece of money or I shall die of hunger."

And the Star-Child said to him, "I have in my wallet but one piece of yellow gold, and if I bring it not to my master he will beat me and keep me as his slave."

But the leper entreated him sore, so that the Star-Child had pity on him, and gave him the piece of yellow gold.

And, when he came to the Magician's house, the Magician opened to him, and brought him in, and said to him: "Hast thou the piece of yellow gold?" And the Star-Child said to him, "I have it not." So the Magician fell upon him and beat him, and loaded him with chains, and cast him again into the dungeon.

And on the morrow the Magician came to him and said: "If today thou bringest me the piece of red gold I will set thee free, but if thou bringest it not I will surely slay thee."

So the Star-Child went to the wood, and all day long he searched for the piece of red gold, but nowhere could he find it. And at evening he sat him down and wept, and as he was weeping there came to him the little hare.

And the hare said to him, "The piece of red gold that thou seekest is in the cavern that is behind thee. Therefore weep no more, but be glad."

"How shall I reward thee?" cried the Star-Child; "for lo! this is the third time thou hast succored me."

"Nay, but thou hadst pity on me first," said the hare, and it ran away swiftly.

And the Star-Child entered the cavern, and in its farthest corner he found the piece of red gold. So he put it in his wallet and hurried to the city. And the leper, seeing him coming, stood in the center of the road and cried out, and said to him: "Give me the piece of red money, or I must die." And the Star-Child had pity on him again and gave him the piece of red gold, saying: "Thy need is greater than mine." Yet was his heart heavy, for he knew what evil fate awaited him.

But, lo! as he passed through the gate of the city, the guards bowed down and made obeisance to him, saying: "How beautiful is our lord!" and a crowd of citizens followed him and cried out: "Surely there is none so beautiful in the whole world!" So that the Star-Child wept and said to himself: "They are mocking me and making light of my misery." And so large was the concourse of the people that he lost the threads of his way, and found himself at last in a great square, in which there was a palace of a King.

And the gate of the palace opened, and the priests and the high officers of the city ran forth to meet him, and they abased themselves before him and said: "Thou art our lord for whom we have been waiting, and the son of our King."

And the Star-Child answered them and said: "I am no King's son, but the child of a poor beggar-woman. And how say ye that I am beautiful, for I know that I am evil to look at?"

Then he whose armor was inlaid with gilt flowers, and in whose helmet couched a lion that had wings, held up a

(Continued on Page 31.)

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DEPOSIT GROWTH

Mar. 3, '02 . . .	\$ 387,728 70
Sept. 15, '02 . . .	1,374,983 43
Mar. 15, '03 . . .	2,232,582 94
Sept. 15, '03 . . .	2,629,113 39
Mar. 15, '04 . . .	3,586,912 31
Sept. 15, '04 . . .	3,825,471 71
Mar. 15, '05 . . .	4,349,427 92
Sept. 15, '05 . . .	4,938,629 05
Mar. 15, '06 . . .	5,998,431 52
June 18, '06 . . .	6,650,555 84

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The Spectator

Wheeler's Pen Product

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler has been writing for the "American Review of Reviews" about San Francisco. He was asked to write about the city because, being President of the California University, he was presumed to know a lot about the metropolis and to be able to furnish accurate and trustworthy information. But the theme was not rich in inspiration for President Wheeler. His article contains two striking assertions. One is that San Francisco has become "a pink ghost," the other is that Montgomery avenue is to be carried through to Montgomery street. The pink ghost I can account for. I have read somewhere, I think it was in Ruskin, that vivid emotions leave their light and shadow on senseless things through whose agency they have been aroused. So it is not unlikely that San Francisco desolate aroused a vivid emotion in President Wheeler, and that the vivid emotion communicated to the ruins a spirit pinkish in color—in other words the city assumed the aspect of a pink shade. Such things happen when the eye rests on a material form in a moment of depression or exultation. Probably President Wheeler was returning from the Bohemian Club when he saw ghosts. As to the Montgomery avenue project, of which President Wheeler writes, that is not so easy. Readers of his article who are familiar with the streets of San Francisco will wonder what the earthquake did to Montgomery avenue.

When Clara Was Young

Even Clara Morris did not reach a ripe old age without experiencing the thrill that comes from being the object of an illicit passion. When Clara was young she was threatened with seduction, but she scorned the overtures of the tempter. No amorous dalliance for Clara. Far be it from her to be persuaded to tilt in love's tournament. It's a refreshing story. Clara, herself, is the narrator. She has been spreading all the edifying details before us in the columns of Mr. Hearst's family journals. Clara has reached the garrulous age of indiscretion. The story of her heroic resistance was written ostensibly for the purpose of defending the chorus girl against aspersion. The Thaw case made it timely, and to make the pretext for the telling good Clara pretends to believe that the Broadway fay, who flaunts her wantonness in automobiles, on Atlantic liners and at midnight suppers, and who makes capital out of her ability to conquest rattle-brained young millionaires of the Thaw type, is yearning to have the world's sympathy and to vindicate her inherent virtue. So Clara attributes to her an ambition for artistic success in the drama, and to prove it she points to herself and to her experience with a lustful Croesus who, from her description must have been the grandsire of Mr. Easy Mark. It was such a long story that toward the close Clara forgot her thesis and absently relates that when she turned the old fellow down she heard the other girls in the company,—types, of course, of the virtuous maidens of the chorus—murmur: "Such a chance!" "What a fool!" "She deserves to get bounced!" Tut! tut! Clara, you are nothing if you are not logical, and you are not that.

Luisa Still True to Bazelli

Some months ago the San Francisco friends and admirers of Luisa Tetrazzini, the golden throated song bird, were very much disturbed over the report that she was in financial straits in Mexico. They need be no longer concerned for the welfare of the capricious little Italian woman with a record for love affairs. She is in Milan, and Bazelli, the little tenor, who became the object of her burning passion in this city, is

still with her. From a friend in New York who is on intimate terms with Impresario Hammerstein, I learn that the prima donna is still more eager to give reign to her sentimental passion than to win laurels by her art. Hammerstein is having a lot of trouble with Luisa. The first thing she did was to cable him that she would not sign the contract he left with his agent in Milan unless he agreed to pay her two hundred dollars more a performance. "I had to do that," said Hammerstein, "because she's the greatest singer since Patti in her roles, and I must have her. So I cabled her back she should have the money." A little later she wrote him to the effect that Melba could sing only certain roles and that no other prima donna could have any of a list of parts she was going to sing. "You can see me telling Nellie Melba that she shall not sing her own roles," said Hammerstein. "But I wrote Signora Tetrazzini that would be all right too and that she could put her mind at rest. But she didn't. I think she sits up nights trying to think of something to cable me in the morning. Yesterday she cabled me over I would have to engage a certain tenor that she wanted to sing with her. She intimated that all would be over between us unless I consented. I guess I'll have to engage him. I don't have to let him sing, you know." Perhaps Mr. Hammerstein will find that it won't be so easy to keep Bazelli in the background. That ambitious tenor is not content to draw salary merely by way of compensation for the companionship so highly esteemed by Luisa. If Tetrazzini repeats in New York her San Francisco triumph Mr. Hammerstein will be glad to grant her most unreasonable wishes.

Redding Is Reminiscent

Joe Redding, who expects to return soon to San Francisco, in a letter to "Uncle" George Bromley, wrote: "What a strange turn of fortune's wheel that the club should now be located in Sybil Sanderson's old home. I used to play over opera scores there with her twenty-five years ago. Then she was about nineteen and beautiful as a dream. The old Judge would sit and listen and drink his toddy. 'O Tempora! O Mores!'" On another page he writes: "I opened the Bible the other day at the 60th Psalm. Read it, it is quite wonder-

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ful. Here are a few lines: 'Thou hast made the earth to tremble; thou hast broken it; hearl the breaches thereof; for it shaketh. Thou hast showed thy people hard things; thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonishment.' Things were about the same three thousand years ago—were they not?"

A Frisco Boy's Distress

The wonderful prosperity of San Francisco at the time of the catastrophe is evidenced by the fact that notwithstanding the terrible loss suffered by the merchants of the city only one failure, that of Hilbert Brothers, wholesale liquor dealers, has been recorded since the fire. However, it is reported that some of our merchants were not in such sound financial condition at the time of the fire as was popularly supposed, and that they have since been making terms with their creditors after the style of the six-bit insurance companies. From the "Chicago Wearing and Apparel Gazette" I learn that Julius W. Raphael has been offering his creditors sixty cents on the dollar, of which fifty cents is represented by insurance policies. In the argot of the curb that's going some. Mr. Julius Raphael is one of our Frisco boys, and I regret to hear that he is in such straits. Sixty cents on the dollar, of which fifty cents is in insurance policies, some of which may be the policies of earthquake companies and some of six-bit companies—well I hope it is a mistake. Why, it seems but the other day that Mr. Julius Raphael got his name into the papers as a subscriber to the fund for the relief of our sufferers! It was one thousand dollars, I believe, that he was to put up. But the money is not yet in the committee treasury. Of course if Mr. Raphael has one thousand to spare he will give it to his creditors unless they be satisfied with sixty cents on the dollar.

The Hager-Kellogg Engagement

Ethyl Hager has done many sensational things during her eventful social career, but she dwarfed them all into insignificance the other day when she announced her engagement to Lansing Kellogg. The announcement was sensational merely because it was so unexpected, but jolly Ethyl Hager has always been doing the unexpected. She has a fine dramatic instinct for "situation" and she has enlivened many a social function by indulging it. She could always be depended upon to give distinction to a masquerade ball and in society vaudeville she invariably proved her claim to head-linership. And her friends had come to regard her as a perennial contribution to the gayety of the smart set. It never occurred to them that she might some day give ear to the promptings of Dan Cupid and be persuaded to confine the radiations of her interesting personality to her own fireside, in the role of somebody's wife. In other words, they thought she preferred to be a bachelor girl. So society had something to talk about when the news got out that so fine a fellow as Lansing Kellogg had been directing sentimental appeals to Ethyl Hager and that he had the good luck to conduct his courtship to a successful finish.

Aitken in the Salon

Bobby Aitken is making progress in his art in Paris. He has written to a friend here that two of his works were accepted by the Salon, but he is not highly pleased over his success. On the contrary he is very indignant that his work should not have been given the prominence it deserved. He

intimates that great favoritism is shown certain sculptors and their pupils, and that those without a pull are thrust into the background. But he is more confident of himself than ever and evidently feels that he will compel recognition as did Rodin to whom fame came through a work that was rejected by the Salon. Aitken is not to be easily discouraged. It will be remembered that he first attracted attention to himself in this city by his "Flowing Bowl" group, suggested by a verse from the Rubaiyat. It caught the fancy of Raphael Weill who would have purchased it and had it erected in Union Square had it not been condemned as inartistic and too redolent of the philosophy of the voluptuous Persian. That group, by the way, was destroyed in the big fire.

My Lady Commodore

From the despatches in last Sunday's papers I learn that following the example of Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, New York and Newport society women are abandoning the automobile as a fad in favor of sailing. And the news calls for a toast:

Her throne upon the polished deck—a cushioned steamer chair—

She reigns in royal splendor, crowned with bonnie breeze-blown hair.

Like one of old who floated down the lily-burdened Nile

And lured men ever captive in the glory of her smile.

This pretty monarch rules the sea—a tyrant tailor-made—

And subjects falter at her feet to win her frown, afraid.

Neath tender skies blue as her eyes, smiling and all serene,
I'll sing her praise through summer days and hail the Yachting Queen;

Her kingdom ever in my heart, alike on sea and shore—

A bumper to the sailor lass, My Lady Commodore!

Hail to the Garden!

If there is anything that ought to make San Franciscans optimistic it is the way the gardens are volunteering. All over the Mission residence section, where there is nothing left on the lots but a huddle of bricks and tangled wires, the roses are pushing up new shoots through the debris and the callas, so highly prized in the East, are growing almost rank. Laurestina hedges are sprouting from the roots, cannas and gladiolas are in evidence, and mignonette and forget-me-not seed coming up everywhere. The Mission used to be a garden spot, and it will not be the fault of the plants if it does not regain its old prestige. The big palm tree which stood in front of Mrs. Swift's home on Valencia street, is sending out

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new branches, and the willows at the back of the lot are also triumphing over their fiery experience. James D. Phelan is salvaging what is left of his lawn and garden by a regular application of Spring Valley, and Hannigan and Renton, contractors and builders, have set a good example by laying out a little flower spot in front of their temporary quarters at Seventeenth and Mission streets. Another enterprising citizen at Nineteenth and San Carlos avenue is meeting his garden half-way. He has not yet got the debris cleared from his basement, but the garden beds are all raked and the walks swept. Such little things may seem trifling beside the plans for sky-scrapers and the discussion of parks and panhandles, but the moral effect of one small garden is worth columns of discussion of the city beautiful. Let us have both, but while it will take years to acquire the land and get the big parks under way, it will not require a week to lay out a little garden patch on every home lot. There is nothing that gives such an air of permanence and settlement to a district as the sight of the little home gardens, even though they contain but two or three homely plants.



Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journal.

SAME OLD GAME.

King Coal.—Heads I win, tails you lose.

Another of the Guelph Family

J. Norman Guelph has been addressing the Chamber of Commerce, of Berkeley, as the President of the London Royal Academy of Sciences, a corporation with a capital of \$500,000,000 for use in colonization and other schemes. This information was printed in the Berkeley despatches of a local paper, and it was further stated that Guelph had permitted it to be known that he is a son of King Edward, of England, by a morganatic marriage. He wishes to obtain from Berkeley land for docks and warehouses for his company. I am reminded that there was a man of somewhat similar name in this city about four years ago. He was J. R. Guelph-Norman and he had an office in the Mills Building. Like J. Norman Guelph, of Berkeley, he was the head of a big company—the Burmah Ruby Mining and Development Company—and he dealt in Oriental securities. He was an Englishman, and a son of King Edward, too, and talked in big figures like the

man of Berkeley. That particular promoter had his past exploited in this periodical. It was related that he had posed as a yogi of India and an expert in the black art; also that he had had an unfortunate experience in New York where he was known as a Mahatma of Mahatmas and got into Ludlow street jail as a result of a misunderstanding with a wealthy lady who made an unfortunate investment. That particular individual who, by a strange coincidence, had a name containing the same combination of letters as are to be found in the name of the Berkeley scion of King Edward, undertook to win a prize of \$1,000,000 offered by Charles Broadway Rouss who advertised that he would pay that sum to anybody who would restore sight to his eyes. But J. R. Guelph-Norman, did not get the money. However, in 1898 he made a fine matrimonial match. One night while he was discoursing before the Theosophical Society of New York, a woman in the audience fell into a spasm and shrieked "Take him away!" The doctors pronounced it a case of acute hypnosis. Eight days later the woman married Guelph-Norman. She was Mrs. Harriet Hall Bedlow Morris, daughter of Commander Francis Morris, U. S. N. She believed that some day she would be Queen of England because her husband told her so. In June of 1899 there was a sign at 304 McAllister street, this city:

Mr. J. R. J. Norman
of Farther India
Successfully Treats by the Oriental
System of Ayurveda
Blindness, Failing Vision and other
Diseases of a Physical or
Mental Nature.

Mr. Norman arrayed himself in Oriental costume, and he had quite a vogue in local culture clubs. He was reported to be the representative of the Royal Asiatic Academy, but he found it hard to pay his rent in a plain American flat. I have heard it suggested that he was none other than J. R. Guelph-Norman whose whereabouts are now to me unknown. Perhaps Mr. Norman Guelph knows something about him.



Spencer, in Lincoln (Neb.) Commoner.

BUT ARE THE PEOPLE POWERLESS?

MISS VASHTI RANKIN

== GOWNS ==

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A Familiar Protest

Whenever a new war vessel is to be christened the tea-toppers of the W. C. T. U. adopt resolutions of protest against the use of wine at the christening. Their latest protest was leveled against the ceremonies of a few days ago held in connection with the launching of the battleship "New Hampshire." The ladies suggested as a substitute for wine plain cold water, taking not into consideration the fact that sailors have a superstitious dread of a ship that was not christened in the old fashioned way. Sailors, as everybody knows, are dreadfully superstitious and most loyal to tradition. They are more familiar with classical lore than are the ladies of the W. C. T. U., and they know that the gods are to be appeased and their aid obtained by libations that appeal to their taste. They never use cold water at their banquets on Olympus. Just before Jason set sail in the good ship Argo he invoked the favor of Jupiter and the ceremony held on that occasion has been followed ever since by shipbuilders in deference to the sailors' abiding faith in tradition. Pindar tells us:

And soon as by the vessel's bow
The anchor was hung up,
Then took the leader on the prow
In hands a golden cup,
And on great father Jove did call:—

It would have been a sad day for Jason if he had called on old Jove with a golden cup filled with water.



Bengough, in the Chicago Public.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

The Beef Trust Criminal: No, Mr. Policeman; the judge says you can't touch me; I have taken the immunity bath. But you can put my shadow under arrest, you know, and send it to jail if found guilty!

The Crimmins's and Coles

John D. Crimmins, the wealthy banker of New York, who was reported in the despatches in a dying condition, is the father-in-law of Margaret Cole, of this city. He is to the Catholic Church of New York what J. Pierpont Morgan is to the Episcopal Church, and he received flattering recognition from more than one Pope. He has also been conspicuous in the insurance scandal in New York. Several times he has been reported engaged to "Countess" Annie Leary, the wealthy New York spinster who received her title from the Pope. When Margaret Cole married Martin Crimmins she was credited with having made one of the most brilliant matches ever made by a California girl. Her father was not a very brilliant lawyer and he left his family a very small estate. So while Margaret Cole, being of the southern set, had a nice social position she had nothing but her personality to attract wooers. In becoming the bride of the son of so distinguished a pillar of the Catholic Church as John D. Crimmins, she caused no embarrassment in the family for she also became a communicant of the church. Martin Crimmins is in the army and is now stationed in Manila. Miss Gracie Cole has

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been visiting her sister in the islands, where she met an army officer who recently conquered her heart after a speedy and impassioned wooing. The youngest Cole sister, Florence, who has been "out" only two seasons, announced her engagement two weeks ago.

Sculptor Wells

We were reminded of Marion Wells the other day by the application of his widow for letters of administration on his small estate. But how many remembered that it was Marion Wells who fashioned the figure on the dome of the City Hall which has had such a precarious foothold since the earthquake. Marion Wells was San Francisco's pioneer sculptor. When he was generally regarded as a back number he entered the competition for designing the dome statue and won. He had a little money at one time but lost it backing one of the Central American toy presidents. A few years ago he was an inmate of the County Hospital, and the Bohemian Club was criticised for not taking an interest in his welfare, for he had made history for that club. A quarter of a century ago he was regarded as a great genius, and he contributed several notable bits of sculpture to the club as jinks' souvenirs, notably when he sired the Gossip Jinks and modeled a group of women doing the Tantalus stunt at a well. At another time, on the occasion of a Midsummer Jinks at Meeker's Grove, he reared a colossal statue of the patron saint of the club, St. John of Nepomuck. One of his best designs was for a Nurses' Jinks. It was the figure of a woman of exquisite contour.

What Clawson Lost

Not a day passes without there being brought to my ears the story of something precious that went up in the smoke of the great fire. So many that lost their treasures left town immediately after the fire that nothing like a complete report has been obtained of even the things of peculiar interest to the intellectual world that were destroyed. In nearly every

art studio in town there were rare works, but the artists are scattered far and wide. The other day I heard from J. W. Clawson, who is in Los Angeles. In his studio near the Palace Hotel were twenty of his most important pictures and thousands of almost priceless prints and photogravures, many of them reproductions of the world's masterpieces. All went up in smoke. One of the pictures that Mr. Clawson prized greatly was his painting of Mrs. James Folliott and her son, which he considered his strongest and most important canvas. A copy of that picture was published in Town Talk several weeks prior to the fire.

Musicians In Hard Luck

The musicians of San Francisco probably suffered more severely than the men and women of any other profession. Unlike the painters they cannot make work for themselves, and pupils are not so numerous now as they were before the fire. Besides many theatre orchestras went out of business and there has been comparatively little wooing of the heavenly maid. So many of our musicians have had to hang up the fiddle and the bow. Nate Landsberger tells of an amusing experience in Oakland since the fire. He was riding in an electric car thinking of his own troubles when he was asked for his fare in a familiar voice and a strong German accent. He looked up and recognizing an old-time violinist he was about to exclaim "Well, for heaven's sake!" But he had uttered only the first word when the conductor, as if he divined Landsberger's thoughts broke in indignantly and in German: "Well, I've got to do something to make a living, haven't I?" Professor Paolo La Villa, the singing teacher was hard hit by the catastrophe and writes from Kansas City: "I am penniless—no class of pupils, nothing! The question is where I am to find work for a living? San Francisco will not be ready, nor in the mood to study music for a year at the least." Professor La Villa was once director of the Cincinnati College of Music in the vocal department with Theodore Thomas.

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Captain James T. Bootes and Miss Katherine Buck

Army and navy circles were given a pleasant surprise by the announcement of the engagement of Miss Katherine Buck and Captain James T. Bootes, of the Marine Corps. Miss Buck sailed on the "Sheridan" for Chefoo, China, where she will be the guest of friends and where the wedding will take place. Miss Buck is the daughter of the J. S. Bucks, formerly of San Diego, now temporarily residing in Oregon, where Mr. Buck has mining interests. Miss Buck has resided here several years, making her home with the family of her cousin, Mr. Lewis R. Mead. She is a very clever and attractive young woman and made many friends during her residence here. Captain Bootes is a son of the late General Levi Bootes, U. S. A., and brother of Captain Samuel Bootes, of the Subsistence Department, U. S. A. He is at present attached to the Wisconsin, seven hundred miles up the Yang-tse from Shanghai.

The Vicissitudes of Journalism

Something of a sensation was created in local newspaper circles this week when John McNaught severed his connection with the "Call" and Ernest Simpson resigned the city editorship of the "Chronicle" to take the position vacated by Mr. Spreckels's managing editor. For the first time since Mr. Spreckels became the owner of the "Call" that paper is now under the managing editorship of a man who has had the benefit of the training and experience that are believed to be essential for the proper performance of the duties of the position. It is evident that young "Jack" Spreckels, who is now handling the paper, has concluded that a sea captain is not the man to pilot a newspaper; that journalism is a profession, proficiency in which is not to be achieved by studying the stars through the Lick Telescope. Mr. John McNaught never had any experience in catering to news readers until he became managing editor of the "Call." His previous experience as a journalist was obtained in the role of editorial writer. He is a good writer and a gentleman of fine qualities of mind and heart, but he did not shine as a managing editor.

Mr. Simpson has had ten years' experience as city editor of the "Chronicle," and during that period rendered excellent service to Mr. De Young.

A Problem for Liquor Experts

The "sake case," by which it is to be determined whether the Japanese jag-accelerator shall be classified as a beer or a wine, is one of the first cases to be heard in the U. S. District Court when the trials begin again next week. The difference in the duties on wine and beer is great enough to make the case of importance to the importers of the liquor, who, of course, want it admitted as beer. There is a stock of the stuff in the U. S. District Attorney's office at the post-office building, also bottles of sherry, which is almost exactly the same in appearance as the sake. Here, however, the resemblance ends. The Japanese drink has an odor like that which was wont to prevail in Chinatown after a long hot spell—and it tastes worse. It is to be sampled during the trial, I believe, by experts who are to determine its proper classification. If the government depends on proving it a wine by the taste, it has a very poor case. It seems to me that the amount of spirits in the liquor should determine its classification. The Japanese have a sake factory in Berkeley, and there they make it weak as regards spirits so that it shall be taxed as beer.

When Edward Visited Washington

"My dear Spectator" writes a constant reader, "the recent visit of our President's daughter to the Court of King Edward reminds me that King Edward once upon a time visited the court that the fair Alice presided over—the White House court at Washington. I have keen recollections of that visit as I was in Washington at the time, and feel that the readers of "Town Talk" would like to hear about it. It was in 1860 when Edward came over on the invitation of President Buchanan. He was then Prince of Wales, and he was in his nineteenth year. His entree was made in mufti and he hid his titled name. He was simply Lord Renfrew and was addressed only as "My Lord," not as "His Royal Highness"—even on state occasions. That he was the cynosure of all eyes—especially those of fashion's femininity—goes without saying; but it is also true that the fattest and frowziest republican shed tears and bent creaky knees before the very young—and very gauche—sprig of royalty; for then the assumer of the Black Prince's name had barely begun to toy with the seeds of a rank and wide-grown crop of wild oats. So the royal bantling basked in the beams of both bleared eyes and bright."

Belles of the Period

"Washington was world-famed, in those days, for beautiful women; many whose reputations are still National, and—in a few instances—are revived by their daughters of today. Foremost among the regnant belles I recall Miss Adele Cutts. Rather too massive for even a Juno, but perfect in feature and complexion, 'Addy' Cutts was deservedly popular in all sorts of circles. Her father was a pompous old Costigan, a Treasury Department clerk, whose social stock-in-trade was remote connection with James Madison, and whose consideration came straightest through his daughter. In simple truth, her popularity with old and young was greater than any other woman's then. When she married Stephen A. Douglas it was universally conceded—spite of his "great head" and National

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leadership—that all congratulations ought to go to the groom. She was a woman whose mirror-surfaced reputé was never misted by the breathings of gossip. Another one of the belles of the period was Miss Henrietta Magruder, the daughter of an old navy officer. Her father's small pay was offset by the perfection of her face, Creole coloring and petite form. She was a niece of 'Prince John' Bankhead Magruder—the sand-papered 'Tom' Ochiltree of his day, who was equally as careless, as ignorant whether he ever had any pay or not. Miss Magruder was a sylph in the german, and the admiration of avenue paraders. To me she is the most suggestive of memories; the picture-in-little of dainty and bewitching prettiness. Senator Clay described her as 'A pocket Venus, rather over-draped.' There was also Miss Marion Ramsay, of baby-pink bloneness and seductive dimples, the quintessence of tact and full of world-knowledge. Her father was a shore-duty captain. I recall that Secretary Odo Russell, of H. B. M. legation, was among the most ardent and least encouraged of her adorers. But he had not then suggested a brilliant diplomatic career. There was Colonel Watterson's chum, Labouchere—unpaid attache; presumably in America for the health of his morals. But 'Labby' was only 'Lord Tauton's nephew,' then. So the girl kept her heart at home, and intrusted that and her perfect form to the keeping of young 'Broc' Cutting."

A Ball in His Honor

Ah, me! those were dire and dismal "merry days" at the White House, when Albert Edward had to be entertained, and when he wasn't His Royal Highness, but only My Lord. Even stately and cold, but womanly, Miss Lane, the President's niece, grew restless and perturbed beyond precedent. She proved herself, however, the woman for the exceptional situation, mounted the box seat and gripped the whip bravely. I presume she had several bad quarter-hours in her boudoir—I know there was more than one scene with her beloved uncle; a blind man could have seen that her flesh crept at some social functions that would have given a Pekin legation cold shivers. But Miss Lane went at the situation, and conquered it in a fashion that proved her de facto "the first lady in the land." This was, of course, long ere she set the world wondering by selecting as her consort the sunny Baltimore banker. Mr. Buchanan, with that delicate diplomatic tact for which he was justly noted—chose as most appropriate outing for the lordly Renfrew party a pilgrimage to the tomb of their late friend, George Washington. It was made upon a revenue cutter, possibly as a remote reminder of the tea tax; and dancing was permitted, between sandwich and lemonade service, on deck. Then Miss Lane sat up nights with her uncle, and kept his head almost level, until he consented to smash tradition and give a dance in the White House! And—shades of Alan Ramsay and Dick Bayard! what a ball it was! Immortelles should have been the corsage bouquets, and yew the boutonnières. Lord Renfrew was posted amid his proper bodyguard, with flankers of Miss Harriet's special brevetteing thrown out. I recall Alan Ramsay, looking, if possible, more bored than the prince, but much more distinguished in appearance; Renwick Smedberg, quiet and cool, but hinting nothing of the fighter who carved his way to a wooden leg by three brevets, a few years later; Frank Du Barry, swarthy and prim—little recking the near future, that was to make him the victim of the too fresh widow of "Will" Chandler and the stepfather of unhappy Florence Maybrick! Then two—holding Miss Lane's fort—Tom Cox and Henry Robinson, so beautiful as to misdoubt mythology and declare Adonis a twin. There, too, on the front "line up" for attack, were the belles and beauties of the Capital. Suddenly one of the "Lane eleven" would take a deep breath, shut his eyes, and whisper in solemn awe to My Lord. Then he would dive into "the madding crowd," extract some rare beauty, as though she were a plum, and serve her to the guest of the evening, in the

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manner of refreshments. The lady would blush and lower her lashes, bend her graceful knees until it taxed her escort's muscles to bring her to surface again, and would murmur something about the honor and the heat. And then My Lord would bob his somewhat heavy head just a trifle, and something like a blush would hover about the beardless cheeks. And last, the lady would back away—sometimes tripping on her own train; and the poor Prince would promptly shut back into himself, like a pocket telescope.

Hustling For Leases

Real estate agents appear to be engaged principally, these days, in making deals for the leasing of property. And some pretty big deals have been put through. One of the latest of the big deals was made by John Breuner and Ed Bowes who established a real estate firm immediately after the fire. They obtained a lessee for the big Technical School at Geary and Gough streets at a monthly rental of one thousand dollars. Bowes and Breuner have been doing some very lively hustling since the fire and seem to have a monopoly of the business along Van Ness avenue. There would have been much greater activity in the real estate market had not most people imagined that they had no right to remove the debris from their lots without permission from the insurance companies. One of the ablest lawyers in San Francisco informed me there is absolutely no foundation for the notion that the insurance companies have the right to prohibit policy-holders from clearing their property, or that by removing the debris they would jeopardize their claims. It is sufficient under the law for the policy-holder to notify the company of his loss and if the officers of the company desire to inspect the premises they may do so, but they have no right to subject the owner to unreasonable delay.

University of California News

There is a very efficient bureau of publicity and promotion at the University of California to which I am indebted for a good deal of interesting information. There is no longer any excuse for inaccuracies in news relating to university affairs. From this bureau comes the news that "The most recent contribution to the literature of political science is one which will appeal especially to Californians coming as it does from the pen of one of the most distinguished educators and publicists of the State. It is indeed refreshing, in the midst of what might almost be called a deluge of text-books on the subject, to come across so able and long-needed a work as, 'The Government of the United States,' by Professor Bernard Moses, of the University of California. The report of the Committee of Seven, of the National Educational Association, several years ago prescribed the general qualifications necessary for a text-book of civics, in order to meet the needs of the secondary schools of the country, but Professor Moses has done more than fill these requirements. Many books have been written giving an analysis of our constitutional system, and as many more have described the history of our political institutions from the foundation of the first colony on the Atlantic Coast to the last general election, but it has been reserved for Professor Moses to combine an adequate treatment of both these phases of the subject with a really intelligent account of the government of dependencies, both constitutional and insular. Of course, the author had peculiar advantages for the presentation of this aspect of our political development, owing to his experience as a practical administrator, after years of study and writing about the history of European colonial systems, and consequently there

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is little of the merely academic in this volume by an ex-member of the Philippine Commission."

Pundits of the Summer School

Also comes the information that the summer session of the University opened June 25th with a total registration of 673, and that there are accommodations for more. I am informed that "The lectures on Radio Activity, by Dr. Ernest Rutherford, M. A., D. Sc., F. R. S., Macdonald, Professor of Physics, McGill University, will not only be of the greatest interest to scholars but to the general public as well. Dr. Rutherford has written a book called 'Radio Activity,' and is one of the foremost authorities in the world on radium and its uses. The field to which Dr. Rutherford has devoted himself has not been covered by any other scholar, but he has mastered the mysteries of this branch of science which is attracting the attention of scientists the world over. It overshadows every other field in scientific interests. Dr. Rutherford has made an extensive study of the transmutation of elements and has gone farther than anyone else in constructing a theory as to how it takes place. He has found that matter has in its properties which were absolutely undreamed of by any physicist. These properties are, in the first place, that matter can give out heat continuously for an indefinite period. His course of lectures promises to be one of the most popular at the University. Another scientist of world-wide note, whose name is familiar to every Californian through his lectures at

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Only just around the corner

last year's Summer School, is Professor Hugo de Vries, of the University of Amsterdam. Dr. de Vries will deliver another series of lectures at the Summer School this year. His work on osmosis in the plant cells is a classic, which has not only proved of fundamental importance to botany but has led to far-reaching generalization in physical chemistry. The theory of solutions developed by Arrhenius, van't Hoff and Ostwald is largely founded on the work of de Vries. His theory of heredity, founded on the pangenesis theory of Darwin, has attracted wide attention among biologists. The development of this theory led him to the conclusion that evolution must take place by sudden changes or leaps. He began to seek for evidence on this point and has carried on his experiments along this line for the last twenty years in the botanic gardens of the University of Amsterdam, where he is Professor of Botany.

A New Evolution Theory

Professor de Vries, more than any other man of his generation, deserves to rank with Darwin. His masterly grasp of the great body of facts involved in the study of evolution is equaled only by his patience and skill in following up the obscure and fragmentary clues which have eventually led to such brilliant success. Scientists since Darwin have been able to do little more than pile up accumulations of lifeless facts. De Vries by a single stroke of genius has vivified this great mass and put new meaning into the theory of evolution. He has accomplished what most Darwinians believed impossible. He has shown that evolution may be observed and experienced with in the same manner as any other life process. Henceforth evolution is removed from the limits of indirect observation and speculation. The time has now come when it may be investigated by the sure and tried methods of direct observation and experiment. An immense impetus is thus given to its study. Professor de Vries has achieved his greatest success with an American plant, Lamarch's Evening Primrose, from which he has repeatedly seen new species originate in his gardens at Amsterdam. These new species originated spontaneously without any of the factors considered necessary by the Darwinians. Seeds of this plant sent to the botanical gardens of the University of California have continued to produce new species. These may be seen growing in the gardens at the present time along with the seven-leaved clover, the twisted teasel, a monstrous poppy, and other plants upon which Professor de Vries is experimenting. Professor de Vries has put forth a new theory of evolution, which he calls the mutation theory. The details of this are set forth in a German work in two volumes and in his volume of lectures which were delivered at the Summer Session of the University of California in 1904 and afterwards published under the title 'Species and Varieties.' As a result of his visit Professor de Vries has written a book about California which has attracted considerable attention, especially that portion which relates to the work of Burbank whom he pronounces the greatest of plant breeders. The later developments of Professor de Vries' experiments and theories will be given to the English speaking public for the first time in his approaching lectures at the University of California."

A New Edition of Wilde

It may be of interest to the readers of "The Young King" and "The Star-Child" to know that those two stories which were brought to light by Town Talk and which have created a great sensation in the literary world, will be included in a new and complete edition of Wilde's works soon to be brought out in London. It will include the unexpurgated copy of "De Profundus" and also letters written by the author while in Reading Goal. The profits from the publication of "De Profundus" have been so great that Oscar Wilde's executor has been able to pay off all the debts left by the un-

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fortunate poet in England, and it is believed that the profits from the new edition will be ample to discharge the Parisian debts and enable the executor to defray the cost of some suitable memorial of the brilliant author.

Briggs On The Crapsey Heresy

Now comes Dr. Charles A. Briggs in the "North American Review" with a defense of the dogma of the virgin birth of Christ for the repudiation of which Dr. Crapsey was recently convicted of heresy. Dr. Briggs asserts that it is a dogma that lies at the basis of the Christian religion, and that modern physical science can neither verify it nor say it is impossible. Why drag modern physical science into a religious controversy? There are many things in religion that modern physical science can neither verify nor pronounce impossible. Dr. Briggs also affirms that while the dogmas of the virgin birth is essential to the church it is not essential to the individual because it may be so difficult to the individual that he cannot accept it. Great is the theology of Briggs! And great must be the church that has so learned a divine on its payroll. Let us scrutinize the philosophy of Briggs. He holds that it is unnecessary for the individual to accept what he does not comprehend. He is an individual and as such does not comprehend the mysteries of religion. Therefore he does not have to accept them, and if he does not accept them he cannot honestly preach them. Dr. Briggs has already been convicted of heresy in one church and perhaps he should be tried again in the church to which he now owes allegiance and from which he draws his material sustenance. If he really means what he says then there is very little in the Christian religion that he believes unless he is a very superior being possessed of intelligence akin to that of the divinity. Christianity abounds in mysteries that are beyond the comprehension of human intelligence and he who will believe only what he can comprehend will believe nothing. If we believe in Christianity at all we must believe in original sin, but we do not understand it. If we accept it, however, in the same manner that we accept the other fundamentals of Christianity which are beyond our comprehension, then there is much, the import of which, is less cryptic than it otherwise would be. "Certainly nothing more rudely jars us than original sin," said Pascal, "and yet without this mystery, the most incomprehensible of all, we are incomprehensible to ourselves." The objection of Dr. Crapsey to the dogma of the virgin birth of Christ is that it is in conflict with natural law. So was the resurrection. If we have any faith in the Scriptures we should not dispute the dogma of the virgin birth. One of the most convincing features of the Scriptures is their harmony and they would not harmonize if there had been no violation of natural law to bear out the prediction of Jeremiah that a woman would conceive in a manner new upon the earth and that of Isaiah that a virgin would conceive and bear a son. Dr. Crapsey has no faith in the prophets.

THE EXPLANATION

Mrs. Snorter: Why didn't you wire me that you weren't coming home last night?

Mr. Snorter: That's just what I did do.

Mrs. Snorter: Then why didn't I get your message?

Mr. Snorter: Well, I guess your not on to this wireless telegraphy yet.

—The Maid

J. PORCHER

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—and—

SWORN STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

at Close of Business

June 30, 1906

ASSETS

Loans on Real Estate secured by first lien on properties wholly within the State of California.....	\$ 19,299,811 60
Loans secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds and Stocks of railroad and quasi-public corporations.....	1,346,387 20
Bonds of railroad, quasi-public and industrial corporations and of the school districts and municipalities of the State of California.....	11,406,692 01
Bank Premises	200,000 00
Other Real Estate in the State of California	379,984 69
Furniture and Fixtures.....	2,000 00
Sundry Accounts in Adjustment.....	46,968 78
Cash (in Vaults and in Bank).....	3,047,735 73
Total Assets	\$ 35,729,580 01

LIABILITIES

Capital—Paid up	\$ 1,000,000 00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	1,065,883 85
Due Depositors	33,473,392 89
General Tax Account. Balance undisbursed	190,303 27
Total Liabilities	\$ 35,729,580 01

[Signed]

E. B. POND,
President.

[Signed]

LOVELL WHITE,
Cashier.

State of California
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO } ss.

E. B. Pond and Lovell White, being separately, and duly sworn each for himself, says: That said E. B. Pond is President, and said Lovell White is Cashier of the San Francisco Savings Union, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

[Signed]

E. B. POND.
LOVELL WHITE.

[Signed]

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 2d day of July, A. D. 1906.

FRANK L. OWEN,

(Seal)

[Signed]

Notary Public in and for the City and County
of San Francisco, State of California.

Fealty

By Mabel Porter Pitts

Not him who pampers me may I call friend;
Not him who would my weaknesses defend;
Nor who repeats with saponaceous tongue
To lull ambition, praise that has been sung;
But one who drives me with unyielding show
Along the path he knows that I should go,
Who takes from thirsting lips bright Pleasure's cup
And ever prods my slothful nature up,
To such a one complainingly I bend
But still acknowledge him my faithful friend.
July, 1906.

E. S. de Wolfe Again in the Hotel Business

E. S. de Wolfe, who made the old Pleasanton on Sutter street one of the best hotels in the State, is again back in the business. He has leased the building heretofore known as Haddon Hall, at 951 Eddy street, and he has remodeled and renamed it the Imperial. Mr. de Wolfe has refurnished and newly carpeted the entire house and will conduct it as a first-class European hotel. The rooms are supplied with telephones, electric light and steam heat. A modern grill will be opened about August 1st. There has been formed an association of the hotel keepers of this city and two meetings have already been held at the Imperial. This city has some seven or eight first-class hotels that can accommodate over 2,000 people and there seems to be no good reason why the passengers of the incoming ocean steamers should be kept aboard ship while in port or passengers coming overland be stopped in Oakland while we have ample accommodation in hotels and cafes in the city.

Supervisor Samuel Davis has blossomed out as a theatrical manager. He has opened a theatre in a large and well-appointed tent on McAllister, near Fillmore, where he has a company giving musical comedy performances.

Gas Co. Out of the Stove Business

The San Francisco Gas and Electric Co. has sold out its gas range, stove, and heater business to a corporation headed by Mr. Sam P. Hamilton, who, until this time has ably managed this branch of their business. Mr. Hamilton states that his firm will carry a line of stoves, ranges and heaters at all the branch offices of the gas company as well as at their main office, but they will have separate general offices and sales-rooms on Sutter street. Mr. Hamilton still retains the advertising management of the gas company, which he has also conducted for some years.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., cor. California and Montgomery sts.—For the six months ending June 30, 1906, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

French Savings Bank, cor. Montgomery and Market sts., San Francisco.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-half per cent, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1906.

L. BOCQUERAZ, Vice-President.

C. CARPY, President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Humboldt Savings Bank, 626 Market st.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend on all savings deposits has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6/10) per cent per annum, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906.

W. E. PALMER, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Metropolis Trust and Savings Bank, temporary office, 1130 Eddy st., San Francisco, June 29, 1906.—Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent per annum has been declared on the paid-in capital of the corporation for the six months ending June 30, 1906; said dividend being payable July 10, transfer books closed until after that date. By order of the Board of Directors.

A. A. WATKINS, President.

F. R. COOK, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

The Italian-American Bank has declared the usual semi-annual dividend at the rate of 3.60 per cent per annum, free from all taxes, on all savings deposits, payable on and after July 2, 1906, at its temporary office, Merchants' Exchange building. Interest not withdrawn will be added to the principal.

A. SBARBORO, President.

A. E. SBARBORO, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Saving and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery st., cor. of Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1906, at the rate of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.

EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, cor. Market, McAllister and Jones sts., San Francisco, June 27, 1906.—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1906, free from all taxes and payable on and after July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No.

No. 100,519.

Jane A. Walker,
Plaintiff,

vs.

George F. Walker,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to George F. Walker, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion and wilful neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and six.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

[Seal]

COSTELLO & COSTELLO,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

Diebold Safe and Lock Company

Metallic Furniture

PARCELLS SAFE CO.

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Bet. First and Second Sts.
San Francisco

Stage

The Singers That Fled

James Huneker, America's foremost dramatic critic, has been writing in praise of the actors and actresses who gave their services in theatrical performances for the benefit of the San Francisco theatrical sufferers. And he has made this reference to some of the operatic stars: "With what joy would I indulge in a 'killing' of the operatic gentlemen who flock here from Italy, Germany, and elsewhere, and quietly decamp when their services are most in demand. To be sure they lost heavily in San Francisco; but so did Sembrich, so did Eames. These two artists and whole-souled women delayed their departure to offer their services in the cause of the unfortunate, while high-priced tenors, basses, and baritones slipped off to Europe. Women are always braver than men when final tests are applied. There is, for example, Marcella Sembrich, who alone thought of the chorus and orchestra. She deserves a gold crown on this side of paradise. And let us suppose, finally—for this sort of criticism is out of my dramatic bailiwick—that the De Reszkes and Paderewski had been here at the time of the cataclysm. Have you any doubt of their instantaneous response? But we may as well admit that musical people are never so universally generous as the members of the dramatic profession. Experience has proved this, despite some notable exceptions: Sembrich and Eames, Joseffy and Victor Herbert."

A Dull Season

A correspondent writes me from New York: "The mediocrity of the American drama has been emphasized during the season that has just closed. Clyde Fitch's 'Her Great Match' is trash made to order for the purpose of enabling Maxine Elliott to accentuate her charms and her mannerisms. George Ade's wit seems to be in need of the rest cure. In 'The Good Samaritan' and 'Just Out of College,' his humor is very much diluted. Augustus Thomas is stale, flat and insipid in 'The Embassy Ball,' written for Laurence D'Orsay in the same spirit that dominated Fitch while writing for Nat Goodwin's wife. The Indian plays are silly extravaganzas. Mrs. Fiske in 'Mouna Vanna,' Arnold Daly in Shawdrama, and Ethel Barrymore in the Barrie plays were the only artistic successes in a very dreary season. San Francisco will not miss much by having her combination and road houses closed."

Price In New York

Mr. E. D. Price, formerly of the Alcazar management, is now associated with Edward E. Rice, of the Manhattan Beach Theatre. Mr. Price's services are always in demand for he knows the theatrical business in all its ramifications and he also knows his public and the press. I received a letter from him the other day. He wrote: "San Francisco is still my home, and I shall return to it. Just when depends on business conditions, for you know I deal in a luxury of life—not a necessity."

Frank Thompson's Debut

Monday night "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" will be given an elaborate production and crowds will journey to Idora Park to witness popular Frank Thompson's first endeavors on the professional stage and hear Arthur Cunningham's glorious organ in "My Own United States." A new feature at the park will be an excellent restaurant on the roof garden of the theatre presided over by Miss Mary Halahan, the caterer to Oakland's swell set. Hereafter lunches, dinner parties, etc., will be quite fashionable at Idora.

Miss Grey's Esther

The "Mizpah" revival at Ye Liberty Theatre in Oakland has proved extremely popular and so great has been the demand for seats that the management has decided to keep the play on for another week. The part of Esther is being played

in this production as it was never played before. It is in the hands of Katherine Grey, an actress with a sense of rhythm and whose reading of the cadenced lines of blank verse is delightful. Miss Grey is an actress of distinction and she adds greatly to the strength of Mr. Bishop's stock Company.

Next Week's Orpheum Bill

An unusually strong program has been arranged at the Orpheum for the week commencing this Sunday afternoon, headed by that clever young comedian, Claude Gillingwater, who has just concluded the season as leading man with Fritzl Scheff in "Mme. Modiste." Mr. Gillingwater, who is making his third visit to the Orpheum, will present his latest and brightest comedietta, "A Strenuous Suitor," in which he will be supported by Carlyn Strelitz, Edith Hinkle, Walter Clarke and Jules Scott. Linden Beckwith, as Mrs. Snider-Johnson, formerly of this city, is now known on the stage, will return with her original creation, "The Singing Portrait," in which she has scored an artistic triumph in the principal Eastern cities. In an illuminated frame Miss Beckwith, tall, graceful and pretty, will appear as a colonial dame, a "cowgirl" and as a Scotch lassie, singing songs to harmonize with each change of costume. She has a good soprano voice and will undoubtedly receive a warm welcome from San Francisco society folk. She is the sister of young Mrs. Merrill. Ziska and King, comedy magicians who made a great hit here on their last appearance, return with their act vastly improved. Their work is as mysterious as it is amusing. The announcement that Nora Bayes, the inimitable singing comedienne, is to return for one week, will no doubt please many of her admirers. Willy Zimmerman, whose life portraits of celebrated composers are familiar but always interesting, will also come back for one week only. For their last appearances Julia Heinrich, the contralto, and her brother, Karl, the barytone, will be heard in new selections, the Majestic trio of laugh-makers will change their songs and dances and Macart's dogs and monkeys, most amusing four-legged actors, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the bill. The grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are full of novel attractions and are open every day from ten o'clock in the morning until midnight. The Chutes Zoo is one of the finest in the country.

—The Playgoer.

IDORA PARK

OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager

Commencing Monday Evening, July 9

"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME"

With Arthur Cunningham as Johnny

Debut of Frank W. Thompson

Ye Liberty Playhouse

14th & Broadway

OAKLAND

"MIZPAH"

With Katherine Grey as Esther
Second Week. Triumphant Success

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing
Sunday Matinee, July 8

Matinee Every Day Except Monday

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CLAUDE GILLINGWATER AND COMPANY; LINDEN BECKWITH; Ziska and King; Nora Bayes; Willy

Zimmerman; Macart's Dogs and Monkeys; The

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JULIA and KARL HEINRICH.

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CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight. Admission, 10c.; Children, 5c.

Letters to a Wife

Before and After the Great Fire

SAN FRANCISCO, April 10th.

MY OWN PRECIOUS DARLING SWEETHEART: It is heart-breaking to be alone. Oh! how I miss you. I am afraid I cannot live until you return. But never mind me, love. I must console myself with the reflection that you are enjoying yourself. But do tell me that you miss me. That will soothe my feelings a little. Twenty thousand kisses with this. Your own passionate, loving, longing,

LOVEY DOVEY.

P. S.—Go the limit on the letter of credit.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 21st.

MY OWN DARLING SWEETHEART: Don't be alarmed, my dear; I'm safe. It was terrible, especially as you were not with me. And yet I was glad you were not here to experience it. Oh, I am so lonesome without you. But don't think of returning. The city is a ruin and it's terribly depressing. Everything will be all right as soon as I get my insurance. Don't worry about me. Ten thousand kisses with this. Your own

CHARLEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 2d.

MY DARLING SWEETHEART: Glad to hear that you've been enjoying yourself. Well, sweetheart, I, too, miss you, but the days drag along somehow. It's awfully dusty in town, but things look good to me. The old town will be itself again. I never seemed to know quite how much I loved you till the catastrophe with you so far away. A hundred kisses with this. Your devoted

HUBBY.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 21st.

MY DARLING: Glad to hear you like Paris. You mustn't worry about me, but keep down your expenses a little. I haven't received any money from the insurance companies yet. I'm writing in an awful hurry, so I must close with a kiss.

Affectionately,

CHARLEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 15th.

DEAR WIFE: Received your letter this morning. I'm afraid Paris is too expensive at this time, especially as one or two of the insurance companies have failed and the others are welching. Perhaps you had better come home. I'll tell the society reporters that you cut your trip short because of your loyalty to the city. It might help me in my business if they should say that you came home to help build up San Francisco.

Yours,

CHARLEY.

HOW DICTIONARIES ARE MADE

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"What do you mean?"

"He eats canned meats."

—The Philologist.

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Letters

A Familiar Story

"The Sin of George Warrenner" was primarily that of being too fond of his butterfly wife. In the language of an old frontiersman, "He'd oughter a-knifed her a little fust off." Warrenner was one of a numerous class of Americans. He was a broker's clerk, who worked hard all day in New York and came home at night too fagged out for anything but bed. On Sundays he was glad to sleep as long as possible and save an annual fortnight of vacation. The daily grind went on year after year. He had no illusions about himself, was a born high-private, and pleased to know he filled his place satisfactorily, was kind, generous and steady, fond of domestic life and convinced that there was not another house nor such a wife in the village of Slocum as his own. He denied himself everything, even the luxury of riding up from the station at night, in order that Gertrude should have the more. Gertrude too, was a type, not quite so universal as that represented by George, but still, too numerous for the good of the community. She could hardly be called frivolous, since she had not sufficient energy for frivolity, but she was abominably idle and useless. Such housekeeping as was done was left to the maid of all work, while she sat at the front windows and watched the street, idled over a book from the public library or went to card parties and lunches. Her schooling had ended at fourteen, but hers was not the type of mind to have absorbed more had she continued to attend classes until forty. Her one adjective of commendation was "elegant," and her one objection "common." By evening she was as tired out from her laborious work of killing time as her husband was from his office drudgery. Doubtless George Warrenner was all wrong in giving so much of himself to his employers that he had nothing left for his wife, but what about the wife, who was so devoted to herself that she could scarcely spare even a thought for him? Gertrude had been the village beauty, daughter of the village drunkard, and George the nephew and ward of the Episcopal clergyman, quite the most elegant gentleman that she had ever seen. When she was seventeen and he twenty-three they had married and at the end of eight years George was still very much in love with her and she with herself. Up to now everything had gone on smoothly, George giving everything as a matter of course and Gertrude accepting it in the same spirit. It might have gone on so to the end of time but for the return of the natives, a Mrs. Bellamy, her husband whom she had married abroad, and an unmarried brother. These were "the people," children of an old resident who had gone abroad in the diplomatic service, and whose lustre shone backward. Gertrude Warrenner, ignorant little provincial, felt in duty bound to call on the Ballamys. Her face captivated the idle, pleasure-loving and sensuous Paul McAllister, and the rest is easy. She fell, like a ripe peach, not because she was especially tempted, but because she was ready. Such women are usually excused because they are weak, but in reality they are of an amazing strength where their own pleasure is concerned. They recognize neither duties nor responsibilities to any one else, and the only thing that keeps them in check is the possibility that they may injure their own cause. Had Gertrude been thrown on her own responsibility, obliged to support herself in store, office or factory, she would not have lasted one week. As it was, in Slocum she had had heretofore, no opportunity, and she knew no other environment. Poor Warrenner, busy with his figures, was as blind as a mole. Off early and home late, he had no opportunities for observation, and mercifully, there were no tale bearers. As his prospects increased the wife's extravagance grew. More servants, a larger house, jewels, furs, Paris gowns, automobiles, so it went, and between lover and husband, the lady lacked nothing. Warrenner was essentially an honest man, but he did for his wife what others have done for more meretricious connections. He used the money

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of his clients, and found himself between the devil and the deep sea, obliged either to face the situation and go to prison or to abscond. Meanwhile, his loving wife imagined that she had but to intimate her willingness and McAllister would take her over. In this she was badly mistaken for he was only amusing himself in an expensive fashion. Gertrude had learned to wear clothes and to drink champagne, but she had not learned to talk, and her almost invariable commencement of any remark was still, "Sa-ay." Except in looks she was impossible, to use her own pet expression, "common." It was an ugly complication for Warrener, for it happened to be the McAllister-Bellamy funds that he appropriated, and just at this juncture he discovered the state of his domestic affairs, but not to go too deeply into the particulars, and spoil Miss Marie van Vorst's story, the last chapter shows the Warreners reconciled, and apparently, to "live happily ever after," George having duly repented of his not being more to his affectionate spouse. In reality the story only stops, for any one with an atom of common sense would expect Gertrude to reform only while she caught breath. It would have been exceedingly inconvenient for her to have been cast off, either through her husband's desertion, imprisonment or suicide, unless she had another provider. Nominally, she was saved from "the street" by his forgiveness, but is her type any better because, under cover of the home, they live virtually the same life? Experience might teach her how to manage her next affair better, but as long as she is going to profit, to have pretty things and good times, to dance and pay for the music, there is no use in looking for anything better. The pity of it is that their victims and dupes are not the Paul McAllisters, men of their own stamp, who have only vanity to be piqued, not honor to be wounded, but the Warreners, who would make good husbands and fathers for better women. Published by the Macmillan Company.

A Story of the Puritans

"The Vine of Sibmah" is a romance of the Massachusetts colony after the Restoration of Charles II. All of the principal characters leave England at about that period, some for one cause and some for another, and meet on the American shore, where they spin out the thread of their lives. The pious Puritans, however, are shown in a rather new light for a romance. Usually they are presented as casting long eyes across the sea, yet turning resolutely to their tasks, with prayer and praise. This time we are introduced to them in the midst of their bickerings and persecutions, their small narrownesses, and aggressions. Nicholas Dexter, erstwhile a captain in the Parliamentary army, is first hero, and his search after the lady of his heart the main interest. The colonists, with their long prayers, wearisome arguments and eternal bickerings, do not make so angelic an impression here as they do in the school histories and the patriotic poems. Indeed though Dexter was of most valuable aid to them in teaching them how to build fortifications, and advising them to bury their petty differences and make common cause with the other white inhabitants of the coast, he, too, was glad to escape from their hospitalities and take his chances amongst the savages. It may be said that when there was no one else to persecute they turned upon each other. The real interest lies less with the actual characters than with this new presentation of the Puritan in fiction, as he really was, very far from being an archangel in cropped hair and small clothes, but a rather cantankerous, cross-grained, long-winded, self-sufficient

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egotist. It was hardly necessary to disguise Governor Endicott and Cotton Mather, since every child is taught betimes the story of the cutting out of the cross from the flag, and Mr. Cotton is as suggestive as the full name. Published by the Macmillans for Andrew MacKail.



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In Old San Francisco

(Continued from Page 9.)

the most popular resort in the city, the old Parker House having been destroyed by the first great fire, Broderick won. He took his seat in the Senate on January 24, 1850, and thereafter he never ceased to be active in politics, became more and more conspicuous every year among public men and party leaders. It was at that session of the Legislature that the celebrated Water Lot Bill passed, which gave to the city the property along the water front, and it was because he owned a large part of that property that Broderick acquired the wealth of which he died possessed. But Broderick held himself aloof from all schemes of doubtful character and his official conduct was never the subject of unfavorable criticism. Despite the general dissipation of the day he was temperate in his habits and simple in his mode of life, spending his leisure in the study of law until he was admitted to practice by the Supreme Court of the State. He was a man endowed with those qualities that fit men for leadership, and notwithstanding the austerity of his habits that so strongly contrasted with the spirit of the times, his followers grew in number every day. An episode in his career, during the second session of the Legislature at San Jose, served to illustrate the character of the man and is worthy of mention, being characteristic of the life of the period. It was an encounter with Ben F. Moore, of Tuolumne, a native of Alabama, tall, gaunt and with a reputation as a gun fighter. He was a veteran of the Mexican War and prided himself on his record on the field of battle. He was politically hostile to Broderick and the New Yorker never took any pains to conceal his contempt for the Alabama "Chiv." Each had expressed his opinion of the other. They met on a narrow board-walk leading from the old adobe building in which the Legislature met, to a building known as the Mansion House. Moore drew a pistol. At that moment Broderick assumed a bold front, bestowing on the Southerner a look of scorn and said: "Shoot, you — assassin—shoot! I am unarmed." Moore put back his gun and they parted. Somebody who had witnessed the meeting spread the news and Broderick's popularity was greatly augmented.

(To be Continued.)

Forbes—Lamper has lost his wife, but he seems pretty cheerful.

Sorbes—He always was a good loser.

AT DEL MONTE

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte were: Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Williamson, H. G. Platt, Bruce Cornwall, Jesse W. Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. King, E. M. Greenway, M. D. Pillsbury, Jas. D. Phelan, Enrique Grau, Harry N. Stetson, Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Harvey, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Davis, Victor C. B. Means, U. S. Navy, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pearson, Jr., Mrs. Arthur L. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Wingate, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Krebs, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Polhemus, Nora F. Mabury, Miss M. Stern, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Maderis, Alameda; Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Martin, San Jose; Miss Mary Dunham, Los Gatos; Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Baker, San Diego; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Stoddard, Modesto; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bilicke, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Strong, Mrs. W. L. Graves, Dr. and Mrs. Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. Fred Vogel, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Stout, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Myrick, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Brály, Los Angeles; J. J. Moore, Jeff M. Moore, Wilfred Hughes, Woodside; Mrs. I. A. Bachman, Miss Marion Bachman, Napa; Mrs. S. A. Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Setz, Augusta, Ga.; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. S. Foster, Willets.

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV. No. 724

San Francisco, July 14, 1906

Price, 10 Cents



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TOWN TALK

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Hearst Out of the Race

The greatest piece of news that Mr. William R. Hearst ever gave to the country was printed last Saturday, but not in a Hearst paper. Mr. Hearst kindly gave Mr. de Young's paper, the "Chronicle," a scoop and it was one of the biggest scoops the "Chronicle" ever achieved. It was the announcement that Mr. Hearst was not a candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1908, that he would decline to be considered a candidate, and that he was in favor of William J. Bryan for Democratic standard bearer. To get a proper conception of the importance of this announcement we must consider the widespread effect of the fear that has prevailed ever since the mayoralty election in New York and, as time ran on, the constantly growing intensity of the feeling of apprehension that Mr. Hearst would seek the Presidential nomination. Mr. Hearst was the bogie man of the capitalistic element, and of all the safe and sane conservatives of the Democracy. It was their great dread of him that inspired the new Bryan boom. It was because to them he appeared to be the embodiment of all the isms having for their object the revolutionizing of our industrial and political systems, that the great silver champion and erstwhile Populistic hero seemed by contrast to be a statesman of the conservative and conventional type. It was felt that there was only one way to beat Hearst and that was by uniting on Bryan, so a mighty shout for the Nebraskan was raised, and the most stentorian voices in the chorus were those of men that in the years ago looked upon the rabid exponent of an income tax as a wild-eyed idealist whom it would be folly to intrust with the reigns of government. And now we learn that there was really no occasion for a Bryan boom. Mr. Hearst was only fooling. It was his pleasure to frighten August Belmont and the other trust magnates of the Democratic machine. Hearst's withdrawal was the wisest move he ever made. That interview changed the whole aspect of the man. The sincerity of his utterances may be doubted; it may be said that he is playing the fox, and that he is allaying suspicion while crouching for a spring at the gubernatorial lamb in New York, but the fact remains that he does not purpose coercing the Democracy into giving him the nomination for President. And that was what his enemies feared. Nobody will object to his waiting to be summoned to the White House. Through that interview we see him now in the role of civic patriot, for he tells us that he has been active in politics for the purpose of curbing the aggressions of corrupt corporations and that he will always be ready to run for office as he did last fall to break up a political trust or a criminal combination between political parties. Meanwhile he

is for William J. Bryan for President and he will give great strength to the Bryan cause. That "Chronicle" interview was no doubt wired all over the country and it must have created a big sensation, especially among Republican politicians who were looking forward to a great row in the Democracy.

Newspaper Attitude in the White Tragedy

We are told that Stanford White was a very bad man, given to lascivious pursuits and lewd habits, but it has not yet been made clear that Harry Thaw had any right to assume that he was privileged to exercise the divine function of visiting vengeance on the transgressor. Nor, indeed, has the proof been forthcoming to support the infamies that have been attributed to the dead man. Immediately after the shooting White was represented to have been something in the nature of an unspeakable scoundrel, and it was vaguely hinted that he was the head and front of a scarlet coterie addicted to elaborate orgies in which girls of tender years participated. We were advised to expect terrible revelations of the shocking doings of the lecherous architect and his intimate friends, and it was reported that fear of exposure was the cause of a great exodus from New York. The inevitable Comstock, who is always to be relied upon when salacious history is being made, played into the hands of the reporters as usual, supplying material for dexterous innuendo respecting the depravity of the deceased. All that has been offered specifically in corroboration of the infamies charged against White is the unverified story of a gay dinner in somnolent Philadelphia at which he was the host. Comstock tells of a luxurious flat in which White held his lewd revels, but if the scenes enacted there were as bad as we are assured by the great guardian of public morals, then he is to blame for not compassing the punishment of the depraved visitors. In all probability White was addicted to flagrant immoralities, but that he was a pervert with a fondness for grotesque libidinousness or that he was a menace to public morals to any greater extent than thousands of other over-fed New Yorkers by whom the chorus-girl industry is promoted, we do not believe. And though the bereft community may not lament his violent removal, it is to be hoped that the newspapers and the Thaw millions will not succeed in palliating the murder by magnifying the delinquencies of the murderer's victim. In this connection we are reminded that when Harry Thaw shot Stanford White in the back and then accused the dead man of having ruined the life of Mrs. Thaw, the assassin's plea of justification was most eagerly accepted by the morbid sentimentalists of the press. The reason for journalistic espousal of Thaw's cause appears to be that such a course afforded pretext for exploiting the tenderloin side of his victim's career. Owing to the sensational character of the tragedy that involved a scion of the plutocracy and a man of great distinction socially and in his profession, the newspapermen felt the importance of responding to the call of public curiosity, and hearing that White was a man with a dark brown past, they joyously proceeded on the theory that there was strong provocation for the deed. It was upon this theory that they aroused expectation of the removal of the lid from a mass of feculence. All hands turned to and reviled the dead man, heaping obloquy upon the corpse with a most cold-blooded indifference to the feelings of the members of the White family, and appealing to the prurient minded by hinting at a tale of startling obscenities to come. In this case the newspapers have evinced that inclination to exaggerate the abnormalities of sexual depravity which is itself a symptom of moral perversion, and which was characteristic of the erotomania of the notorious Marquis de Sade, who, in addition to being a revolting degenerate, was a past grand master of pornographic literature in whose morbidly brilliant fancy originated many of the stories of ingenious diversions that characterized the immoral court-life at Versailles in the days of Louis XV.

Private Snaps in Public Office

The "Examiner" has discovered that certain appointees of Mayor Schmitz are supplementing public office with private snaps in a way that might lead them into the temptation of improving trade by the distribution of official favors. There was no undue haste on the part of the "Examiner" in bringing this state of affairs to public attention. Indeed, owing to the tardiness of the Hearst journal the news became stale before its delivery. Not only that; the conduct of which Mr. Hearst's vigilant journal complains, had ceased to be considered reprehensible, the reason being that the Administration was tried last November on the very charge now brought against it by the "Examiner" and received vindication at the hands of the people of San Francisco. The only accusation brought against Mayor Schmitz's official family which was supported by overwhelming evidence was that public office was exploited in the interest of private commercial enterprises. This accusation was made by a grand jury and was not deemed of sufficient consequence by the "Examiner" to deserve comment. In the teeth of that accusation Mayor Schmitz stood for re-election and the result should satisfy us that the people of this city are pleased to see their public officials give proof of thrift and exhibit a faculty for utilizing the power of office in improving their private business affairs. None but the ultra-scrupulous, morbidly conscientious and shockingly indolent official would neglect the opportunities afforded by public office in this city. The people of San Francisco have declared that public office is a private snap. There are perhaps some forms of graft to which they object, but if they believe it legitimate for a police commissioner to sell insurance to saloon-keepers, surely they do not draw the line at glassware. In the circumstances it would not be unreasonable to suspect the supervisors of demagoguery, for it would be eminently proper for them to engage in the business of selling railroad tracks and trolley cars, and yet they are doing little more than drawing their salaries. Clearly they are imbued with a desire to persuade the public that they are so attentive to their official duties that they cannot spare time for private business. And the demagogues of the Board of Public Works, to create the impression that official business occupies all their time, refrain from dealing in building material. If Mayor Schmitz doesn't look out this affectation of superior virtue in his official family will excite the prejudice of his most ardent admirers.

Building Graft

There is frequent repetition of the statement that the people of San Francisco learned a lesson in April last, the result of which will be the construction of substantial buildings in the future. Let us not be too credulous. Substantial buildings are not to be obtained merely by contracting for them. The person desirous of a substantial building cannot get one simply by paying the price. More important than the aim of the man with the price is the honesty of the builder, and the morals of builders were not improved by the earthquake. The character of buildings is not to be improved by building ordinances half so much as by legislative enactment designed to deter contractors from getting excessive profits out of their contracts. We have learned that buildings not of the most substantial character are a menace to life in this state, and that it is as important to discourage thieving contractors as to guard against assassins. Therefore the laws of this state are inadequate for the protection of its citizens if they do not contain stringent provisions in restraint of violations of the building ordinances. This is a matter that should receive the attention of the civic bodies. It is a matter of vital interest affecting as it does more than our material welfare, and it should be agitated

with a view to making public sentiment regard building graft as one of the most despicable of crimes.

A Silly Season Problem

That the "silly season" is upon us, is always manifest by the topics chosen for discussion and the symposia of the women's clubs. Just now it is the world-old, ever-new question, whether women appreciate each other or men best. The question is new to every generation and to each group which discusses it because the answer is as variable as the weather. It cannot be proved by mathematics or demonstrated by means of a diagram because it is dependent entirely on the mental composition of the individual in each case. Women appreciate some women and some qualities of womanhood better than men do, and on the other hand, men take a view of some things different from what is currently accepted by the other sex. In the matter of honesty, for example, women expect each other to tell "white lies," to dodge and twist and shirk obligations, and men accept the fact as a sex-limitation. Women do not "get along" with the odd ones who are unnecessarily scrupulous. They acknowledge that it simplifies matters to know that the word once passed, will be rigidly kept, that the bit of gossip retailed will not be passed along, and that the debt contracted will be paid, but it makes them uncomfortable. They feel there is a new standard set up, and the old one permits so many more privileges. Much of the so-called charity of women toward men who are not trustworthy in little things is the fellow-feeling that comes from mutual understanding. It is noticeable that the man who is a universal favorite with womankind seldom numbers many friends amongst his own sex, and that what they object to is little, intangible things which they can scarcely specify but which they must feel. There is an accepted illusion that women possess a sort of special sense of intuition which takes the place of reason and common sense, yet this divine gift is seldom of service in practical matters. Men's intuitions are just as quick and more keen, but a man seldom acts on an intuition. He checks his impression by facts, and balances it against reason. He "gives a fellow a chance," whereas, with women, it is thumbs down. The one especial occasion in a woman's career when her boasted intuition should come to her rescue is in her sentimental relations with men, yet any scoundrel who chooses to do so can cut a wide swath in society, and the instances where men have carried on a successful business career by marrying not one, but half a score of women possessed of a little property are too numerous to record. It is rarely that a best friend is of the other gender for the simple reason that long before the friendship has progressed that far it is changed for something else, but whether the



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Royalty Frowns on Charity Bazaars

King Edward has frowned, and the charity bazaar is out of favor in England. Doubtless the royal displeasure will cast its shadow even to our own shores, and for the time being we, too, shall be safe. Charity bazaars are to a certain extent necessary in the mother country, where no public provision is made for the support of hospitals, which are altogether dependent on private benevolence and the proceeds of entertainments engineered by Society with a large S. It is not the frequency of the affairs, nor even the high prices asked for trifling nothings which has provoked royal disfavor, but the fact that the titled ladies, who engineer them manage to steer such a comfortable percentage of the proceeds toward their own pockets that there is very little left for the institutions which are the nominal beneficiaries. The titled ladies expect, as a matter of course, to be remunerated for their trouble; at least, to have their expenses paid, and when their numerous cab bills and stationery bills, bills for luncheons, and other incidentals, are made good, when the young damsels who sell programmes and boutonnières are provided with frocks and slippers and ribbons, and the hired assistants who do the work have all had their daily wages, there is very little left. The royal family is of the opinion that matters should be managed more economically or else that some other method of raising revenue for deserving charities should be inaugurated. The English experience is not unlike that of our own country. If certain favored charities were benefitted by the theatricals, teas, bazaars, and other entertainments given nominally for them, they ought to be independent and self-supporting long before this, but the truth of the matter is that it is not charity but the desire to figure in some capacity in the public eye that is the incentive of most of these functions. Society women with a longing for the footlights are invariably the promoters of benefit performances. It is a cheap way of exploiting themselves. Charity entertainments are a wonderful institution—for those who get them up. It does not seem to matter much whether the titled dames of old England or the clever fakirs of our own country take them in hand, they are still governed by what the Spaniards call "the law of the funnel—the big end for me, and the little end for you."

Spenders and Savers

Some recently published statistics concerning Yale seniors disclose the fact that the students who lead the class spend an average of seven hundred and thirty-one dollars per year, while those in the rear rank average nearly twice as much—twelve hundred and forty-four dollars. Of course the next chapter is a discussion of the subject of how much a college senior ought to spend. As some philosopher once remarked: "Figures don't lie, but liars figure." A detailed schedule showing for what each dollar was expended might disclose the fact that the supposedly economical students were really as

extravagant as the presumably prodigal. Economy does not consist in the saving of money but in getting the full value of what is spent. It is possible to waste as large a percentage of a hundred cents as of a hundred dollars. The comparison instituted between the high and low students is the same as that which furnishes the food for editorial comment whenever some author of note dies leaving his family poorly provided for, if at all, and at the same time some tradesman's estate looms up to comfortable proportions. The immediate inference is that "literature" is not appreciated and for the body's good, if not the soul's, it were better to become a cheese-monger than to cultivate genius. The probabilities are, however, that each has enjoyed himself after his kind. The cheese-monger would have no joy of first editions, proof etchings, libraries, literary clubs and authors' banquets, and the literary man would stifle in the cheese shop. He would not live in rooms behind or over his business quarters, nor wait on customers in shirt sleeves and white apron, nor lay up his pounds and shillings in the bank in anticipation of early retirement and a suburban cottage with a bit of garden around it. Your author lives from day to day, while your shop keeper keeps something in reserve. It is a matter of temperament, not dollars, of preferring to enjoy now than later on. The students who can manage on seven hundred dollars a year may be driven by necessity. That may be all they can obtain, either by their own energy or from the parental purse, and they may be honorable enough not to go in debt. On the other hand, they may be lacking in the ability to enjoy what it takes money to pay for. High rank in class rarely means high rank in life. Because a student does not care for class honors it does not follow, as a matter of course, that he spends his allowance in dissipation. He may have a taste for collecting books and prints as well as sign boards, and he may, unostentatiously, give some other chap a lift, as well as pay police court fines. There is no great virtue in being poor. If one is born to the condition it is his life-long struggle to better himself. It is not love of the scholastic environment which sends poor youths to college to struggle along on small allowances, but the hope that their degrees will place them in positions where they can command good salaries. In a word, they are not in love with poverty, and they do without things either because there is no alternative or because they do not want them. A man who can afford to live and yet is content to exist is no greater inspiration than a spendthrift. Nor is a money-hoarder always the best citizen. On the contrary he is most frequently a Rockefeller.

NOTHING IN IT

The daughter of luxury railed. "What are riches?" she bitterly exclaimed. "They give me no real advantage. They buy me baubles, but what of that? After all—"

Her lip curled.

"—we must sit in the same gloaming with the meanest shop-girl and her company."

With an impatient shrug of her shoulders she beckoned to her gentleman friend to follow her. —The Parvenu.

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Perspective Impressions

Rev. Father Caraher says that he objects to the re-establishment of what was known as the Barbary Coast. No doubt he also objects to the infectious character of small-pox.

The scientists of the daily press think that they detect a belated wave of morality sweeping over the municipal Administration. It may prove to be merely an undercurrent of political expedience.

The Hon. Julius Kahn has written a comic opera. It will probably be entitled: "Running for Congress in a Burned District."

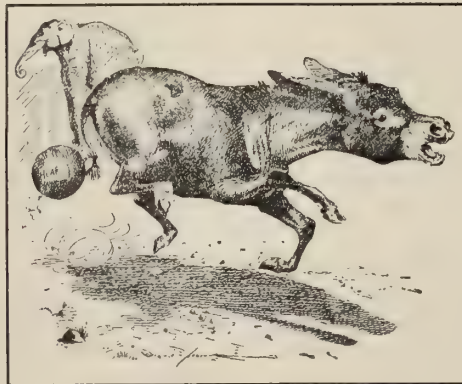
If May Sutton loses a few more matches we'll be inclined to remember that she's the daughter of a British army officer and wasn't born in California.

With nearly a three-months' thirst on San Francisco wasn't able to produce more than six drunks the day the saloons were opened. Perhaps the Demon-haters will now say that it takes more than twenty-four hours of steady drinking to develop a jag in the average well-seasoned San Franciscan.

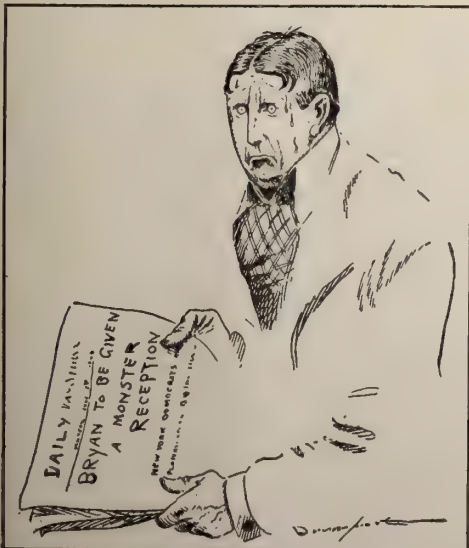
The Park Commissioners fear that it would be a violation of the Charter to permit church services in Golden Gate Park. To the higher order of intelligence, the intelligence capable of grasping the significance of the Beautiful, Golden Gate Park is itself one of the grandest of churches. It is there that we are confronted by much evidence of divine workmanship, evidence in which the cultured mind perceives cause for thankfulness, ground for hope, and an anchor for faith.

Another illusion dispelled: One Upton Sinclair, a novelist, has been basking in the limelight, as the exposé of the impurities of Packingtown, and his story, "The Jungle," has had a great sale in consequence, but when President Roosevelt sent the Hon. Albert Jeremiah Beveridge the pen with which the Meat Inspection Bill was signed, he wrote: "You were the man who first called my attention to the abuses in the packing houses."

How shall we equalize the distribution of wealth is the question of the hour according to a magazine writer. Quite true. It has been the question of the hour during many centuries. It is not difficult of solution in theory; nor would it be in practice if human nature could be adapted to the desirable order of things.



THE DONKEY IN DANGER
—Davenport in N. Y. "Mail."



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH WILLIE?
—Davenport in N. Y. "Mail."



WHOA, MAUD.
—Davenport in N. Y. "Mail"

Artist Davenport, who was formerly a star of the Hearst journals expected to have a merry season cartooning his former boss, so he has probably been saddened by Mr. Hearst's withdrawal from the Presidential race.

In the World of Scepticism

[A Dialogue.]

By Theodore Bonnet

Milton: (Throwing down a magazine) I'm going to quit buying those illiterate monthly publications

Arnold: (Looking up from a newspaper) I should if I were you; they are becoming too sensational and implausible. I prefer the yellow journals; they're at least candid in their exaggeration, and as they deal with current happenings there's some variety to them.

Milton: Yes, and they don't discuss religion. Every magazine that you pick up nowadays has something about a heresy trial. At the present moment it's the Crapsey case that affords them the pretext for spreading before their readers the views of half-baked divines who are being mistaken for Christian ministers in various parts of the country.

Arnold: I didn't know that you objected to religious discussion. I rather like it. Higher criticism is instructive, you know, and enables us to approach the solution of great questions.

Milton: My dear fellow!

Arnold: That's the way I look at it. I've learned a great deal about the profound truths of religion by following the discussions that arise from time to time.

Milton: That's because your early religious education was neglected. My dear fellow, the higher critics of today are no nearer the solution of great religious questions than were the free-thinkers of two centuries ago. Higher criticism is based on a complete misunderstanding of religion. Its exponents are rationalists who forget that religion is emotional and spiritual. To be rational is to be merely human; it's the prerogative of the divinity to be mysterious and incomprehensible.

Arnold: I'm surprised to hear you talk like that. It's through the mind that God makes himself known to us.

Milton: Quite right and through the heart also. Our consciousness of a divinity does not come from reason alone.

Arnold: Then I suppose you object to the investigation by scientists of the problems of the universe.

Milton: Not at all. Science is the handmaiden of Religion. My objection is not to the scientific pursuit of truth, but to the pestiferous speculations of small-fry clergymen, those egotists of the pulpit who are forever employing themselves in reflection on the reconditeness of a text or the incomprehensibility of some step of Providence, and who are incapable of appreciating the scope and design of Christianity. If they were really actuated by benevolent purposes they would spend more of their time in the study of the perfection of the deity, the nature and excellence of virtue and the dignity of the human soul. I know of no greater bore than the pulpit pedant, no more dangerous factor in society than the minister ordained to preach the truths professed by the church which he represents, who gives the weight of his authority to repudiation of fundamental Christian dogma not because he knows it is untrue, but because it seems to him unreasonable. He reminds me of what Bishop Berkeley thought of the fly that he saw during a solitary walk in St. Paul's. The fly was on one of the pillars and it occurred to Bishop Berkeley that the insect was like unto the religious quibbler, for while it required some comprehension in the eye of the spectator to take in at one view the various parts of the building and perceive the beauty of symmetry and design, to the fly, whose prospect was confined to a small section of one of the stones of a single pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the functions of its parts, were inconspicuous, and nothing appealed to him but small inequalities in the surface of the hewn stone, which in the view of the

insect seemed so many deformed rocks and ugly precipices. Do you follow me?

Arnold: Oh, yes, I understand, but I don't altogether agree with you. I don't think a man should preach what he doesn't believe.

Milton: Neither do I, but a Christian divine who doesn't believe, should quit masquerading.

Arnold: I'm afraid you're something of a bigot.

Milton: That's because I'm a Christian. Christ was a bigot in the sense that he was intolerant of unbelievers. He placed his Apostles under the necessity of believing the most incomprehensible of mysteries, or retiring. If you don't believe it, read the sixth chapter of St. John. Moreover, he demanded of his disciples faith in all his teachings. And the Apostles were intolerant, too. They insisted on a sacred respect for all truths uttered by the lips of Christ. "Avoid them who corrupt the doctrine which you have learnt from Jesus Christ by our mouth," was one of their injunctions. Whenever a new heresy arose, they did not examine whether the doctrine denied was or was not fundamental, but it was sufficient that it was part of the treasure of faith, and the heretics were driven from the society of the faithful.

Arnold: Then you are in favor of men believing blindly in matters of religion!

Milton: Why not? They believe blindly in matters of science. It doesn't do us any harm to believe too much. The great danger is that we may believe too little. We make the mistake of thinking it smart to be incredulous, whereas the fool is the greatest of all sceptics. Our faith in most of the truths of science of which we have no technical knowledge comes from our intelligent conception of the universe and our intelligent contemplation of the obvious; to the fool this preparation for receptivity is impossible.

Arnold: Well, admitting that you are sound in your reasoning, which I do not, it seems to me nevertheless that it is the duty of a theologian to investigate as much as possible with a view to the solution of the obscure enigma of man's destiny. We place no restrictions on the scientist, why restrain the theologian from sounding the depths of theology?

Milton: Now you're getting off the track. Nobody should object to the quest of knowledge touching man's destiny. The free-lance theologian engaged in that quest should have no strings on him. It is the hired minister, ordained to expound the doctrines of one of the jarring Christian sects, of whom I am speaking. He is employed to build up faith, not to destroy it. As soon as he makes up his mind to preach the untruth of an article of faith he is as much out of place in the pulpit of the church which he represents as the professor in a state university is out of place when he resolves upon advocating anarchy. The heretic is an intruder and to intrude is vulgar.

Arnold: Oh, pshaw! According to your way of thinking Christianity should be an unprogressive religion.

Milton: Exactly. To assume that Christianity should progress is to imply that the system of evolution operates in heaven. If Christianity is of divine origin it should not be in need of amendment. What was good enough for the Apostles should be good enough for us.

Arnold: But we are not sure just what was good enough for the Apostles. The higher critics are trying to find out. And for that purpose they occupy themselves with close study of the New Testament.

(Continued on Page 35.)

In Old San Francisco

By R. Francis Logan

[The first installment of this serial history was published last week.—Ed.]

The third session of the California Legislature convened at Vallejo, January 5, 1852. Vallejo was at that time a very ambitious village and was looking forward to the day when it would attain metropolitan proportions. But its hopes were nipped in the bud as early as 1852. At that time there were many sagacious and powerful politicians living in Sacramento and they were members of David Broderick's political machine. It was felt that if the Legislature met at Sacramento it would be easier for Broderick to carry out his political projects, so objection was raised to Vallejo as the seat of legislation and the objection was given a very plausible basis. It was said that the village lacked accommodations and the pull was exerted to persuade the legislators to move to Sacramento. The people of Vallejo rose in their indignation and protested, but in vain. Sacramento with its claims to superior facilities for law-making and its reputation for exceptional creature comforts won the day. The legislators packed their grips and moved up the river, and when they reached Sacramento David Broderick's friends suddenly hit upon him as a most desirable Senatorial candidate. But the boom was a little tardy. Too much headway had been made by the friends of John B. Weller and that gentleman captured the Democratic caucus and was elected to the office so ardently coveted by "Dave" Broderick. But the ex-fireman from New York was not discouraged. The Senate was the goal of his consuming ambition and to reach it he was resolved to concentrate all his energies in persistent effort; to achieve his object he was unremittingly active for years, and in the face of most discouraging odds he stormed the seemingly impregnable heights of the enemy, exhibiting a resourcefulness that was truly Napoleonic. He was not the most scrupulous of political adversaries but it should be remembered that he was trained in a school that neither matriolated saints nor claimed prestige as the alma mater of angels; also, that he was a man of little culture and had not been educated to believe that the perversion of political institutions was inconsistent with patriotic zeal. On the whole, however, he was a man of fine personal traits, loyal to his friends, incorruptible in public office and a stickler for honorable conduct in his private relations.

Upon the election of Weller, Broderick resolved to succeed Senator Gwin whose term was to expire in 1855. It was not long before Gwin learned of Broderick's plans, and then it was that one of the most eventful political contests in the history of California began.

William Mackendree Gwin, whose family has been since that early period prominent in San Francisco society, was a notable figure in the political history of the fifties. He was born in Tennessee, the son of a Methodist clergyman, and was educated for the medical profession, but became active in politics when quite a young man. He had the good fortune to have the friendship of General Andrew Jackson, and by him was appointed United States Marshal of Mississippi, an office of great responsibility at that period. During the administration of President Polk he was appointed Commissioner to superintend the building of the Customs House at New Orleans, but when he heard of the discovery of gold in California, he resigned the position and started for the Pacific shore. Dr. Gwin did not come in quest of gold. Like Broderick, he was animated by political ambition and he hardly touched foot on California soil before he opened a campaign for the United States Senate. In Gwin there were many of the elements that constituted the charm of Broderick's personality. Like Broderick, he was a man of powerful physique and irresistible magnetism. But Gwin

was the gentleman of polish and refinement, Broderick was the diamond in the rough. Gwin was a man of education and culture, but in craftiness he was no match for Broderick, and as a political organizer and manipulator the man from New York far outshone his rival from the South. It was by Broderick that Tammany methods were introduced in old San Francisco. The ex-chief of Tammany Hall perfected a strong system of organization in this city and even extended the sphere of his influence throughout the State, selecting lieutenants in every county. But he could not unite the Democracy, for at that time there were many men of Southern birth in California and the majority of them were followers of Senator Gwin. Indeed, the Broderick wing of the Democracy was in the minority, but odds were offset by the craftiness and audacity of the leader. The Southerners became very strong politically, during the administration of President Franklin Pierce, who distributed California patronage according to the suggestion of Senator Gwin. And it was at that time that the Southerners obtained their political clutch on public office in California. Broderick made political capital out of the circumstance of Pierce's partiality toward Southern Democrats and succeeded in arraying against the Gwin faction the Democrats from the North. Thus were factional differences embittered and hatreds stirred up that found expression in bloody strife in later years. When in 1853 Joseph McCorkle lost his seat in Congress through the election of Milton S. Latham, the incident almost led to several duels, for McCorkle was a Gwin partisan and Latham had deserted the Gwin faction and become a follower of Broderick. McCorkle and Latham had been friends and the former charged that he was the victim of duplicity. To make matters worse, Latham became McCorkle's rival in an affair of the heart and was twice triumphant, winning the hand of the lady of whom McCorkle was enamored. A little later McCorkle had a row with Senator Gwin that had its culmination in a duel with rifles. It took place just over the county line near Colma. It was agreed that they should fight at thirty paces, stand back to back, wheel and fire. After three unsuccessful attempts to shoot each other's head off, the seconds decided that honor had been satisfied and arranged an amicable settlement.

While Gwin controlled the Federal patronage, Broderick dictated the distribution of State patronage through his protege, Governor John Bigler, whose renomination he brought about in 1853 against Richard Roman, the State Treasurer, a Texan and the idol of the Southern element. This served to intensify the bitterness between the Southerners and the Broderick faction. Immediately after the election, Broderick gave notice of his intention to wage his fight for the Senate during the session of 1854, one year in advance of the expiration of Senator Gwin's term. It was a bold scheme, and was denounced by the opposing faction as revolutionary and abhorrent to all precedent. It created a big sensation all over the union and excited speculation in Washington. Gwin's friends declared that it struck at the accepted spirit of the Constitution, but Broderick did not falter. He explained that so many weeks were consumed in a journey to Washington that if the election were postponed until the year of the expiration of Gwin's term, it might be impossible for his successor to reach the capital in time to take his seat. Of course the purpose of the plan was to have the contest decided by a friendly Legislature. It was suggested that the Senate would refuse to seat a Senator thus irregularly elected, but word came from high authority

(Continued on Page 32.)

The Spectator

Another Boost for Markham

"Of our true poets of the New World" says the editor of the "Arena," "Edwin Markham is, in our judgment, easily the premier." The editor of the "Arena" tells us that Mr. Markham has "that stamp of genius which is the hallmark of true poetry—imagination," and then he gives us a hint to the value of his judgment as a literary critic by referring reverentially to Lord Bulwer as the author of a masterpiece. The editor of the "Arena" reminds me of what Matthew Arnold said about Lord Macaulay,—that he lived in the Philistine's day. Edwin Markham is today the idol of the Philistines. One of the crimes that Ambrose Bierce will have to answer for some day is that he discovered that Markham could write poetry. Lesser critics having the courage of Bierce's convictions have been misunderstanding Markham's rhythmical prose ever since. Their laudation of Markham has been dictated by complete misapprehension of the nature of poetry. Markham has imagination but that is not the stamp of genius as the editor of the "Arena" tells us. Imagination is an action of the intellect of which every man is capable who is not an idiot. Imagination is merely the power of forming images. Every normal man has that power, but in the poet it must be accompanied by feeling and by the gift of sensibility and of susceptibility to the manifestations of spiritual and intellectual life. Poetry is something more than the embodiment in verse of the thoughts and scenes of human life. The poet may be a demagogue since it is his aim to appeal to the emotions after the manner of the popular orator, but Markham is merely a demagogue. He tries to treat poetically the fond illusions of the idealists among political economists, and writes metrical rodomontades like unto the one quoted in the "Arena" wherein he predicts that the coming labor leader will be "thrilled by the Cosmic Oneness" and will not say the unjust thing "Though every leaf were a tongue to cry 'Thou must!'" The force of which statement it is not easy to appreciate since the coming labor leader is not likely to spend much time in a forest. But Mr. Markham's verse is weak because his workmanship is uninspired and because he lacks depth and breadth of emotional capacity. He spends most of his time uttering nonsense of the kind to be found in some verse quoted in the "Arena" abounding in jingo sentiment addressed to America, whose fame the heavens are so anxious to hear that they "lean down."

Scheffauer's Missionary Work

Herman Scheffauer, whose correspondence from Europe has delighted the readers of "Town Talk," has not yet started for home, though it was his first impulse to return when he heard of the catastrophe. However, he is vindicating his loyalty to San Francisco in a way that should prove far more beneficial to the city than he could be were he at home. He is acting as a San Francisco promotion committee of one, and through him, since the fire, the readers of some of the European papers are learning more of this city than they ever knew before. His article in the "Daily Express," of London, was copied all over Europe, and he writes me that he received numerous letters asking for more information. A few days after the appearance of that article he received the complete plans of the City Beautiful from Mr. James D. Phelan and then he wrote about the city for a German paper. The July "Fortnightly Review" contains a long article from Scheffauer's pen, on San Francisco, historical in tone, and he supplied the July "Architectural Review" with a technical and architectural paper illustrated by original sketches.

Oxford and Plymouth

Scheffauer was at Oxford when he wrote. This paragraph may be of interest: "I'm spending a short time up here in this picturesque place of dead creeds and living prejudices. Have been attending special lectures and studying the life. It appears to me like an immense boy's school. There is little of the true scholastic spirit or the impetus of scientific research about the place—nothing compared with the German universities." In another paragraph he writes: "I've been down to Plymouth. From Plymouth, as you know, sailed forth the blue-nosed Puritans to make laws just as blue and to burn witches in Massachusetts." There is (would you believe it?) now formed in London a society called the Anti-Puritan League. Its object is to introduce the Continental Sunday of which the psalm-singers profess to have a holy dread." This paragraph is of peculiar interest. Less than a month ago, it was stated in an editorial in this periodical, that London showed signs of becoming intolerant of Puritanism and in a special article a week or two later, on the subject of a movement in Chicago to force the opening of saloons on Sunday, it was predicted that in time the Puritans would provoke open hostility that might lead to moral anarchy.

She's So Sympathetic!

I am glad that I have a sense of humor; it enables me to enjoy the stuff produced by society chroniclers who lack that sense—and any other. The dismal days that we have had have many a time been lightened by the effusions of the "Chaperon," whom I always depend upon to provide me with a Sunday laugh. And she improves with age. The awful impression made upon her by our rich losing some of their riches will never be effaced from her memory and when everyone else has forgotten, in the stress of building, the events of April, she will be joyously babbling on, telling of the sacrifices made by some of our hot ton. It is an actual fact, according to the "Chaperon," that "Any number of our women are doing every bit of their housework, and are even washing the dishes." By "our" women she does not mean the women in general of San Francisco, but the women of the particular set for which she is the cheerful Boswell. What the women in general do does not interest the "Chaperon," although her employer holds that the great plain people are the salt of the

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earth. To continue quoting this thrilling stuff: "They wear rubber gloves when there are many greasy dishes to clean, so that their hands are protected." Right here is where the common herd have the advantage of the smart-setters. In some of the refugee camps the food isn't substantial enough to grease the dishes, so rubber gloves are not needed. "But they are so happy, and don't seem to mind at all," she gushes along. It's not surprising, Chaperon. There's something in heredity, and it's not surprising that they are able to endure the work that their ancestors sang over a generation ago.

Mrs. Brannan's Story

It all reminds me of a story once told me by a wholesome and vigorous old lady, who was Irish, and whom I will quote:

"Sure, we've always been poor, but Oi don't think the money would shpoil us as it does some. Now there is Mrs. Mulcahy, whose husband got so rich. She called on me wance—wance. She was very koind, and when she was leavin' she says, 'Oi hope you'll be callin' on me, Mrs. Brannan. Me days are a-Chuesdays.' Oi lukked at her. 'Yer days are a-Chuesdays, are they, Mrs. Mulcahy?' says Oi, 'Well, Mrs. Mulcahy, it's meself that remimbers when your days was anny day that you wasn't out deliverin' the wash, with little Tommy troddlin' at yer hailes, an' Pat workin' in the lumber yard.' A-Chuesdays!"

How Fortunes Were Affected

One hears a deal of speculation nowadays regarding the extent of the losses sustained by our richest families in the recent catastrophe, and some of the estimates of the present worth of those families are ridiculously low. Not one of our plutocrats is in danger of being enrolled among the inmates of the Alms House. There are several obsessed with the dread of being compelled to apply for admission to that institution, but that is their normal state of mind. They are merely the victims of an hallucination that is quite common among persons possessed of more money than they can take care of with ease. The millionaire who is reported to have been hit harder than any other is James L. Flood, a great deal of whose wealth was in Market street property, but it should be remembered that all Market street property was greatly enhanced in value in recent years, and that the holdings of all our millionaires were exceptionally profitable, and though they lost heavily so also did their riches increase rapidly during quite a long period preceding the fire. In some instances fortunes were doubled by the increase in real estate values, a circumstance over which our millionaires had no more control than they did over the fire, and now if their fortunes have been reduced one-half there is really no occasion for condolence. A Single Taxer would tell them that they are lucky to have before them the prospect of the unearned increment with the privilege of charging their tenants all that the traffic will bear.

The Parrott Estate

I have heard it said that George Whittell was a heavy loser, but George Whittell is today, perhaps, the richest man in San Francisco. Very little is known as to the size of his fortune, but people who have had an inkling to his operations in Wall street in recent years say that he has made some tremendously profitable deals. The Parrotts are numbered among the very heavy losers for the reason that they put on the brakes in a most ostentatious manner immediately after the fire. But the Parrotts are far from broke. Indeed the family is not any

poorer than it was ten years ago. The Parrott Building cost a million and a half, and was insured for only five hundred thousand, and there were many Parrott buildings in the heart of the business district that went up in smoke and that were not fully insured, but the Parrotts are big bondholders and they have made great profits in recent years. Indeed the estate has grown steadily ever since it was incorporated at the instigation of the late Robert Y. Hayne, who was one of the sons-in-law of Mrs. Parrott. Prior to that time C. de Guigne, who appeared to be Mrs. Parrott's favorite son-in-law, handled the estate in a way that did not please Judge Hayne and he advised incorporating. His advice was followed and thereafter all the sons-in-law, being directors, had a voice in the management. Now Captain Payson appears to be the leading financier of the family, and Mr. de Guigne is in the background. Captain Payson is the assistant to the president of the Santa Fe road, he is president of the Spring Valley Water Company, and he is active in the management of the gas company. In all those corporations the Parrotts have large interests. They have one million dollars worth of Santa Fe stock which should be sufficient to enable them to have claret for dinner for some time.

When the Count Saw the Figures

Since it was reported that John D. Rockefeller was preparing to break into the water trade in San Francisco it has been remarked that the Parrotts would be hit again, but the estate only owns a few shares of water stock. The Parrott money, to the extent of one million dollars is in the bonds of the water company. Among the other assets of the estate is one million dollars' worth of the stock of the Los Angeles Railway Company, which, by the way, came as a bonus for handling some of the bonds of that corporation. So there need be no anxiety over the Parrotts. Nor should there be any speculation regarding the income of the little Count de Tristan through whom the estate annexed a French title. That sprig of the French nobility is not likely to prove a very extravagant member of the family. He is not of the Castellane type. Before his marriage to Miss de Guigne he was permitted to see the trial balance of the Parrott Estate Company, and as he looked over it his eyes popped out.

"All dollairs?" he asked in a tone of mingled amazement and incredulity, feeling that possibly the figures represented francs.

"Yes dollars," said Mr. de Guigne.

And young de Tristan gave a long, low whistle.

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Hawthorne Wants to Know

Mr. Julian Hawthorne desires Mr. Kipling to tell us whether journalism is the best nurse for literary genius. And he suggests that journalism and literature are probably not far apart because in journalism one must tell the truth and tell it succinctly. The libraries are full of far greater authorities than Kipling on the literary art from whom Mr. Hawthorne may learn that because journalism deals principally with the truth succinctly told, it is far apart from literature. There are some very fine samples of literature dealing with the truth succinctly told, notably the Bible, but as Mr. Hawthorne calls on Mr. Kipling for enlightenment we infer that he does not mean that kind of literature, for the literature to which Mr. Kipling devotes his art is that which deals with the emotions through the imagination. Any experienced journalist will tell Mr. Hawthorne that journalism is not a nurse for literary genius, that on the contrary the business is of an anti-literary character. Mr. Kipling became a literary genius despite his journalistic training. And so did other distinguished lords of language. It is not proof of literary ability, as Mr. Hawthorne seems to think, that a newspaper man rises to the dignity of a contributor to the magazines. There are many newspaper men, who do not write for the magazines and who have the ability to do far better work than much that is to be found in the pages of the monthly publications. But literary gifts, which, under proper encouragement, would yield good results, become perverted in the daily grind of newspaper work. Few news writers are given the time to impart a literary flavor to their work. And even though a reporter were able to cultivate purity of diction, he would find the blue pencil fatal to charms and graces of style. Only the stars of the staff are permitted to do fine writing. But it is principally because journalism has a tendency to blunt a man's sensibilities that it is unfavorable to the development of literary genius. The reporter is brought into professional relations with poverty, suffering and crime, and he is trained to resist shocks, to view the tragedies and comedies of life with a philosophical eye and with coolness. He must be a keen observer but not so much for the purpose of registering impressions as to narrate the bald facts. The sensitiveness essential to successful achievement in the literary art is not encouraged in journalism. Mr. Hawthorne tells us that Mr. James Creelman was once in journalism but is now in literature, the transition having been made out through the door of a newspaper office and in through the portals of a magazine sanctum. That is one way of becoming a literary genius. Mr. Creelman writes well, too, we are told. But rhetorical deftness, the graceful shaping of utterances is merely the mechanical portion of the literary art. Saint-Beuve said of the Abbe Gerbet that he had naturally the flowers of speech, the movement and rhythm of phrase, the measure and choice of expression, all, in short, that made a talent for writing, and yet that he rose only a little above mediocrity.

The Awful Bonanza

The Friendly Club, which hasn't missed a meeting since the fire, held its monthly dinner in a Washington street restaurant on the day the saloons opened—a saloon, by the way,

being part of the restaurant. "We are here," said "Billy" Burke, the sire, "at the drawing of the cork." Appropriately "Wine" was the topic, and it brought out good talks—also verses read by Burke on that terrible drink known as a "bonanza." The authorship of the verses is unknown, but the merit of them is unmistakable as will be seen by the following description of what happened after the "bonanza" began to work:

"When next again we sallied
Into ye crowded street,
'Twas arm in arm we wandered
And lifted high our feet;
The while ye gracious pavement
Rose up our soles to meet

"The third time that we issued
From that accursed den,
A change was wrought within us,
Defying tongue or pen;
Each fireplug seemed a hogshead,
Each man looked like to ten.

"And still a fourth bonanza
Each poured into his face;
Which caused ye mighty buildings
All 'round about to chase,
And made ye streets and alleys
Tie up and interlace.

"Anon ye swaying sidewalk
Grew rife with wriggling things;
With lobsters, pterodactyls
And toads with fiery wings;
With blue and greenish devils,
And snakes with twisted stings."

It was the first dinner held in the burned district, and the lawyers, custom house officials, and newspaper men who make up the club, agreed that the memory of the unique and unparalleled surroundings of their banqueting place would never leave them.

When Mrs. Brown Played Golf

Mrs. R. Gilman Brown is still winning cups on the golf links. The other day she defeated Mrs. Walter Martin on the Burlingame links, winning the Crocker Cup, and our provincial aristocracy were out in force to encourage the repre-

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sentative of the suburban colony. I am reminded that back in 1901 Burlingame resented the superior athletic ability of Mrs. Brown, who was a resident of San Rafael and not of the inner circle of the San Francisco Four Hundred. In those days when Mrs. Brown showed good form in the tournaments at Burlingame and Del Monte the aristocracy behaved rudely. Some of the scions of our best families exhibited an atavistic tendency, and the veneer acquired in but a single generation proved insufficient to keep instinct from showing through. At Burlingame where Mrs. Brown defeated her opponent after a very hard contest the spectators gave such emphasis to their displeasure that her feelings found expression in tears. But grit and determination carried her through. A few days later when she had another Blingum pet for an opponent, one of the elect, strenuous efforts were made to shatter her nerves. When she appeared on the links for practice the aristocracy withdrew as if to indicate that they did not approve of her presence, but when the contest was begun they crowded round and butted in until the officials were obliged to lay aside their deferential politeness and force the women to stand back. Every stroke of Mrs. Brown's opponent was loudly applauded, but Mrs. Brown's superior playing was observed in silence.

Gossip From Los Angeles

Los Angeles has no candidate for Governor. This forbearance is unique in the history of Los Angeles, but all the job-chasers of the Citrus Belt are not dead. In waiving its perennial claim to the gubernatorial job Los Angeles will modestly set forth the preeminent qualifications of certain citizens for some of the minor offices. Carlos Smart is to be boomed for State Printer, W. S. Kingsbury for Surveyor-General, and School Superintendent Hyatt, of Riverside, for State Superintendent of Public Instruction. So political ambition is not altogether dead in the southland. At present the people of Los Angeles are getting interested in a non-partisan movement which is receiving the enthusiastic support of most of the political hacks that have outlived their usefulness in both of the regular political organizations. The Los Angeles "Examiner" is supporting the movement, but the Hearst paper recently lost prestige through the indiscretion of the resident publisher in agitating the indelicacy of holding the Shriner celebration there immediately after the San Francisco catastrophe. He protested so persistently that the affair was called off, and the people of Los Angeles grew furious. It's high treason in Los Angeles to obstruct the flow of the tourist trade, and consequently the publisher of the "Examiner" was looked upon as a menace to the prosperity of the community. He tried to make amends by vociferous shouting for the state conventions and he devoted nearly the whole paper to interviews with citizens who were heartily in favor of holding the conventions in Los Angeles. But the politicians had made other arrangements. It is said that while the publisher of the "Examiner" was perspiring squirming out of his predicament the risibles of Editor Otis were so violently titillated that he was seized with a fit of hysteria which might have proved fatal had it not been for the prompt attention of a corps of physicians and a regiment of nurses.

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Either our newspapermen lost their memories in the earthquake or else there is a brand new generation in charge of the dailies. A week or two ago we were told that the heroine of the trunk mystery was the first woman in California to be convicted of murder in the first degree and adjudged fully qualified for central figure in a hanging bee. Nobody on the paper in which that statement was made recalled the killing of Lawyer Crittenden on an Oakland boat. True the lady was not hanged, but she was given a second trial and that is probably what will happen to the heroine of the trunk mystery. A few days ago a woman was naturalized by Judge Kerrigan and a morning daily pronounced it "the first case of its kind." The same thing was said when Lily Langtry was naturalized out here preliminarily to suing her husband for a divorce, and at that remote period the papers were speedily furnished with lists of her predecessors. Perhaps the original naturalized California woman was Julia Canty. Every traveler who had occasion to stage over the Sierra Divide from Oroville twenty-five years ago will remember the gorgeously framed naturalization certificate which bore the name of Julia who was a great local celebrity. Reporters will please remember that there is nothing new under the sun.

A Dearth of Labor and Material

The insurance companies are not the only factor in restraint of the rebuilding of San Francisco. The great problem calling for solution involves the getting of labor and material. If it were not for the inaccessibility of both, many substantial buildings would now be in course of erection. I have heard numerous complaints from property owners, who have received their insurance money, of the dearth of labor and material, and yet the labor unions have been circulating reports in the East to the effect that mechanics cannot find work in San Francisco. William S. Wood, the attorney, of the firm of Lloyd & Wood, is one of the many citizens who have their insurance money in bank waiting for the chance to spend it. Wood was the owner of a building at the corner of Kearny and Merchant streets, opposite the Hall of Justice, and he has had designs drawn for a new three-story building. By the way, Attorney Wood was in the Virginia City fire, one of the great conflagrations of this country's history which appears to be no longer thought worthy of mention when big fires are being discussed. Virginia City, Nev., was destroyed by fire in 1875, and not only was the town wiped out but also most of the ore mills and mining plants. The total loss was seventy-five millions.

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Sept. 15, '02	1,374,983 43
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Sept. 15, '03	2,629,113 39
Mar. 15, '04	3,586,912 31
Sept. 15, '04	3,825,471 71
Mar. 15, '05	4,349,427 92
Sept. 15, '05	4,938,629 05
Mar. 15, '06	5,998,431 52
June 18, '06	6,650,555 84

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Grilled in His Brother's Paper

United States District Attorney Robert Devlin has the unique distinction of having been given a severe personal roast by a paper at the head of which his brother's name appears as managing editor. The Southern Pacific Company has an exclusive franchise along the Sacramento water front, and other railways are trying to induce the city trustees to let them in on the privilege. Devlin appeared before the trustees as a protestant against the granting of any more franchises, and for this was attacked by the "Bee" in an editorial which did not spare his feelings. He was denominated a Hessian, working, for hire, against his native town. Whether E. J. Devlin wrote the editorial I do not know; but his position as managing editor, conspicuously announced at the head of the editorial column, makes him largely responsible. However, the brothers are the best of friends. For that matter, Attorney Devlin is very friendly with Charles K. McClatchy, editorial proprietor of the paper. The "Bee's" action in the matter sustains McClatchy's reputation for having no hesitation in roasting any one, friend or foe, whom he considers in the wrong.

Eastern Sentiment With Us

Some of the delinquent insurance companies have lately been changing their attitude toward their policy-holders. They have abated somewhat their contemptuous and arrogant tone and are meeting their creditors more than half way. Perhaps their present disposition may be attributed to the circumstance that their conduct is being watched in the big Eastern cities. Stories of the unfair treatment to which the people of this city have been subjected have been circulating throughout the country, and the companies have been warned against "welching." A sample of the sentiment prevailing in the East is to be found in a letter to the editor of the New York "Sun," signed "Merchant," and published in that influential journal July 7th: "Sufficient time has now elapsed since the conflagration for a fairly accurate judgment to be formed as to the intentions of the insurance companies regarding their losses in the burned city. Some of these companies, I understand, give indications of meeting their losses fairly, squarely and as promptly as the tremendous difficulties of adjustment will admit. Others seem to have decided that the longer they can put off the day of settlement the more they will save out of their losses. There is no doubt that by deliberately postponing their adjustments, under one subterfuge or another, and so wearing out the patience and remaining resources of the insured, these companies will effect settlements on a basis very favorable to themselves but iniquitously unjust to the insured. That these companies should thus get away with their stolen goods without punishment would be a perpetual shame to the business communities of other cities. We cannot tell when our turn may come, and one dark day we may be appealing to other cities to help us enforce justice from the insurance companies, to whom we have for years past been paying premiums sufficiently remunerative for the acquisition of huge surpluses, presumably set aside for just such emergencies as the present. Now is the time, therefore, for prompt and vigorous action to be taken by New York, Boston, Chicago, and other great communities with the view of compelling these defaulting companies to disgorge the assets which the merchants of every country have built up for them, and so give San Francisco a chance to go ahead. The time has come for such organizations as the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants' Association of New York and similar institutions

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BREAKFAST

other cities to take a hand in the matter and demand that justice be done. The time has come for the press of the country to turn on the current and direct its mighty power toward San Francisco. The time has come for every commercial interest in the land—and to start the fight no higher motive need be appealed to than that of self-interest—to unite in exacting a square deal for San Francisco. I have personal knowledge of several merchants in New York who would gladly cancel their policies in every insurance company which in the San Francisco matter has shown indications of intentional dilatoriness, doubtful compromise or technical trickery. These merchants await some reliable data on which they can base such action with the minimum of risk of doing injustice to any particular company. The data should be collected and condensed by the representatives of the press of the spot, and should be widely disseminated by the newspapers and commercial institutions, so that merchants all over the country could in self-protection revise their insurance policies, pruning out such companies as might, in the light of the San Francisco experience, be fairly considered poor risks from the point of view of collection in the event of fire."

The Unwritten Law

"Thaw fulfilled a law as old as the world," says the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory in the "Examiner." Wrong again, Tom. The law against homicide that's as old as the world; and from the beginning, or, at least, as far back as tradition goes, vengeance was the exclusive prerogative of the divinity. The unwritten law of which the un-Christian Cleric writes, involves a principle that in certain pagan countries was recognized as the law of the land. The man that murdered his wife's paramour did not have to invoke an unwritten law, but he was not privileged to deliberate upon the advisability of wreaking vengeance. He had to catch the villain in the act and then it didn't matter much whether he selected a vital spot in his victim's back in which to inflict the fatal wound or faced the prayer of his wife like a man. The wisdom of the ancient method is apparent. For murder committed in the Pagan fashion revealed the motive and was its own justification. The Pagans knew the ways of a married flirt. They knew that the women are fond of exciting the jealousy of their husbands and sometimes are enraged by the scorn of a man for whom they have conceived a grand passion. It isn't safe, the ancients knew, to live in a country where it is the privilege of a man to shoot you in the back in a theatre. But when conceding that the principle of which the Rev. Gregory writes is embodied in an unwritten law, none but the most ardent sentimentalists feel that it should apply in the case of Harry Thaw.

Mrs. Oelrich's Economizing

"Mrs. Oelrichs was hit so hard by the San Francisco catastrophe," writes a correspondent from New York, "that she has been compelled to cut down her household expenses. She will not open Rosecliffe, her famous Newport cottage, this summer because it is too expensive. She is now occupying a more modest home on Cottage street. But her sister, Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, is going to do some big splurging, for she is to be queen of Marble House, the great Vanderbilt mansion, which was the home of the Duchess of Marlborough the days before the sensational Vanderbilt divorce suit.

Rosenthal Succeeds Harrison

An event of considerable interest to marine insurance and shipping circles was the appointment of Mr. Louis Rosenthal to the position of General Agent of the Thames & Mersey Marine Insurance Company, Ltd., recently vacated by Mr. William Greer Harrison. This is a very fine agency and was coveted by all the leading insurance men in the city, but after Mr. Cross, the visiting representative of the company, looked over the field, he concluded that the man he wanted was Mr.

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When McCalla Was Courtmartialled

Few people remember that Rear Admiral Bowman McCalla, who was placed on the retired list the other day, was once courtmartialled and sentenced to dismissal from the navy. A correspondent reminds me of the unfortunate occurrence: "He was in command of the sloop Enterprise on the Asiatic station, in May, 1890, when an enlisted man, who was drunk, was brought before the mast and reprimanded by the commander. In his rage he cursed McCalla, and the latter lost control of himself and struck the man with his sword. McCalla was denounced from one end of the country to the other. He was courtmartialled and sentenced to dismissal from the navy. In view of his record, faithful and excellent up to that time, the sentence was mitigated to three years' suspension and a heavy loss of numbers. In a year and a half the suspension was removed and his uniform was restored. An ordinary man might have been broken by such a record, but those who knew McCalla said he would clear his name yet. The Spanish War gave him his chance. Gallant conduct and bravery were the means. Before hostilities began he was in command of the cruiser Marblehead down at Key West. Long before the war ended most of the jackies apparently forgot her name, for she was referred to only as "The Tub of Blood." That was because McCalla had taught his men to shoot as no sailor men in the American navy had been taught before. Day in and day out they were shooting at marks, and when he reported for war duty it was the boast of his crew that they could hit a fly on a mark miles away. When the blockade started McCalla began to get busy. No officer in the navy showed such activity. He was here and there and all the time turning up in unexpected places. Every one was nervous, and before long the ships of the American fleet got the habit of shooting at McCalla in the night before they found out who he was. He remarked once that he was mighty glad that none of the other ships could shoot like his."

McCalla Was Boss

"McCalla seized Guantanamo Bay with the Marblehead and held it for the regiment of marines under Huntington. The possession of that bay was the salvation of the navy. It gave it a coaling place. The camp of the marines was named for McCalla, and he was recognized, even by superior officers, as absolute boss in those waters. He was Admiral, General, harbor master, press censor, health officer, postmaster, light-

house keeper and whatnot. He kept potting at the Spaniards on shore long before the marines came, and when he got control of the situation he kept that station healthy and active every minute. McCalla never slept in his cabin, but always on a mattress in his pilot house. He allowed his officers to have no more privileges than his men. When other folks would be resting he would be digging up mines. He trusted the newspaper men, and they came to trust him and to become his lasting friends. His men grew to idolize him. When his ranking officers came to Guantanamo none of them ever thought of questioning his supremacy in and around his baillwick. Whatever McCalla said went. Then he soon found a way to render prompt and conspicuous service in the hunt for Cervera. Schley had arrived before Cienfuegos and lay there for nearly three days trying to find out if the Spanish fleet was inside. McCalla and the "Tub of Blood" came along. McCalla had taken some insurgents on board, thinking that he could use them. He promptly set them on shore and in less than six hours he was able to report that Cervera was not in Cienfuegos and that Schley could go on his way. McCalla, you see had a way of doing things. When Cervera's fleet came out of Santiago for its run for life, McCalla was down at Guantanamo. The news was flashed down by signal that the Spaniards had escaped. McCalla got busy. He had his own ship and one or two light-house tenders, but he said:

"The enemy has escaped. Let's go out and capture them."

It was a keen disappointment to him that he was unable to find those Spaniards and bring in the entire fleet of Cervera.

"So gallant had been McCalla's services in the war that President McKinley promoted him and recommended an advance of six numbers in rank. The unfortunate Sampson-Schley controversy held up his advancement with that of others. In order to give McCalla at least his deserts President McKinley, in March, 1900, pardoned him for his mistake of ten years before and restored him to his proper number, the one he would have kept had he not been disciplined. McCalla's good name was restored; he had earned it by brilliant service."

His Record in China

"Then came the Boxer troubles in China, and there McCalla added to his reputation. At the first sign of trouble he was sent to Taku. He got up to Tientsin and Admiral Kempff sent him to Pekin with a force of fifty marines. McCalla got there all right and came back. These marines helped to save the day later. Trouble increased and McCalla was put on shore with 112 bluejackets and marines from the Newark. The naval forces of the other nations soon began to arrive, and Admiral Seymour of the British navy took command of the allied forces. Pekin was cut off and appeals

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for help were smuggled through. The allied forces of 2,000 marines and bluejackets started out for Pekin. It wasn't long before they were checked. It was proposed to quit. McCalla said:

'I do not know what you intend to do, gentlemen, but I intend to try to save my legation.'

That settled it and the march went on. Fight after fight followed until, beaten back, the force had to retire. McCalla was wounded three times in the fighting, in the arm, the thigh and scalp. He would not give up until forced to do so. The Americans lost nine killed and twenty-nine wounded on that expedition. Admiral Seymour, of the British navy, was so impressed by McCalla that in a letter to Admiral Kempff, of our navy, he wrote: 'I can not conclude my letter without expressing to you, sir, the high admiration I have for Capt. B. H. McCalla, who accompanied us in command of your officers and men. Their post was usually in the advance, where their zeal and go were praised by all. I regret to state that Capt. McCalla was wounded in three places; but considering the gallant way in which he exposed himself, I am only equally surprised and thankful that he is alive.' During his stay on this coast Admiral McCalla has won the esteem of many people, and those who have come to know him well regard his personality as typical of the best in the traditions of the navy. By the way, one of his acts, significant of the character of the man, was the founding of a clubhouse for the jacksies and marines in Vallejo, with the prize money won by him in the Cuban Campaign.

Vogelsang's Canary

I'd rather be a canary, and sing to Charley Vogelsang, than an eagle piercing the blue vault of heaven. The eagle is glorified in song and story, of course; but he doesn't get the fond personal attention that Vogelsang bestows on this canary of his, yclept "Bill." Bill is the apple of Charley's eye, and he mothers it as a doting parent does his infant. He has taught it to perch upon his nose and lips, to teeter perilously on the tip of his beard, or upon his shell-like ear. It contributes to the entertainment of all visitors to the Fish Commissioners' office in the Ferry Building. There's no escaping knowledge of Bill's presence. The minute a visitor enters Vogelsang begins lauding Bill and putting him through his paces. An attempt is made to talk business, but Vogel-sang's gaze wanders to Bill, whose every movement he watches with solicitous and admiring eye.

"They dynamited the river and killed four tons of fish—"

"Say, look at Bill. Isn't it great the way he perches on the back of that chair? Here, Bill, balance on my whiskers. Careful now—"

"And we arrested the whole lot of them and the judge fined them—"

"Look at that, will you! Ever see anything like it? It's astonishing how much that bird knows. Let me tell you what he did the other day."

"But about that dynamiting—"

"O yes—the dynamiting. Is poor Bill hungry? Well, Bill shall have his dinner." And in his absorption Vogelsang forgets all about the dynamited fish. He lives for Bill, and if Bill should die first—if a cat should catch him, for instance, or if a seed should get lodged in his little inside, or if he should drink some unboiled water—there's no telling what terrible effect the disaster would have upon Vogelsang.

Removal News Tabu

Oakland had a dream, after the fire, of taking San Francisco's place, and the delusion was fed by the action of many big firms in taking up quarters across the bay. Time showed that the move in many instances was only temporary—yet the Athenians hate to be awakened, and are zealous in suppressing "back to San Francisco" news. After the fire the Allis-Chalmers Co. took rooms in the Blake-

Moffitt Building, Eighth and Broadway. Recently the firm decided to come back to this side of the bay, and in order that the public might know of its move, had a big cloth sign put up on its temporary quarters—"We are moving back to San Francisco." The sign had been in place about two hours when the head of the firm was waited upon by the agent of the building, who said: "That sign will have to come down."

"Why?" was asked.

"Well," was the reply, "we don't care to have our building used as a place for the announcement of the removal of any firm from Oakland to San Francisco." So the sign came down. However, Alameda county has gained substantial growth, and it is safe to predict that before long the two largest cities on the Pacific coast will be situated on San Francisco Bay.

Mrs. Dickman Married

An interesting piece of news came to me through private correspondence late last week, of the engagement of Mrs. Grace M. Dickman and Clarence Eddy. As they were to be married Tuesday of this week, the news of that event, though it was scheduled to take place in New York, will, in all likelihood, be published in the dailies before this paragraph makes its appearance. For both Clarence Eddy and Mrs. Dickman have numerous friends in this city. The former is the well-known organist and Mrs. Dickman was formerly the wife of Charley Dickman, the gay Bohemian Club artist from whom she was divorced several years ago. She was a church singer with vastly more art than is to be found in the average church choir. The marriage was to take place at the residence of a Mrs. Macdonough, a friend of Mrs. Dickman, and the honey-



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moon is to be spent at Lake George, Saratoga, Thousand Isles, and Montreal. Next year Mr. and Mrs. Eddy will make a concert tour of Australia.

Our Pioneer Library

The Mechanics-Mercantile Library will open its reading rooms about the first of August, in temporary quarters on the old Pavilion site at the corner of Polk and Grove streets, where they are having erected a one-story building sixty feet by a hundred and twenty, ample space for the present. Only two thousand volumes, of all their vast collection, have been saved, those being in the hands of subscribers who were not burned out. A large consignment of new books is on the way, and it would not be a bad idea for people who have files of magazines which they will never have bound, or books they do not especially value, to donate them to the Pioneer Library of New San Francisco. It is the intention of the trustees to rebuild on their old site, 33 Post street, and had it not been for the dilatory tactics of the insurance companies they would have made their first move ere this. Before the disaster, the library just added by consolidation over four hundred thousand volumes, many of which can never be replaced.

The Last Straw

There is a very aristocratic Englishman residing on the hills above Millbrae. He has a shooting lodge there modeled upon the most approved places of his own country. Evidently his income, however, is not equal to his ideas of style. Recently he hired a small boy of the neighborhood to act as groom. The boy worked with energy but, at the end of a week, when his small wage was given him, he resigned. His employer could not imagine the reason why the lad should quit his service, and pressed him for an explanation. "Well," said the boy, "you hired me for a groom. I didn't mind being stable boy too. When your wife sent me on errands I didn't mind, and I didn't kick when I had to answer the door-bell and wait on table. But when your wife made me sweep and dust the parlors, I kicked, for let me tell you—I ain't no mfd-wife."

Crosses Worth Talking About

How many San Franciscans are aware of the fact that one of the present wonders of the world is a feature of Golden Gate Park? Not many, I am sure. The wonder to which I refer is the Prayer Book Cross which was the object of a recent Episcopal Church commemoration. It is by far the largest cross in the world and in some respects the most notable piece of stonework on the American continent. It is constructed of blue sandstone from Colusa county, which withstands a crushing test of from nine thousand to twelve thousand pounds a square inch. The cross itself is fifty-seven feet in height and is mounted on a solid stone pedestal seventeen feet six inches square and seven feet high. It is composed of sixty-eight separate pieces, aggregating in weight six hundred thousand pounds. The arms are composed of eight pieces weighing twenty-four thousand pounds, making a total of one hundred and ninety-two thousand pounds. Ten of the stones which enter into the composition are larger than any stone in the great Pyramid of Cheops. The Prayer Book Cross was the gift of the late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and was unveiled on New Year's Day, 1894. The first cross to be erected in what is now the City and County of San Francisco was that fixed by Father Palou and Captain Rivera on the rocky summit of Point Lobos, three hundred and eighty feet above the sea. The ceremony took place on Sunday, December 4, 1774, at high noon, the priest recording that "up to this time this locality had never received the footprint of Spaniard or any Christian." Two years later, on March 28, 1776, six months before the foundation of the Mission of St. Francis de Assis, another cross was erected overlooking the

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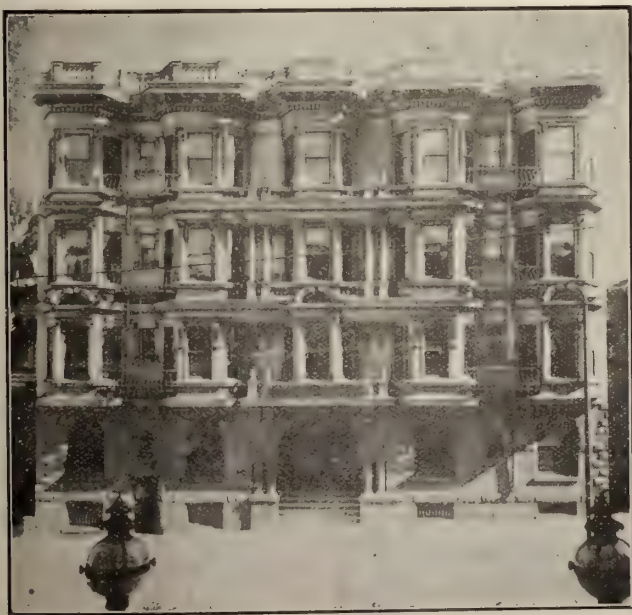
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sea. This was placed by Father Foret and Colonel Juan Bautista de Anza "where nobody had ever been before," on the summit of the rocky promontory of La Punta del Cantil Blanco, known to the present generation as Fort Point. The height was then ninety-seven feet above the sea level, but about the beginning of the Civil War it was cut down by United States engineers and the brick fort erected. At the foot of the cross Colonel de Anza and Father Foret buried an account of their expedition, and later on the location was occupied by a Spanish battery of ten guns, so that, from the first the point has been recognized as a valuable military possession. The cross which surmounts the summit of Lone Mountain is also worthy of note in these days of the destruction of landmarks, though it is not the first one placed there, that having been destroyed a few years ago in a fire set by mischievous boys in the neighboring brush, which speedily got beyond their control. Lone Mountain's summit is four hundred and sixty-eight feet above the sea level. Soon after Calvary Cemetery, within whose borders it stands, was dedicated, the late Archbishop Alemany arranged for the erection of the symbol of Christianity above the home of the dead. The official ceremony of the planting took place some time in the latter part of May, 1862, but though the precise date is forgotten, the name of the builder, Thomas Doyle, survives his work. The present landmark was placed immediately after the destruction of the earlier monument.

A Cathedral Legend

According to a despatch published in the dailies last week, the great cathedral at Cologne is momentarily expected to collapse, which reminds me that there is a curious legend in connection with the building of the cathedral which is, perhaps, worth relating. It is told that the architect was in despair of creating a plan grand enough to present his idea. He

was one day sketching in the sand by the river bank when he finally hit upon one which pleased him so well that he exclaimed: "This shall be the plan!" "I will show you a better one than that," said a voice behind him, and a gentleman clothed all in black stepped up and pulled from his pocket a roll which, on being opened, displayed the present plan of the cathedral. The architect, amazed at its grandeur, asked and received explanations of every part. He, of course, had recognized his timely and accommodating acquaintance, and naturally understood the sort of bargain he would be expected to ratify, so, while the devil was bent on leading him into irresistible temptation, the wily architect was committing to memory the proportions and details. Having done this, he remarked carelessly that the design did not please him, and the devil, seeing through the deception, exclaimed in rage, "You may build your cathedral according to this plan, but you shall never finish it." Though the building was begun in 1248, and continued for two hundred and fifty years, at the end of that time only the nave and choir, and one tower to half its proposed height were completed. Matters had progressed this far by 1447, and then followed centuries of neglect. In 1796 the French troops took possession of the building and used it for stabling their horses and storing fodder. They also appropriated the leaded roof and converted it into bullets. The next attempt to complete the building was made in 1823, but it was not until a score of years later that the work was taken in hand in earnest, and the finishing touches were given in 1880. The conclave of modern architects and builders who have been called together to formulate plans for the preservation of the cathedral seem to have uncovered some ancient jerry building, for the columns which should have been solid pillars are but piers and pilasters. The Cathedral of Cologne is, traditionally, the sanctuary in which are buried the three Kings of the East.



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Roosevelt Lauds Our Statesmen

President Roosevelt has been pointing with pride to the work of the Congress at its last session. He says that the achievements of the national legislature during the session just closed were more advantageous to the people than those of any other session in the history of the country. In his opinion any one of the several great measures passed by the Congress would alone have been sufficient to entitle the statesmen of the House and the Senate to the everlasting gratitude of their countrymen. He views the achievements of those statesmen as conclusive of their loyalty to the people, and of their freedom from corporation influence. These complimentary utterances of the President will no doubt provoke the indignation of the allied expositors of congressional corruption who have lately been imparting a saffron hue to many of the emotional magazines. In a few short sentences the President has made it clear that the attacks on the Senate are slanderous, and nobody will accuse the President of being unduly sympathetic toward the gentlemen of the Upper House. He has many enemies in the Senate and some of them have tried very hard to lower him in public esteem. He has no affection for certain Senators, nor, perhaps, does he believe that all Senators are faithful public servants, but he does not concern himself with individuals. He has spoken in criticism of the Congress, and he assures us that it has served the people well. By reason of his official position he is a better judge than the muck-rakers of sensational magazinedom who were employed to follow the lead of Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens and Tom Lawson, the prophets of the literature of exposure. Now it is time to call a halt. The vein opened by the original purveyors of corruption stories has been exploited in all its dips, spurs and angles, and the people have been gorged with the output. They could scarcely stand more even though President Roosevelt had not warned them that the stuff is as tainted as the canned products of Packingtown.

Nobody would object to paying the plumbers higher wages if some means could be devised to obviate the necessity of going back to the shop for more tools.

Another Michelson Novel

Miriam Michelson has written a novel in which she depicts life in old San Francisco. It will be published August 1st. The story deals with the love of a dreamer for a woman who is in every sense his antithesis. The title of the novel is "Anthony Overman."

Mrs. Geo. L. Alexander has returned from Nebraska and is now living in Alameda.

Mrs. Eugenio Bianchi, Jr., is spending the summer at the summer home of her parents, "Casa Grandolfo" in Livermore.

Mrs. George D. Graham, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Weber, Miss Alice Weber and Mrs. George Palmer sailed from New York July 3rd on the steamer "City of Milan" for an European tour. They will return home in about a year.

MISS VASHTI RANKIN

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Now Who's to Blame?

Editor "Town Talk":—In the issue of "Town Talk" for June 30th there appeared an editorial entitled "The Burdens of the Poor," in which certain criticisms were made of statements contained in Mr. John Spargo's recently published book, "The Bitter Cry of the Children."

While ordinarily I highly esteem the editorial opinion of "Town Talk," it seems to me that the writer of the editorial in question comes to some rather illogical conclusions, and, on the whole, takes up a position which is untenable. In what way I believe these conclusions illogical and the general position taken untenable, I shall, with your kind permission, try to show by enumerating the points of the discussion and setting forth as briefly as possible that which I believe to be the truth.

Mr. Spargo's book deals with a very important question, that of the employment of the children of the poor. He shows the effects of such employment and of environment upon these children, and he also shows the effects of such conditions as surround the poor upon the mother who is compelled to work during the pre-natal period. To partially correct the evils of such a condition Mr. Spargo suggests that the State should care for both the children and the mothers during the critical period, and it is with this suggestion that the writer in "Town Talk" disagrees. To quote from the editorial:

"Mr. Spargo has abundance of example to prove the correctness of his opinion, but what he urges so strenuously is more in the nature of a tiding-over than a cure. If all the little bread-winners of today, all the under-fed school children and all the neglected infants were provided for by municipal or State legislation, the evil would be as great again tomorrow, and worse next week." Hardly; to have the children and mothers cared for by the city or State would certainly improve their condition more or less, but just as certainly it would be "more in the nature of a tiding-over than a cure." And why wouldn't it be a cure? Why would it be merely "a tiding-over"? The reason is to be found in the next two sentences of the editorial:

"The real difficulty is not in the rapacity of manufacturers who will employ babies at starvation wages, or in the indifference of the great round world to the sufferings that must be sought out, but in the reckless improvidence of the parents who continue to reproduce their species without a thought of the welfare of the children. Parents whose combined earnings do not net ten dollars a week should not have more children than dollars."

Now in the first place I grant you that it is "reckless improvidence" for "parents whose combined earnings do not net ten dollars a week" to allow children to come into the world to bear the burdens of poverty. Of such heartless and unfeeling persons it is fitting that we should cry shame, even though the cry of shame is in direct opposition to the admonitions of Mr. Roosevelt, the president of a country now in full flower under the capitalist system. But after all, this matter of the personal responsibility of the parents is not the question. If the parents are so poor that they cannot take proper care of their children, the real question then is: Why are they so poor that they cannot take proper care of their children? For one to gravely advocate the restriction of child-birth because the parents have a net income of but ten dollars a

week is merely to take the position that those parents deserve no more than ten dollars a week. In other words it is to say that the manufacturers (the capitalist class) have a perfect right to force these parents to toil long hours daily for a mere pittance. Does the writer of "Town Talk's" editorial attempt to hold and defend such a position as this? Does he actually believe, as he says in the close of the editorial, that a large part of the misery of the poor "is of their own making"? Have the poor made the conditions under which they suffer, or have the capitalists made them for them? Do the poor send their babies out to work because they like to, or do they do it because the capitalists pay them such pittances that it is difficult or impossible for them to support the children and send them to school?

But perhaps I should not have asked these questions, for they dig at the very roots of society as we find it today, and to answer them is to open up a discussion which must embrace every phase of the capitalist system under which we are living. There is one point which I wish to note before I close, and it is this: While the editorial writer of "Town Talk" is obviously opposed to Socialism (Mr. Spargo's work being the plea of a Socialist for reform), his suggestion that the State restrict the number of children among the poor places him in a curious position. He is opposed to both Socialism and Capitalism; of the former because he believes that the condition of the poor "is of their own making" and hence that they deserve nothing better, and of the latter because he believes that the State should restrict poor people from having children. If child birth among the poor was regulated by law and people allowed to have only as many children as their small incomes could support, who, do you imagine, would be the first to object—the poor or the rich? The rich, to be sure! For the rich are of the capitalist class, and the capitalist class wants as many cheap workers as possible. If the number of the poor were limited there would not be the large surplus labor army that there is today, wages would consequently be higher (which would create a different condition) and the capitalist would have to be content with a smaller share of the profits. And where breathes such a capitalist?

Elwyn Hoffman.

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Frankness

A Duologue

Scene—A drawing-room. Mr. Rashleigh is mentally contrasting the respective charms of the daughter of the house with those of a fair "other," being matrimonially inclined, but not thoroughly decided. To him enters Miss Beaute, the former of the two ladies in question, and at whose hands he is paying an afternoon call. N. B.—He is a great catch.

Miss B. (ingenuously)

How d'ye do, Mr. Rashleigh? Mamma will be down in a minute or two—she is changing her gown; Oh, dear! there I am, always saying what's true. I suppose that I ought to have quibbled—don't you?—And have said she was busy at some other thing, For "changing her gown" has an unsocial ring; I've only myself for these faux pas to thank. Though I try to be false, I can only be frank!

Mr. R. (consolingly)

And so much the better—most ladies are not; They jabber and jabber, and merely talk rot; Their mean-nothing dictums cause virulent pains To circulate through my cerulean veins. There is surely no harm in the statement, I guess, That your parent is busy in changing her dress, Any more than if I your sweet frankness enhance By admitting the fact that I've just changed my—er—

Miss B. (gushingly)

Pants,

There, I'm more at my ease, you're so gentle and kind, And possess such a tactful and courteous mind. So I think 'twould be nice if we both could agree To talk to each other in terms frank and free, Though, I fear me, the people we move with, forsooth, Would ostracize us if we did speak the truth.

Mr. R. (weakening, yet cautious)

Oh, well, we don't meet quite so often, you know, That our frank, open efforts will palpably show.

Miss B. (meaningly)

Of course, I don't mean that in public we should Hypocritically ape that we're precious and good; I meant we'd adopt an ingenuous tone For occasions like this, when—er—we are alone.

Mr. R. (temporizing)

How divinely last night Millie Freakish did sing! The voice of a skylark, aloft, on its wing Never sweeter or clearer poured out from full throat.

Miss B. (aside, angrily)

Oh, bother the man, I don't know note from note!

(Aloud, diplomatically)

Did you see Mamie Baxter, how happy she looked, Since her marital object at last has been hooked?

Mr. R. (arousedly)

Mamie Baxter—the dev—I mean—really engaged!

Miss B. (sweetly)

Why, my dear Mr. Rashleigh, you are not enraged? Ah, how stupid. I know for a time people said—

Mr. R. (recovering)

There was nothing at all in remarks on that head—I was merely astonished. I think I can guess The name of the gentleman. Bultitude?

Miss B. (insinuatingly)

Yes!



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But I'm sure—I'm afraid—that unhappy they'll be,
For I know of no girl so outrageous as she;
In methods of flirting, in dealings with men,
She has laughed o'er her conquests again and again!
Of course, saying all this to you is no sin,
For here is a point where our frankness comes in!

Mr. R. (aside, ruminatingly)

Strange! she seems for the first time much better than Mame.

(Aloud, pensively)

I always imagined her vapid and tame,
And had no idea that she had any vice,
Or was anything other than proper and nice.

Miss B. (sympathetically)

Ah, it's so hard to tell what we girls are about.
If you knew all about me, perhaps you would flout
And abjure me as one that to simpleness tends,
Notwithstanding the fact we agreed to be—friends.

Mr. R. (yielding)

Indeed, I should not; but I think I should say
What it was that impelled me to come here today,
Since I saw your debut in the season just past.

Miss B. (aside, joyously)

It's coming, it's coming, it's coming at last!

Mr. R. (resolutely)

I have vowed to myself there is one girl for me,
Miss—may I say "Rosie?"—and you are the she.

(She falls on his bosom)

My angel, my precious, my sweetest, my fair!

Miss B. (murmuring)

Don't, Dickie; oh, don't; you are rumpling my hair!
Oh, I must run away; there's mamma—there—good-bye!

Mr. R. (lovingly)

One more—hush—no, I swear, you don't look a guy!
Now say it again: "He is mine, I am his,"

Miss B. (rushing from room, encountering her parent)

I've caught him, I've caught him, I've caught him—

Mamma's Contralto Voice

Good biz!

—The Match-Maker.

The Grill

One of the finest of the new restaurants in San Francisco is "The Grill" at 911 Ellis, near Van Ness, the proprietor of which is C. M. Sollari, formerly of the Palace Hotel grill. It is said that the famous luncheon table established at the Palace by the Cabinet is to be a feature of this new restaurant.

Goes South in Interest of Hotels.

E. S. de Wolfe, proprietor of the Imperial, leaves Sunday night for the South. He will visit Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Riverside, and Redlands in the interest of the hotels of San Francisco. In the cities visited by Mr. de Wolfe the fact will be given publicity that San Francisco has ample accommodations in both first-class hotels and first-class restaurants for any persons who may desire such accommodation coming to the city.

Among the arrivals this week at the Imperial are F. A. Hihn the banker of Santa Cruz; Dr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Hilton of Lowell, Mass.; Mr. W. B. Corwin and wife, Los Angeles and ex-Senator Thomas Kearns of Utah.

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One Summer

When we met in the ballroom that evening,
And she gave me another man's dance,
And we ran away out in the moonlight,
And witchery lurked in her glance;
When we spooned on the shaded veranda,
And harked to the whippowil sing,
I suppose I was awfully foolish
To imagine it meant anything.

When we frolicked that day in the breakers
And had such a glorious swim,
And I forthwith addressed her as "Mabel"
Because she was calling me "Jim;"
When we perched by ourselves on the bell-buoy,
And she clung when 'twas needless to cling,
I suppose I was awfully foolish
To imagine it meant anything.

When we sat on the cliffs, close together,
And nobody near (where's the harm?),
And quoted from Browning and Shakespeare,
And she didn't object to my arm;
When we waited till long after twilight,
And I slipped on her finger a ring,
I suppose I was awfully foolish
To imagine it meant anything.

When the Summer was gone, and the moment
Of parting was on us, at last,
And I plead she'd be true, and reminded
Of all that so sweetly had passed;
No doubt it was puerile and silly
To feel any trace of a sting
When she laughed: "Why, how awfully foolish
To imagine it meant anything!"

—The Sigher

Life at Tahoe

More pronounced is the popularity of Lake Tahoe every year. This season The Tavern is the scene of much life and gayety, and it includes among its guests people from all parts of the State. From San Francisco there arrived lately: the Kenneth Donnoians, Supervisor Sanderson and wife, the Horace Hills, the J. B. Gibsons, the J. A. Chanslors and Miss Houston Bishop. Among the other visitors are the W. J. Caseys of San Rafael, the W. M. Fishers of Napa, Mrs. E. Sely, son and daughter of Benicia, the T. L. Lathrops of Berkeley, Governor Sparks of Nevada, George W. Peltier and daughter of Sacramento, Dr. Lawrence Maupin of Fresno, Major and Mrs. Fulmer of Los Angeles, Dr. Salisbury of San Diego, and Major C. S. Walton of Washington, D. C. Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl who is summering at The Tavern, has made some good catches of fish during her stay. There is to be a tennis tournament at The Tavern next week.

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Stage

Bishop Interviews the Schuberts

We may not have to wait very long to be brought in touch with the up-to-date drama. Harry Bishop returned from the East last week whither he went to interview the Schuberts with a view to getting permission from them to present their dramatic attractions in this city. I hear that he succeeded in making very satisfactory arrangements and that he will soon have a theatre on Market street.

Healy in Seattle

Frank Healy, who was assistant manager of the Tivoli at the time of the fire, is now in Seattle where he organized the San Francisco Opera Company which includes many of the old Tivoli favorites. Teddy Webb, Miss Hemmi and George Kunkel are among the principals. The Seattle "Post-Intelligencer" has been advocating a change of name for the organization.

A Song Hit

Nora Bayes has been making a great hit at the Orpheum with a comic song. This is the verse that overwhelms the house:

There was I, a waitin' at the church,
Waitin' at the church, waitin' at the church
W'en I found 'ed left me in the lurch—
Lor! but it did upset me.
And now around to me 'e sends a note—
'Ere's the very note—this is w'ot 'e wrote:—
"Cawn't get away to marry you today—
My wife won't let me."

The Orpheum's New Bill

Rarely, if ever, has a musical act in vaudeville utilized so bewildering an array of instruments as those employed by "The Military Octette and the Girl with the Baton," in the spectacle in three scenes showing army life in Russia, India and America and which will be presented for the first time in San Francisco at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. Cornets, trombones, bugles, fifes and drums, Roman triumphal trumpets, tom-toms, violins, cymbals, tambourines and triangles and successfully handled by the members of the "Military Octette" under the guidance of the "Girl With the Baton." This act is the season's success in vaudeville. It was designed by Lasky, Rolfe and Company, who were responsible for "The Colonial Septette," the great hit of the last Orpheum Road Show. Argyro Kastron, a young Greek violiniste, former soloist with Sousa and his band and the Calve Concert Company, will be heard for the first time in this city. It is said that few artists play more appealingly or more beautifully than this young Greek, whose European debut a few seasons ago occasioned much comment. Carlin and Otto, German comedians who are great favorites in this city, will no doubt receive a warm welcome. They promise a capital routine of side-splitting dialogue. Irving Jones, the little colored comedian who has no superior as a laugh producer, will enliven proceedings for about fifteen minutes. He will sing some of his own compositions and tell a lot of new stories. The Gartelle brothers, exponents of comedy skating, will introduce some stunts on rollers and will show how funny it is when you don't know how and how graceful it is when you do. Claude Gillingwater and company have reserved for their second and last week "The Wrong Man." Linden Beckwith, "the singing portrait," will be heard in new selections, Ziska and King will vary their comedy magic and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the program. The grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is

situated, are full of amusement surprises and sensations and the Zoo is well stocked with rare and interesting animals.

In the Limelight

Melville Ellis, the young San Franciscan with a genius for dress, who played a brief engagement at the Tivoli, has been engaged by the Shuberts to supervise the music of all their productions.

May Irwin threatens to write a play.

Maxine Elliott is in London and Nat Goodwin is in Los Angeles. Both are enjoying a vacation.

Literary matinees have come in vogue in Los Angeles and culture has become as popular a tonic down south as it was in this city before the fire. Constance Crawley, formerly of the Ben Greet Company, is responsible for the interest that is being taken in the literary dramatists.

Thompson's Debut

Frank W. Thompson, the popular clubman, made his operatic debut at Idora Park across the bay last Monday night, and there was a great throng of his friends on hand to encourage him in his new venture. Thompson has a fine, resonant basso voice, and an excellent stage presence. As Felix Graham in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," Thompson has no very grave responsibilities to shoulder, but the role enables him to get his stage legs steady and accustom himself to the atmosphere of the mimic world. He will have a much more important role in "Robin Hood." The current musical comedy attraction is as buoyant and breezy as it was when presented on this side of the bay. Arthur Cunningham is firing the patriotic heart with his spirited rendition of "My Own United States," and Ferris Hartman is getting all the laughs that are coming to him as Jonathan Phoenix. Hartman, by the way, is enjoying a new lease of life. When he is on the stage the gales of laughter that sweep over the audience remind one of those good old nights in the beloved Tivoli of the long ago. Hartman appears to be the idol of the Oakland heart. One day recently he appeared at a benefit performance at Ye Liberty Theatre and the audience behaved as though it were hysterical.

—The Playgoer.

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The Rounder.

AN INEXPENSIVE LUXURY

Here is a thing, my darling,
That seems extremely queer—
Your kisses cost me nothing,
Yet they are very dear.

The Lover.

At Del Monte

Among the late arrivals at Hotel Del Monte are: Mrs. Geo. H. Gibbs, Miss H. E. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Spinks, Mr. and Mrs. H. Benton Scott, H. S. Masterton, E. F. Barron, S. S. Lowery, B. Wood, Madame Buck, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Ganter, Mr. and Mrs. A. Schwartz, Gustav Sutro, Jas. P. Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ames, Jas. T. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Weidenmuller, F. W. Birlem, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Matson, Miss L. Matson, W. E. Buck, H. B. Hayden, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Edw. Barron, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Trowbridge, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. De Camp, Elmer De Camp, Mrs. M. P. Snyder, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Black, San Luis Obispo, Cal.; T. D. Wood, V. P. Wood, Geo. J. Kane, Santa Barbara, Cal., Paul M. Henry, Mrs. W. W. Henry, Berkeley, Cal.; Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Haims, Sacramento, Cal.; A. Don Hines, E. K. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Schneider, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ward, San Jose, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kahn, Fred Kahn, Jr., Mrs. Mark Requa, Oakland, Cal.; F. Omori, Tokio, Japan; Secretary of State Sterneberg, Major D. von Unhtrite, Mr. Dietrich, Mr. F. Kallenberg, Berlin, Germany.

At Byron Springs.

The automobile arrivals at Byron Hot Springs for the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. F. Dohrman, Jr., in a "Franklin;" T. V. Coleman, Thos. Magee, V. G. Hush, Jr., in a "Renault;" Mr. and Mrs. S. Ducas and Mr. and Mrs. Jno. H. Grady in a "Rambler;" Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Tainter of Alameda, accompanied by Mrs. Lucy Hayes and Mrs. N. I. Baldwin in Mr. Tainter's "Winton." Among the other arrivals were, Judge E. A. Belcher, Major and Mrs. H. Bendel.

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VILLA FONTENAY

Under new management. Santa Cruz Mountains. Three miles from Glenwood. First-class table; bowling; electric lights; billiards; dancing-pavilion; clubroom; \$10 up; round trip \$3.00; free carriage.

RICE HARPER, Prop., R. F. D. 1, Santa Cruz.

Garden City Sanitarium

(NOT A HOSPITAL)..

Receiving patients as usual. Cottage, rooms or tents. Write for literature. SAN JOSE, CAL.

Complete comfort—the best thing we can say of the new hotel at

Witter MEDICAL Springs

LAKE COUNTY

It supplies every want—gratifies every wish. It is beautiful to look at—a delight to live in. Every hotel comfort you ever heard or dreamed of you'll find at Witter Springs. Rates: Old hotel and cottage rooms, \$12 per week. New hotel, \$14 per week and up. Mr. H. W. Wills, Ass't Manager of St. Francis Hotel, now has personal charge of the Springs Hotel.

WITTER MEDICAL SPRINGS CO.,

No. 563 Eleventh street, Oakland. Phone Oakland 7818.

Witter Water Cures Stomach Trouble

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

But 2½ hours from San Francisco. An excellent Hotel and delightful environment. The waters here

CURE Rheumatism and Stomach Troubles

Week end excursion over the Southern Pacific. \$7.50 Round Trip pays for all transportation expenses and for two days at the hotel, includes baths and use of mineral waters. Ask S. P. agent anywhere. Send for booklet.

Manager BYRON HOT SPRINGS, Cal.

DUNCAN SPRINGS

Now open. Rates \$10 to \$12 week. Write for particulars. Address HOWELL BROS., Hopland, Mendocino county, Cal.

DEL MONTE OFFERS

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A PERMANENT HOME

THE COLONIAL

First-class family hotel. Foothills of Santa Cruz Mountains. Interurban cars pass the doors. S. P. to San Jose and Interurban cars, or S. P. direct to Los Gatos. Address THE COLONIAL, Los Gatos, Cal.

SUMMER RESORTS

Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS

For rest and health, for cleanliness, climate and accommodation stands unsurpassed of all summer resorts. Rates \$12.00, \$14.00 and \$16.00 per week.

For full particulars address

R. ROBERTSON.

HARBIN HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

All kinds of mineral baths, tub baths, mineral medicated mud baths, natural mineral steam room and shower baths. Swimming tank.

Best water in the State for kidney, liver and stomach troubles, neuralgia, paralysis, rheumatism and skin diseases. Mountain trails. Best equipped gymnasium in the State. Fine vegetable garden, dairy and livery stable. All connected with hotel. Fine fishing close to hotel. Round trip ticket to springs, \$7. Write for booklet.

J. A. HAYS, PROP.

ADAMS SPRINGS LAKE COUNTY NOW OPEN

(Elevation 3000 Feet.)

Surrounded by a pine forest of 5000 acres. This and its new hotel makes it the largest and most desirable resort in California. The waters are a positive cure for Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints.

Send for book of testimonials to DR. W. R. PRATHER, Proprietor.

NAPA SODA SPRINGS

California's famous mountain spa, only 50 miles from San Francisco, NOW OPEN. The nearest watering place and summer resort to the city. 1,000 feet elevation, overlooking for 25 miles the beautiful Napa Valley. Good hotel accommodations. New skating rink installed this season. Open all the year round. Terms on application to JOHN JACOB, Napa Soda Springs, Napa county, Cal.

Klamath Hot Springs

A fine health, fishing and hunting resort. For particulars apply to Peck-Judah Co., 414 Fourteenth St., Oakland, or write EDSON BROS., Beswick, Siskiyou Co., Cal.

ORR'S HOT SPRINGS

Just rebuilt and newly furnished. Hot Sulphur Baths famous all over the West. Water gushes from solid rock, cures Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Dyspepsia, Malarial Diseases and Stomach, Kidney and Liver Complaints. Excellent hunting and fishing and a first-class table. Located in the heart of the giant redwoods. Open all the year round; camping ground free. Telephone and Livery. C. N. W. Ry. to Ukiah, stage to springs. Round trip from San Francisco \$9.50. Address J. L. ORR, Ukiah, Mendocino Co., Cal.

CAMP ROSE

Healdsburg, two miles east of town, on north and west bank of Russian river, at the base of Fitch Mountain; a wilderness in the heart of Russian River Valley; grand natural scenery; abundance of shade; pure water; medicinal mineral spring; bathing, deep and shallow; boating and fishing; river dammed during summer months; trails to the top of Fitch Mountain, 700 feet elevation, from which point the valley with its orchards and vineyards may be seen; with Geyser Peak and Mount St. Helena in plain view. An ideal spot to camp in and enjoy the beauties of nature; in the midst of the best fruit orchards of the State. Camping privileges without floors, \$1.00, and with floors \$1.50 per week. BOARDING DEPARTMENT—House-room sufficient for cooking, dining and sitting, and lodging furnished in tents with floors, beds, bedding and furniture; good cooking, table well supplied, and guests well fed and lodged, and in every way as comfortable as if in a first-class hotel, with much more freedom. Board and lodging for adults, per week \$8.00 to \$9.00; per day \$1.50, and children under 10 at reduced rates. For particulars address J. W. ROSE, Healdsburg, Sonoma County, Cal.

LAKE TAHOE

Tahoe Tavern

THAT RESTFUL INN AMONG THE PINES

ELEVATION 6000 FEET

Open from May 15th to October 15th

F. W. Richardson, Manager, Tahoe, Cal.

LAKE AND STREAM FISHING UNEXCELLED

Low Round Trip Excursion Rates

\$15 Per Week for Board

with plenty of fruit, eggs and milk.

No extra charge for boats or livery. Special rates to families in cottages. Physician in attendance.

DR. H. B. CROCKER - - Healdsburg, Cal.

HOTEL ALEXANDRIA

LOS ANGELES

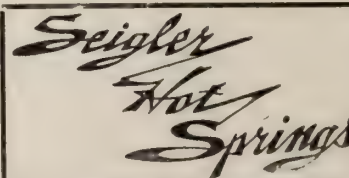
AN ABSOLUTELY
FIREPROOF HOTEL



Beautiful Indian Mission restaurant — the most novel and finely appointed on the coast. Music by the Alexandria Royal Hungarian Orchestra.

ALEXANDRIA HOTEL CO.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



Natural hot baths and wonderful stomach waters. Swimming pond. Arsenic baths for nervousness. Rates \$9 to \$12 per week. Booklets at Peck's 414 14th Street, Oakland.

H. H. MCGOWAN,
Seigler Lake County.

WILLOW RANCH

Delightfully located in the redwoods, five miles from Santa Cruz; spring water; fruit; milk; excellent table; daily mail; telephone Suburban 87; free conveyance; \$7 per week. MRS. M. J. CRANDELL, Santa Cruz.

SUMMER RESORTS

Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request.

RANCHELLA

An ideal home in the Santa Cruz Mountains, surrounded by beautiful grounds, five miles from Santa Cruz, in the Redwood belt. Beautiful drives, good trout fishing. Telephone, gas. \$9 to \$10. Address MRS. E. H. BUNTING, R. F. D. 87, Santa Cruz, Cal.

Hot White Sulphur Springs Canyon

625 acres, new hotel building not ready this season. Furnished cottages, 3 to 10 rooms, rented to families desirous of camping. Some choice locations for tents; rare opportunity to enjoy out-door life; miles of lovely drives; large barn and stable; private table for limited number; strictly home service; fine fishing.

MR. and MRS. JOHN SANFORD, St. Helena, Napa Co. Cal

SOLID COMFORT HOME

1900 feet altitude; no fog; climate delightful; unsurpassed scenery; hot, cold bath; spring water; cement swimming tank, 40x80; telephone. \$7 week; stage meets train. Round trip to Napa, \$1.35. Schuler & Scheben, Napa, Cal.

MARK WEST SPRINGS

MRS. C. JUERGENSEN, Proprietess.

A place where you feel at home. Under new management. Delightful walks and other amusements. Variety of springs. Table first-class. Rates, \$12 per week or \$2 per day. Children, half price. Open for guests June 1st. Address Santa Rosa, Rural 6.

AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS

Send your family to the nearest Hot Sulphur Springs to San Francisco; first-class accommodations; special rates to families; no staging; four trains daily; fare, round trip, \$1.65; Tiburon Ferry or Southern Pacific; two hours' ride. Address THEODOR RICHARDS, Agua Caliente, Sonoma county, Cal.

BLUE

Boating, Bathing and all other amusements free. Hot and cold sulphur baths. White sulphur springs. Send for pamphlet. O. WEISMAN, Midlake P. O., Lake County, Cal.

LAKES

SARATOGA SPRINGS

The paradise of California, fifteen different mineral springs. We guarantee cure for Dyspepsia, Kidney, Liver, Stomach, Rheumatism, Blood, Skin Diseases, etc., \$10 to \$16 per week. Information and booklets at Review Bureau, or J. Martens, Bachelor P. O., Lake County, California.

SKAGGS

Hot Springs, Sonoma county, only 4½ hours from San Francisco and but 9 miles staging; waters noted for medicinal virtues; best natural hot mineral water bath in State; boating and swimming; good trout streams; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and San Francisco papers. First-class Hotel and Stage Service; morning and afternoon stages; round trip from San Francisco \$5.50. Take Tiburon ferry daily 7:30 a. m. or 2:30 p. m. Rates \$2.00 a day or \$12 a week. References: Any guest of the past eleven years. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street, or of J. F. MULGREW, Skaggs, Cal.

Hotel Del Coronado

THE CORONET OF THE PACIFIC

All outside rooms. Every modern convenience provided. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Fine fishing. This magnificent hostelry is conducted on the American plan and is open the entire year. There is no better surf bathing in America than that at Coronado Beach. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Mgr., Coronado Beach, Cal.

H. F. Norcross, Gen'l Agt., 334 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

The Tallac

Lake Tahoe, Cal.

The numerous small lakes and streams adjacent make this resort headquarters for rod fishermen.

San Franciscans are especially invited to write for terms for their families.

M. LAWRENCE & CO., Tallac

LAUREL DELL

The Switzerland of America.

Rates same as usual. First-class orchestra, under the management of Dr. Monroe N. Callender. Boating, marine toboggan, bowling and other amusements free to guests. Write for pamphlet to E. DURNAN, Prop., Laurel Dell P. O., Lake Co., Cal.; also prop. La Trianon Hotel.

JOHANISBERG

The well-known mountain and pleasure resort; in the midst of the Napa redwoods; boating, swimming; terms reasonable. Stage meets guests at Oakville, Napa county. MR. and MRS. THEO. BLANCKENBURG, JR., Props., Oakville, Napa county.

SODA BAY SPRINGS

The only resort in Lake county on the lake. Finest boating, hunting and fishing in the State. Newly furnished. Table unsurpassed. Terms for 1906 reduced: \$2 per day. \$12 per week. All amusements and baths in the great geyser, free to regular guests. Further information address GEO. ROBINSON and AGNES BELL RHOADS, managers, Soda Bay, via Kelseyville P. O., Lake county, Cal.

Mt. View Ranch Hotel

And cottages in the mountains near Santa Cruz. First-class table; gas; bath; phone; clubroom; dancing-pavilion; bowling; croquet; rates \$9 up. Campers' tickets to Santa Cruz \$4, carriage fare, \$1.25 round trip.

TONY PHILIPS, Santa Cruz.

Have Town Talk sent you while on your vacation

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery st., cor. of Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1906, at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.

EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Metropolis Trust and Savings Bank, temporary office, 1130 Eddy st., San Francisco, June 29, 1906.—Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent per annum has been declared on the paid-in capital of the corporation for the six months ending June 30, 1906; said dividend being payable July 10, transfer books closed until after that date. By order of the Board of Directors.

A. A. WATKINS, President.

F. R. COOK, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

The Italian-American Bank has declared the usual semi-annual dividend at the rate of 3.60 per cent per annum, free from all taxes, on all savings deposits, payable on and after July 2, 1906, at its temporary office, Merchants' Exchange building. Interest not withdrawn will be added to the principal.

A. SBARBORO, President.

A. E. SBARBORO, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, cor. Market, McAllister and Jones sts., San Francisco, June 27, 1906.—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1906, free from all taxes and payable on and after July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. No. 100,519.

Jane A. Walker, Plaintiff,
vs.
George F. Walker, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to George F. Walker, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion and wilful neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and six.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

[Seal]

COSTELLO & COSTELLO,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

ANNIE E. GEIL, Plaintiff,
vs.
HERMAN GEIL, Defendant.

Dept. No. 7.
No. 994.
Roland Becsey,
Attorney for Plff.,
235 Divisadero St.,
San Francisco.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the Office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO HERMAN GEIL, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county, or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and the defendant, upon the ground of defendants' extreme cruelty to the plaintiff above, plaintiff asking for judgment that the bond of matrimony between herself and the defendant herein be dissolved and the custody of their minor child Laroy Harvey Geil; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein, to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 9th day of July, A. D. 1906.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal)

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ANE KIRSTINE DAMGAARD, Plaintiff,
vs.
NIELS FREDERIKSEN DAMGAARD, Defendant.

Department No. —
No. 735.
Bishop & Hoefler,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO NIELS FREDERIKSEN DAMGAARD, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or she will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 27th day of June, A. D. 1906.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

(Seal)

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

There is no beverage so deliciously refreshing and healthful in its absolute purity as

White Rock
LITHIA **Water.**

STILL White Rock Water packed in cases containing twelve one-half gallons AT \$4.50 PER CASE.

P. J. WENIGER & CO., Distributors

At the Northeast Corner of Van Ness and Ellis

Phone Emergency 309

The Central Trust Company
OF CALIFORNIA

Is conducting a general Banking Business at its old address, corner of

Sutter and Montgomery Streets

Interest paid on Savings deposits at 3½ per cent. per annum; no notice for withdrawal required. Collection of Insurance policies free to our patrons.

STATEMENT

Of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

— OF —

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

(A CORPORATION)

And Where Said Assets are Situated.

DATED JUNE 30, 1906

ASSETS.

1—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....\$35,428,893.99

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

2—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....330,040.00

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by "Northern Railway Company of California First Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds," "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad Company 5 per cent Bonds," "Southern Pacific Railroad Company of Arizona 6 per cent Bonds," "Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California Series 'F' and 'G' 6 per cent Bonds," "Park and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds," "Pacific Gas Improvement Company First Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds," "Edison Electric Railway Company First Refunded Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds," "Pacific Electric Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds," "The Imperial Japanese Government 6 per cent Bonds," "United States 3 per cent Bonds," "Spring Valley Water Works First Mortgage 6 per cent Bonds," "Spring Valley Water Works Second Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds," "Forty-two Shares of the Capital Stock of the Bank of California" and "One hundred and thirty Shares of the Capital Stock of the California Street Cable Railroad Company," the market value of all said Bonds and Stocks being \$462,846.21. Said Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, and said Notes, Bonds and Stocks are there situated.

3—Bonds of the United States, the actual value of which is.....12,990,454.39

The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to the said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own Vaults and are there situated. They are: "Registered 4 per cent of 1907 (\$7,150,000.00) and 4 per cent of 1925 (\$4,520,000.00) United States Bonds," and are payable only to the order of said Corporation.

4—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is.....10,618,511.14

The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to the said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own Vaults and are there situated. They are:

"Market Street Cable Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds".....	\$1,126,000.00
"Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds".....	433,000.00
"Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds".....	150,000.00
"Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds".....	158,000.00
"The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds".....	89,000.00
"Presidio and Ferries Railroad Company 6 per cent Bonds".....	24,000.00
"Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds".....	6,000.00
"Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds".....	145,000.00
"Northern Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds".....	584,000.00
"Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds".....	24,000.00
"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds".....	390,000.00

"Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California 6 per cent Bonds".....	655,000.00
"San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds".....	111,000.00
"West Shore Railroad Company of New York 4 per cent Bonds".....	500,000.00
"Spring Valley Water Works First Mortgage 6 per cent Bonds".....	123,000.00
"Spring Valley Water Works Second Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds".....	516,000.00
"Spring Valley Water Works Third Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds".....	1,020,000.00
"The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds".....	1,500,000.00
"San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds".....	495,000.00
"City and County of San Francisco 3½ per cent Bonds".....	2,102,000.00
"City of Vallejo 5 per cent Bonds".....	62,000.00
"City of San Luis Obispo 5 per cent Bonds".....	11,250.15

5—Interest on Miscellaneous Bonds accrued to July 1st, 1906.....269,755.10

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$129,264.05) and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$80,496.31), Alameda (\$64,712.84), and San Mateo (\$13,701.42), in this State, the actual value of which is.....268,174.62

(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is.....588,661.35

7—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin, belonging to said Corporation, and in its possession, and situated at its said office, actual value.....2,723,073.14

Total Assets.....\$63,217,563.73

LIABILITIES.

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is.....\$59,671,701.35

The condition of said deposits is that they are payable only out of said Assets and are fully secured thereby.

2—Reserve Fund, Actual Value.....3,545,862.38

Total Liabilities.....\$63,217,563.73

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, ss.

JAMES R. KELLY, being duly sworn, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of July, 1906.
GEO. T. KNOX, Notary Public,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
COUNTY OF SAN MATEO, ss.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, being duly sworn, says: That said ROBERT J. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of July, 1906.
CHARLES N. KIRKBRIDE, Notary Public,
In and for the County of San Mateo, State of California.

In Old San Francisco

(Continued from Page 9.)

at Washington that it did not matter when a Senator was elected, so long as his election was properly certified.

The session of 1854 was one of the most thrilling and eventful in the legislative history of California. Among Broderick's most distinguished supporters were Judge Hager, father of Miss Ethyl Hager, whose engagement was recently announced, James Coffroth, father of the renowned impresario of the roped arena, William M. Lent, father of the Lent brothers, David Mahoney, father of the Mahoney brothers, and Don Pablo de la Guerra of Santa Barbara. In the opposition was Charley Fairfax, one of the Fairfax's of Virginia, whose home was Fairfax Villa in San Rafael, better known these days as Pastori's, the scene of revels made famous in the Von Schroeder-Spreckels libel suit. Fairfax was elected Speaker of the Assembly.

During this memorable session an incident occurred which afforded Broderick an opportunity, as singular as it was unexpected, to recruit his ranks from the opposition. There arrived in San Francisco by steamer, ex-Governor Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi, father of the late lamented Billy Foote, a man of an impetuous nature similar to that for which his son was afterward distinguished. He was incensed against the President for having appointed his most powerful personal enemy, Jefferson Davis, to the Secretaryship of War. Foote was accompanied by General Wool, who was also unfriendly to the President. Learning of their feelings, Broderick with true Tammany shrewdness arranged a grand public banquet in their honor, ostensibly for the purpose of honoring a great soldier and a renowned Democratic statesman, but as was later alleged, to bring about the arraignment of the Administration. The banquet took place in San Francisco on a Saturday evening and was presided over by Governor Bigler, who so artfully handled the toasts that the guests of the occasion found it the most natural thing in the world to express their opinion of the President, and their utterances were of a most sensational character. There were several Federal officials present and they were in a great rage over the awkward position into which they had been put. Several brawls in the streets were of the aftermath of the banquet, and the Southerners denounced Broderick for having deliberately planned to give offense to the Federal brigade. But Broderick did not mind what they said, having gained a few supporters through sympathy for General Foote in his grievance against the President. A few days after the banquet the fight in the Legislature was precipitated by the introduction of a bill in the Assembly, to fix a date for the election of a United States Senator to succeed Dr. Gwin. The bill provoked the fiercest and most protracted fight of magnitude ever made in the political history of California. And now that there is so much being said and written about the corruption that threatens the life of the Republic it is interesting and instructive though not encouraging to pessimists to review the events of those days. Addresses to the people were issued both by the Broderick and the anti-

Broderick forces and on each was the name of Charles A. Tuttle, a Senator from Placer county. This was the first notable straddle in California political history. One day Senator Elisha J. Peck, of Butte, arose and announced that on the morning of the seventh of the month, while he was a passenger on the steamboat Helen Hensley, from San Francisco to Benicia, where the Legislature was then meeting, he met John C. Palmer, of the banking house of Palmer, Cook & Co., of San Francisco, who offered him \$5,000 to vote, first, for bringing on the election of Senator, and second, for Broderick for Senator. This statement created a sensation as great as that caused by the waste paper basket scandal of a much later session. Of course an investigation was ordered and three lawyers appeared in behalf of Mr. Palmer, who was well known as Broderick's backer. One of them was Stephen J. Field, who was afterward indirectly responsible for the death of the man by whom David Broderick was killed. Associated with Field was Hall McAllister and General Williams, father of Tom Williams of Ingleside and Emeryville. Colonel Ed. D. Baker, afterward Senator from Oregon, was counsel for Senator Peck. The investigation aroused the whole state, and it was most brilliantly conducted and made notable by the eloquence of the attorneys on both sides. The verdict of the Legislature was of the double-barreled, back-action kind that has frequently provoked the jibes of the people in recent years. The statesmen found: First, that the statement of Senator Peck had not been sustained; second, that the decision of the Senate did not in any degree reflect upon the honor and dignity of Mr. Peck. In other words, the Senate found that the charge had not been proved, but that Senator Peck had not lied.

(To be continued.)

THE NAME OF MENNEN

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Mennen's Borated Talcum has won the esteem of those who buy it and the trade who supply it, by its perfect purity and absolute uniformity. In the nursery it is supreme, because it is sanitary as well as soothing. For the chafing of children, nettle-rash, prickly heat, etc., it is healing as well as comforting.

Mennen's Borated Talcum claims the first place on every toilet table by reason of its multifold usefulness and its absolute reliability. Its superiority is vouched for by leading medical authorities.

People who judge powder by the price and think it's better because it costs more, would be surprised to know that many of the powders which sell so high, cost the dealers only half what Mennen's Borated Talcum costs.

For this reason imitations are pushed and forced on you by dealers because their profit on them is much larger than on the genuine article. Purchasers of Mennen's Borated Talcum, the original, have absolute protection against fraud and imitation in the new non-refillable box. If it's Mennen's Box, it's Mennen's Powder. If it's Mennen's Powder, it's the best that's made.



Letters

Winston Churchill's New Novel

"Coniston," Winston Churchill's new novel, is a story of a New England community in what may be called the reconstruction period, just after the Civil War, when the minister, the deacons of the church, the squire and the "first families" were ousted from their political supremacy to make way for Demos. Before that time, no matter what the primary histories and partisan biographies may assert, the plain citizen would no more have ventured to put forward an independent opinion than the ladies of "Cranford" would have ventured to take possession of the front seats at a public entertainment, even though they were the first to arrive. Coniston was an insignificant village, viewed from the point of population or commercial advantages, but by reason of its being the home of the boss it was the actual capital of the state. Jethro Bass was a character, though not as that term is usually interpreted. He was not a village joker, made no pretensions to philosophizing, and it was not until he stood forth in the full panoply of his power that his fellows recognized the quiet strength and dogged determination which placed him in the leadership. Jethro was ignored as a factor in local politics until, suddenly and without warning, he was placed in nomination and elected to the position of chairman of the Board of Selectmen, a position which he continued to occupy for thirty-six years, until he was ready to retire. Not only was Jethro made chairman, but a whole new slate was presented and elected, much to the surprise of the erstwhile ruling class who found themselves quietly disfranchised as effectually as they had hitherto disfranchised others though of course no one had ever taken that view of the matter. And how had this new party of Jacksonian Democrats arisen and come into power? No one could positively say, but it became known in quiet ways that men who had never before bothered with attendance at town meeting, all of them mortgaged to Jethro Bass, had been in some intangible way given to understand that he would be pleased if they attended to their duties as citizens, in spite of weather, crying needs of farm work, or other demands. And the manner in which Jethro managed his town meeting and his home following is typical of the way he afterward herded legislators and officials, always quietly, unassumingly, but certainly. Simultaneously with the rise of Bass to political supremacy is that of Isaac D. Worthington to be the financial "boss." The clever manner in which Jethro puts his finger on the pulse of that invalid in search of health at their first interview is typical of their attitude towards each other for life. Of course a novel would not be a novel without a sentimental interest and in Coniston there are two. There is a clever delineation of a fashionable private school in which the young Cynthia received her finishing touches, and the story of the "Woodchuck Session" is one of the best exposures of clever legislative scheming that has yet been seen in print. The reverential attitude of rural New England to that exalted being, an author, is well brought out. Each successive book of Winston Churchill's finds him farther on his way, and yet, when he writes so well one is constantly wondering why he does not write better. There are over thirty illustrations by Florence Schovell Shinn, most of them of characters connected with the narrative. The little Cynthia, however, was hardly old enough to be decked out in long pantalettes. Published by the Macmillan Company.

"Kenelm's Desire"

Hughes Cornell may lay full claim to originality in the plot and setting of her novel, "Kenelm's Desire," for the hero is a full-blood Alaskan Indian, the heroine, a descendant of German-Celtic parentage, and the scene of action British Columbia and San Francisco. Desire Llewellyn was an impressionable girl with musical talent beyond the ordinary.



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— "MURINE 2 DROPS" —
 A FAMILY FAVORITE — USED DAILY BY
 PEOPLE OF REFINED TASTES AS A TOILET REQUISITE
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MURINE
EYE
REMEDY

Restores Normal Conditions and Natural Brilliancy
 to a Tired and Faded Eye

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 Itching Eyes and Eyelids**

AFTER A "RECORD BREAKER" IN YOUR TOURING CAR
MURINE IS AN EYE INSURANCE
 STRONG WINDS, REFLECTED SUNLIGHT AND DUST CAUSE IRRITATION,
 GRANULATION AND ULCERATION. MURINE SOOTHES AND QUICKLY CURES.
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San Francisco

She married Kenelm, the Indian. If marriage constitutes the whole of a happy ending, and there is nothing more to be said after the enchanted pair are locked in each other's arms, then "Kenelm's Desire" falls into its place without further comment, but it must be confessed that Frau Eda had both common sense and precedent on her side when she held out so stoutly against the union. Whatever is to be said in favor of the Indian, negro, Chinese, or individual of the alien race, the indisputable fact remains that the progeny are half-breeds and that they rarely, if ever, even under the most favorable conditions, seem to inherit the virtues of either parent. Grandma Peden, Mrs. Fraser and Kenelm, in the present story, all had average intelligence. Kenelm was the leader of the Native Sons of British Columbia. He took all the honors at school. The tragedy of these unequal marriages lies less in the happiness or misery of the two lovers than in the almost inevitable consequences to the descendants. Such a marriage as this of Desire and Kenelm is not without precedent, for there is the union of Elaine Goodale, one of the "Sky Farm Poetesses," a literary prodigy of the middle of the last century, with Dr. Eastman, a Sioux of pure blood, but more often the association of the two races is apt to end in such a tragedy as that of the fair Althea, or in an appeal to the courts, as in the case of the infatuated Florence Jewell of London, who insisted on marrying a Zulu brave who captured what she thought was her heart at a show and who, a brief while later, came crying for legal assistance because her burly black had used his teeth as well as his knife and club on her anatomy, and objected to bathing or wearing clothes. However, Hughes Cornell was telling a story, not arguing in favor or against mixed marriages, and as a story Kenelm's Desire is worth

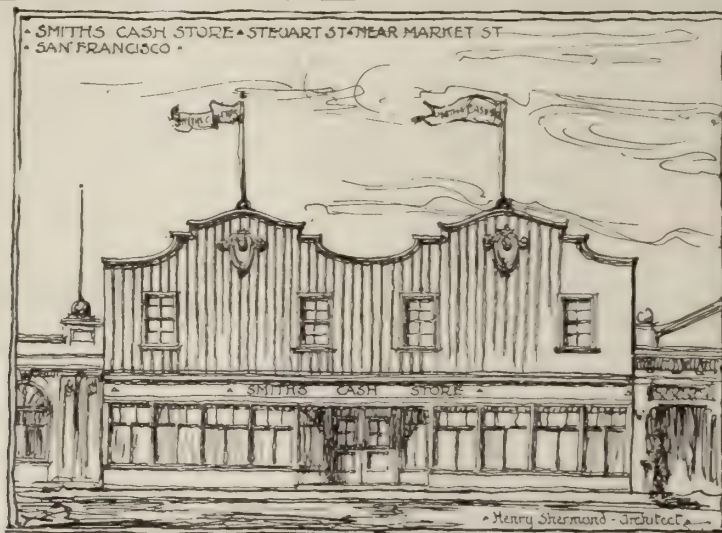
reading. The out-door life, the canoeing, and walks in the woods are cleverly interwoven, and the Indian characteristics of Kenelm are said by those who know to be distinctive of his tribe. The Indian sculptor Gonzales, may have been suggested by Paul Mamegoena, the Ottawa Indian artist, once a prominent figure in local Bohemia. The name Hughes Cornell is new in the literary world. Little, Brown & Co. are her sponsors in the present venture.

The Harpers are about to have a third set of plates made for Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "Story of the Other Wise Man." This does not mean that the book is to be reprinted for a third time, but that there have been so many editions and the demand is so constant, that the plates are actually worn out and unfit for further use. In addition to the innumerable English editions, and the vast variety of them, the "Story" has been translated into almost every foreign language, and learned ones have attempted to find legendary and Talmudic bases though the only origin it had was in the brain of its author.

"Caruso's Book" is something out of the regular order. It consists of about two hundred caricatures by Caruso, of himself and other members of the Metropolitan Opera Company. There is a special, limited, autographed edition on hand-made paper.

The August "Century" is to contain as an especial attraction, illustrations in color by Charles Dornon Robinson, of the San Francisco fire.

—The Bookworm.



The new building being erected for Smith's Cash Store on the west side of Steuart Street "just around the corner" from Market Street. The building will be 46x137.6 and will be a two-story frame structure—to be completed by July 1st.

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV. No. 725

San Francisco, July 21, 1906

Price, 10 Cents



A shady path through the pines that skirt the shores of Lake Tahoe.

TOWN TALK

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Reagan's Letter

Mayor Schmitz has had so much experience as a storm-centre during his official career that he is no longer to be easily disturbed by a sudden change in barometric conditions. When Police Commissioner Reagan created a mild sensation last week by discharging a pop-gun loaded with scandal in the direction of the Mayor's office, the newspapers treated the matter with solemn gravity. They evidently expected to see the Mayor fly distress signals, but he disappointed them. He has weathered so many tough gales in the past few years that the Reagan zephyr hardly fluttered his whiskers. After all it was not worth the fuss that was made over it. The Reagan letter was an epitome of familiar history. It added a few details to general knowledge, or, at least, to popular surmise, but emanating from Reagan they were not entitled to serious consideration. Reagan's ethical sense is blunted. As Police Commissioner he did an insurance business with saloon keepers, and he should be grateful to Mayor Schmitz for much of the money that he has in bank. It corrupts good manners and sound morals to encourage such a man as Reagan by accepting his belated and revengeful testimony of the misdeeds of the man who took him off the street where he was ramming paving stones and put money in his purse. The information that he has given to the public was in his possession many months. He did not take the public into his confidence until he was removed from office. It is to be inferred that he gave his testimony in a spirit of revenge, and therefore it is not entitled to the respect that is accorded disinterested recitals. However, if Reagan has any information upon which a criminal prosecution may be based, it should be accepted for what it is worth by the district attorney, but it must be remembered that no grand jury would indict Mayor Schmitz on the unsupported, uncorroborated statement of a dismissed commissioner.

The New Police Commission

Mayor Schmitz is credited with the desire to be judged from April 18th in the light of his official conduct from that date and not in the purple glow of the prejudices excited by his record prior to that date. Well, why not? If the Mayor has come to a realization of the error of his ways and is eager to make amends and win the esteem of the severest of his critics, we should rejoice. If we are not disposed to kill a fatted calf in token of our delight we should at least refrain from mocking. The Mayor has done some things since April 18th to merit our admiration, and not the smallest of them was the smiting of the Poheim, O'Grady crockery firm. The

new police commission entitles him to at least one white mark. We are told that he caused some disappointment by not selecting certain distinguished citizens with whom he was brought in contact during and after the fire. In Mr. Herbert E. Law he selected one of the very best of the lot, a public-spirited citizen and shrewd business man, who has never been in any political or social cliques. Rumor attributed to the Mayor a longing for social station, the result of recent mingling with some of the 'ristocrats, and it was predicted that he would try to break into Blingum by appointing certain swells to office. But he probably remembered the experience of Mayor Phelan who went among the wax figures of the Pacific-Union Club, in quest of talent for his commissioners. So after selecting Mr. Law, he gave the other jobs to his friends, General Warfield, a man of high standing in the community, by whose lamentable death a vacancy was created, W. H. Leahy, late impresario of the Tivoli, and a self-respecting gentleman, who ought to make a good official, and President Hagerty, of the Labor Council, who enjoys the confidence of his associates in labor unions. Mayor Schmitz might have given greater satisfaction if he had selected men of higher social standing, but it is not certain that men of the highest social standing make the best officials.

Why Root is in Brazil

The third Pan-American conference, or, to be exact, the third international American conference, is to be opened this Saturday at Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil. Delegates from all the nations of the Western Hemisphere will be there. In world politics the Pan-American conferences stand next to the Hague conferences in importance, and it is believed that the current conference will prove of vastly greater importance to this country than any of its predecessors. Secretary Root will be in attendance, but not as a delegate. The United States covets the friendship of Latin-America and has found it difficult to obtain. Mr. Root's mission is to lay the foundation for a more amicable relationship, and to that end he will endeavor to persuade the Latin statesmen that they have no reason to view the paternal attitude of this country with suspicion. It is believed that with greater knowledge of this country and of the attitude of the people toward the South American republics will come greater intercourse. Secretary Root is to be the advance agent of American capital which is seeking broader fields for investment abroad, and he has gone to Brazil on the theory that it is the proper function of government to help create situations of friendly relations and good understanding which will facilitate commercial development. South America's import trade exceeds \$1,000,000,000. That is a trade worth striving for. At present it is in European hands. In 1905 the exports of the United States to the South American republics amounted only to \$63,681,391. So it is important for this country not only to establish more friendly relations with our southern neighbors but also to assist them in promoting their own interests so that they may develop a greater market for our goods. It is to our interest that they establish more friendly relations among themselves, abate their quarrelsome disposition and attend more strictly to the promotion of their material welfare. One of the questions to come before the conference, of special interest to this city, is in respect to the establishment of a line of steamers running clear around the South American continent.

Incendiary Orators

Liberty of speech and freedom of the press are inalienable rights of the American citizen which we all cherish and zealously guard, but occasionally we are made to feel that we should be equally zealous in guarding against the abuse of them. The other day Eugene V. Debs, discussing the pending trial of Moyer and Haywood, of the Western Federation of Miners, charged with the assassination of Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, said: "If the capitalistic class, as it is repre-

sented in Idaho and Montana, the seat of the Lawson-Heinze copper war, persists in its attempt to send Haywood and Moyer to the gallows, I for one am in favor of loading ourselves with dynamite, proceeding to Boise City, and blowing that jail to smithereens; and for that matter, removing anything which stands between justice and the workingman." The public expression of such sentiments is in our opinion, an abuse of the right of free speech, and should be punished. We punish persons for circulating indecent literature despite the prerogative of a free press, because we feel that indecent literature is a menace to public morals. But it is no greater menace to public morals than a speech designed to move people to murder and anarchy. The morals of people are affected more perniciously by incendiary utterances calculated to impel them to destroy life and property, than by lewd stories designed to arouse the sexual passion. The main objection to the corruption of morals through the sensual passion is that the effect is degrading and that whatever tends to degrade the nature of individuals is injurious to society. We do not interdict indecent literature merely because of the repugnance it arouses, or because of its inherent badness, but on account of its immoral influence. Yet we tolerate the immoral Debs and other revolutionary labor leaders whose vicious utterances are the inspiration of such infamous crimes as have been committed by lawless organizations of the character of the Western Federation of Miners. If the purpose of our government is to secure the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, then we should not confound liberty of speech with license to advocate riot and rebellion. If incendiary speakers were liable to arrest as accessories before the fact whenever crimes are committed in pursuance of their suggestion, they would be more circumspect in their utterances.

Bryan the Conservative

William J. Bryan protests against being considered more conservative today than he was when he first ran for the Presidency. He wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is as zealous as ever for the application of Jeffersonian principles to present conditions, and that he has not mitigated his hostility to the evils of government under which unjust privileges are enjoyed by powerful capitalistic combines. Mr. Bryan errs in assuming that because he has abandoned none of his principles he is not more conservative than formerly. A man is conservative in proportion to his disinclination to upset the existing order of things. Mr. Bryan was formerly in favor of revolutionizing the financial system of the country, and now, though he is still a silverite, he believes it unnecessary under existing conditions, to tinker with the gold standard. He has not abandoned his principles in reference to a financial system, but being satisfied with the present system he is, so far as that subject is concerned, a conservative statesman. And in another sense Mr. Bryan is less revolutionary than formerly; in the sense that what once appeared to be a Quixotic and temperamental attitude in him, now appears in a safe and sane attitude. He was revolutionary when the necessity for the application of his principles was not apparent, but it has become apparent and relatively speaking his aspect has changed. More accurately speaking the attitude of the public has changed, but in this country the attitude of the public is the normal attitude and abnormalities in individuals are to be gauged by comparison. The public have come to see that the evils which Bryan complained of are serious, and that, as he said, they really menace the life of the Republic. So the star-eyed goddess of Reform incarnated in the person of William J. Bryan is no longer of frenetic aspect. In these piping times of exposure with the whole country ringing with complaints of the abuse of power, our ears filled with the warnings of learned and sober publicists and our magazines raging against the predatory rich, the garrulous Silver Champion has lost that unique-

ness of personality which was once so inspiring to the lampoonists and cartoonists of a cynical and scoffing press. In addition to all these phenomena so propitious to Mr. Bryan's political aspirations, there is another circumstance that tends to reconcile the public to his return to the limelight in the role of perennial candidate. He has given evidence lately of a mellowing of the spirit. In the old days when his principles seemed anarchistic he was somewhat intemperate in his criticisms of men and measures, and he was harsh in his judgments and precipitous in his prejudices. He suggested the image of the bull in the china shop. The brand of the boy orator was on him and he tried to live up to it. But in recent years, the grave responsibilities of editorship have softened the asperity of his nature. He has been reading Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, and his latter-day utterances indicate the cultivation of a philosophical spirit and a kindlier attitude toward all men. He has been discussing socialism sagely and temperately, and he has been preaching the doctrine of the brotherhood of men, and his sentiments reflect a mind sweetened by ennobling thoughts. Everybody admires a genial, broad-minded, big-hearted philosopher, and Mr. Bryan will find that it is easier to win men with kindly maxims than with scolding. Philosophy is a great aid to statesmanship. Plato tells us that until philosophers are kings, and the princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, cities will never cease from ill. Who knows but that Mr. Bryan may yet achieve that benign combination!

When Our Health Was Sound

We have had so much to do attending to our private affairs during the past three months that only the echoes of the great events have reached us. Upton Sinclair's novel, "The Jungle," exploiting the Chicago packing houses, was just on the market, and local book buyers and library patrons had not yet had time to possess themselves of it when our curtain came down. Since then the local journals have had all they could do to report the progress of insurance matters and quarrels over the relief fund, so that we have missed most of the details of the Packingtown scandal. Yet those details should be of particular interest to us because of our devotion to the products of Packingtown during a long period in the month of April. And we should be of particular interest to the embalmed-beef barons, for they may point to us with pride and as Exhibit A in vindication of their methods. The health of San Francisco was never so good as when the whole city was dieting on canned goods and cooking in the streets in defiance of microbes. It must pain the health cranks to reflect that we were never less in need of medical attention



NO BRANCH STORES—NO AGENTS

Skintight garments too muchly shaped are points of economy on the part of the maker. Our clothes are made full and comfortable. "Wool here is wool." We don't offer knowingly any tricky merchandise.

Quality juggling or exaggerations not permitted here. Truth must prevail. Truth is expensive. So is quality. And protection is worth something.

King Solomon's Hall

Fillmore Street, Near Sutter

San Francisco

than when we were unable to comply with sanitary regulations, paying no attention to bacilli and wondering not whether the fishermen sterilized their hands before catching the herrings. However, even at this late day, one's stomach almost revolts at the recollection of the canned goods, knowing as one does now, of the manner in which meats are handled in Packingtown. If those meats failed to cause an epidemic in San Francisco it was because our manner of living fortified us against infection. A sound stomach is immune to microbes; and living in the open air, coaxing a blaze between two bricks, carrying water several hundred yards, and doing other things that stimulate circulation and keep the mind off health problems, are conducive to physical conditions that drive doctors to despair.

Beware of the Pauper Habit

Unquestionably there has been grave mismanagement of the business of distributing supplies to the refugees in this city, but in an emergency such as this we should not expect to see a perfect system in operation. We should remember that it is a condition not even confined to emergencies, that the pushing and aggressive ones not overburdened with a fine sense of honesty get more than their share of whatever is to be had while the weak and timid are deprived of their share. It is unfortunate that representatives of professional charity bureaus were employed to distribute the supplies, because it is their disposition to view everybody who receives something for nothing as a beggar. And while it is improper to treat all the refugees as able-bodied indigents dependent on public charity who should be grateful to the committee for everything that is doled out to them, it has been necessary to exercise some degree of caution against imposture and unreasonable demands. At the same time it is important that refugees should not be enticed into the ways of the pauper. They are entitled to much sympathy and as many creature comforts as are consistent with existence under difficulties, but they should not find it advantageous to be idle. There is plenty of work for every able-bodied man in San Francisco. It may not be congenial or particularly inviting, but no one with a sound pair of hands, no matter what his age, need be idle. No one who can earn his living has any right to demand free food, or free clothing. The housing problem is another matter. Since there are not dwellings to accommodate the people, at any price, many must remain in the tents, and until they are housed they must do without furniture. But the very object in establishing the "soup kitchens" was to discourage people from dependence where it was not absolutely necessary. It was taken for granted that with a minimum ration of plain food and the name "soup kitchen," only those driven by need would apply for free meals. The aged, the infirm, the young children, and the women who cannot occupy themselves in gainful ways because their attention is claimed by those dependent on them for nursing are the only ones who should now be considered. The lamentations over the lack of style and daintiness of the camp eating houses bring derisive smiles to the lips of those

who have lived in mining camps and paid hard coin for less variety, worse cooked, and as poorly served. Washington Gladden says there is nothing that has so pauperized the people of this country as the Civil War pensions, not that the soldiers who served in the army are all pensioners, or that they do not deserve their stipend, but the spectacle of so many men drawing money for apparently nothing has affected their relatives, neighbors, and acquaintances, so that they are all eager to do likewise. No better evidence of that is wanted than the large number of pensioners added to the roll after that toy war with Spain, already all but forgotten. The army was recruited by young men. The casualties were so few that they hardly raised the percentage of deaths and accidents for the year 1898, and yet more than one-fourth of all the men enlisted are today drawing pensions. In the three months of April, May and June, 1901, nearly forty-six thousand new pensioners were added to the roll, and there is no end in sight. There are about ten times as many Spanish war pensioners today as there were men in Shafter's army before Santiago. There are five Revolutionary pensioners now on the rolls, children of Revolutionary soldiers, though that war is a hundred and thirty years in the past, and there are seven hundred and seventy dependents left us from the war of 1812, though the last participant has been in the grave these many years. Our inheritance from the Mexican war is approximately twelve thousand, two-thirds of whom are widows, though the peace treaty was signed ten years before President Roosevelt was born, and it is estimated that twenty years hence, even if we have no new war to add to the sum, there will be still half a million pensioners. Should no new claims be recognized after today the total cost of taking care of the army of dependents would foot up to twelve billion dollars before death claimed the last pensioner, all of which goes to show that beggary is not repugnant to the American provided it is called by some more polite name.



B. S., in Columbia (S. C.) "State."
THE "STAND-PAT" GRIP

E. C. HELLER, formerly of
Heller & Frank, now at 1884 Fillmore Street,
near Bush, under the firm name of
E. C. HELLER & COMPANY
Clothiers.

The Pilots

The path beneath the orchard trees,
 Deep hid in grass and daisies dying,
 Leads us to blue, enchanted Seas,
 Where silver gulls are flying.
 Blow, Winds o' God! Bend, Sails o' men!
 Laugh, Waves and Waters flowing!
 Beyond the blue Sea's farthest ken
 My Love and I are going!

And at the helm sits Young Desire,
 A Pilot bold and gay
 When hearts are flame and lips are fire,
 Full straight he marks the way.

My Love had turned sad eyes to me,
 At time for curfew ringing;
 Upon a cloud that kissed the sea
 The crescent moon was swinging.
 The sails hung black that once were white,
 Black—black, against the sand;
 We saw the wild gulls wheel in flight,
 And longed for touch of land.

One at the helm sat, stern and old,
 To mark the homeward course;
 When hearts and lips, alas! grow cold,
 What Pilot, save Remorse?

—The Allegorist.

Perspective Impressions

D'Annunzio has invented a perfume which he calls "acquannunzio." Perhaps he intends to disinfect some of his literature with it.

Henry Watterson has been attacking Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity. Henry's attacks don't amount to much because everybody knows how hard it is to please him.

Every time the "Examiner" urges Mayor Schmitz to break away from that bad man, Abe Ruef, his Honor laughs until his sides ache. It's such a joke on Abe.

Professor Wheeler, of Yale, says that the Monroe Doctrine is the embodiment of national greed and selfishness. So is the Constitution.

The London "Lancet" has discovered that an earthquake causes seasickness. The people of San Francisco know of a great many other things that an earthquake causes. We had one that caused open-air cooking and that's worse than seasickness. It also produced falling of the chimney. In Caruso's case it caused homesickness, and it afflicted quite a large number with wanderlust. But it isn't what an earthquake causes that worries us; we'd like to know for sure what causes an earthquake. It's because of the mystery of the thing that people get that strange sensation in the midsection which the "Lancet" pronounces sea-sickness.

Dr. G. H. Brown, of Montreal, is going to explain his iodine cure for consumption to the British Medical Congress at Toronto in the latter part of August. Until then the bacilli of tuberculosis have Dr. Brown's permission to go as far as they like.

The Rev. Louis J. Sawyer, pastor of the Hamilton Square church, says: "To permit graft to continue without protest is to train a generation of thieves." If the gentleman hasn't heard a protest he should consult an ear specialist.

Successful men do not make the best public servants, because they usually have most of the qualities that make for success and many of those qualities are in the equipment of the average rogue.

A lady attacked by a mountain lion, the Associated Press gravely tells us, remembered that music soothes the savage beast, so she began to sing. The lion was either soothed or paralyzed for he did not continue the business in hand, but stood silently with one paw on the lady's prostrate body until daylight when the vocalist's husband came upon the scene and shot the beast. The lady will probably soon make her appearance at the Orpheum and small boys will no doubt appear in the audience offering for sale copies of the song that caused the lion to digress.



Jack, in the Pueblo "Star-Journal."
 THE PRESIDENT AND THE PEOPLE CANNOT HOPE TO SCORE WHILE THE TRUSTS
 HAVE THE UMPIRE WITH THEM.

A Chat with Perkins and McKinlay

By Theodore Bonnet

Here we are with two full years to pass over our heads before we hear the fall of the gavel in either of the National conventions, and already the Presidential candidates are in motion and there's not a newspaper to be read that does not direct one's attention to the campaign preliminaries. So the question seemed not untimely that I put to two statesmen the other day:

"Do you think President Roosevelt has any intention of running for the presidency again?"

Congressman Duncan McKinlay was the first man to whom the question was put. And as he does not hold the President in contempt he promptly answered that he was sure that Mr. Roosevelt meant what he said when he affirmed his intention to retire from office at the close of his term. He added that in his opinion Mr. Roosevelt would not care to serve another term even though it would be no violation of his word to accept renomination. "Mr. Roosevelt," said the Congressman, "is not the vigorous, buoyant man that he was when he visited this city. You'd be surprised to see him now. The duties of the office and the nervous strain on his system have wrought quite a change, and in appearance he has aged twenty years in two. He needs a rest and he is going to take it as soon as the end of his term is reached. Then he will take a trip to Europe and after that he will devote himself to literary work."

Congressman McKinlay spoke like a man who is close to the throne, but that is because he is on very intimate terms with Secretary Taft from whom he probably obtained his information respecting the President's plans. McKinlay accompanied the Taft expedition to the Philippines at the invitation of the Secretary, and during that trip he wrote several letters to the newspapers in his district, explaining Taft's position on the Chinese question. It will be remembered that Taft was suspected of being in favor of amending the Exclusion Act, but in Honolulu he made it clear that he was not, and McKinlay, by his correspondence, aided in removing the false impression that had been created. As a result very cordial relations were established between the Secretary and the Congressman, and these ripened into a warm friendship during the recent session of Congress when McKinlay supported the administration tariff measure for the benefit of the Philippines. So Duncan McKinlay probably speaks authoritatively on the subject of the President's determination to quit public life. And in his opinion Taft is the man destined to put the finishing touches to all that Roosevelt leaves undone at the end of his term.

"What about the report that he would like to go on the Supreme Bench?" I asked.

"That's true," said McKinlay, "but he would not care to go on except as Chief Justice."

And continuing as one who knows just what the situation is, the Congressman said, "Mr. Taft is a man who will not let his ambition interfere with what he conceives to be his duties as a statesman."

What could I say to that? Our congressman from the Second District is obviously a man as far removed from the pessimism of politics as his district is from the centres where illusions are shattered. He has an invincible faith in the actuality of the idealities of statesmanship. Which argues that Mr. McKinlay is himself a pure and zealous statesman.

Before we parted I elicited from the congressman the news that Mr. Taft is coming to California soon. "Just before I left Washington," he said, "Mr. Taft asked me if he could be of any service to me. I told him that a speech or two would help me a whole lot. 'Well,' said he, 'I think I may make a speech or two for you. I'm going to Colorado in October and I ought to be able to go from there to California.' Before we parted he agreed to come. He will be here in October."

After leaving the congressman I called on Senator Perkins and found that he agreed with McKinlay respecting the President's determination to close his administration with the present term.

"Do you think Taft is Roosevelt's logical successor?" I asked.

"I think the Supreme Bench is the goal of Taft's ambition," was the reply.

I told Senator Perkins what Congressman McKinlay had said about Taft being Roosevelt's probable successor. A merry twinkle played in the Senator's eyes.

"McKinlay is very close to Taft," he said. "I know that Taft feels that certain obligations devolve on him. He told me so one day. I suggested that judicial duties ought to be more congenial to a man of his temperament and he said they were but that he had to finish the work he had begun. On another occasion, however, I heard Mrs. Taft on the same subject. She said she longed for the day when her husband would be through with his arduous political labors and return once more to the judiciary."

It is evident that Senator Perkins thinks Mrs. Taft's sentiments are of greater significance than those of her husband, and that she does not take the fat secretary seriously as a Presidential candidate. Vice-President Charles Warren Fairbanks is the man to be reckoned with, in his opinion, and he also looks on Senator Foraker as a Presidential possibility.

Senator Perkins is not taking an active interest in state politics, but I reminded him that he had been quoted as having said that Governor Pardee made a fine record, and I remarked that it was strange that he should mention particularly the Governor's official conduct during the recent catastrophe and specify nothing else to Pardee's credit.

"Why do you think it strange?" he asked.

"Because," I replied, "it might be inferred that the Governor had nothing else in his record worth mentioning, and unfortunately it is not generally agreed that he is deserving of credit for his conduct last April."

Senator Perkins managed to look astonished.

"Who told you?" I asked, "that he made a fine record during the catastrophe?"

"I read it in the papers."

"What papers?"

"Well, the only one I can remember is the 'Oakland Tribune.' But," and he said this triumphantly, "I know I read it in the 'Tribune.'"

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By R. Francis Logan

[The first installment of this serial history was published in the issue of Town Talk of July 7th.—Ed.]

The Peck-Palmer bribery scandal was not the only sensational feature of the session of the California Legislature of 1854, memorable as the session at which Broderick forced his desperate scheme for the election of United States Senator one year in advance of the regular time. Nor was the attempt to bribe Mr. Peck the only one that was made. Colonel Mazuma had more money to throw to the birds in those days than at any subsequent period in his picturesque career. The Democratic Senator from Sierra, a poor man who was known to be solicitous for his family in South Carolina, and who had not sufficient money to bring them to California, was offered \$30,000 in gold merely to vote to bring on the election for Senator. But the corruption of statesmen was not the only evil to be guarded against. The personal security of more than one Senator was threatened. Thugs from San Francisco were on hand, and it was known that a conspiracy against one man's life was hatched in a saloon on Washington street in this city. Both sides were represented at Sacramento by gun-fighters.

The Senatorial election bill came up for action in the Senate on the morning of March 6, and the chamber was packed. When the vote was taken the silence that prevailed was oppressive, and the breathing of the multitude bespoke the terrible suspense that was unbroken to the last, for it was a tie vote. Some little time elapsed before the tie was announced and then all eyes turned to Lieutenant-Governor Sam Purdy, the President of the Senate. In a quivering voice he voted aye, and the Broderick men broke into tumultuous cheering. The Assembly hurriedly passed the bill the same morning.

There was great rejoicing among the Broderick men in Sacramento that night, but the next day was one of keen disappointment. Among the men that voted for the Broderick bill in the Senate was Senator Grewell of Santa Clara, a minister of the gospel, and the prototype by the way, of most of the ministers of the gospel that became members of the California Legislature in after years. Good parsons seldom became statesmen in California. Bad ones frequently go to Sacramento to make laws and boodle. Grewell was a typical weak brother. Standing pat was not his favorite occupation. He wouldn't even stay persuaded. He belonged to the Broderick opposition, but after a long interview with Colonel Mazuma he switched over. But the Broderick leaders had no faith in him. After he voted for the election bill he was put in charge of Martin Rowan, Assemblyman from Calaveras, a zealous Broderick man. That night they slept together in the Fountain House on I street. Early Tuesday morning Captain Dan Aldrich, a fierce fighter from San Francisco, entered the room, found Rowan in a drunken stupor, the result of his celebration of the Broderick victory, and at the muzzle of a pistol forced Grewell to follow him. Grewell was escorted to the Gwin camp and the next morning he was conducted to the Senate chamber where he arose and moved a reconsideration of the bill, explaining his vote by saying that he had received "telegraphic communication" from his constituents, an explanation that has served other Senators from Santa Clara county in late years. The bill was reconsidered and beaten, to the dismay of the Broderick forces and the great chagrin of their leaders. No attempt was made to resume the fight in that session, but Broderick proceeded at once to strengthen his organization for the next campaign. He was chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, and the position gave him material advantage in the management of affairs preceding the election in the fall of 1854. The State convention was called to meet at Sacramento July 18. In a number of the strong anti-Broderick

counties the Broderickites elected delegates independent of the regular Democratic delegates. The opposition retaliated by electing an independent delegation from San Francisco, the Broderick stronghold. The whole State looked forward to an exciting battle on the floor of the convention.

Broderick hired for the convention the Baptist church in Sacramento, on Fourth street. He adroitly arranged for the seating of the several delegations, so that his own from this city should fill the front pews. No seats were provided for the contesting San Francisco delegates, nor was provision made for any of the anti-Broderick delegates from the interior. All the Broderick delegates were admitted to the hall before the hour announced for the opening, and it was agreed that Judge Ed McGowan should be elected chairman, but this program was not carried out. The proceedings incidental to the upsetting of it were of a most sensational character. Indeed that convention was one of the most remarkable ever held in this country. It was redolent of the lawless atmosphere of the time.

The anti-Broderick faction learned of the secret plans of the enemy and arranged to circumvent them. It was decided to elect ex-Governor John McDougald chairman of the convention and a body of thirty men volunteered to guard his person on the platform. Among them were Major Bidwell, Judge Terry, Sam Brooks, William G. Ross, Charley Fairfax, J. C. McKibben and M. Taliaferro.

At the appointed hour the anti-Broderick forces appeared at the entrance of the Baptist church. The doors were guarded on the inside by Billy Mulligan, James P. Casey, Mortimer J. Smith and others, but they were unable to prevent the delegates from entering. Presently Broderick appeared on the platform and called the convention to order and said he was prepared to hear nominations for chairman. Promptly the man selected to nominate McDougald did so. Broderick refused to recognize the speaker, saying that he was not a delegate to the convention, his seat being contested. At that moment Judge McGowan was nominated and Broderick proceeded to put the question, whereupon a storm of protest swept over the hall and great confusion followed, in the midst of which an anti-Broderick delegate arose, put the motion to declare McDougald chairman and announced that it had been carried. A moment later McDougald was seen crowding his way toward the platform. He arrived there simultaneously with McGowan, and each man was accompanied by a band of friends. The convention was in an uproar, the fighting men of both factions had their guns out brandishing them in air and a big shooting affray seemed inevitable, but not a shot was fired until there had been a great battle of words accompanied by the exhaustion of much steam and then everybody was startled by the report of a derringer. It was Rube Meloney's. It had been accidentally discharged and Rube moaned that he was wounded, fatally, he feared. He felt the blood trickling into his boot. He was hastily carried into a small room in the rear of the church, and there an examination was made just as the brave Meloney was about to faint from loss of blood, as he himself declared. The physician, however, was unable to find a wound. This was not surprising, for the bullet had not grazed the Meloney skin. It was not blood that he had felt.

Meanwhile lusty-lunged orators were trying to bring order out of chaos in the convention. The church trustees appeared and begged the delegates to adjourn. They were not heeded. The pastor appeared, and implored them in God's name to leave his church, but they ignored him. They remained in fighting session until after dark and in darkness, the

(Continued on Page 31.)

The Spectator

Funston Says He Blundered

Has Governor Pardee been "calling down" General Frederick Funston? This is the question I asked myself after reading the following letter:

Headquarters Department of California,
Office of the Commanding General,
Presidio of San Francisco,
July 17, 1906.

The Editor of Town Talk,

Dear Sir: In an interview which you had with me a couple of weeks after the fire, I did Governor Pardee an injustice by stating that I did not see him until April 23d. In this I was in error, as the Governor on the 21st attended a conference between the Mayor, the Chief of Police, the Commanding General of the California National Guard and myself. I was quoted correctly by you, but made the blunder myself and request that this correction be made as a matter of justice to Governor Pardee. It was my intention to attend to this matter before, but it was inadvertently overlooked.

Very respectfully,

FREDERICK FUNSTON.

What Funston Said

It is very much to be regretted that "Town Talk" was inadvertently led into error, for there has been a great deal of harsh criticism of Governor Pardee growing out of his conduct during the catastrophe. Many of his critics thought that he should have come to San Francisco as soon as he learned of the city's distress, and others reprehended him for not acting with promptness and decision. He was lampooned as a blunderer in a Seattle paper, by a man who was promptly denounced by him as a liar, and in "Collier's Weekly" he was dubbed "A Weak Brother." His political enemies have tried to make capital out of his alleged delinquencies and altogether his experience has been far from pleasant. There were several conflicting reports in circulation respecting the period that elapsed after the earthquake and before the Governor's appearance in this city, and to get accurate information on the subject the editor of "Town Talk" questioned General Funston who was presumed to know. The question was asked after General Funston had eulogized the Mayor and the Chief of Police for their zeal and excellent judgment. He said nothing about Governor Pardee, so he was asked: "How soon after the earthquake did you meet Governor Pardee?" and these were the words of the narrative: "It took General Funston some time to recall the number of days that elapsed between the earthquake and his meeting with the Governor. He made the calculation by recalling that General Greely, the commander of this division, who was on leave and had gone as far as Chicago, returned immediately on hearing of the catastrophe, and that it was after General Greely's return that he first met the Governor. 'I do not think,' he said, 'that it was more than five days after the earthquake.'" And now General Funston says that he blundered. However it was not a very bad blunder. Indeed, strictly speaking, the General was guiltless of blunder, for it was quite true that he saw Governor Pardee within five days of the earthquake. He saw him within four days of the earthquake, or, to be precise, he saw him three days and some hours after the earthquake, at a time when the fire was flickering to its finish. It really doesn't matter a great deal just when General Funston first saw the Governor of California, but the General is probably a stickler for accuracy, and as there has been so much criticism it is well that one should have the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. It is clear that the Governor's critics have been unfair to the extent of at least a day and a half.

Pardee's Feeble Boom

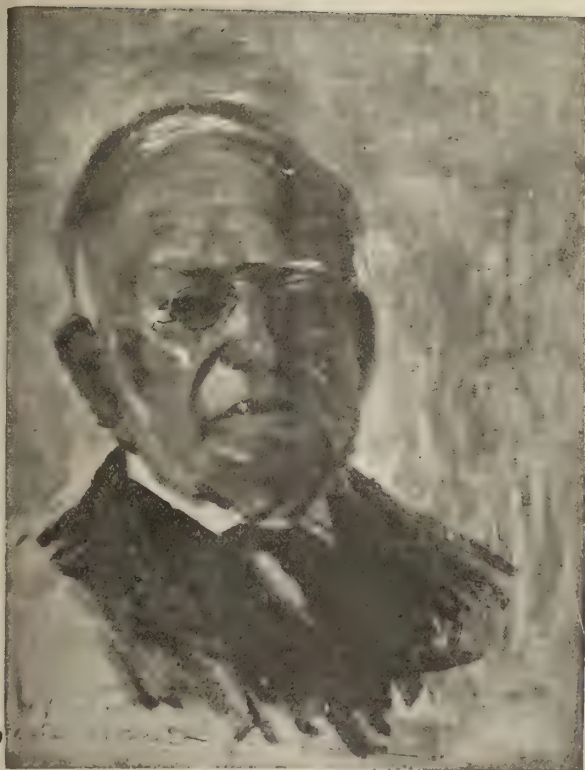
Governor Pardee and his lieutenants are far from satisfied with the Doctor's gubernatorial boom. The temperature of the boom is many degrees removed from normal. If it doesn't rise soon there will be a hurry call for mustard plasters and hot bottles. The boom is suffering from a torpid liver. It is in need of nourishment but declines to assimilate food. Stimulants have been prescribed, but yield no results. Everything the Doctor orders proves a failure. It is said that the boom's case is hopeless unless the organization is to be persuaded to lend a helping hand; also, that toward that institution Pardee is looking expectantly. Meanwhile the administration lieutenants are screwing up their courage and putting on something that resembles a hopeful air. Alameda county is said to be with them, and when that is said the tone of the utterance might lead you to suppose that Alameda county was the solution of the whole difficulty. As a matter of fact Alameda county is the corner-stone of the whole Pardee structure and it is very wobbly. The Alameda county delegation will go to the convention to vote for Pardee, but the Governor cannot call the delegates his own. He knows that and the knowledge worries him. What doth it avail a candidate for Governor to have the delegation of his home county and be unable to use it for trading purposes. Pardee has no delusions on that subject. He knows that many of the Alameda politicians are with him because circumstances constrain them, and he also knows that when it comes to swapping them they will decline to be swapped. He knows that he is on quicksands and perhaps would like a rope from the organization, but I doubt that it will be thrown to him. And yet Pardee has not been consistently unfriendly to the organization. He removed a few organization men from office, but he had to do that to show his independence. He signed the railroad crossing bill and that wasn't an unfriendly act. Political organizations are not always popular and therefore a public officer should not be expected to be ostentatiously servile. However, the programme appears to be to give Dr. Pardee once more to his profession, and to nominate some such popular fellow as Congressman Gillett whose horizon extends a greater distance than from Berkeley to Haywards.

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"Uncle" George Bromley

Reproduced from a sketch made by the gifted artist, Ada Romer Shawhan, for her large canvas "LaBoheme," on which she is grouping the heads of well-known artists, musicians and writers.

A Bit of Social History

To the common herd Madame La Bavarde is very often opaque. One must be able to read between the lines to get at the heart of her narrative. As, for instance, in such gems as this: "Mr. and Mrs. Umsen have been occupying the Poniatowski place at Burlingame all summer, and both Mrs. Umsen and her house guest, Miss Thomas, have been great favorites in the social set there. The pretty Montana girl, as well as her hostess, made a distinctly agreeable impression at Burlingame." Which is an indirect way of conveying the information that the Umsens have arrived. Mr. Umsen is a real estate agent who was, until recently, unknown to the elect of Burlingame. Shortly after his marriage, an event of recent date, he took the Poniatowski residence in the heart of Burlingame, and then the social gossips of the daily press sat right up and took solemn notice. Being familiar with the ways of climbers they regarded the Umsen move as a bold assault on the citadel of the 400. Believing as they do that something of a divinity doth hedge the fashionable herd they expected to see the Umsens cold-shouldered at Burlingame, but now comes Madame La Bavarde with her testimony that the wealthy real estate agent and his wife "made a distinctly agreeable impression." She gravely records the fact as though it were no mean achievement to make an agreeable impression at Burlingame. But the testimony is somewhat vague. An agreeable impression may have reference merely to externals. A person may make an agreeable impression with a Parisian gown or an automobile, or by a graceful carriage or by not butting in. Or a person may make an agreeable impression by giving evidence of culture. Sometimes a polished manner gives an agreeable impression and sometimes certain artistic accomplishments

by which one may be edified and entertained. The giving of an agreeable impression implies capacity in somebody to receive, and Madame La Bavarde's testimony gives rise to the question, "What impressions are agreeable to the denizens of Burlingame?" It is not easy to solve that question. For what might not be agreeable to Mrs. Crocker, who loves art and hates a split infinitive, would, perhaps, make a great hit with Charley Clark, who is a rollicking blade given to pastimes that George Newhall would pronounce vulgar. To get an accurate knowledge of the manner in which the Umsens appealed to the tremendously elect of Burlingame, it would be necessary to review the recent social history of the place and find out something about the social functions that were given in their honor and the blow-outs by which they reciprocated the kind attentions that were showered upon them. But perhaps the Umsens did not go to Burlingame to make an agreeable impression. It is quite conceivable that a person might take the Poniatowski residence without ulterior designs or any motive other than that of enjoying a quiet, domestic life. Such a thing might be beyond the comprehension of—well, let us say, the Chaperon, but stranger things have happened.

Insubordinate Seamen

While it is generally supposed that the demand for higher wages is the real issue between the shipowners and the striking seamen, the fact is that the trouble goes much deeper. On the sailing vessels and the smaller coasting steamers, discipline has for a long time been at a low ebb. Insubordination on the part of the sailors, firemen, cooks, stewards and waiters was so common that the shipowners were afraid that if they granted this last demand for a raise discipline would be altogether at an end. There are plenty of specific instances to bear out these statements. On one occasion when Captain Hardwick, of the Alliance, ordered the weekly fire-drill the sailors refused. They said they knew there was no fire, that it was only a practice drill, and that they did not purpose to go through it. Captain Randall, of the George W. Elder, had a similar experience with a crew. The sailors want to control the situation, and they have come very near doing it. The captains have found themselves growing more and more helpless. It is not uncommon for a sailor at the wheel to tell a captain who admonishes him about his course: "You go to —. I know how I'm steering." It is not uncommon, either, for a captain, on ordering the crew out of the forecabin, to be met with jeers. If an attempt is made to discipline one of

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the crew, the others refuse to work. The union claims for the sailors the right to leave the ship even though there be no one to take their places. There are rough and desperate men among the seamen—as witness the cutting of the tiller ropes of the Ravalli in this harbor. On a trip of the Pomona to Eureka three years ago, the captain warned the passengers of this danger, and the latter, armed, kept watch while the boat crossed Humboldt bar.

Effect of the Strike

It is not only in San Francisco that this strike is doing harm. A Humboldt county correspondent writes me that the dairymen there are unable to ship their butter, and are suffering great loss thereby. Three years ago, while a similar strike was on, the dairymen went into Eureka and loaded their butter onto the boats, coming to San Francisco with it to unload it here. Strikers tried to intimidate them, but the farmers held their ground.

Incompetent Officers

And right here something may as well be said of the personality of the officers of our coastwise vessels. They are not of a type to excite admiration or respect. It was revealed by the secret service officers during the past year that many licenses to command ships were obtained by fraud—and there are many held now by fraud that have not yet been unearthed. An examination of the reports turned in by these officers show them to be, in very many cases, ignorant and unlettered. The shipowners would be far better off in the long run if they would put in charge of their boats intelligent, educated men who could inspire the respect of the men working under them. It would reduce the number of strikes—also the number of ships lost by blundering onto the shore when they should be far away from land.

Sonneteering In Oakland

From the Oakland correspondent of one of the dailies—an amiable lady—we learn that the territory on the other side of Goat Island abounds in literary geniuses, mostly of the skirted sex and all addicted to poetizing. The seat of culture has been removed from San Francisco to Alameda county. For which let us moderate our lamentations over the earthquake. Mrs. Edna Prather is one of the Alameda literati, a piece of intelligence for which I am indebted to the amiable correspondent who says: "She has a rare talent for poesy and sonnets of real merit flow from her pen as easily as prose from those less gifted." And the correspondent adds: "Like Miss Taft, Miss Prather has magnificent hair, of a rich auburn hue and she is one of the most attractive girls in Oakland." I am not going to question the merits of Mrs. or Miss (it is given both ways), Prather's sonnets, for I have never read any of them. I merely wish to enlighten the correspondent to the extent of disabusing her mind of the notion that the writing of prose—good prose—is a less worthy achievement than the writing of sonnets, especially the kind of sonnets that usually come out of Oakland. For an exemplification of the difficulty of writing good prose I shall point to the paragraph quoted. There is nothing so important in prose as coherency and sequence, yet both are missing from the few lines in reference to Mrs. or Miss Prather. From the eulogium on the Prather sonneteering ability the correspondent skips blithely to the subject of hair, which, though it may add great strength to the possessor is not to be considered conducive to skill in turning

a pretty rhyme. To be able to write what is nowadays designated as poetry one requires only a knowledge of the mechanical rules which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry. And one may write a string of elaborate stanzas without coherency, soul or body, and have them accepted by our leading magazines under the misapprehension that the whole is a meritorious poem. According to Pope even an epic poem may be written by one who is not a genius, and according to Goethe, he who would write prose must have something to say whereas he who has nothing to say can make verses and rhymes. To have something to say and say it in the best and fewest words is a feat that few achieve. The saying of something in the best and fewest words implies faculty in choice of words and the ability to get rid of superfluous words. In the literature of the world there is comparatively little perfect prose, the reason being that it is hard to write.

Mrs. Atherton Joshed in Portland

Our own dear Gertrude Atherton, most renowned of all our makers of twentieth century literature, has been astonishing the natives of Oregon. She arrived in Portland one day last week in a linen duster, and the whole town sat up and took notice. The presence of a real, lady novelist, a producer of best-sellers, quickened the pulse of the community and the "Daily Journal," with true yellow journalistic enterprise of the Oregonian brand, detailed a reporter to track her round the town. The reporter devoted a paragraph to the duster, saying it was worth that if nothing else. "No Indiana farmer," he wrote, "ever drove his pigs to market or husked his golden corn with a more iridescent, radiating, dust consuming duster than 'the Californian' wore as she went a-shopping. Yards and yards of a sickly yellow cloth were used in the manufacture of the ill-formed cloak that wrapped the wearer in a halo that matched her hair. No dust could touch any part of her body, above, around and for several feet beneath, for the flimsy garment trailed feet in the wake of the swift-sailing shopper. Had it not been used for a duster it would have done excellent service as a hop canvas." Fancy Gertrude Atherton, the cosmopolite of literature, the pet of London's cultured drawing-rooms, the patron of Parisian modistes, being joshed on account of her wearing apparel in little, old provincial Portland. The experience should move her pen to some ironical phrase building for one of the magazines. But the reporter didn't stop at the duster. He trailed Mrs. Atherton on a shopping expedition: "For two hours the little Californian graced the department stores of the city and purchased one 15-cent handkerchief, a piece of soap and a toothbrush. But while she was spending twice '23' cents, for today was bargain day, she priced more than \$600 worth of summer gowns. 'Dreams they were and dreams they always will be,' said Sadie, the cash-girl, 'so far as she is concerned. I knows her kind all right, all right. She can't bluff me. I seen when she come in that she was de real goods, when it comes to making big talk and 2-cent purchases. Back to the redwoods with her.'" The poor benighted reporter never reflected that perhaps Mrs. Atherton was shopping for atmosphere and not for wearing apparel. For, of course, Mrs.

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A. M. ROBERTSON

Atherton wouldn't think of buying anything to wear in Portland—not even a duster.

Oxnard's Amusing Blunder

Just before the Californian Congressional delegation began packing grips for the homeward journey a few weeks ago, Henry T. Oxnard expressed his esteem for the members by giving a banquet in their honor. Mr. Oxnard is the horse-owner and beet-sugar baron, who made a feeble effort to break into the United States Senate through the Californian Legislature on the strength of his good looks or something equally unsubstantial. When he isn't looking after his beets or his horses, he is giving dinners in Washington upon the theory that the most august deliberative body in the world is to be persuaded through its stomach, for be it known, the Californian millionaire is chief lobbyist of the sugar interests, and though he is not a very wise politician, he is skilled in the art of being all things agreeable to all statesmen at Washington. He achieves his triumphs in this art as a dinner host. There is nothing that a congressman from the cowpaths appreciates more than a little social attention, and Oxnard is a man that ladles it out with a prodigal hand. At the recent session he occupied the General Miles residence and there Mrs. Oxnard entertained the wives of legislators while Mr. Oxnard extended the gladhand to the gents. But to return from my digression: one member of the Californian delegation was conspicuous by his absence from the Oxnard farewell dinner. Duncan McKinlay was the absentee, and it was a coincidence that he voted against the beet-sugar interests and for the Administration tariff measure. His colleague wondered at his absence until they noticed among those present Representative McKinley, of Illinois, and his wife. Then it dawned on the colleagues of the missing Californian that there had been some confusion. They spoke to Mr. Oxnard and he almost collapsed when he learned of the error. Some of the practical jokers told him that Duncan McKinlay would be very sore, and he was in great distress, but said that he would explain matters the following morning. The practical jokers promised to arrange a meeting with the Californian Congressman, but instead each called on McKinlay and lamented that he had been snubbed for voting for the tariff measure. By the time McKinlay met Oxnard he was in a white heat and when the latter, wreathed in smiles, addressed him the Congressman turned on his heel. A little later his wrath was assuaged by the jokers.

"Squaring" the Thaw Case

The prediction that Harry Thaw will not be placed on trial for the murder of Stanford White is something of a tax on credulity. According to the New York "World" he is to be examined by a lunacy commission and sent to an asylum. This would be establishing a pretty dangerous precedent. It is the easiest thing in the world to procure experts to pronounce a man insane. There is no hard and fast rule by which the soundness of a man's mind may be determined. Experts are influenced by their knowledge of a man's conduct, and vagaries and eccentricities are misleading. What may seem odd in the conduct of one man may be characteristic of another. The insanity plea is one of the most pernicious subterfuges known to the law, and if it is to become available as a bar to criminal prosecution then the whole system of

criminal jurisprudence will become farcical in its operations. Harry Thaw is unquestionably a shallow-pated young man, but his family did not consider him dangerous to be at large until he killed Stanford White. If they were convinced of his insanity when he married a chorus girl it would have been very easy for them to procure the annulment of the marriage. They felt very much humiliated over his conduct but it never occurred to them that it would be advisable to put him under restraint.

She Was Being Polished

From a friend of the Harry K. Thaws I learn that a few weeks before the White murder Mrs. Thaw began a course of study in Pittsburg to acquire a post-nuptial education in branches that had been neglected before her marriage. She was putting in eight hours a day of the hardest kind of work with four tutors who were working in relays giving her lessons in French, German, voice and the piano. Luigi von Kunits, concert master of the Pittsburg orchestra, was the man in charge of Mrs. Thaw's education. He was teaching her French and his wife was teaching her German. A member of the Pittsburg orchestra was teaching her the piano and Madame Bramsten, a concert singer, was giving her lessons in voice culture. It was said that Mrs. Thaw was acting in deference to the wishes of her mother-in-law, who wished to see her qualified to enter society.

Press Club Luck

The recent catastrophe proved a blessing in disguise to the Press Club. That institution was having a hard financial struggle just before the earthquake, but was in a fair way to emerge from the shadows of debt. It was not, however, a bona fide Press Club, for the journalistic members constituted a very small minority of the membership, and the life of the club depended on the associate members, who, however, are mostly men of the temperament most suitable to the kind of club that a press club should be. When the fire consumed the home of the club it was thought that the end of an honorable career had been reached until somebody recalled that the furniture and pictures were insured for about eight thousand dollars. Then it was decided to live on. The Withrow home, on Pine street, was rented and a cafe was opened. In the days when there wasn't a sanitary restaurant in town the club became very popular. Newspaper men began to drift in and they liked the quarters so well that they became members. Now all the newspapers in town are well represented in the

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club, and though the insurance money has not been collected the revenue is so large and expenses so much less than formerly that dues have been reduced. The club's quarters are finer than those of any of the more prosperous clubs, for though the Withrow home is not so gorgeous or so redolent of wealth as the palaces described by some of our thrifty millionaires, it has a far more artistic interior.

Hearn's Black Widow

The admirers of Lafcadio Hearn were shocked a few days ago to learn that a buxom negress had bobbed up in the East in the role of widow of the beloved author. One's first impulse is to scoff at the lady, but on second thought one might be inclined to admit that the idea is not preposterous. Hearn was born of an unusual compound, and he went in for race mixture. His father was an Irish surgeon in the English army who spent most of his life in India where he died and his mother was a Grecian. After the death of his parents the boy lived and was educated in Wales, Ireland, England and France, and at the age of nineteen found himself left destitute by the failure and death of the relatives who had him in their care. He was a delicate boy, extremely near sighted, and his work was accomplished at the expense of much bodily suffering. It was in 1890 that he went to Japan, but all his life he had been interested in Oriental literature, and had long before that time accumulated an extensive library of books and manuscripts pertaining to Oriental life. He became professor of English literature in the Tokyo University, took out naturalization papers, married a Japanese lady, and became to all intents and purposes a Japanese. It is not hard to understand how the Japanese life and atmosphere appealed to Hearn, but the negro affinity is something of a tax on credulity. But Hearn loved to experiment in emotions.

Exit Coppa

Coppa's, the only down-town restaurant that survived the fire, is not to be re opened—at least, not on the old site. There is a "to let" sign on the front door, and the interior has been dismantled. The bizarre pictures with their nonsense texts are gone—gone too are the caricatures of the originators of the Coppa stunt; and one side of the arch at the rear only a portion remains of the unclad lady who waved a flagon of wine aloft, and her companion—he of the lank frame who bore a steaming dish of spaghetti—has been completely effaced. Of the fringe of black cats next to the ceiling but a few stalk gloomily now. The demolition of the place will be a sad blow to those who shared with the pictures the curious stares of the culture-seekers who came to watch the new Bohemians at their feed. Perhaps Coppa realizes that people now have something more serious to engage their attention than the pursuit of emotionalists. Or it may be that he saw the ridiculous side of the whole thing, and didn't care to make any more money by making himself a party to the farce. Anyway, Coppa's has gone, and culture has been struck an awful blow.

Other Landmarks Gone

There is much regret over the passing of a little known place on Merchant street—a plain, ordinary saloon conducted by two brothers. Not many knew of the place, for those two Frenchmen didn't care for fame; they preferred to cater to a discriminating few. Their prices were not low by any means. Half a dollar was charged for a plain beef stew—but

it was the kind that the eaters thereof talked and dreamed of. A market was across the street from the saloon, and the choicest bits were picked out by the brothers for the benefit of their customers. The place next door with the sign "The Famous Champereau" over the door, is also gone. This was, like the other, an ordinary French saloon, and it bid for fame by serving black coffee and cognac in tall glasses. It was the habit of jaded brain-workers to drop in there of an afternoon and, sitting at one of the round tables in the rear of the saloon, recuperate by drinking two or three glasses of the coffee. Of late years it had become something of a fad for women seeking Bohemian adventures to drop into the place for coffee after dinner at a neighboring restaurant. The fire wiped out another historic saloon—the one on Washington street near Battery with Flood & O'Brien over the door. The sign was an old one, having been put up over half a century ago by the founders of the saloon—the Flood and O'Brien who were afterward to become capitalists and leave more glorifying monuments to their money-getting powers.

At the French Ball

Bernard Barry, a distinguished sporting editor, was detailed by "Town Talk" to write up the great annual social function of our French colony and thus does he describe the salient features: Officially the announcement was made this year by San Francisco's real French that there would not be any celebration of the Fourteenth, the idea being to bank the gold collected for Fun and Fireworks, add more to the sum in '07 and then give the World Something to Wonder About. Nevertheless, up and down Market, Third, Shipley, Fillmore and Harrison streets placards were posted and the word passed that at the Seal Rock House there would be a French ball and that the United Railroads would keep their trolleys in operation all night. So Saturday evening and Sunday morning there was revelry by the Sad Sea Waves. "Chickens" Casey, champion featherweight of the North End Athletic Club, was Floor Manager. To distinguish himself from the polloi he wore a vacancy in the upper row of his front teeth and the medals he had gained at the last tournament. His partner for the Grand March was Miss Marigold McNamee, and she certainly did look elegant. She was a delirium in that shade of blue which under the incandescents appeared to be bay (low tide) green. The gown was constructed a la Princess but the Princess who had served as model probably was a sway-back. All was well and as merry as the insurance situation until Monsieur Henri Robierre, who had innocently wandered in, shouted out:

"Vive Dreyfus! Vive la belle France!"

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All became ominously quiet. Every eye was upon "Chickens."

"What did that crazy Turk say?" asked Casey.

The interpreter answered: "He said 'Good boy, Dreyfus,' and 'Three cheers for la belle France.'"

More silence. And every eye still upon "Chickens." It was Casey at the bat. He with a tiger-like stride walked up to Monsieur Robierre.

"I guess you're a little dotty," said "Chickens." "If I didn't think so I'd hand it to you quick."

"Comma? Comma?" queried the puzzled patriot.

"Never mind your polly-wogging," replied Casey. "All I want to get through your head is that I can lick this feller, Dreyfus, in a punch and I want you to know that the only belle at this ball happens to be my lady fr'en', Miss McNamee."

"I do'n' know what you talk. I no understand' you?" Henri remarked. "Vive Dreyfus! Vive la belle France!"

* * * * *

The gong.

Casey leads with his right but is short. Robierre "la savates" his left boot into Casey's stomach and "Chickens" hits the floor for the count. The police interfere, Miss McNamee faints, and the band plays "Wait Till the Sun Shines Nellie."

The French ball was over.

The Purple Mother

Once more have we been reminded of the existence of Mrs. Kitty Tingley, Purple Mother of the Universal Brotherhood Settlement at Point Loma, near San Diego. The reminder comes in a despatch to the effect that her latest recruit is ex-Secretary Lyman J. Gage, who recently dropped out of the public eye. Mrs. Tingley obtained a deal of newspaperity about four years ago when she imported eleven children from Cuba to be educated at her Raja Yoza school. A strong effort was made to take the children away from her on the ground that the school was not a fit place for them, but she won out by an appeal to another Secretary, Secretary Shaw, after the special inquiry board at Ellis Island had decided that the youngsters should be deported. According to her own theory, it is said, there ought to be several obituary notices of Mrs. Tingley on hand, for this is not by any means her first time on earth. Back in 1200 B. C., just after Theseus whaled the Amazons, or thought he did, she and Mme. Blavatsky were making a pastoral sojourn in Egypt. She reappeared several times in various parts of the Old World, always making the acquaintance of noted adepts, many of whom are now supposed to live in her pet dog Spots. But there is nothing about this in "Who's Who?" As far as her present sojourn on earth is concerned Mrs. Tingley was born in Newburyport, Mass., about fifty-nine years ago. Her father kept a hotel and saloon there, but did not make out very well, having trouble with the excise officials. Mrs. Tingley says she was educated in a convent in Montreal. From there she went to Savannah, where she married Richard Cooke, a printer. Her next venture in matrimony was with George W. Parent, a detective, who afterward became a saloon keeper. Mrs. Tingley lived in Boston for a while and then she went to New York. She studied hypnotism, and finally became a spiritualist, giving seances in her home in West End avenue. Her third husband was Philo B. Tingley, who was a stenographer. His employer boarded with them in the West End avenue house.

As "The Veiled Mahatma"

From spiritualism Mrs. Tingley turned to theosophy, which was then attracting much attention. She made the acquaintance of William Q. Judge, who was the boss of the theosophists, and she succeeded in impressing him with her powers as a hypnotist. When he died several fragmentary

references to her were found among his writings. She pieced them together, it was said, and upon them based the claim that she was the reincarnation of Mme. Blavatsky and had been chosen the successor of Mr. Judge. In the meantime Ernest T. Hargrove, a young English barrister of good family, had been called to New York and made president of the Theosophical Society. Mrs. Tingley convinced many of the members that while Hargrove was all right as the nominal president, she was really the secret head of the organization, the adept whose identity was not to be revealed until one year after the death of Mr. Judge. From then on she was referred to in theosophical circles as "The Great Unknown" and sometimes as "The Veiled Mahatma." Her identity was revealed after she had officiated as the veiled priestess in the remarkable ceremony which was performed in connection with the marriage of Claude Falls Wright, then secretary of the Theosophical Society, and Miss Laura Leoline Leonard. After that she took actual control of the society and its name was changed to The Universal Brotherhood. Mr. Hargrove went back to Temple Bar and many other well-known theosophists left the society, leaving the Tingley crowd in full control. Contributions were asked for the purple pence fund, and with the proceeds Mrs. Tingley and some of her allies made a crusade around the world in the interests of the new brotherhood. It was broadly hinted afterward that the "crusade" was a sightseeing tour.

What She Was Investigated

Mrs. Tingley has been of special interest to Californians ever since the Point Loma school was built, for it is over that institution that she presides. Her methods have frequently been denounced, but they are praised by many reputable persons who say that she has been very much misrepresented. At the time of the investigation growing out of the inquiry instituted by Secretary Shaw, Edward Parker, a retired Boston banker testified that he had first met Mrs. Tingley in 1897 at her request. He had heard that she had been a medium at Memphis and had been guilty of reprehensible conduct. This she denied, and he was obliged to tell her that the evidence was overwhelming. He had learned from Dr. Walton of New York that the doctor's belief in Mrs. Tingley had been shattered in the ecstasy of an affectionate farewell at the wharf when Mrs. Tingley and her party were starting on a tour of the world. Lewis S. Fitch testified: "I applied for the place of bookkeeper at Point Loma and Mrs. Tingley employed me. After a long conversation with her alone she said the Spots employed me. Spots is her spaniel. Mrs. Tingley told me that Spots could always tell a lover of theosophy

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at a glance and knew me at once. Spots was given to her, she said, by William Q. Judge. Mrs. Tingley said to me: 'I know that the spirit of Mr. Judge is in Spots directing this movement.' Spots is an object of reverence to most of the persons at Point Loma as well as to Mrs. Tingley. I never brought the books to balance in all the nine months I was there. I was always called off, sometimes by Mrs. Tingley herself.' All of the Universal Brotherhood went to the Holy Hill to greet the sunrise. I was at the Holy Hill once as a member of the Esoteric Society of Theosophy. It was night and I saw a lot of mummery. The men and women were dressed in a sort of Grecian robe which was worn over their underclothing. No starched clothing was allowed. What caused me to show up the whole thing was that I found that they taught the succession of teachers—through Confucius, Buddha, Jesus Christ, Mohammed, and now the greatest of them all, Katherine Tingley. She claimed that she had the power to stay in the spirit world, but that she preferred to come back here as the savior of humanity. I believe she is bent on going down to posterity as a second Christ, if not a greater." Mr. Fitch's wife testified that they believed at the Point Loma school that the grass had feelings and must not be stepped upon. They taught the children that and it was hard to get the notion out of the boys' heads now. Children were sent out barefoot on a cold day and Mrs. Tingley said they would not take cold, as they got electricity from the ground.

Popular Harry Lyon

The advent of Rear-Admiral Henry W. Lyon, better known in the service as "Harry" Lyon, as commandant of the Mare Island navy-yard, where he succeeded Admiral McCalla a few days ago, is being hailed with delight not only by the officers of the yard but by Lyon's numerous friends in and about San Francisco. Admiral Lyon, in addition to being one of the most capable officers in the navy, is a courtly, popular officer, and he and his charming wife are splendid entertainers, admirable additions to local society. It was Lyon who, as executive officer of the ill-fated "Trenton" during the hurricane in Samoa in 1889 when that vessel, the "Vandalia" and some German men-of-war were lost, with many lives, conducted himself with such coolness, courage and skill as to win the praise of the Navy Department and of all who learned of how well he had performed his difficult and dangerous duties upon that dramatic occasion. Later, during the Spanish War, Lyon commanded the gunboat "Dolphin" along the Cuban coast, participating in the blockade off Havana and Santiago, and in the operations before Guantanamo, where he, in the "Dolphin," and McCalla, in the "Marblehead," supported the marines and made possible their capture of the place, which served thereafter as the base of the blockading fleet under Admiral Sampson. Admiral Lyon was commandant of the naval station at Honolulu before coming hither.

Falsely Accused an Officer's Wife

The indignation felt in army circles over the ridiculously mild sentence imposed upon one Arthur Armstrong, recently a private in the Twenty-sixth Field Battery, for breaking jail at Alcatraz and aiding three other military prisoners to escape, has been all the more pronounced since the discovery that Armstrong, who was serving a fifteen year sentence for outrages upon Filipino and white women, was also the wretch who, to shield himself when caught insulting a highly

esteemed young woman, the wife of an army officer, declared that she had led him on and had tried to induce him to have an intrigue with her. The infamous charge was completely refuted in short order, but it caused great humiliation to the unhappy woman and her devoted husband. I am told that Armstrong narrowly escaped being shot for this act, and was saved only by being hurried away by a provost-guard.

The Mersfelders

In the general excitement following April 18th, the fact that Jules and Lou Mersfelder, the artists, had been separated by a divorce granted Mrs. Mersfelder, gained little publicity. The divorce was granted on April 17th and the news was published on the 18th, but I'll wager that not half a dozen morning papers of that date were read in San Francisco. Few of them got beyond the carriers' bundles. A year ago last winter, after Mersfelder brought his bride back from Chicago, the artist pair were prominent figures in the Bohemian world. They had beautiful studio rooms at the corner of Merchant and Montgomery streets, and kept open house, with good things to eat and drink, with music and song, every Saturday evening. A gay and clever crowd used to gather there, and some of the Coppa habitues also went; but they were in the minority, so all the fun was natural and the conversation free from discussions of souls and emotions. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mersfelder, besides being good artists, were clever entertainers, and all their friends regret the incompatibility of temperament that led to their separation. Mrs. Mersfelder, I hear, has gone to Chicago, while Mersfelder is in Berkeley, where he talks of starting an art class.

Back to Paris

G. Leslie Hunter, the Scotch artist, is off again for Paris, where he will further develop the talent he has for rather bizarre painting. Hunter came back a little over a year ago after about two years abroad—which two years had followed about five years of the hardest kind of study in San Francisco. He was one of the "611 Clay" crowd, which was the nearest approach to genuine Bohemianism that the town has had for years. Europe greatly developed him, and it was on the cards that he should have a big exhibit at a local gallery. However, the fire ended all prospects of that. Hunter is

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looked upon by his friends as a genius. Some of his work is very bad, but his canvases all show either an idea or a groping after one. He progresses steadily, and once in a while turns out a canvas good enough to justify the prediction that some day he will "find himself" and make his mark. After his return from Europe Hunter did a good deal of work for "Life," "Harpers" and other Eastern periodicals; but he looks upon such work as not worth while from an artistic standpoint—merely a means of furnishing the wherewithal for the pursuit of real art.

The Mackay Professorship

At the meeting of the California University Regents last week President Wheeler transferred to them \$100,000 which had been placed in his hands by Mr. Clarence H. Mackay for the foundation of the John W. Mackay, Jr., Professorship of Electrical Engineering in memory of his brother. Mr. Clarence H. Mackay and Mrs. John W. Mackay, his mother, share equally in the making of the gift. It is a tribute of affection and sympathy toward the State of California and its people in their distress. Mrs. Mackay and her son have always maintained a strong feeling of attachment to California and desire that no impairment of activity in its highest institution of learning shall result from the recent disaster, but rather fresh energy and more determined progress. The foundation of the professorship is cast in the broadest terms, as the income may be applied as well to the equipment and encouragement of research in connection with the chair as in the support of the chair itself. The selection of the subject, "Electrical Engineering," is connected evidently with a dominant interest of the family.

Wheeler Tells of Eastern Sentiment

President Wheeler, who returned from the East last week, says: "There is the warmest possible sympathy with the city and state in its distress. I must confess that throughout the East I found the full and established opinion that San Francisco could scarcely be rebuilt, at least in the near future. Everyone admires the pluck of the San Franciscans, but is inclined to believe that it is mostly pluck without much hope of realization. Everyone asks, 'Have they really started any permanent building?' 'What are they doing to show that the

city is to be rebuilt?' I think it very desirable that out of its resources San Francisco should make a beginning. The men who have been trying to induce Wall street to make the beginning have found grave difficulties confronting them."

Separation of the Singletons

No slight sensation was caused in the South last week, writes my Southern correspondent, by the news of the estrangement of the John Singletons. The millionaire miner of sixty and more who struck pay dirt at Randsburg a few years ago, and his pretty young wife have agreed to disagree for a year with the understanding that if both are of the same mind at the end of that time the separation shall be made permanent. Singleton's life has been an interesting one, and the latest chapter is not without its comedy features. The prospector who came upon the famous Yellow Aster mine in company with Mooers and Burcham and started the rush for Randsburg, was divorced from his first wife shortly before fortune smiled upon him and his whirling courtship of the pretty Seattle maid, Stella Graham, began a few seasons later. The young bride was eager to enter society and by lavish entertaining was more or less successful in her efforts. The only heir to the Singleton millions committed suicide not long after the wedding, while under the influence of liquor. The separation has occasioned much speculation. Mrs. Singleton has gone to Europe to study music and to devote her spare moments to an effort at book-making while Singleton is lying ill at his hotel. The miner settled a handsome sum on his wife and laughingly paid her board and dressmakers' bills incurred since the estrangement, besides insisting that she take lunch with him before taking train for the East.

A Song

The gray shore calls to the sea,
As I to thee—
"Come close to my pleading breast,
Cease thy unrest!"
The gray sea calls to the shore—
"Give o'er, give o'er,
Thou'rt but the shore, I am the sea,"
As thou to me.

—The Minstrel.

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Nina Farrington

One of the celebrities whose name was dragged into the Thaw case this week. This picture was reproduced from a portrait, with a history, painted by Lillie V. O'Ryan, of this city. Miss O'Ryan says she painted it at the request of Jos. Leiter, the Chicago millionaire, but that between the time of ordering it and its completion, the Leiter-Farrington menage went on the rocks and the gay young Chicagoan refused to compensate the artist for her work. So Miss O'Ryan kept the painting, the photograph of which was made for "Town Talk." In the despatches, the other day, it was said that Leiter was to be called as a witness in the Thaw case, by District Attorney Jerome, and that he was to be questioned about certain incidents of a dinner given in honor of Miss Farrington, an actress. Miss Farrington is a woman with a past extending into the dark backward and abysm of time, a past bubbling over with the joys of life. On the stage she was not much of an artist.

The Ahlos of the Land of Aloah

Writes my Honolulu correspondent: "The recent death of Lee Ahlo, up to a few years ago the wealthiest and most influential Chinese in Hawaii, recalls some of the romances and the bizarre complications of the cosmopolitan society of Honolulu. Lee Ahlo was born in a small town near Canton in 1841. His father was a fortune teller who brought up his son with little or no education. He came to Honolulu early in the sixties, being one of the first of the earliest large migration of Chinese hither. For nearly ten years he pursued the humble calling of cook, being employed in the household of Mr. Robert Lewers, father of Mr. Will Lewers, the well-known actor, and in the households of several other of our leading citizens. During this time Ahlo was a diligent student, and became proficient in Hawaiian and in English, and in reading and writing his own language. In 1873 he entered upon the career of a merchant, and within a few years he became the most successful Chinese merchant in the Islands and had practically gained control of the rice trade, which ranks next in importance to the sugar industry. He married an Hawaiian of noble blood who brought him, as a dowry, valuable lands.

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Of this marriage four sons were born, three of whom died in infancy. The fourth, Anthony Ahlo, was sent as a young man to Cambridge University, England, to be educated, and on his return five or six years ago with his degree of Bachelor of Arts, he brought with him, as a bride, a rosy-cheeked English girl. The community welcomed the young man and his wife. It was rather proud of him. He was a cheery, manly young fellow. His father and mother gave a magnificent reception in honor of the young people, at their large and handsome house on Liliha street, not far from Governor Carter's residence, and neighborly to Judge Hartwell's. There were other functions almost without number, for the young people. The Princess Kawanakoa and the Campbell-Parkers, threw open their homes, and so did the Lewers and others where the elder Ahlo had in earlier days been an humble servitor. Neither the young Cambridge Bachelor of Arts nor his wife remained here very long. The rosy-cheeked English girl became a mother, but soon afterwards went to England, leaving her little son with its grand-parents, and she has never returned. The elder Ahlo met with business reverses, and the son sought to revive the family fortune in China where he had secured some mining concessions while still a student at Cambridge. What caused the separation of young Ahlo and his English wife, has never been known.

It was reported some time ago that the studio of Walter Cox, the English artist, had escaped the fire, but the fact is it was destroyed with nearly all the artist's canvases. Mr. and Mrs. Cox are now at El Granada, in Berkeley.

Dr. Harry I. Wiel, assistant to Dr. Kelly of Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, is spending his summer vacation with his parents at 1817 Jackson street.

Traffic in Titles

There is another title scandal agitating European society. A member of the Berlin upper-tendom has been detected in carrying on a profitable traffic in titles and decorations peddling the baubles all over Europe, and it is reported that he has made a good thing of his trade, for demand has been brisk and supply unlimited. His stock has ranged from five dollars for a Legion of Honor up to anything he dared ask for. If titles passed current in the United States no doubt he would have found an excellent market for his wares, but unfortunately our aristocracy has to content itself with second hand goods. It is not unlikely that many of the purchases were made with an eye to eventual disposal to wealthy Americans who are supposed to be especially created for the enrichment of English dukes, German barons and Italian counts. But American heiresses are by no means the only dupes. The women of other nationalities are obliged to take their medicine and since they can get no relief they might as well be quiet about it. European divorce laws are much more rigid than our own, and they do not favor women at all. Almost the only chance there is to escape bondage lies in proving the bogus count to be a bigamist, in which case the woman hardly betters her own social position. Charges of cruelty, based on such flimsy accusations as that a husband was addicted to smoking, or was too demonstrative in his affections or objected to getting his own breakfast would be regarded in England or France as proofs of the wife's insanity, and it is by no means an easy matter to arrange things quietly so that the separation is granted without any one's being the wiser. The court takes an interest in the affair, and not infrequently if the lady is insistent and can make out her case, she resigns her title along with her husband. Americans can afford to take matters more philosophically for buying gold bricks is one of the legitimate reasons for going abroad, so that whether it turns out to be a bogus antique or a bogus title, it is all part of the game. Some of the small European principalities make no objection to the sale of titles

since they go with the estates, and are passed along like the orchards and fields, and have really no greater value than the military titles in use all over the South, and which Thomas Nelson Page says are conferred by the negroes, according to the size of the tips the recipients are in the habit of bestowing. Titles are so cheap in Europe that except the English ones of old establishment, and the Norwegian, of which no more can ever be created, only the immediate members of royal families really count. Many of them are about as distinctive as the American mister.



Naughton, in Duluth "Herald."
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Correspondence

(Miss Connell replies to Mr. Hoffman)

Editor "Town Talk": I am amused at Mr. Hoffman's comments on your editorial entitled "The Burdens of the Poor." From his concluding paragraph one might be led to think that the wicked rich made periodical descents on the poor to demand the production of the annual baby for inspection in order to assure themselves that the full supply of superfluous labor was being kept up. The production of children cannot be regulated by law, but it can by common sense, and these professional poor, who make such pitiful stories when they see prospective backshees, can learn to do their thinking betimes. In my experience it is the parents who do the complaining, but the elder children who bear the burdens. He seems to think that pocket handkerchiefs would be drenched in Fifth avenue if the birth rate were to fall off in Mott street. Well, and what of it? Factory owners cannot compel people to have children they cannot feed in order that capital may find cheap operatives. They have the situation right in their own hands. Instead of a dozen children, starved and neglected, half of them dying before their first year is completed and the rest dropping off at intervals, let him sum up the situation and go slow. The capitalist does not come round and rob the cradle. It is the parents who seek out the employment and force their children to it, and the children, in turn, do likewise with their own. It is not true that these wretchedly improvident, professional poor are fond of their babies. They resent the advent of another and have no serious regret if it is providentially removed before it is old enough to earn something, yet the births are so frequent that they lack even the passing interest of novelty. A friend of mine, a kindergarten teacher in the North Beach district, tells me that amongst her brood, it is sufficient for them to hear mention of illness, and be the patient man, woman or child, they immediately surmise "baby," yet they come to her almost as soon as they can stand. As to quoting the Rooseveltian doctrine, it would be well for these Socialists to find out what the President did say. He did not lay down the law that every married pair should have as many babies as they possibly could, independent of every consideration but multiplication, but even if he did, he is not God Almighty. The remark so widely hinted at and so incorrectly "quoted" was directed against those who selfishly refuse either to marry or to rear families when they do, because they are unwilling to curtail their out-door pleasures or share their earnings for the sake of rearing children. In his opinion they were cheating themselves by depriving themselves of one of the greatest enjoyments, that of home and family life. That is a long way from advocating improvident marriages. But when people do not want children it is the best of reasons for not having them, not because their own ease will be interfered with but because whether the children are thrown on the care of servants or left to scramble up like kittens, they have a hard time of it. As to the wages paid, in the long run, I believe every man gets what he is worth. I have never been an employer, but I have been employed, and I can say I have seen many a one getting \$15 a week when if I had been regulating his wages he would not have had a third of it on his merits, yet I am a long way from advocating low salaries. I believe in fair compensation and making people responsible for themselves—no pensions or charity. The poor workman is apt to be poor in every sense of the word. He takes no pride in what he does, has no skill beyond what he is forced to acquire in order to get anything to do, and if he can get his beer and baccy, is none so particular about meals and other matters. The occasional unfortunate could be easily dealt with if it were not that he is swallowed up in the sea of incompetents. What is the matter here today, that we have all this squabbling over the distribution of relief funds. Any man with two hands can get his \$12 a week cleaning bricks.

Tait's Cafe

NOW OPEN

Van Ness Avenue and Eddy St.

Music Every Evening between 6:30 and 12:00 o'clock

JOHN TAIT, Mgr.

VENICE GARDEN CAFE

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IDEAL SERVICE.

REGULAR PRICES

Conducted by waiters from the Palace Hotel, St. Francis and Cafe Zinkand

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The Grill

C. M. SOLLARI, Prop.

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951 Eddy St.

One Block from Van Ness Ave.

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Grill Open August 1st

E. S. DE WOLFE, Proprietor

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LOS ANGELES

AN ABSOLUTELY
FIREPROOF HOTEL

Beautiful Indian Mission restaurant — the most novel and finely appointed on the coast. Music by the Alexandria Royal Hungarian Orchestra.

ALEXANDRIA HOTEL CO.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



Any man with the rudiments of a trade can get twice and even four times that, and yet we have a lot of idlers who grumble at their free rations when they can make more than the average professional man ever gets a chance to handle. I am no capitalist, but I have been cured of some other vagaries by association with those who were afflicted. My incipient attack of equal rights was disposed of when I had to work with some of the rampant advocates, and found out that when one wanted square treatment and plain justice it was to be got from the "tyrant man" who did not say much but acted up to principles, and what I know of the practical workings of Socialism was acquired in the school of experience. Whatever they may be as orators and writers, they are a lazy lot when it comes to physical exertion, and not a bit averse to demanding long hours and short pay. The exceptions proved to be the dupes. The theory is infinitely better than the practice. There seem to be a good many so-called Socialists who are only disappointed capitalists. Since they have failed to acquire riches in other ways, they are convinced that they should have a share of what others have accumulated. Once they had an appreciable amount they would be as grasping as Rockefeller and Sage combined. If the lion and the lamb ever lie down together it will be because the lion has got round the lamb. It will not matter much whether it be a socialistic or a capitalistic lion, so far as the lamb is concerned. We have a pleasant fashion of demanding of the rich an account of their riches, but there is just as good reason for bringing the poor to the bar and questioning their right to poverty. It makes no practical difference whether a man be lazy, dissolute, lacking in push or spendthrift, for all these can be summed up in a word, incompetent. We are all lacking somewhere but when the sum of the laches out-balances the other side of the account the result is failure, and would be under any conditions. I do not know whether Mr. Hoffman pays taxes or not, but if he does he might find it interesting to calculate what it would cost him to contribute his share toward the maintenance of the host of incompetents who would become public charges if Mr. Spargo's idea of supporting the mothers and children were to be adopted. If he is not a tax payer he is not in a position to dictate to those who are. All of which is irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial.

"Sincerely,

"SARAH CONNELL."

Such Unreasonableness

"I am looking," said the customer, "for a burglar-proof safe and a refrigerator combined."

"I'm afraid," said the merchant, "that you'll be asking next for insurance in a company that hasn't some way of beating you out of it in a pinch."

—The Refugee.

It's No Snap

"These popular novelists have to work very hard."

"Nonsense, it's not hard to write a popular novel; the hard work is the booming of them."

"Yes, I know, but it's hard work to write a novel every month to keep out of the pit of obscurity."

—The Scribbler.

THE WHITE HOUSE

With the White House doing business once more San Francisco will not be altogether devoid of a metropolitan air. Raphael Weill & Co. will resume business, Monday, at the corner of Van Ness avenue and Pine, in a commodious store stocked with the kind of goods for which the White House has long been famous, and through which it won the patronage of the most fashionable shoppers. The art department will be a feature of the establishment, and it will be a joy to many whose bric-a-brac was reduced to debris in April last.

Send us your orders

And depend on

the same Goods
the same care
the same low prices
the same promptness

FREE DAILY DELIVERY to Ross and Mill Valley, Oakland and Bay Cities. Wholesale rates to families. Surpassing quality.

Save us your month's order

Our new store, which we built and own, ready JULY 21, accommodates double the business we ever did.

SMITH'S CASH STORE

Formerly 25 Market
now "Just around the corner"

16 Steuart street
San Francisco

Leading, Largest, Oldest and Most Dependable
Mail Order House anywhere

GERMEA

FOR

BREAKFAST



The New Home of the City of Paris
Van Ness Avenue at Washington Street.

It is interesting to visit some of the new locations in which our old down-town merchants have opened stores. Buildings after the fire, suitable for merchandising on a large scale, were almost impossible to obtain. Some of the larger dealers leased such of the more commodious homes as could be obtained when in a suitable location. Amongst the desirable places was the Walter Hobart home, built by Mrs. Crocker for her daughter, Miss Amy Crocker, and more recently bought by Walter Hobart. The City of Paris has made a good shop of the place for the display of their varied high-class merchandise. They are now drawing plans to have an exterior of the store taking in the whole lot on Van Ness, thereby doubling their frontage while in the rear they are building a Tea Garden which will be unique and elaborate in its fittings and will be a delightful rendezvous for the patrons of the store as well as for any one else who is inclined to visit the place.

Mr. Milton Feder will reopen the Sorosis Shoe Parlors before long on Van Ness avenue not far from the City of Paris. A new building is being constructed for Mr. Feder.

McMahon, Keyer & Stiegeler Bros. have opened one of the most attractive tailoring establishments in San Francisco. Aside from having an exclusive and expensive line of imported woollens, their prices are moderate and their record assures satisfaction to their custom. The fixtures of their store are Oregon pine—stained, waxed and stained again. The grain of this wood is very attractive for store fixtures when properly prepared, and it is about as durable as oak.

Wolfe & Hawley, who conducted perhaps the smartest ladies' and gentlemen's furnishing goods store in San Francisco have opened in a new place on the south side of Van Ness avenue near California. Their old location was at Post and Kearney and although Mr. Wolfe says his goods are not in he will do the best he can from now on.

The new cannery built by the California Canneries Co., at Eighteenth and Minnesota, was formally opened last Saturday. There were about 200 people present and appropriate remarks were made by Mr. Isadore Jacobs, president of the company, Mayor Schmitz, W. W. Stafford, State Labor Commissioner, F. W. McDonald of the Santa Fe, from whom the company have a twenty-year lease of the land and several others. The cannery will employ over one thousand women and girls. It is located three blocks from the water front and

has the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe track privileges, which will make shipping an easy matter. The larger part of the product of this cannery is imported.

The White House, though crowded for space in their new building (which, by the way, is the largest retail store on Van Ness) has decided to continue its art department and will have a beautiful line of engagement cups on hand at an early date in connection with a choice selection of beautiful bric-a-brac.

H. G. Plagemann, formerly of Wm. Wolff & Co., has taken the Moet & Chandon Champagne agency for all the coast west of Butte and Denver. Mr. Plagemann has been so close to "White Seal" for so long a time he should not find much difficulty in increasing its popularity in his territory.

M. A. Lang, who has for years handled the output of the San Francisco Breweries, Limited, locally, has severed his connection with this firm and taken the agency of the Wienhard Brewery, of Portland, and now Mr. Lang thinks northern beers are "it." Mr. Lang's office is with P. J. Weniger, at Van Ness, and Ellis.

The opening of O'Neill & Embree's handsomely appointed store in Oakland, marks an epoch in the retail trade of that city. It is the first haberdashery store of its high quality to open there, and from the great success they have met with, it is evident that there are many people of taste and discrimination in Oakland, who admire beautiful and exclusive goods, and who appreciate the opportunity of making their selections from a high-class stock that is second to none in these Western States. The above gentlemen were for many years with the Bullock & Jones Co. which, before the catastrophe, was famous for its high quality of goods. This standard has not only been maintained by O'Neill & Embree, but in many respects has been improved upon, as their stock is absolutely new and composed of the choicest and best creations in haberdashery. A visit to No. 955 Broadway will convince the most skeptical of the beauty and value of their goods.

—The Rounder.

P. E. BOWLES,
President

E. W. WILSON,
Vice-President

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

DEPOSIT GROWTH

Mar. 3, '02	\$ 387,728 70
Sept. 15, '02	1,374,983 43
Mar. 15, '03	2,232,582 94
Sept. 15, '03	2,629,113 39
Mar. 15, '04	3,586,912 31
Sept. 15, '04	3,825,471 71
Mar. 15, '05	4,349,427 92
Sept. 15, '05	4,938,629 05
Mar. 15, '06	5,998,431 52
June 18, '06	6,650,555 84

MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BUILDING

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San Francisco

Stage

Gorky's Play

Maxim Gorky's latest play is not very likely to be staged in this country. It is interesting, however, to mark the incidents in the plot and to gather from them an idea of the sort of realism for which Gorky stands. The play is called "The Barbarians," and all the action is laid in a remote Russian town. At first Gorky shows the place practically isolated from the world. The inhabitants hardly ever travel beyond the boundaries of their own little community, and few strangers have visited the town. Gorky paints the place as a reeking spot. He does not find one pure soul in it. The men are drunken beasts, and the women are little better—indeed, many of them are worse. Modern civilization appears in the pushing of a railroad line through the town. It might be expected that with the advent of the steam engine Gorky would paint a little righteousness, but instead of that the town goes from bad to worse. True, some of the grating coarseness wears off, but vice becomes all the more hideous in taking on a veneer of refinement. There is thieving on every hand, murder and shocking licentiousness. The so-called men of "culture" who come to the town outdo the primitive folk in wickedness, and all through the play to the closing climax the plot grows in baseness. "The Barbarians" is said to be more revolting than any other of Gorky's dramas, but it appears to be strictly in keeping with the general drift of all his works. It is difficult to see how sane minds could accept the play, yet it has aroused much discussion in Europe. There may be truth in the oft-repeated assertion that Gorky is a genius and the greatest Russian next to Tolstoi; still it is comforting to know that there is no audience in this country for such perverted genius as may be contained in "The Barbarians."



Hope Mayne, Idora Park Opera Co.

Mansfield and His Art

Richard Mansfield has been writing of his art. He says he selects gloomy roles because in them there is great latitude for his art, and he adds: "I cannot cheapen my ideals or toy with my highest ambitions merely to gain a valueless reputation for charm of personality or evenness of temperament." Mr. Mansfield wishes us to believe that his reputation

for peevishness, for cruelty to actresses and for arrogance comes from the public's habit of identifying actors with their roles. Mr. Mansfield is something of a hypocrite.

Some Greenbaum Attractions

Manager Greenbaum has completed arrangements for the engagement of Schumann-Heink, who will appear here in January. A month later Moritz Rosenthal, the "little giant of the keyboard" will appear under Greenbaum's management. So it is evident that our musical thirst is not to be altogether neglected. Manager Greenbaum expects to announce the engagement of Burton Holmes in the near future.

Mrs. Crellin to Star

As soon as Camille D'Arville Crellin reached New York she visited the Shuberts and obtained an engagement. They have announced that a comic opera is being written for her and that she will be starred in it next season. Mrs. Crellin is said to have been impelled back to the stage because of the impairment of the Crellin fortune by the great catastrophe.

Orpheum Vaudeville

Paul Spadoni, who stands in the foremost rank of jugglers, will head the new bill at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. His work is difficult, inasmuch that he handles light objects with the same dexterity and ease that he catches massive cannon balls on his back and juggles with them. He makes a specialty of juggling such handy household articles as fifty-pound cannon balls, a two hundred and fifty pound iron cannon, and catches a twenty-five pound shot between the back of his head and shoulders, on his neck, as it is fired from a cannon. Arthur McWatters, Grace Tyson and their clever little company will present a spectacular musical comedy, entitled "Vaudeville." The skit is a mingling of half a dozen different styles of theatrical performances, ranging from plain

IDORA PARK

OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager

Continued Success of

"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME"

Seats may be secured one week in advance at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Thirteenth and Broadway, Oakland.

Mail orders should be accompanied by check or money order.

Reserved seats 50 cents, including admission to park.

Ye Liberty Playhouse

14th & Broadway

OAKLAND

Bishop's Players in

"A MIDNIGHT BELL"

Commencing Monday evening, July 23d.

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing
Sunday Matinee, July 22

(Matinee Every Day Except Monday.)

VAUDEVILLE WINNERS!

PAUL SPADONI; McWatters, Tyson and Company; Camille Comedy Company; Kelly and Kent; Argyro Kastron; Carlin and Otto; Irving Jones; Orpheum

Motion Pictures and Last Week of

THE MILITARY OCTETTE AND THE GIRL WITH THE BATON.

PRICES: 10c, 25c, and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Sutter and Fillmore Streets. Phone, West, 6000.

CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight.

Admission, 10c.; Children, 5c.

variety, musical comedy and illusion to spectacular drama and all within the space of twenty minutes. The Camille Comedy Trio, triple horizontal bar eccentrics, will enliven proceedings and James F. Kelly and Annie Mabel Kent, a clever comedy couple, will offer a hodge-podge of singing and dancing, full of originality, life and ginger. Argyro Kastron, the talented and beautiful young Greek violiniste, will change her selections and Carlin and Otto, the really amusing German comedians, will tell new stories and sing new songs. The Military Octette and the Girl with the Baton give, without doubt, the finest musical act ever seen in San Francisco and they will appear for the last times. The Gartelle brothers, comedy roller skaters, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied and interesting program. The grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are full of surprising novelties and the Zoo has lately received many important additions. The "Home of the Happy Family," as the monkey house is called, is an ideal place in which to spend half an hour.

Edna Ellsmere and Herschel Mayall, late of the Central, are playing Camille in Salt Lake.

Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell," is to be presented at "Ye Liberty Theatre" with L. R. Stockwell in the role of the Deacon, a part written for him by the brilliant playwright.

Popular Idora

The gay tunes of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" are being whistled all over Alameda county. The Idora Park attraction has proved so strong that the management has decided to let it run indefinitely. The fashionables of Oakland are now giving Idora parties—trips to Idora Park in the afternoon where open air skating is the pastime, followed by dinner in Idora Roof Garden and then the performance of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

—The Playgoer.

Two Diary Extracts

Hers.

July 10.—I wonder why Jack doesn't answer my letter. I sent it to his new address. He couldn't have moved twice since the fire. Oh, how I long for him! I told him so, and I told him that my passion for him had not abated one bit since that night before the earthquake, that night we dined together at Marchands. I blushed as I wrote, but then I love him, so why not. But it is singular that he hasn't written or phoned. He was once so attentive. He told me his mother scolded him for not spending more time at home, but he couldn't bear to remain long away from me. He must be very busy. Of course it is business that keeps him away. I shall hear from him soon—perhaps today. So I'll be patient.

His.

July 10.—Have just returned from San Rafael where I had a dandy auto ride with Miss Vanmillion. She's a swell girl—just met her yesterday and I think I've made quite an impression. Haven't answered Mabel's letter yet. That girl makes me a bit weary. She writes the most loving letters I ever read. If she had ever talked as she writes she'd have lost me on the spot. When they get too loving they're dangerous. You feel as if you're responsible for it, and then the case is as hopeless as if you were married. I guess I'll have to pass Mabel up. Better call it off now than give her any more encouragement. Foolish girl! I'll write and tell her that I'm too busy to see her. Perhaps, if I make it quite formal, she'll quit.

—The Flirt.

BOYER Motor Car Company

Franklin
AND
Royal
MOTOR CARS

NEW SALES ROOMS

408 Golden Gate Avenue

Bet. Larkin and Polk Sts.

Mrs. Deepdimple's Dinner

A Story Without Much Moral

Celestine, the maid, came into Mrs. Van Ripper's pretty morning-room, with Mr. Van Ripper's coat over her arm and a silver-backed brush in each hand. Her pretty French face was wrinkled up into a most fascinating expression of distress as she said:

"Pardon, madame, but I must have to tell you. Monsieur's evening coat is all covered with a little white fluff. I cannot brush it off, try as I will!"

"Let me see it," said Mrs. Van, throwing down her book. She was a sweet, domestic little woman, and still took an interest in her husband's clothes, though they had been married nearly ten years.

"Well, I declare!" she said. "It's like cotton, and it won't come off!" It's thistledown, isn't it?"

"I do not know, madame. It has been all over monsieur's coats every morning when I have brushed them for the last few weeks. And today it will not come off."

"That coat will have to go to the cleaner's," said Mrs. Van Ripper. "How like a man to spoil his clothes in that way! Just remind me this evening, Celestine, to speak to Mr. Van Ripper."

Van Ripper came home early that night. When he was dressing for dinner Mrs. Van said:

"Jack, you'll positively have to get a man to look after your things unless you take better care of them, and you'll have to wear one of your other evening coats tonight, for this one is covered with some kind of down. Now what is it and where did it come from?" And she spread the garment before him.

Her husband eyes it over carefully with a look of deep thought on his good-looking face. He picked particles of white fluff away with his thumb and forefinger, and his face wore a perplexed, wondering expression for a moment before he answered:

"That's that damned armchair at the club. It's in the smoking room, Grace, and my favorite lounging place. The stuff inside must come through the upholstery in some way. I'll make a complaint about it."

But next morning Celestine's brow was in a more wrinkled state of helplessness than ever, and coat number two was put with the others. Mr. Van Ripper actually swore in a rude way, when he was confronted with it, and part of his wardrobe was sent off to the cleaner's the next day.

"Be sure and have them sent home in time for Mrs. Deepdimple's dinner on Saturday night, Jack," said Mrs. Van, as he kissed her goodbye at the breakfast table.

"Are we going to that Deepdimple woman's dinner?" he asked.

"Why, of course, dear; I wrote and accepted for both of us. We must go, you know. It would look so odd to stay away when she came to our dinner last week. Don't you think so?"

"Well—perhaps—but—"

"Now, what do you mean, Jack? Do speak plainly. Is there any reason why we should not go?"

"Oh, no—but—"

"Is Mrs. Deepdimple really a widow, or is her husband living? Where does she get the money to keep up her fine apartments and her brougham? Is there any truth in the rumor that some married man is devoted to her?"

"I believe she is a widow, my dear, and has money. We met her at the De Peysters', you know, and that is quite voucher enough for anyone's respectability; but really, dear, is she quite the sort of woman you want to cultivate?" Jack looked really serious.

"Why not?"

"Well, you know there are always a lot of men at her house every afternoon at tea, and only a few women. Then she

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We have made arrangements to carry a full assortment of these celebrated wines and can now fill your order for any amount. Call at our new store

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The most elegantly and luxuriously furnished hotel of its size in the United States. Now under new management. American and European plan.

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Cafe Bristol THE BEST CAFE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

FOURTH and SPRING STS.
LOS ANGELES

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"The little store around the corner"

\$75 worth of Furniture
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WATCH OUR SATURDAY SPECIALS.

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467 NINTH STREET,
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OAKLAND, CAL.

has a lot of queer foreign fads, I believe, and smokes cigarettes after dinner, they say."

"Who says?"

"Well, the men at the club. Tommy Trimmer, you know, is in love with her, and sends her tons of roses and bonbons and things. Funny how men will run after those red-haired women, isn't it?"

"Isn't it, though?" said little Mrs. Van. Her own hair was brown.

Mrs. Deepdimple's dinner night came and her guests were all punctual. It all seemed delightfully bohemian to Mrs. Van when cocktails were served in the little bijou smoking-room all hung with Oriental rugs and draperies.

The dinner was perfect. Mrs. Deepdimple was a charming hostess, and her guests, eight in number, were all bright and jolly. Wit sparkled with the wines, and the perfume of the violets scattered upon the tablecloth filled the room with fragrance. Mrs. Van Ripper sat on Mrs. Deepdimple's right, and Tommy Bigboy on her left. There were some good stories with the coffee, and when Mrs. Deepdimple daintily lit a cigarette no one seemed to mind it much and nearly all the ladies followed her example. When the party adjourned to the little drawing-room everyone was feeling particularly gay and happy.

It was a most fascinating double room with handsome rugs swung between. At one side of the fireplace where logs burned brightly there was one of those fashionable canopied divans that modern decorators build in up-to-date parlors. It was covered with a soft rug of white fur and piled high with innumerable cushions of various colors. It looked luxurious enough for the throne of an empress.

Mrs. Van Ripper seated herself upon this couch and leaned back indolently among the pillows. She had drunk more champagne than usual at dinner, and she was delighted with Mrs. Deepdimple and the charming unconventionality of the party. The conversation was general now and one of the men had picked up a banjo and was singing while he picked at the strings.

"Come and see Mrs. Deepdimple's conservatory!" cried a voice from somewhere behind a screen.

"A conservatory in a flat! What an impossible idea!" said Mrs. Van, going to see. There it was in a big bay window, all plants and palms and vines growing up to the ceiling.

When Mrs. Van entered the room there was an exclamation of surprise from Mr. Bigboy.

"Look at your pretty gown," he said. It was a pretty Paris gown of pink crepon and was cut low enough to show Mrs. Van's white shoulders. Now the dress was covered with soft white down.

"Let me brush it off for you," said Tommie, gallantly. "I know where it comes from. The big red cushion on the

divan over there has ruined a lot of coats for me. Why don't you get rid of it, Mrs. Deepdimple?" and he brushed industriously, but it wouldn't come off.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Van Ripper, smilingly. "I declare it's just like Jack's coat. You know he has a favorite chair at the club, and it sheds just in this way, and every night for the last four weeks his coats have been covered with it. Don't bother, please, Mr. Bigboy; it's so kind of you."

Tommy walked into the smoking-room rather suddenly, and as he passed Van Ripper said something between his teeth like the villain in a melodrama. Some of the men heard it, and they walked into the room after Tommie with Van Ripper, whose face had grown white with rage.

No one knew quite how it happened, but there was the sound of angry words, a blow and the crash of glass. Mrs. Deepdimple ran into the room and closed the door behind her.

Going home in the carriage after the party had broken up with much confusion, tears and hysterics on the part of Mrs. Deepdimple and a few fainting spells from Mrs. Van, Van Ripper told his wife all about it. He had a towel around his head, and the front of his shirt, over which he had carefully buttoned his coat, was spattered with blood.

"It was like this, Grace," he said. "We had a quarrel at the club the other night over a game of poker, and he's had it in for me because he's a cad, you know, in the first place. Well, he insulted me, and I forgot myself and struck him in the face. Then he took up the decanter and threw it at me. It only grazed my head and it's just a scratch. So don't worry now, my dear, and don't mention this to anyone. It's a disgraceful affair."

"But, oh, Jack, dear," said little Mrs. Van, nestling closer to his side. "Poor Mrs. Deepdimple! How dreadfully disappointed she must feel to have her party break up in this way!" and she sobbed all the way home on his shoulder.

—The Clubman.



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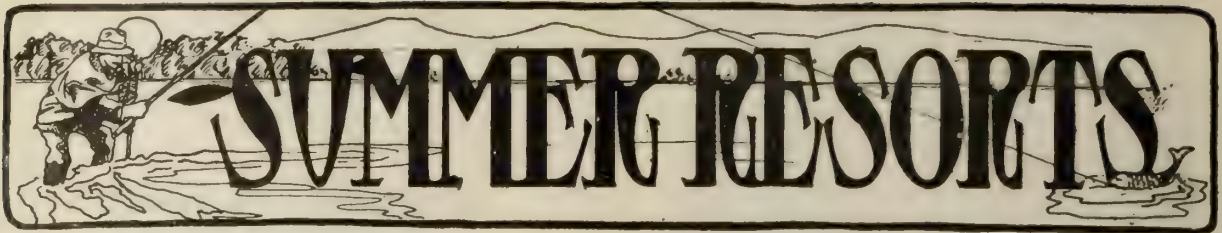
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The tented park, beautifully situated on the Russian river, in the redwoods, is now open. Large dining-room, seating 250 guests; big dance pavilion, social hall. Boating, bathing, fishing, etc. Fine service. Table furnished with the best of everything. Write for accommodations. Address MRS. L. C. CNOPIUS, Vacation, Sonoma county, Cal.

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Under new management. Santa Cruz Mountains. Three miles from Glenwood. First-class table; bowling; electric lights; billiards; dancing-pavilion; clubroom; \$10 up; round trip \$3.00; free carriage.

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First-class family hotel. Foothills of Santa Cruz Mountains. Interurban cars pass the doors. S. P. to San Jose and Interurban cars, or S. P. direct to Los Gatos. Address THE COLONIAL, Los Gatos, Cal.

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But 2½ hours from San Francisco. An excellent Hotel and delightful environment. The waters here

CURE Rheumatism and Stomach Troubles

Week end excursion over the Southern Pacific. \$7.50 Round Trip. pays for all transportation expenses and for two days at the hotel, includes baths and use of mineral waters. Ask S. P. agent anywhere. Send for booklet.

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Now open. Rates \$10 to \$12 week. Write for particulars. Address HOWELL BROS., Hopland, Mendocino county, Cal.

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Best water in the State for kidney, liver and stomach troubles, neuralgia, paralysis, rheumatism and skin diseases. Mountain trails. Best equipped gymnasium in the State. Fine vegetable garden, dairy and livery stable. All connected with hotel. Fine fishing close to hotel. Round trip ticket to springs, \$7. Write for booklet.

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The ideal place for a few days' rest and recreation.
Best fishing in the State.

Special Week-end Excursion Rates

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San Franciscans are especially invited to write for terms for their families.
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And cottages in the mountains near Santa Cruz. First-class table; gas; bath; phone; clubroom; dancing-pavilion; bowling; croquet; rates \$9 up. Campers' tickets to Santa Cruz \$4, carriage fare, \$1.25 round trip.

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The paradise of California, fifteen different mineral springs. We guarantee cure for Dyspepsia, Kidney, Liver, Stomach, Rheumatism, Blood, Skin Diseases, etc., \$10 to \$16 per week. Information and booklets at Review Bureau, or J. Martens, Bachelor P. O., Lake County, California.

AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS

Send your family to the nearest Hot Sulphur Springs to San Francisco; first-class accommodations; special rates to families; no staging; four trains daily; fare, round trip, \$1.65; Tiburon Ferry or Southern Pacific; two hours' ride. Address THEODOR RICHARDS, Agua Caliente, Sonoma county, Cal.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS

For rest and health, for cleanliness, climate and accommodation stands unsurpassed of all summer resorts. Rates \$12.00, \$14.00 and \$16.00 per week.

For full particulars address

R. ROBERTSON.

Hotel Del Coronado

THE CORONET OF THE PACIFIC

All outside rooms. Every modern convenience provided. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Fine fishing. This magnificent hostelry is conducted on the American plan and is open the entire year. There is no better surf bathing in America than that at Coronado Beach. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

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H. F. Norcross, Gen'l Agt., 334 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

ADAMS SPRINGS LAKE COUNTY NOW OPEN

(Elevation 3000 Feet.)

Surrounded by a pine forest of 5000 acres. This and its new hotel makes it the largest and most desirable resort in California. The waters are a positive cure for Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints.

Send for book of testimonials to DR. W. R. PRATHER, Proprietor.

ORR'S HOT SPRINGS

Just rebuilt and newly furnished. Hot Sulphur Baths famous all over the West. Water gushes from solid rock, cures Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Dyspepsia, Malarial Diseases and Stomach, Kidney and Liver Complaints. Excellent hunting and fishing and a first-class table. Located in the heart of the giant redwoods. Open all the year round; camping ground free. Telephone and Livery. C. N. W. Ry. to Ukiah, stage to springs. Round trip from San Francisco \$9.50. Address J. L. ORR, Ukiah, Mendocino Co., Cal.

NAPA SODA SPRINGS

California's famous mountain spa, only 50 miles from San Francisco, NOW OPEN. The nearest watering place and summer resort to the city. 1,000 feet elevation, overlooking for 25 miles the beautiful Napa Valley. Good hotel accommodations. New skating rink installed this season. Open all the year round. Terms on application to JOHN JACOB, Napa Soda Springs, Napa county, Cal.

MARK WEST SPRINGS

MRS. C. JUERGENSEN, Proprietess.

A place where you feel at home. Under new management. Delightful walks and other amusements. Variety of springs. Table first-class. Rates, \$12 per week or \$2 per day. Children, half price. Open for guests June 1st. Address Santa Rosa, Rural 6.

SKAGGS

Hot Springs, Sonoma county, only 4½ hours from San Francisco and but 9 miles staging; waters noted for medicinal virtues; best natural hot mineral water bath in State; boating and swimming; good trout streams; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and San Francisco papers. First-class Hotel and Stage Service; morning and afternoon stages; round trip from San Francisco \$5.50. Take Tiburon ferry daily 7:30 a. m. or 2:30 p. m. Rates \$2.00 a day or \$12 a week. References: Any guest of the past eleven years. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street, or of J. F. MULGREW, Skaggs, Cal.

Is this the Twentieth Century?

(From the Overland Monthly Magazine.)

Is this the enlightened 20th Century or is it A. D. 1700? We have been watching a contest that is suggestive of the Middle Ages.

A telegram to the "Bulletin" from the "Kansas City Journal" says that prominent people in that city are recovering from Bright's Disease and Diabetes under a specific discovered in this city, and asks if the same thing is occurring here and if the results are permanent.

The "Bulletin's" reply was "Yes" to both questions.

Consider what this means! Nothing less than that Bright's Disease and Diabetes, two of the greatest scourges known, are curable. This is of profound moment to the whole world. And yet, because the formula belongs to individuals, it has been considered non-ethical and but little noticed by the medical profession, and this notwithstanding the fact that prominent people in this city, including professional and business men, have been cured to so great a number as to exclude doubt.

The editor of the "Overland Monthly" personally knows a number who have recovered. Among them is an editor. He was very low and his death was looked upon as certain. Another is an old-school physician. The latter was rejected for insurance. He would not permit his ethics to stand between him and his own recovery. He can now pass. One would have thought that this case would have attracted attention. But the only comment he reported was an arraignment by a brother physician for using a non-ethical preparation.

We recall that Paracelsus' discovery of the use of mercury was decried for forty years, and vaccination was fought nearly as long. And yet, what physician does not now use both?

And history seems to be repeating itself, for it has for several years been known to some hundreds, probably thousands, in this city that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are no longer incurable diseases. And yet the world does not know it. Editors, lawyers, manufacturers and business men have discussed it openly, but physicians have breathed but softly of it, although scores have seen patients that demanded the new specific recover.

And what is it that is holding all this back? Ethics!

At the rate the deaths from Bright's Disease are increasing under the most skillful orthodox treatment, according to government and municipal reports, if Paracelsus' forty years' experience is to be repeated, somebody is shouldering an awful responsibility, for what is happening to the patients in these long interims while the antagonisms of the medical schools are adjusting themselves to new conditions?

Multiplying monuments will mutely answer.

It may be that in this age of books and newspapers the people will willingly continue to die of Bright's Disease and Diabetes because it is orthodox rather than recover and face the charge that they are not ethical. But we doubt it. We can as easily believe in the sanity of the prospector dying of thirst in the desert rather than accept water from a newly discovered spring because not on his chart.

Future history will record this decade as marking the first definite control of chronic Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and the name of the obscure but lamented Fulton will be as indissolubly connected with it as is Harvey's with the circulation of the blood. That is clear enough, but how many tens of thousands will be sacrificed to an antiquated orthodoxy before the mountains of opposition and prejudice have been melted by the march of progress, the sun of tolerance and the needs of humanity?—Overland Monthly.

The above article refers to the astounding recoveries now being made by the Fulton Compounds.

1780

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125 YEARS

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Walter Baker & Co.'s Chocolate & Cocoa

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A new and handsomely illustrated Recipe Book sent free.

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Pure Milk and Cream

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ACID JARS, ACID PIPES, ACID BRICK.

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All kinds of Vitrified Salt-Glazed Sewer Pipe.

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Yards: San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, San Jose.

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J. PORCHER

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NEWEST SHAPES

ALL NEW GOODS

715 and 717 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE,
SAN FRANCISCO.

In Old San Francisco

(Continued from Page 9.)

trustees refusing to turn on the lights. Finally a proposition was made that met with approval—the only one made during the session that was agreed to. This proposition was that the two chairmen should lock arms and march together out of the building, followed by the delegates they represented. And it was in that manner that the building was vacated. Outside they dispersed, not to meet again except in separate factions to nominate antagonistic tickets and to carry the war into every precinct in the State. That was the first great split in the Democratic party of California.

Broderick's congressional ticket was badly beaten that year, but he succeeded in electing a number of the Senators and Assemblymen. However, Senator Gwin controlled a majority but not a sufficient number to insure his re-election without a caucus being agreed upon. The year before the Broderick men insisted on the caucus rule and held that no member could preserve his standing in the party without abiding by it, but now they took the other view. As a result the Legislature adjourned without electing a Senator and California as a consequence had but one representative in the Senate.

A little later Broderick proposed a plan to unite the party once more, and though his wing was hopelessly in the minority, the proposition was accepted and the shrewd politician manoeuvred so cleverly that he came forth from the compromise conference, armed with greater power than ever. But that year he suffered a terrible defeat. That was the year of the rise of the Know-Nothing party, a party founded on principles similar to those of the A. P. A.'s. It derived its name from the secrecy that characterized all its proceedings. It was essentially anti-Catholic but in the State convention the anti-Catholic plank was withdrawn from the platform. J. Neely Johnson was the Know-Nothing candidate for Governor, against John Bigler, the warm friend and protegee of Broderick. On the Know-Nothing ticket were Judges David S. Terry and William T. Wallace and among the local leaders were C. T. Ryland, Judge Dibble and H. S. Foote. The Know-Nothings swept the State and carried the Legislature, but again that body failed to elect a Senator. The candidates were Foote and Colonel Ned Marshall. Broderick and Gwin had friends in the Legislature and they worked against the election of a Senator and were successful. The Know-Nothings soon went to pieces owing to the distrust of the people aroused by a corrupt Legislature, and also by the loss of \$120,000 out of the State Treasury, a loss causing the enactment of the law providing that thereafter no moneys should be paid out of the Treasury without the audit of a Board of Examiners.

A different phase was now imparted to the Senatorial contest. The Legislature to convene in January, 1857, would be called upon to elect two United States Senators instead of one, as the term for which John B. Weller was chosen would expire March 3rd of that year. In consideration of this fact it was thought feasible to arrange matters satisfactory, both to Broderick and Gwin, and to that end a conference was held one day in the office of Charles Carter, a real estate agent on Merchant street, above Montgomery. At that conference it was decided that Broderick should not succeed Gwin, but should become a candidate for Weller's seat and that both Broderick and Gwin should unite their forces. But this programme was not to be carried out without a struggle, for other candidates soon came into the field. Among them was Stephen J. Field, afterward Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Colonel Frank Washington, first editor of the Examiner, and Milton S. Latham, collector of the Port of San Francisco.

There was something inspiring in the prospect of an election of two United States Senators, and consequently the

year 1856, the year of the election of legislators, was a very exciting one in San Francisco, where the politicians were very active. It was in that year, too, that James King of William was killed by James P. Casey who had been a Supervisor and Assistant Treasurer of the city and county, and it was that murder that caused the organization of the second Vigilance Committee which seized control of the local government and usurped the authority of the courts of justice in criminal cases.

(To be Continued.)

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER



AT THE SEA SHORE

Mennen's will give immediate relief from prickly heat, chafing, sun-burn and all skin troubles. Our absolutely non-refillable box is for your protection. For sale everywhere or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

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TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET (BORATED) TALCUM.

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Sperry's Best Family.
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Receiving patients as usual. Cottage, rooms or tents.
Write for literature. SAN JOSE, CAL.

Letters

A Story of College Life

"The Tower" is a decided novelty in that it is a story of college life told from the faculty side, the student body being relegated to the background, in the position which is usually reserved for the instructors. Great Dulwich was a small point on the map of the world, and its college a minor affair, but not in the estimation of those connected with it, and no small part of the interest in the narrative revolves about the jealousy of a rival institution, Colston, and the degree of idolatry which each bestows on a dead lion, Denbeigh. Great Dulwich is a little world in itself, dominated by the bishop, who is the dean of its college, and his daughter, a neurotic invalid of almost middle age. Sylvia Langdon had been a beauty and a belle in her time. Twenty years before the beginning of the story she had been in love with one of the graduates of that year and he with her, but they had not the courage of their passion. Youth and poverty, together with family obligations, had deterred Robertson, and Sylvia had no mind to marry a poor man and, as she thought, handicap his career. Now Robertson is returning to take temporary charge of the classes of an invalid professor and to establish himself in the old rooms in the tower, which he occupied in his youthful days, and to associate himself on equal terms with those who had once been his masters. Sylvia Langdon was one of those amiably sweet women who seem to be always giving up and deferring to others while in reality theirs is the iron hand in the velvet glove, and their disguised meddlesomeness is far-reaching. The charmingly ladylike way in which she manages to interfere in the love affairs of the younger generation, and to keep a train of youthful admirers

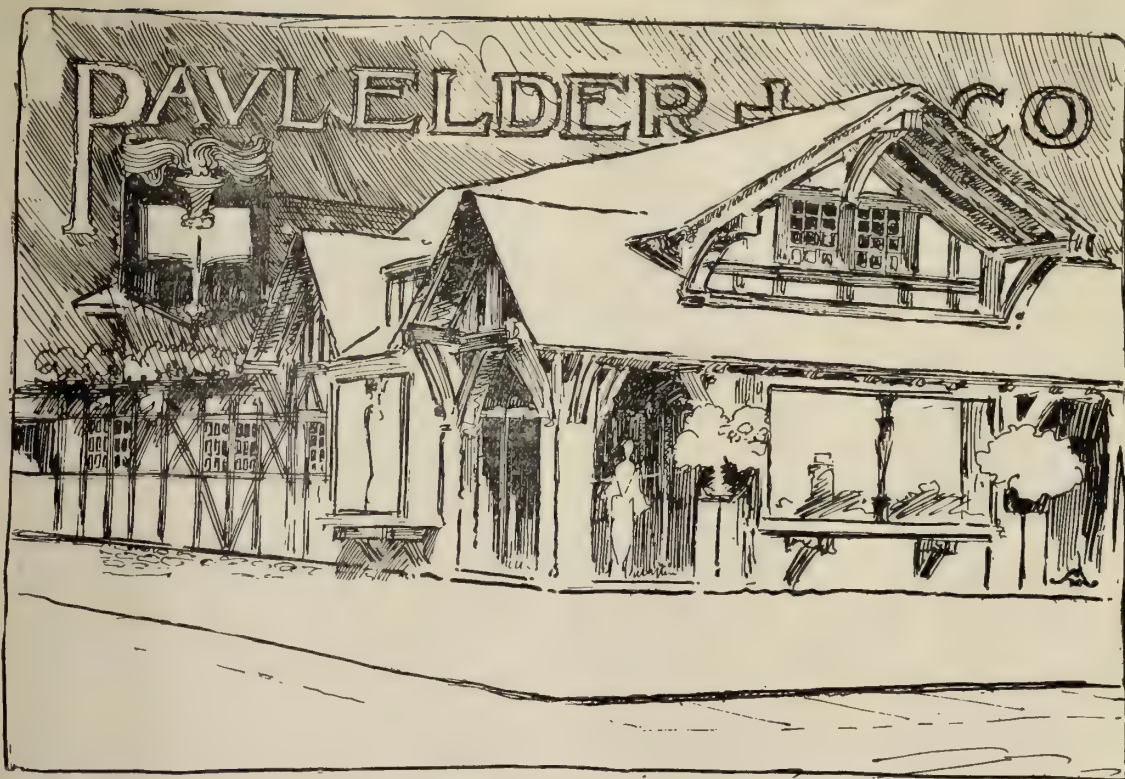
always in awe of her superiority is admirably portrayed, as is also the idolatry of so many of the faculty for Denbeigh. The principal characters are all more or less related, have known each other so long and so intimately that they are conversant with not only the external happenings of each others' lives but the characteristics and inherited peculiarities and they comment and criticize freely. The difficulties which are the portion of the poor, conscientious, hard-working professor who has to keep up his position, educate his family, and make some provision for his widow in case of his death, are faithfully portrayed in the case of the Maxwells, and the opposite faculty, of getting ahead in the world, exemplified by the Fanshawes, while the affairs of the younger generation proceed naturally, with love and estrangements, cross purposes and reconciliations quite oblivious to the serious affairs of their elders. In fact, the story is a cross section of life in a college town, showing something of its social features, something of the educational, and much of the domestic, neither a farce comedy nor a love story, as college tales are apt to be, but a well considered study for which we have much to thank the author, Mary Tappan Wright. This is another of the good things brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons, which will be new to local readers.

Jacob A. Riis, whom President Roosevelt has called "The first citizen in America," is suffering from aneurism of the heart, and his physician, early last winter, passed a sentence of death on him unless he consented to live very quietly. In consequence, he retired to his home on Long Island and all dates for his projected course of lectures were cancelled.



CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS

Great Activity to re-establish
Business.



Handsome structure that the Paul Elder Company are erecting at Van Ness Avenue and Bush Street. The interior arrangements will be the same as those at their old store on Post Street. The structure will be Old English architecture with massive beams, peaked roof and dormer windows. It will be divided into rooms and the children's room will be given a prominent place and special attention will be given to literature for the little folks.

Mr. Riis is too large a figure in life for anything concerning him to be kept from the public and it might be reasonably expected that charitable and religious organizations at least, would have known of the prohibition, yet an emissary of a certain church congregation was not deterred from importuning the author and agitator in the best sense of that much misused term, to deliver a discourse for their benefit. "But," answered Mr. Riis, "my doctor tells me it will kill me if I lecture again this winter." "Well, then," replied the unabashed churchman, "you will die in a good cause."

"A Little Sister of Destiny"

Decidedly original and unconventional is the heroine of "A Little Sister of Destiny," a Californian heiress of unlimited wealth, unknown to society, and entirely her own mistress. Margaret Millions was of a romantic temperament, but not in the sense that the term is usually understood. She was also charitable but the avenues by which she distributed her benevolences would hardly appeal to heiresses in general or to club ladies in particular, for she never headed subscription lists, posed in private theatricals at Bernhardt prices nor virtually blackmailed a month's salary from all the poor clerks of her acquaintance in exchange for necktie cases and boutonnières that the waifs of the slums might be sea-bathed annually. Miss Millions distributed her own money rather lavishly, and it must be confessed, where it would do the most good and be least expected. She left the people who love to see their names in print to distribute pink socks to Piute babies and extend the purifying influence of nasturtiums and sweet peas to prisoners and patients; she let the ladies who know least about it lecture to shop girls on the iniquities of their craving for fine clothing, and completely ignored the poor heathen, but looked about her for worthy ones who were missing what is more to them than food or raiment, those gifted with imagination enough to see the romance of the

commonplace and to lift themselves out of their sordid surroundings. Miss Millions led a strenuous existence, for she did her own investigating, though, to be sure, a day spent as cashier in a hardware store is not necessarily more fatiguing than one passed in shopping, pink-teasing and gossiping, and with no guardians, legal or self-constituted, to interfere, and no managing mamma of a marriageable son keeping watch on expenditures, the scheme might have been carried out. It would furnish more amusement than a round of fashionable watering places and an annual shopping expedition in Paris, only, the girl with the means to carry out such a programme would never have the originality or the courage. There is a deadly amount of truth in what Charles Dudley Warner said, that by the time a man has a million the million owns him. The good and kindly Boffins of "Our Mutual Friend" did not really care for their attempts to be fashionable, but they agreed that certain inexorable duties were attached to their wealth. They thought it was expected of them that they should try to act like the rest of the rich, and they urged themselves to the performance of their task. Margaret Millions delighted to play Lady Bountiful, to fulfill what seemed like impossible dreams, to see the pleasure brought by the unexpected realization, and then to disappear before she, in her assumed capacity, could be suspected of any connection with the golden shower. Miss Millions was an inveterate matchmaker, bringing sweethearts and lovers to a true understanding of each other, introducing suitable couples telepathically, and rendering marriages possible. Amongst a few of her exploits were those of serving as model for an illustrator, acting as nursery maid at a kindergarten, working as cashier in a hardware store, as waitress in a boarding house, as a manicure on her own account as well as in a minor capacity in a theatrical company. To be sure, working for bread and taking chances on ever tasting butter is one thing and doing the same thing for the love of adven-

ture, able to drop at any moment and not needing to care whether salary day is a fixed or a moveable feast are very different matters, but this way of "slumming" ought to appeal to any woman of taste rather than the popular fashion of visiting dives and deadfalls. A guild of Little Sisters of Destiny is not likely to result from the publication of this story for the excellent reason that the ground fact on which it is based is the amusement to be had by acting secretly, but the example ought not to be entirely lost on some of our plutocrats. It is enough to say that the story is by Gelett Burgess for any reader to guess that from the first chapter, where a bank clerk has an amazing adventure until the last, in which the heroine parts with five millions as calmly as if it were five cents, and marries a man whose fantastical imagination is as fertile as her own there is a succession of whimsicalities which entice the reader on from page to page. One delicious bit of comedy which underlies all the adventures is the idea which the heroine contrives to convey to everyone that she is so absolutely commonplace as not to have a thought beyond buttons. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—The Bookworm.

ARRIVALS AT DEL MONTE

Arrivals at Hotel Del Monte during the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Hudson, Leonard Chenery, Mrs. Asa R. Wells, Mrs. S. H. McKenzie, Mrs. C. H. Lindley, Miss Josephine Lindley, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Erlenbach, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Robinson, Leonard Robinson, Wm. A. Schultz, Mr. and Mrs. Noble H. Eaton, Mrs. A. R. Cooley, Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Frink, Dr. Louis C. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. A. Alper, Alfred Stillman, F. C. S. Sanders, M. D., Mrs. Belcher, W. Burckhalter, Mrs. C. O. Scott, Mrs. M. J. McCabe, Miss Edith McCabe, Desmond E. McCabe,

Ernest S. McCormick, J. C. Friedlander, H. J. Eddo, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Vermsit, Mr. and Mrs. Don R. Dunbar, Clara B. Macaulay, A. B. Niebour, Mr. and Mrs. Leon L. Roos, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Levett, Elyse C. Schultz, Miss I. Jones, John A. Britton, Chas. B. Bosley, J. E. O'Brien, J. A. Hennes, Mr. and Mrs. Horace V. Scott, Miss E. L. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Mendell, Jr., Miss Levenson, E. J. White, F. G. Morse, I. Friedman, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Murphy, Jas. P. Sweeney, John Lee, Geo. Golder, Henry Philipp, Dr. W. A. Martin, Master George Martin, San Francisco; Mrs. B. F. Smith, Miss Edith Page Smith, Miss Anita Maillard, Geo. T. Page, Belvedere; Atholl McBean, San Francisco; W. E. Crothers, San Jose; J. Henry Meyers Miss Alice Meyers, Master C. H. Meyers, Menlo Park; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Sharron, Burlingame, Cal.; J. J. Moore, Redwood, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. L. H. McRoskey, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Black, Berkeley, Cal.; Jas. De Conlay, Jr., Australia; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Tobin, Burlingame, Cal.; D. Edmonds, Los Angeles, Cal.

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SUNSET MAGAZINE

JUNE-JULY NUMBER

Unavoidable delays have postponed the publication date of this issue from week to week. SUNSET will positively again appear on the news stands July 30th

"San Francisco" "San Francisco"

BY

E. H. Harriman

BY

Joaquin Miller

"The Plight and Prospects of San Francisco".....by Charles S. Aiken
 "Handling the Crisis".....by Col. Edwin Emerson
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TOWN TALK

VOL. XIV. No. 726

San Francisco, July 28, 1906

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A Newspaper With Ideals

A few weeks ago, the "Call," in announcing a change in its editorial management, gave notice of the adoption of a policy, the elements of which are the essence of the ideal newspaper. If we were not profoundly impressed by that declaration of intention it was because it had the familiar ring of the time-honored newspaper prospectus. We recognized in it the aims and aspirations of scores of editors we have known, editors strong in their faith in the best traditions of the profession of journalism, animated by the noblest motives, as sincere and courageous as the editor of the "Call," all of whom lived to pour over the fragments of their shattered idols. Nevertheless we have come to the conclusion that it ill becomes us to assume a sceptical attitude toward a great daily that has promised to turn over several new leaves. It is a matter worthy of record that an epochal period has been reached in the career of Mr. Spreckels' paper. It has been suddenly aroused from its lethargy, and is now to be reckoned with as a force and factor in the evolution of public sentiment. It is publishing the news as though it had become conscious of one of the functions of a daily journal, and the municipal Administration is being handled as though nobody connected with the paper cared whether Commissioner Aigeltinger's fate was at stake. So far the "Call," under the new management, has lived up to its professions. More than that it has given us an editorial page worth reading, and that was a consummation most devoutly desired in these degenerate days upon which we have fallen. It is truly refreshing to come across an editorial in a daily paper that is free from platitudes, pedantry and shrieks. So whatever happens so far as exalted policy is concerned we are pleased to compliment Mr. Spreckels on having given his newspaper the aspect of something other than a personal organ. There have been few things more desirable than such a paper as the "Call" shall be in the event of its squaring itself with the policy that has been proclaimed, and even though it fall short of the aspirations of the management it may nevertheless deserve the approbation of the community. A newspaper may fail to realize its ideals without having its professions impugned by its weaknesses. The world abounds in bad marksmanship, but it is something to have a target worth hitting.

Preparing to Fight Hearst

Says the New York "Sun": "The next Governor of the State of New York will be a Democrat; the next Governor of the State of New York will be the next President of the United States." These utterances were addressed "to the supreme

powers at Oyster Bay, to Messrs. Platt and Depew, to the new and austere hierarchy of Odell and associates, to one Frank Wayland Higgins, the putative Governor of the State of New York and to all the sober-minded and self-respecting Republicans to whose confidence it can appear." The editor of the "Sun" was probably in a white heat when he gave utterance to the foregoing. For several years he has been hammering away at the Odell machine presumably in the interest of the financiers who are at war with Mr. E. H. Harriman; for, be it known, the protracted quarrel in the Republican camp in New York was the result of the falling out of the trust magnates and one of the consequences was the big insurance scandal in which Morgan and Harriman figured as deadly enemies. Odell was the political representative of Mr. Harriman, and Senator Platt was the representative of an anti-Harriman financial combine. So the "Sun" hammered away at Odell and strove to persuade Governor Higgins, who has a political machine of his own, to join hands with Platt and remove Odell from the chairmanship of the Republican State Central Committee. President Roosevelt took a hand in the fight, but made no entangling alliances, being content, it appeared, to give aid and comfort to the enemies of Odell whoever they might be. Now, it is said, all the Republican factions are at peace, but the compact entered into has been strictly guarded. We shall probably soon hear, however, that it was Wall street that called off the dogs of war, and that Mammon's pronouncement was inspired by fear of one William R. Hearst, candidate for Governor of the Empire State. When Mr. Hearst announced his withdrawal from the Presidential race "Town Talk" suggested that he was probably clearing the way for the gubernatorial campaign, and such his purpose appears to have been, for he has announced his candidacy for Governor of New York. In giving reign to this ambition he is not indulging the rainbow habit. In New York his gubernatorial aspirations are taken quite seriously, and Wall street pales at the prospect. To defeat him the financial powers will have to open the biggest barrel that was ever broached in a political campaign in this country, and being sensible of the fact they cannot afford to impair their resources in factional strife. In an emergency such as this the system pulls the string and all the puppets of Wall street, all the automata of the conflicting political machines, dance in unison to the same measure. Mr. William R. Hearst may not impress the intelligent, unbenighted voters of New York as a statesman of unblemished personality; it is quite probable that they regard his papers as an expression of his individuality, and yet it is quite conceivable that they should prefer hearsteria to the anarchy of unconscionable wealth.

More Industrial Strife

The spirit of civic loyalty that throbs in the heart of labor-unionism in San Francisco is not sufficient, it appears, to restrain men from taking advantage of a propitious situation. We were told by lusty-lunged labor leaders, immediately after the big fire, that organized labor would lend a helping hand in the reconstruction of the city, and that no attempt would be made to gouge employers or raise the scale of wages. Yet we have not been free from industrial strife since the second week after the earthquake. However, the union men who have demanded higher wages are not altogether to blame. An example in selfishness was set by many of our plutocrats immediately after the fire. The possessors of inherited wealth were quick to give expression to the instincts that governed their thrifty pioneer fathers, old family servants had their wages reduced to a pittance, the price of building materials was raised and rents were advanced exorbitantly. So if we are fair we shall not confine our reprobations to the strikers. The gouging habit has become infectious, and workmen are merely availing themselves of the circumstance that labor is scarce. And perhaps they have also been influenced by the raise in rents. The railroad electricians acted somewhat

hastily in quitting work before their demands could be taken up for consideration by the directors of the company, but it was their privilege, as it is also the privilege of the company to hire men to fill their places. We shall probably soon learn whether the strikers are willing that the company should exercise that privilege. Evidently the company's officers fear that efforts will be made to terrorize their non-union employees, for they have prepared for trouble, and in doing so they have aroused the indignation of the strikers, who profess, as strikers always do, to be peaceable. From experience we know that union men do not win strikes with logic. The more effective weapon is intimidation and there is only one way of resisting it.

Honesty the Best Policy

A few weeks ago President Roosevelt was being seriously criticised in Chicago for having given color to misrepresentation and exaggeration relative to the methods of the packers. It was said that he had caused great damage not only to the great Chicago industry but to the trade in all canned goods including California fruits and Columbian salmon. Unquestionably the whole trade suffered for British packers were quick to take advantage of the exposure of the unhealthy treatment of meat products at Chicago, and a campaign for blackening the American business reputation was carried on during several weeks in the European press, but the Chicago scandal led to an investigation of British methods and it was found that they were not greatly superior to those of this country. Perhaps in time reaction will set in since the impression is gaining ground in Europe that while there is much corruption in this country there is also a strong sentiment in favor of raising the percentage of commercial morality, whereas in England the tendency is to protect home industries from scandal. The American way is not to hush matters to save money. Democracy acts with swift and relentless fury when its feelings are aroused. With our livelier sense of national prosperity and strength has come a keener perception of national dignity, and our aim is to maintain it at any price. Our President is regarded in Europe not only as a great patriot but as a man of superb integrity, and so when he announced the other day, through Ambassador Reid, at the conference of the Federation of Grocers in Sheffield, that under the law we can and will guarantee the fitness in all respects of canned meats bearing the American brand, the British representatives of the American canned meat industry had reason to rejoice. In the end the scandal that was so much regretted should prove to be of the greatest benefit, financially as well as sanitarily.

A Plea for the Little Ones

Someone has discovered the toyless condition of the little refugee children, and has started a collection to improve what would seem, at first glance, to be a sad state of affairs. But it is better to go slow and consider a bit. Are the children so desperately in need of playthings, and if they are, why not keep hands off and let them have the pleasure of evolving something for themselves? The child of the twentieth century hardly knows the meaning of the word play, for it has no work to do, and play, to be real play, needs to be put in contrast with effort. One of the greatest gifts is that of imagination, the power of making believe, but the factory-made toys of today leave no room for that. Everything that is given to a child is a miniature of the full sized article, and among the unfortunate rich, it is not only the appearance, but the working parts as well, that are duplicated. The engine with its train of cars runs on real tracks and is propelled by steam. It has a real bell and a tiny whistle, and the little lord has but to look on and see it, instead of playing an active part himself and becoming by turns the motive power, the bell and the conductor. His rocking horse is life size and covered with real skin, and his coaster wagon a replica of whatever happens to please his fancy. If he want top or ball or any game, he needs

but to present himself at the nearest shop and demand according to the size of his pocket book. Juvenile furniture is up-to-date, and the very old-fashioned names, "creepy" and "cricket" are unknown. Little girls have dollies, not only with joints and real hair and movable eyes, but with lashes and brows and a squeak. They need not make believe that their puppets are dressed in silks and jewels, for dolly is provided with not only one but half a dozen ready-made changes of garments, and the beloved "doll-rags" of long ago would be viewed with contempt. Toy dishes approximate in size the best family china and the pieces are almost as numerous, while the doll house must be complete in all its furnishings and have as many rooms as a mansion. Children, these days, do not have the incentive of wholesome exertion in order to furnish them their pleasures, and in consequence, they are very hard to please. No one blames them for not deliberately choosing the homely and home-made in preference to the store bought and factory finished. Approximately, it would be like preferring to live in tents in refugee camps when good houses are to be had, but there are advantages and compensations. Instead of commiserating them for what they have not, help them to make the best of what they have. When the little girls are seen hugging clothespins wrapped up in handkerchiefs, why not admire their lovely dollies for them, and when a tiny lad makes for himself a wagon out of an empty box and four spools, commend his ingenuity instead of bemoaning his poverty. A book could be written on the subject of the lost arts of childhood, lost because children are cheated of their heaven-sent right to learn by trying. Building blocks cut to measure, with accompanying sheets of designs of castles are very nice indeed, but do they furnish more absorbing occupation than a score of corn cobs? Checkerboards made to counterfeit solid tomes and supplied with elaborately polished men, are attractive, but will the game be any more skillfully played than if some clever lad had marked off the squares himself, sawed up an old broom handle, and sand-papered and colored his own pieces? Does the child of today, with a new picture book every week, know his nursery rhymes and fairy tales as his parents did when something new was an event in their lives? Those little folks who have lost their treasures are rather to be congratulated than pitied. They may have the time of their lives now, finding fairies, being shipwrecked, playing at Robinson Crusoe or Hiawatha, or being the Swiss Family Robinson—that is, if there is a particle of imagination remaining to them after the long period during which their thinking has been done for them and the results presented for their acceptance. Let the children alone and they will recover their primitive instincts and design their own playthings and be the better and brighter for their experiences.

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King Solomon's Hall

Fillmore Street, Near Sutter

San Francisco

A Discreditable Attitude

Mr. Rufus B. Jennings has done well in calling a halt on the part of the California Promotion Association in the matter of sending forth broadcast school children's letters detailing their experiences during the earthquake and fire. The object of the boards of education of this city and San Jose was to enlist sympathy and incidentally evoke small coins for the rehabilitation of the school department, but this business of cadging the coppers of the children is, at best, a small one, and not creditable. There is no necessity for us to sink into the attitude of chronic beggary. California is a wealthy state, and the fact that the candy shops, ice cream saloons and soft-drink emporiums are all flourishing, that there is a lively trade carried on in picture postals, and that the banks, one and all, reported scarcely more than an average Monday business when they reopened, more than a month after the eventful eighteenth of April, go to show that though there is some distress amongst us, the majority of our citizens are doing very well indeed, and are amply able to pay for their own schools and school houses. The municipality should emulate the example of the individual citizen, stop talking and get back to work. We were and are grateful for the emergency assistance in the first days of the disaster, but let us not protract our distress indefinitely. A similar calamity is likely to overtake some other community tomorrow, and it is our business to be up and doing, and ready to pass on to the next sufferer the kindnesses that we cannot return to those to whom we owe them. Our calamity is now nearly three months in the past. It is an old story, and editors of Eastern publications privately confess that they are tired of the subject, that the public appetite for calamity news is jaded and that the last thrill has been thrilled. If the public school children have relatives in the East with whom they desire to correspond, it is a private matter to be kept within the limits of the family circle. No doubt the grandparents and uncles will be delighted to receive the ill-spelled, childish scrawls, and will pass them around from one connection to another, but this is as much publicity as they deserve or should get. If there were no other reason to urge against this exploitation of school children there is this very grave one—that the average pupil of the public schools, let him be in kindergarten or college, cannot write a creditable communication. He can neither spell nor express his thoughts lucidly, and though the letters might prove the strongest of arguments in favor of the need of schools, they most decidedly would not be evidence of the efficiency of the teaching. It is time now that this harping on the horrors should cease. It would be well if Uncle Sam would place an embargo on the mailing of postal cards, especially those which bear references to "Frisco." The attitude of a good many of our people toward the fire is precisely that of the farmer to his prize pumpkins and turnips. He has raised vegetables that overshadow the products of all the neighboring farms and he is in a humor to brag of his achievements until somebody outdoes him at the next district fair.

"What's yesterday,

With all its shards, and wreck, and grief, to thee?
Forget it, then; here lies the victor's way."

Fiction and Its Votaries

A foolish girl committed suicide some time ago, and beside her dead body lay one of Bertha M. Clay's romances open at the final chapter in which the heroine made her exit from the world's stage. The incident afforded the moralists an opportunity to prate about the influence of silly books and to lay down laws concerning the formation of character through a perusal of "the best literature." Evidently it has not occurred to any of them to give a glance at the converse of the theory—that instead of books forming character, it is the already formed character that dictates the choice of books. The girls that show early symptoms of what in their own slang they term being "boysick" gravitate naturally toward the Laura Jeans, the Duchesses, and the Bertha M. Clays as inevitably as they select as their companions those that are of similar inclinations. It is very well to censure mothers for not censoring the book associates of their daughters, but we should remember the old adage about leading a horse to water. A girl born with a Bertha M. Clay mind is not more easily to be persuaded to appreciate George Elliot or Thomas Hardy or Eden Phillpotts or Maurice Hewlett than to be educated into a white skin if born with a brown one. Moreover, mothers themselves are not so overpoweringly wise. There is a deal of truth underlying the satirical thrust about books no girl would object to seeing her mother peruse, for the frank truth is that the mothers of today are often more romantic than their daughters; and seeing a copy of the Duchess and of Henry James in a house it is a fair guess that it is the daughter who is reading James and the mother who is weeping over the woes of the lovers. By the time a girl has progressed beyond juveniles her taste in literature is as inevitably fixed as her complexion. Once in a rare while there is an instance where environment and opportunity are responsible, but nine times out of ten in these days of free libraries and cheap books, the Bertha Clay habit is the result of gravitation and free choice. It is widely asserted that jails and juvenile reformatories are recruited from the ranks of the dime-novel readers, but why infer that the lurid fiction is responsible? Some boys take to bandit and pirate stories for the same reason that as men they take to crime—because they have a taste for adventure. If the youthful lover of sensational fiction is a pervert he may drift into crime, but the probability is that the inevitable moral that goes with stories of adventure has more often restrained than impelled readers from entering upon a lawless career. The effect of novel reading depends principally on the mental capacity of the reader, and though taste in literature depends in a manner on cultivation, there are many intellects that are not susceptible of refinement.

His Literary Labors

Visitor (in insane asylum): Ah, a literary man! May I step in his cell and see what he is writing?

Attendant: Guess you'd better not. He's making out a proof of loss and trying to remember every article of value that he had in his home. If you enter he may take you for an adjuster and do things to you.

—The Alienist.

E. C. HELLER, formerly of
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Clothiers.

Perspective Impressions

Why not charge the missing whisky up to evaporation?

As Chairman of the Finance Committee, Mr. Phelan has troubles that suggest the probability of there having been a motive in Mayor Schmitz's magnanimity which was so highly lauded at the time of his selection of distinguished citizens to manage relief work.

By despatch from Berlin we are informed that the police of that city have discovered the extensive use of horseflesh in sausage factories. And yet Berlin sausages may not be inferior to those of Chicago, for it is quite possible that the butchers of Berlin require a health certificate with every horse and enforce one or two rules of cleanliness in their slaughter houses.

Though Mr. Hearst is not a candidate for President, his friends have announced that he will be a candidate for Governor of New York this fall. Mr. Hearst has seen the futility of trying to kill two birds with one stone.

Professor Charles Dubelin, of Chicago University, advocates the taking of wives on probation, the marriage to be made binding and permanent if both parties agree after making a trial of living together. There is nothing novel in the plan suggested by the professor. It is an excellent plan when the man marries his mistress, but unfortunately it is the tendency of man to make many trials, not because he is dissatisfied but because he is fickle. If the plan received social sanction there would be no divorces. Neither would there be any marriages.

Aping the semblance of a virtue is only one form of profitable hypocrisy. Some persons win a profitable reputation for frankness by pretending to have vices that they know not.

It is said that Pardee would not have lost in Mendocino county if he had not been so busy correcting erroneous state ments respecting his conduct during the catastrophe.

The census office at Washington is about to begin the collection of statistics of marriage and divorce in every state in the Union. We are not informed as to the use to which they are to be put, but they will probably be welcomed by moralists who have not the ingenuity to manufacture their own statistics.

The first breach of the peace resulting from the strike of the street railroad linemen occurred last Monday when non union men were attacked by strikers. But of course it was due to misapprehension on the part of the union men. They thought the non-union men, who were repairing a wire, were trespassing on the company's property. The company should be ashamed to employ guards while their interests are being so zealously guarded by organized labor.

Municipal ownership has proved a failure in Glasgow and Glasgow is the city to which the advocates of municipal ownership have long been pointing as proof of the feasibility and practicability of withdrawing public utilities from the field of private enterprise.



Uncle Sam may not have seemed very grateful for the help given the Germans in San Francisco, but he is ready to give of his surplus to the Germans in Europe. —"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).



British Lion—"Don't alarm yourself; I'm not going to eat any more tinned meat after what I've heard." —"Judy" (London).

EUROPEAN CARTOONS ON OUR MEAT SCANDAL.

In Old San Francisco

By R. Francis Logan

CHAPTER IV

(Being an account of the rise and achievements of the Vigilance Committee of '51.)

Far from complete would my narrative be were I to fail to inform my readers respecting the origin and performances of that notable organization to which I referred in the last chapter—the Vigilance Committee. Without a knowledge of the motives and achievements of that committee, one could not have an adequate conception of the most dramatic period in the history of old San Francisco. The history of that committee includes the most thrilling events in the early life of the city. The sentiments aroused by that committee, the prejudices it stirred, the conflicts it created, were echoed in the community for many years after it disbanded, and for nearly a quarter of a century political and social affairs in California were influenced by feelings engendered in the days of the activities of the "Vigilantes," as they were called. There is probably no feature of the history of old San Francisco which excited so much of the attention of the civilized world as that which was identified with the organization that "took the law in its own hands" and dispensed justice on the spur of the moment.

I referred in the last chapter to the hanging of James P. Casey for the murder of James King of William. That feat was performed by the Vigilance Committee of 1856 which was in the nature of a reorganized committee for it was in earlier years that the first popular uprising occurred. It has been said that the Vigilantes had their origin in 1851, but their inception may be traced to 1849, when there was an organized band of toughs in San Francisco known as "The Hounds," for the suppression of which summary measures were taken by an outraged citizenry. The Hounds purported to be an association for mutual assistance in sickness or in peril of any kind, but it was in reality a gang of plunderers. The members assumed a kind of military discipline under a leader who wore a uniform. They preyed principally on foreigners from whom they extorted money and who were often murdered by them. At that time there was a large colony of Peruvians and Mexicans in the old village of Yerba Buena, a lazy, dissolute lot, imported as laborers from South America by rich Spaniards to work in the mines. They drifted to the peninsula and lived in tents, and nobody cared what happened to them so the Hounds, under pretense of disciplining them, subjected them to all sorts of outrages. In one of their destructive expeditions a young American named Beatty was killed and the Hounds were roused to vengeance against the whole population of Spanish origin, and the depredations that followed provoked the indignation of the peaceful element of the community.

take steps to organize the community for the purpose of ridding the city of the Hounds. That day he issued a proclamation in obedience to which a few hundred men met in Portsmouth Square and organized a committee the leaders of which were Dr. Gwin, Hall McAllister and Horace Hawes. The arrest of many of the Hounds followed immediately after the committee was organized and many fled from the city. The salutary influence of this movement was the inspiration of the Vigilance Committee which was organized in 1851 in defiance of the regularly constituted tribunals of the country.

Between 1849 and 1851 the population of the state increased to nearly a quarter of a million, and among the inhabi-



Samuel Brannan

tants were many immigrants from Van Dieman's Land and New South Wales whither England had sent shiploads of her convicts. These ticket-of-leave men, known as "Sydney coves," were the founders of that section of the city known before the fire as the Barbary Coast. Their rendezvous was in a quarter known as Clark's Point, on the water front between Broadway and Pacific. There they established saloons and gambling houses, the most notorious of which was the Alsatia, a place that the police never dared to enter. In 1851 criminals were without restraint in San Francisco. The most daring burglaries were committed, murders occurred nearly every night, and there had been many fires of incendiary origin, during which the burning premises were looted. Arrests were occasionally made but never was there vigorous prosecution. The people had no confidence in their law officers. It was generally understood that the police and even certain magistrates were in league with the criminals. San Francisco had been destroyed a fifth time by conflagration. No one doubted that the fires were of incendiary origin. It was at this fearful time that the Vigilance Committee was organized. The first meeting was held in June, 1851, and a constitution was adopted from which I excerpt:

"Whereas, It has become apparent to the citizens of San Francisco, that there is no security for life and property, either under the regulations of society as it at present exists, or under the law as now administered: Therefore the citizens, whose names are hereunto attached, do unite themselves into an association for the maintenance of the peace and good order of society, and the preservation of the lives and

(Continued on Page 30.)



The Plaza, or Portsmouth Square, June, 1854

On the 16th of July, 1849, Samuel Brannan, one of the most distinguished of California pioneers and Captain Beyer Simmons waited upon Alcalde Leavenworth and urged him to

The Test Superlative

By G. V. Fittock.

As time runs on San Francisco's troubles multiply. First came the earthquake, then the fire, after which followed the news that the insurance business abounded in crooks and that policy-holders were to be robbed right and left. Our next affliction came through our experience with gougers; rents were raised, the price of building materials was raised, and magnanimous organized labor proceeded to charge all the traffic would bear. Our trials and tribulations have come thick and fast, but we are not discouraged.

All the world wondered at the optimism of San Francisco in her black hour of misery and distress, but far more wonderful is the patience of the community in contemplation of a prospect so discouraging as the one by which we are now confronted. A combination of circumstances has arisen by which we are restrained from making anything like the progress of which we are capable. Our plight is pathetic. Here we are ready to go ahead, equipped with the necessary energy, supplied with the necessary capital, buoyant with hope, bubbling over with confidence in the future, but short of labor and with material at almost prohibitive prices. A more complex situation it would be difficult to imagine. We should perhaps feel far less irritated if we knew that we had to begin all over again with no greater impetus behind us than was here when the city was young and unaware of the great development that was to come. But to be cognizant of the importance of the city as a commercial centre, with stronger assurance than ever of its inherent claims to preeminence as the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, and be compelled to squat amid the ruins

and wait helplessly for the cheapest of the essentials to become accessible is indeed agonizing. Such is the state of affairs in San Francisco today. Hundreds of cars filled with building material are waiting to be unloaded, but there is no place to store it and traffic is congested. We need more buildings but lack the necessary labor. We could probably get more labor if we had homes for families, and we cannot get homes without first getting men to build them. Meanwhile the demand for everything is so greatly in excess of the supply that persons with small capital cannot afford to build, and land is lying idle that should be yielding revenue. There is also much idle capital waiting to be circulated, and meanwhile the savings banks are making no loans on real estate. To add to our misfortunes the municipal administration is in the hands of incompetents, and instead of much needed public improvements being made, there is nothing doing.

I call attention to the untoward circumstances that beset us not in any spirit of pessimism, nor merely for the purpose of grumbling, but in the hope of impressing on our civic bodies the necessity of keeping in motion. In view of all that has been done and is being done since the fire, despite the handicap, we should feel enthusiastic over the future while deploring, as we must, the agencies that compel us to pursue a leisurely scheme of rehabilitation. The test which the city is now undergoing is a severe one, so severe that were it not invincible, distress signals would long ago have been fluttering in the breeze.

A Conference in Graftville

Explanatory of a Very Trying Situation

Mayor Longreach: What means this stir in Graftville?

Lawyer Graball: Same old story, your honor—newspapers trying to increase their sales by exciting the populace with sensational yarns.

Mayor Longreach: But I hear they are charging the Administration with corruption and urging criminal prosecution.

Lawyer Graball: Quite true, your Honor, but that's because they don't understand. Don't let them disturb you with their unspeakable nonsense.

Mayor: But am I to be maligned with impunity?

Lawyer Graball: The penalty of greatness, your Honor—the penalty of greatness. After awhile they may investigate and then they will find out—

Mayor Longreach: Great Scott! Are they likely to find out?

Lawyer Graball—Calm yourself; they'll merely find out the nature of our relations, and—

Mayor Longreach: Merely find out the nature of our relations! Are you going crazy?

Lawyer Graball: Calm yourself—

Mayor Longreach: Calm myself! Dammit, man, if they find out the nature of our relations—

Lawyer Graball: Sh-h-h! Put your hat over the telephone and lower your voice; somebody might be listening. What I intended to say was that they will find out that our relationship is that of attorney and client. So far as your dealings with the public are concerned, your record is an open book. So far as your dealings with me are concerned—well, they are sacred to We, Us & Co. It is true that receivers of special privileges have paid high for 'em, but they paid me and I'm a very high-priced lawyer. Now that's all there is to it.

Mayor Longreach: Let's go out and have a bottle of wine. You're the brainiest man that ever hiked down the Graftville pike.

Lawyer Graball: And you are the greatest Mayor that a city ever had. Let me order the bottle of wine. The saloon-keeper is my client.

Mayor Longreach: Then he ought to treat.

—The Psychologist.

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Graft! Graft! Graft!

The present situation in San Francisco reminds one of some lines from Kipling's Departmental Ditties:

Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Was that the contractor did
Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To controller of supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size

On King Pharaoh's smart civilians.

It is evidently Kipling's opinion that graft has been practiced in all ages of the world, or, at any rate, in the most remote period, but Kipling never heard so much about graft as one may hear nowadays right here in San Francisco. As a purifier the late conflagration was a dismal failure. The news of the day has resolved itself into a serial story of graft. There is graft in the distribution of relief supplies, there is graft in the city government, there is graft in the insurance business, there is graft in the grand jury room, there is graft in high places and graft in low places, and of criminal prosecution there is none. Fortunes are growing out of graft in the rebuilding of San Francisco. With the atmosphere surcharged as it is with rumors of graft, it seems to one, inexperienced as I am, that our aggressive district attorney ought to find that opportunity which comes to every man, somewhere not far distant from the point popularly believed to be the centre of activity. It is commonly reported that to get a theatre license nowadays one must agree to surrender one-third of the gross receipts. It ought to be worth the district attorney's while to hunt that rumor down. The rapidly accumulating wealth of some supervisors is notorious. And there is a big leak somewhere for the tales of graft are spiced with circumstance and detail. For instance it has come to my ears as a notable fact that there is one honest supervisor—Mr. McGushin—who explained his disinclination to feather his nest by saying "I want to shlope nights."

The Folk Method

In explanation of the district attorney's apathy, in the midst of doings that should appeal to his professional zeal it is said that the grand jury as at present constituted, constrains him to forbear. That explanation would be most persuasive, were it not for recent history made in Missouri by one Joe Folk. That gentleman did not take into consideration the personal inclinations of the grand jury. When circumstantial evidence of graft obtruded itself on his attention he summoned the reputed grafters and put them through a course of interrogation in his private office. By following Folk's course Mr. Langdon might elicit a lot of sensational evidence at this time. There are men eager to tell all they know.

Looters Get Protection

One of the most startling rumors of graft came into circulation since the foregoing was written. It grew out of the letter written by Rudolph Spreckels to Chief of Police Dinan in reference to the looting of property belonging to his father. Mr. Spreckels complained that police officers refused to arrest looters when their attention was called to the thieves. In this connection it is rumored that the patrolmen did not dare to interfere with the looters. If such be the case the present state of affairs is quite alarming. Indeed it is said to be so grave that if it were cognizable to the people they would be much more startled than they were on the morning of the earthquake. It is to be hoped that the reports are very much exaggerated, and that the reluctance of patrolmen to

interfere with looters was not due to fear of high authority. On the receipt of the Spreckels' letter Chief Dinan directed that special attention be given to junk thieves.

Gillett a Winner

As the original boomer of Congressman Gillett for Governor of California I am pleased to record the progress he is making. When he was first mentioned in these columns as available gubernatorial timber the impression was widespread that it would be hopeless for anybody to go up against the Pardee machine, but, as I remarked at the time, the Pardee machine was an hallucination of misguided journalists. The shallowness of Pardee's pretensions was shown at the Republican primaries in Mendocino county last week when the ticket placed before the people in his name suffered ignominious defeat. In Ukiah, where there is a state asylum with lots of patronage through which the people are brought in close touch with the Administration, three out of every four Republicans voted against the Pardee ticket. Every fourth Republican was a job-holder or a man interested in administration patronage, and the others were men who judged the Administration by the tax-eaters employed in the asylum. Meanwhile Mr. Gillett, who is a man of great vitality, magnetism and energy, has been looking over the territory through which he expects to do his campaigning and now the diagnosticians, familiar with symptoms political, are taking notice. Down in Los Angeles where politics is the breath of every man's nostrils, Mr. Gillett was received as though he had been mistaken for the white dove of peace and harmony. The Bulla-Otis wing of the G. O. P., which has long been battling against the "Organization" gave him a big dinner, and General Otis, who is always off the reservation and dancing, vouchsafed him an interview two columns in length with pictorial accompaniment. The Los Angeles "News" gave him a big send-off editorially and from private advices I learn that there has been a whoop-up all along the route of march. Mr. Gillett is already looking something like a winner. It is conceded that the North is with him and surely the aspect of the South is most encouraging. Pardee's chances appear to be growing fainter every day. He cannot break into this city because of the hostility of the labor forces. In San Joaquin county the

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pass a note to her husband at dinner, but that incident was unobserved by Beale. "It is generally understood in New York club circles," writes my correspondent, "that Harry Thaw brooded incessantly over his wife's past. She told him that White was her seducer and she attributed her downfall to the use of drugs. His defense will be that the murderous impulse came to him when a friend told him that White made a slurring remark about his wife just as they were entering the restaurant. The man by whom that communication was made has been found and will appear as a witness. It may interest you to know that neither Beale nor McCaleb knew who had been shot until they got into the carriage with Mrs. Thaw after leaving the theatre. She was hysterical and she suddenly exclaimed: 'He ruined my life.'

"'Who ruined your life?' they asked.

"'Stanford White!' she exclaimed."

A Riding Master's Catch

All New York's uppertendom is probably discussing the marriage of Mrs. Fanny Burke Roche and Aurel Batonyi, which was reported in the despatches some days ago. Fanny Burke Roche was of the smart set of both New York and London and Batonyi was merely a riding master and an expert whip. He is reported to be the scion of a wealthy Hungarian family, but he first bobbed up in New York as a private teacher of riding and driving. He was a competitor in many horse shows in the East and won many prizes. Mrs. Roche was married to James Boothby Burke Roche at Christ Church in September, 1880, and separated from him six years later. Three children, a daughter and two sons (twins), were born to the pair. In 1890, after having established a residence at Wilmington, Del., Mrs. Roche secured a divorce from her husband and the custody of her three children. Roche for years contended that the divorce was illegal on the ground that his wife should have proceeded in the British courts. When a Dublin paper referred to Mr. Burke Roche as a divorced man in an election campaign, he brought suit for libel and won his case. He also sued the publishers of "Burke's Peerage" for referring to him as a divorced man, and won again. Whittaker's "Peerage" now describes his wife as having obtained "an American divorce." Mrs. Roche is a tall, handsome woman, and has figured in society here, abroad and at Newport, where she had the use of her father's house, Elm Court. Her sister is Mrs. Cooper Hewitt. Her only daughter, Cynthia, was married last January to Arthur Scott Burden, son of James A. Burden. About two years ago Miss Cynthia, who was entitled in England to the title of the Honorable Miss Burke Roche, renounced all claim to the title and took out citizen papers, desiring to be an American. Last December Mrs. Roche had a row with her father, Frank Work, and left his home. The newspapers speculated as to the cause of the family quarrel, and interviewed Mr. Work who said that his daughter was too extravagant, and that she insisted on spending \$375 a day. When Mrs. Roche left her first husband she brought only her daughter to this country. Her two sons were for some time with their father in Ireland. Roche, however, arrived in this country some time later with the two boys. Driving up to Mr. Work's house in a carriage, he deposited the two children on the doorstep

and drove away. Roche was criticised during the Russian Japanese War for selling his turbine yacht to the Russian Government at a high price.

Distinction of the Bride

The marriage of Batonyi and Mrs. Roche is no doubt regarded by New York society as an affair similar to the Yerkes-Mizner attachment, only far more extraordinary, and, therefore, it is strange that more space has not been devoted to the queer match in the dailies. Their failure to exploit this sensational caprice of a leader of the gilded aristocracy is to be accounted for only on the theory that they were not sufficiently familiar with the relative social standing of the bride and groom. Nearly two years ago one of the sensational society weeklies in New York reported the attachment, and Mrs. Roche indignantly demanded a retraction and it was given. Mrs. Roche was one of the most popular women in Newport, and there was profound regret for her in the fashionable society of that resort last winter when she was driven by an angry father from one of the most celebrated villas in Bellevue avenue, her allowance depleted, her children threatened with disinheritance if they dared to associate with their mother. It was a little later that her daughter married Arthur Scott Burden and that marriage was one of the very smartest events of the season. Cynthia Roche who became Mrs. Burden was once reported to be engaged to Ogden Mills. All of which conveys a hint of the standing in New York society of the lady who is now the wife of a professional coachman, and an ex-ridingmaster, who testified a few years ago, in a lawsuit, that he had changed his name, his real name being Cohn. Surely the failure of the sensational dailies to give this story front-page prominence, is to say the least, surprising.

For "Pop" Was Sleepy

None of the recent newspaper changes has caused more surprise than that of Edward Cahill, better known as "Pop" Cahill, who had been identified with the "Examiner" so long that he seemed part and parcel of the plant. He worked there as reporter and special writer, but now, as editorial writer on the "Call," he has work more to his liking and better suited to his talents. Cahill is a graduate of Dublin University and is a man of scholarly attainments. He has a quiet humor and a gentle cynicism that make what he writes somewhat better reading than the ordinary newspaper stuff. A belated earthquake story anent Cahill is going the rounds. It is told that early on the morning of April 18th his son awoke him with

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the announcement, "Say, dad, there's been an awful earthquake."

"City Hall damaged?" was Cahill's sleep-smothered question.

"Yes, it's pretty badly shaken up," was the reply.

"Well, I've got an assignment to go up there at ten o'clock on a trial," was the father's drowsy response. "Guess the hall isn't hurt enough to keep them from holding court. Wake me in time."

An hour or two later the lad again awoke his father. "Say, dad," he said, "there's an awful fire. It's down by the ferries and south of Market and everywhere."

"Close to the City Hall?"

"Well, it's getting up toward it—and the hall's wrecked anyway."

"Well, there won't be any court, then." And the tired journalist turned over and slept until noon.

He Wants to be Alone

Considerable discussion has been aroused in Berkeley University circles by the latest development of Professor Isaac Flagg's reclusive tendencies. He is now having a handsome bungalow built, but it is to be small—just large enough to shelter its owner. Several years ago Flagg, who is a widower with four grown children, had a handsome residence built. He would not allow a telephone put in and refuses to let his children have a piano. Also, he discouraged callers—especially young people—to such an extent that the big house became the abode of silence as far as it could be with a flock of healthy young people in it. The eldest daughter married in time, but Flagg, evidently feeling that the other children would be with him too long a time, leased his residence to Mrs. Mary Kincaid, the well known educator. The family—two daughters and a son—ranging from twenty-two to thirty years of age—have been compelled to quit the parental roof and are sheltered among Berkeley friends, while the father will occupy his tiny bungalow as soon as it is completed. The gossip in Berkeley anent the professor's conduct is highly amusing, for there are persons in the College town to whom the Flagg temperament is inexplicable.

When Reiner Went to Midway

An event of no small importance to this city was the completion the other day of the last section of the Commercial Pacific Cable Company's cable between Guam and Japan, uniting this country with the Mikado's Empire across the Pacific. Thus was an enterprise brought to completion that is without parallel in the history of ocean telegraphy. The route followed is unique not only on account of the small number of natural stations, but because it traverses the longest uninhabited waste of waters on the face of the globe. One of the stations is Sand Island, one of the Midway group which came into prominence during the Russo-Japanese war when the vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company were required

to call there for instructions so that they might steer clear of the Vladivostock squadron. Some time ago I was told that Captain Charles Reiner performed a bold feat when he took one of the Hammond Steamship Company's vessels to Sand Island last year with a cargo of material to be used in the construction of residences for the cable company's employees. Owing to the very dangerous character of the entrance to the harbor it was hard to find a steamship company to take the charter. To enter the harbor a vessel must cross a bar of boulders and coral patches over which there is only from twelve to eighteen feet of water, through a channel only seventy-five feet wide. When Captain Reiner accepted the commission nobody was surprised for he is known to be a daring navigator, but his friends thought it foolhardy to attempt to pilot a deep-draft, heavily-laden vessel through so dangerous a channel as the one that leads to the harbor of Sand Island. However, he crossed the bar, the sea at the time being as smooth as glass. The vessel, drawing fifteen and a half feet of water, picked her way through the channel with barely fifteen feet clear on each side. The slightest divergence either way would have been disastrous.

A Pirate's Safe

Captain Reiner relates that he spent a most enjoyable time at the island, the experience being most interesting. The crew lived off fish and fresh eggs, the former caught with hook and line from the vessel, the eggs gathered from the sand where they were deposited by a sea bird. When going ashore it was necessary to carry a club for protection from the birds for they were most aggressive. Sand Island has its pirate romance. Lying at the bottom in six fathoms of water is the wreck of what is said to have been a pirate vessel. It can be distinctly seen so clear is the water, but all that is left are some fragments of iron and an iron safe. The noose of a heavy line was dropped over the safe which was hoisted some little distance, but as it had been badly eaten away by rust, the rope cut it in half and the parts fell back to the bottom where they will probably remain until some vessel happens along with a diving apparatus.

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A Tribute to Lady Curzon

My dear Spectator: If you can spare the space I will give your readers some information about a woman concerning whom there has been a strange misapprehension in the minds of her countrymen and women. I refer to Lady Curzon, whose death was reported in the papers a few days ago. She was Mary Leiter, of Chicago, and as she was an American heiress with a British title it was inferred that she was like most of the daughters of the new-rich of this country who exchange their father's cash for a coat-of-arms. I knew Lady Curzon in India where she was far more appreciated than in her own country. Lady Curzon was a remarkable woman. She reflected more credit on England in India than any other individual that I know of, and for that reason, if for no other, she merited the admiration of all Americans, for Americans surely have reason to be proud of the fact that an American woman proved herself worthy of the esteem of an Empire by her exceptional qualities of mind and heart. I have read flings at Lady Curzon in American papers. They were un-

declared that all the goddesses in the Hindu Pantheon must hide their heads in her presence, but the achievement to which I particularly desire to refer was the raising of \$150,000 for the instruction of native midwives whose ignorance was responsible for an amazing infant mortality in India. All honor to the daughter of the Chicago millionaire! She combined the intellectual force and vigor of the new world with the charm, grace and tact of the old. But above all she was a beautiful woman with a beautiful heart.

An Englishman.



Mrs. Arthur Bachman
(Portrait by Walter Cox)

deserved. The stories of her ostentation and of the row caused by her taking precedence at a social function over members of the royal family were untrue. She made her debut at a ball in Government House, Bombay, in January, 1899, and her charm and beauty on that occasion captivated Indian society. It was admitted that she was entitled on her personal merits no less than by her official position, to the use of three palaces and more elephants than any other woman in the world. From the moment of her auspicious start she contributed greatly to the success of her husband's administration and everywhere throughout India the people were glad to fly the American flag in her honor. I could tell you a hundred stories of her tact and grace, of the personal charms that inspired native poets in their almost extravagant descriptions of the beautiful American woman, one of whom



President David Starr Jordan's Heir
(Posed by Adelaide Hanscom)

Miss Edith Liliencrantz, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. Liliencrantz, whose engagement to Dr. Louis Thorne was recently announced, is one of the Californiennes whose aspirations are above dances and dinners and gay times. After finishing her ordinary education, she attended the Boston Polytechnic Institute, where she took a course in architecture, and distinguished herself. She has more than once come out ahead in competitions in her chosen art.

A Family Club Lyric

At a Family Club jinks last week Larry Harris made his bow as a lyric writer. Nothing pretentious did Larry serve up for the edification of his club pals, but in his jingles he gave expression to a sentiment that set the audience on fire. Jack Noyes did the singing, and to the tune of "On the Road

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to Mandelay" these are the words with which he excited his hearers to hysterical applause:

Put me somewhere west of East street, where there's nothing left but dust,

Where the lads are all a hustlin' and where everything's gone bust,

Where the buildings that are standin' sort of blink and blindly stare

At the darndest finest ruins ever gazed on anywhere.

Bully ruins—bricks and wall—through the night I've heard you call

Sort of sorry for each other cause you had to burn and fall, From the ferries to Van Ness you're a God-forsaken mess,

But the darndest finest ruins—nothing more and nothing less.

The strangers who come rubb'in' and a huntin' souvenirs,

The fools they try to tell us it will take a million years

Before we can get started, so why don't we come to live

And build our homes and factories upon land they've got to give.

"Got to give," why, on my soul, I would rather bore a hole

And live right in the ashes than even move to Oakland's mole,

If they'd all give me my pick of their buildings proud and slick

In the darndest finest ruins still I'd rather be a brick.

An Hawaiian Romance

My Honolulu correspondent writes: "Genevieve Dowsett is to marry Prentice Nathaniel Gray who began his courtship immediately after she saved him from drowning. She belongs to one of the best known families in Hawaii. Her father, James I. Dowsett, was an early settler in the Islands, a shrewd, energetic, and public-spirited man. He married a woman who brought to him, with a strain of chiefly Hawaiian blood, a large amount of chiefly Hawaiian land. Dowsett, by his enterprise and energy added immensely to his wife's dowry, and died a few years ago one of the wealthiest men in Hawaii. His

estate included the Waianae plantation, an immensely profitable sugar plantation on this island, besides ranch and cattle lands that amounted in the aggregate to a princely domain. He also left a large number of children, but his estate was so large that each of them received a handsome fortune. One of the daughters is Mrs. Fred Knight, whose little daughter, Annie T. K. Parker, is the owner in right of her father of a half interest in the great Parker Ranch. Another daughter is Mrs. Dr. J. H. Raymond who owns the largest cattle ranch on Maui, a property that has been well managed and greatly added to by her husband. All the Dowsett women are of magnificent physique. They have always led an outdoor active life, and are all expert swimmers. So it surprised none of her acquaintance when Genevieve Dowsett saved from drowning, near Fort Bragg, a youth who was an athlete and a celebrated football player.

Griffith Prospers in Jail

Southern California's richest criminal, writes my Los Angeles correspondent, will soon be released from the state prison to find that while he has been in durance vile his real estate holdings have doubled in value. Griffith J. Griffith shot his wife in the eye in the Arcadia Hotel at Santa Monica a few years ago. There was no provocation for the shooting, but Griffith, who was a dissipated wretch, had strong prejudices against the Catholic Church, and was incensed against his wife because of her devotion to the Catholic faith. Before shooting her he commanded her to get down on her knees and pray. She saved her life by leaping from the window. Some time ago she left Los Angeles and it was said that she went away because of the pleadings of her little son who could not bear the taunts of his associates.

Recollections of "Sandy" Bowers

A friend just back from Nevada has been telling me of a visit to what once was the estate of the famous "Sandy" Bowers, who made a fortune in the mines, spent it royally, and died in the poor house. Sandy, before his big strike, was boarding with an Irish landlady who allowed his board-bill to run up until it amounted to \$500. Then one Saturday morning she delivered her ultimatum. "Sandy," she said, "it's five

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hundred dollars ye're owing me. Ye've got until Monday to pay me, move, or marry me." Sandy nodded in assent, and no more was said on the subject until the time limit had expired. Then said the landlady, "have ye decided, Sandy?" "Well," said the miner, "I can't pay, I can't move because I've no place to go—so I guess I'll have to marry you." Marry her he did, and she staked him to pursue farther his quest of underground wealth. He found it at last, and riches poured in.

When Reverses Came

Then began the spending of the money. A few miles outside of Reno, surrounded by the desert, was a place which had a few springs. Sandy bought eighty acres and had more water brought from the mountains. He engaged a landscape gardener who laid out a beautiful park, Sandy going back to Scotland to select trees for it. A lake was built with water running into and out of it. Beautiful walks and drives were laid out, and magnificent trees dotted the green lawns. In the midst of all this beauty Sandy built a mansion, on which he lavished money. The door knobs were of solid silver, the stair balustrades of gold. Then—well, Sandy's wealth couldn't last forever. His mines ceased to pay, investments turned out badly. Days of poverty came. He replaced his silver door knobs with ordinary ones. The stair balustrades were turned into cash. Mortgages ate up the place, and several years ago Sandy died in the poor-house. His wife died two years ago. The mansion and the eighty acres surrounding it were sold a short time since for a few hundred dollars, and now the people of Reno go there for day outings. They swim in the lake, they wander through the mansion, and they buy the whiskey and cigars that the thrifty proprietor of the place sells. The grounds are kept up in pretty good shape, but they are only an imitation of the magnificence kept up by Sandy while the money lasted.

Boyd's Experience With the Rothschilds

Colin M. Boyd, who returned home last week, was one of the many residents of San Francisco who were in London at the time of the earthquake, and like others that have been heard from he is filled with gratitude to the people of London for their kindness and sympathy. Shortly before receiving news of the catastrophe he drew twenty pounds on his letter of credit from the Rothschilds' banking house, and for a time he believed that that was the extent of his fortune, for ac-

cording to the first reports that he read the city was destroyed by a tidal wave. Mr. Boyd denies that the London Rothschilds repudiated letters of credit from San Francisco. He had been introduced to a member of the famous family, and after the news of San Francisco's distress reached London, he met the banker and asked him if his letter of credit was any good. The banker smiled and told him he could have what he wanted.

He Loves the Beautiful

As proof that F. Marion Smith's determination to build a million-dollar home of art on the Piedmont hills is not the result of a sudden desire for things artistic, but is, rather, the outcome of a love for the beautiful, it is told how he was responsible for saving the Oaklanders who live around Lake Merritt the pain of having an ordinary ugly car barn put up under their noses. Smith was driving in the vicinity of Lake Merritt one morning with another member of the Realty Syndicate when he noticed a corrugated iron building going up. "What's that?" he inquired. "That," said his companion, "is our new car-barn." Smith's eyes swept around the beautiful lake and the artistic homes bordering it. "Can't have such a looking car-barn as that in this neighborhood," he said. Orders were immediately given to tear it down. The millionaire had new plans drawn up which provided for a car-barn that should not only be useful but ornamental. The fence that was afterward put around it did not meet with Smith's approval, and it was ordered torn down and replaced by one that was more in keeping with the surroundings. The owners of the beautiful homes in the vicinity of Lake Merritt objected when it was first known that a car-barn was to be put up there, but they have no fault to find with the one that was ultimately evolved.

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With factory on the premises employing only the most skilled workmen.

You are invited to inspect the most beautiful collection of precious gems, artistic jewels, all the newest productions of the silversmith's art, an immense importation of Parisian novelties in back combs, necklaces, bracelets and bags, and a full line of real jades.

A most complete assortment of popular and stylish goods.

Agents for all the best makes of watches, clocks, and the celebrated Rogers Bros.' 1847 quadruple plate.

The Indefatigable Mrs. Stoddard

A London correspondent writes me that Mrs. Florence Jackson Stoddard, who during 1903 was editor of the "Overland Monthly," has made arrangements with a London publisher for the publication of a book on life in Gascony. When Mrs. Stoddard left here two years ago she went to London for a time, then to France, visiting for over a year with a French family in one of the old chateaux. It was there that she gathered material for her book. Mrs. Stoddard has done newspaper work in both North and South America. She was for a year or two in Buenos Ayres, where she edited an English weekly. She worked on the New York "Tribune" during the war with Spain. Mrs. Stoddard formed a large acquaintance among the literary people of San Francisco while she was here.

Gossip From the Philippines

A correspondent writes me from Manila that American teachers have been making a good deal of money on the side buying tax-titles and that General Smith put a stop to the practice because of the false impression received by the natives. They reasoned that the land tax was imposed with the knowledge that they would be unable to pay it and for the purpose of enabling Americans to get hold of the land. The matter was brought to the attention of General Smith by the presentation to him of a question regarding the right of a Mr. X to engage in the business of buying tax-titles. Smith replied: "Mr. X seems to have forgotten that neither he nor any other teacher has any right to enter into any business or do any other thing which may impair his value to the bureau of education. As an abstract proposition, Mr. X has the right to engage in the very unpopular business of buying tax titles. As an abstract proposition and as an individual, he also has the right to hire a hall and air views which will bring upon him the dislike and distrust of the Filipino people. As a teacher, however, Mr. X is under the obligation not to do anything either publicly or privately which will be incompatible with his dignity as a teacher or impair his efficient usefulness. To the child, the teacher stands in loco parentis. He is its mentor, its instructor, its protector, and, at the same time, he is the friend, the counsellor, and confidant of its parents or guardians. He ought not, therefore, to engage in any business which may permit him to take advantage of their misfortunes, or which may result in giving to him, against their will, the home or property which once was theirs. Ethically, no teacher can become a professional money-lender, pawnbroker, or buyer of tax titles; and, if he does, he exposes himself to the charge of indelicacy. But whatever may be the ethics of the case, it is certain that Mr. X has violated paragraph 5, rule XII, civil service rules, and that his conduct on that behalf cannot be overlooked." My correspondent further writes: "Fancy Don Emilio Aguinaldo in the ranks of the moral reformers! That's where he is. Aggie has become positively virtuous. A 'Moral Progress League' was recently organized in Manila and the ex-Chief of the Filipinos joined the movement. Discussing the subject the other day he said 'cock-pits and card-playing were suppressed by the Filipino government because they did so much harm to the people. It was the intention of the Filipino government to prohibit the importation of playing cards into the islands, but that was not done because of the war which resulted. We were determined to suppress the cock-pits and other forms of gaming because they were not only prejudicial to the people in a financial sense, but also because they were the cause of ladronism, and of other crimes. The fact is that gamblers have gone so far as to pawn their children and even their wives to pay debts contracted in play and in order to continue play. Gambling, more than anything else in the Philippines, is the mother of crime.'"

Some Fiddle Yarns

The story of a Stradivarius in one of the magazines attracted my attention the other day. It was a pretty story. According to the narrator, a disconsolate London footman,

P. E. BOWLES,
President

E. W. WILSON,
Vice-President

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**DEPOSIT GROWTH**

Mar. 3, '02	\$ 387,728 70
Sept. 15, '02	1,374,983 43
Mar. 15, '03	2,232,582 94
Sept. 15, '03	2,629,113 39
Mar. 15, '04	3,586,912 31
Sept. 15, '04	3,825,471 71
Mar. 15, '05	4,349,427 92
Sept. 15, '05	4,938,629 05
Mar. 15, '06	5,998,431 52
June 18, '06	6,650,555 84

MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BUILDING

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Vice-President

GEO. N. O'BRIEN,
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California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital fully paid, - - - \$2,000,000

Total Assets, - - - \$10,000,000

A general banking business conducted.
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forty years ago, offered in vain to swap the violin for a concertina, the tone of which was much admired by his lady love, the housemaid. He succeeded however in selling it for twenty-five shillings to an itinerant performer by whom it was played in the streets of Marylebone. It was sold by him to a Mr. W. E. Hill for twenty-five pounds and he parted with it for eighty pounds. Its present possessor purchased it at

fiddle enabled poor couples to get married. Occasionally a distressed farmer paid off the mortgage on the farm by selling the family violin, and once or twice an indigent mother realized sufficient to pay baby's doctor bill and take baby to the country for sunshine and air. At one time the delightful newspaper fiction dealt with pictures and then we learned of forgotten Titians and Rubens, Raphaels and Correggios which were picked up for a few dimes in second-hand furniture shops.

Genuine "Strads"

Journalistic discoveries of Cremonese violins have perhaps some little excuse, as many thousands of "Strads" bearing the full label, "Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis, faciebat Anno. 1717" (with or without the added words "Made in Germany") have within the past twenty years been distributed at about one hundred dollars the baker's dozen by the wholesale dealers in such articles. It is also very likely that many of the sensational fiddle stories are based upon the undoubted fact that some eighty years ago one Arthur Betts



Fisk and the Goat

While on his recent trip to Los Angeles in an automobile with a party of friends, our postmaster took a fancy to a goat that he met on the way. He is here shown trying to persuade the owner to reduce the price. Was he successful?



The Postmaster's Companions

Tom McCann, wine agent; Fred Meyerstein, capitalist, and William Humphrey, lawyer, waiting for Fisk to get the goat.

auction a few months ago for seven hundred pounds. The incident serves to revive recollection in my mind of numerous stories, pathetic anecdotes of persons in financial straits, who, by the discovery that "father's old fiddle" was worth millions, suddenly found themselves in great affluence. At times the



Another Bargain in Progress

bought for a guinea in London the famous 1704 "Strad" which, twenty years later he sold for \$2,500. Tasiro picked up some wonderful bargains during his thirty years' wanderings in search of old fiddles, and so, after his death in the early fifties, did Vuillaume and Chanot. But the general history of an authentic Cremonese violin is one of gradually increasing prices for the number grows fewer. However, there is no instance on record of a violin fetching five thousand at auction. Some of the great artists that have come to San Francisco have said that they had violins which they would not sell for twice that sum, and perhaps their ownership has enhanced the value of the instruments, but at private sales the highest prices are not paid by professional musicians. And even at a private sale of a Cremonese it is seldom that the price goes much over five thousand dollars, and then the purchaser is usually an amateur collector who buys the instrument for its history or its rarity. And, by the way, the whereabouts of every really important instrument is well known to the big dealers. When Kocian was in San Francisco he told me that the most valuable violin in the world is Paganini's "Joseph", but that its great value is due mainly to the fact that it is unattainable, being the property of the municipality of Genoa. He also said that there are plenty of excellent Cremonese fiddles which at auction have been sold for less than one thousand dollars.

Lewis On Hearst

Alfred Henry Lewis, writing of Mr. Hearst's political prospects, says: "If he'd only taken a Newport cottage, gone to monkey dinners, attended dog functions, wallowed in scandal, and capped these social successes by stealing another man's wife, all would have been fair with him." Thus does Mr. Davis swat some of his erstwhile personal friends of the 400. In the years ago Mr. Lewis, like Mr. Brisbane of the Hearst editorial staff, was one of the pets of the Newport plutocracy. He contributed to the atmosphere of the salons and his friend "Ollie" Belmont financed a weekly paper for him, "The Verdict," which had a very short life. Mr. Lewis like many other forceful writers, who imagine that the public hang on their every utterance, expected to cut a wide swath in weekly journalism, but his "Verdict" was not acquiesced in by public opinion. Now he writes of the theft of another man's wife as the ne plus ultra of social achievement. Mr. Ollie Belmont, by the way, was the second husband of Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, but that was a case of a legitimate successorship.

Our Crack Monthly

The long delayed "Sunset Magazine" is now out and it was worth waiting for. In this the June-July number the story of San Francisco's catastrophe is simply, sanely told by editor Aiken, Edwin Emerson, Jr., and E. H. Harriman. Joaquin Miller gives his impressions of the fire in verse and Alexander McAdie discusses the earthquake from the scientific side. There is much in this magazine that will be found use-

ful to Professor Henry Morse Stephens who is gathering material from all quarters for his history of the catastrophe. One of the most interesting features of the June-July "Sunset" is the first installment of Charles Warren Stoddard's "Old Mission Idyls."

Correspondence

[The Connell-Hoffman controversy entered by one who says he is a capitalist.]

Editor "Town Talk:" Miss S. Connell in her answer to Mr. Hoffman's criticism of your remarks on Mr. Spargo's book has made one serious mistake. As I am not a Socialist but an embryo capitalist I deplore the lady's lack of skill in attacking the common enemy, and if "Town Talk" permits will try to show her how it can be done more successfully.

You cannot prick the socialistic bubble by attacking a Socialist on economics: Socialists have made economics a science and the discovery of the materialistic conception of history was due to one of them. It would also be futile to defend our system, capitalism, on moral grounds, for the Socialist says: To everyone what he produces, while capitalism involving competition and monopoly of a few can only exist by appropriating what others produce. Miss Connell says if Mr. Hoffman is not a tax-payer he is not in a position to dictate to those who are. It pains me to tell her that any man who works pays taxes, and that all taxes are taken from those that work and from no one else, in the form of unpaid labor (the difference of what he produces from what he gets), rent, and interest. I repeat, I am not a Socialist, but I am a lover of truth whenever it can be employed to advantage, and I hold that we should give Socialism credit for truths that are self-evident. Capitalism does not need such tactics as yours to establish its claims; it has grown like the American Beauty rose and will continue to grow until the workers become conscious of their own interests. The defense of capitalism is its expediency, under present conditions. As long as men are willing to be slaves, slavery is expedient; so long as the middle classes acquiesce in being crushed by monopoly three cheers for monopoly.

Yours,

HEINRICH SCHMIDT.

A Commonplace.

Black: Were you burned out?

Brown: Yes.

Black: Insured?

Brown: Yes.

Black: Get your money?

Brown: No.

Black: How's that?

Brown: My company neglected to take out insurance against the stockholders. —A Refugee.

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And depend on

the same Goods
the same care
the same low prices
the same promptness

FREE DAILY DELIVERY to Ross and Mill Valley, Oakland and Bay Cities. Wholesale rates to families. Surpassing quality.

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Our new store, which we built and own, is now open and accommodates double the business we ever did.

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Mail Order House anywhere

Grand Prize at St. Louis; 50 Gold Medals and other awards

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SCOTCH WHISKY

Makes the finest High Ball on earth!

Sherwood & Sherwood, Pacific Coast Agents

Temporary Address

524 Thirteenth St., Oakland

A Midsummer Reverie

Somewhere—far away—

There's a cottage by the sea,
Where the rippling waves murmur up to the skies
Their ceaseless melody.

And there, in the glare of the noon,
When the hot sand glints and gleams,
And the white gulls scream and dip in the surge,
In cadence soft there seems

To come to me from a cloudless sky,
Through the mists of space, a tremulous sigh—
From somewhere—far away!

Somewhere—far away—

Where this wee, quaint cottage stands,
There's a maiden, all slender and tall and fair,
With white, imperial hands.

And she, when the twilight falls
Gazes out on the tireless sea,
And I pray to the gods, in my exile here,
That her thoughts may turn to me.
And I dream in my den, in this dismal place,
Of the royal glance of a pure white face—
That's somewhere—far away!

Somewhere—far away—

Where the silent stars shine down,
And the bland moon sails in a sleepy way
Over the slumbering town,
She stands by the sea—this maid I know—
And her great eyes glow and shine;
And perchance—who knows?—her heart beats for me,
For she knows she possesses mine,
And that I'd sell my soul to the devil tonight
To be there with her, in the soft moonlight—
Somewhere—far away!

—The Languisher.

The Baldwin Jewelry Company have opened quite the handsomest jewelry store in town on Van Ness at Sutter. Mr. Van Vliet states that new goods are arriving every day and he expects soon to have as complete a stock as when down town.

Opening of the St. Francis

The opening of this hotel was a remarkable achievement. Forty-five days after it was determined to build and furnish a building down-town suitable to entertain the most fastidious travelers the Annex to the Saint Francis was completed. The carpets were made to order in Philadelphia during this time and shipped out here. The mattresses were brought from Boston and the beds from Chicago. The beds and mattresses are as good as any ever used in the original hotel and when that structure is refitted these beds will be retained, but all the other furniture which cost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars will be sold at auction. The Annex has 200 rooms, a commodious and artistic lobby, as well as writing and reading rooms. The old grill across the street in the basement of the burned hotel has been refitted and there may be found the same help that was employed before the fire. The old chef has never been off the pay-roll and all the old help has been retained. The St. Francis people have built this hotel on Union Square with the understanding that it shall be moved on 60 days' notice and all profit after paying for the investment is to go toward improving the park. They are to resod the park and care for it while they occupy the building, and when they leave it are to leave the park in good condition.

Gantner & Mattern (the knit shop), are opening a beautiful store at Van Ness and California street. Their factory in Hayes valley was not burned so they are able to stock their store in a complete manner and will open in a week or ten days. In the same block with them Vanderslice & Co. are opening their jewelry business and a little farther down California street Chas. M. Plum & Co., who for years have dealt in the highest class of furniture, draperies and Oriental rugs, have opened a store. Mr. Plum states that they will continue to cater to the best trade and carry only the highest grade of merchandise. Robert S. Atkins, the Montgomery street furnishing goods and clothing merchant, has opened a store at 1110 Van Ness ave. where he will be pleased to see his old friends.

What Murine Eye Tonic does for the Eye is to refresh, cleanse, strengthen and stimulate the circulation of the blood supply which nourishes the eye, and restores a healthful tone to eyes enfeebled by exposure to strong winds, dust and reflected sunlight.

Murine soothes and quickly cures eyes that need care. All druggists and opticians sell it at 50 cents per bottle.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS ANNEX

200 OUTSIDE ROOMS

Grouped around the Dewey Monument
in Union Square

BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED EVERY COMFORT

The Famous Grill Room in the main building
is now running under the same skilled chef

A GOOD PLACE TO LUNCH. A GOOD PLACE TO TALK BUSINESS
A GOOD PLACE TO SEND YOUR FRIENDS

Poor Little Babette

Biography of a Modern Maid

Poor little Babette!

That is what everybody said when Babette was seen sitting under her awning behind her eggs and butter in the market-place.

Poor little Babette!

Her lithe figure seemed so frail. There was such a delicate flush in her cheeks. Her great brown eyes had such a plaintive, pitiful look in them. Her tiny hands were so white and fragile. It appeared as if the first puff of air would blow her straight into space.

Poor little Babette!

All the folk patronized Babette's stall. How could they help it? She had only to look at the passers-by, with those sad, pleading eyes, and they forthwith stocked themselves with eggs and butter for a whole week. What matter if, long before the end of that time, the eggs became stale and the butter went rancid? The money paid for the goods went into the pocket of poor little Babette.

Babette lived seven miles from the nearest town. Every market day she had to carry pounds and pounds of butter and dozens of eggs to the market all those weary miles—or, rather, she would have had to carry them had she not sighed and smiled sweetly in the face of her good young neighbor, Jacques, who willingly added them to his heavy load of cabbages, and carried them for her, while she tripped beside him, singing softly and gathering flowers to place in her bodice and about her hair. She was herself a flower.

It is so hard for a girl to have to sit at a stall in a market-place in all the heat and dust; to sit there just looking and looking, selling eggs and butter. Many kindly young fellows begged poor little Babette to desert that uninteresting stall, to abandon that stuffy market, to leave forever her sordid home, to share life with them.

"What about the good Father," Babette would say; "will he wed us tomorrow?"

And if they were silent, poor little Babette shook her head.

Babette knew that beauty is no more lasting than eggs and butter; that men tire; that life, to be worthy of the name, must be carried on at a certain outlay. She was but a mere child, but she knew that.

Babette's stall was right under a studio window. In the studio there worked so hard, so foolishly hard, an ambitious youth.

He wanted fame. He wanted fortune. He wanted Babette!

Day by day he would watch her sitting there. He almost wept when he thought of that long walk with those heavy baskets of butter and eggs. He wished he were rich. He wished he were famous. He almost wished he had not to keep his well-beloved father and mother. If he were free of them he might ask Babette to marry him.

Sweet little Babette!

Now and then she would cast a look at that studio window, and then Pierre would rush out and spend all the money that was to have gone on paints and canvases on eggs that he disliked and butter that he never touched, and this just because Babette had glanced at his window. Her glance alone would have made a sphinx speak a declaration of love.

One day Pierre, who had sold a picture and was wonderfully elated, asked Babette to be his wife. Poor little Babette looked at him, and into those eyes—those glorious eyes—there crept an innocent, inquiring gaze that was most moving.

"What shall we live on?" she asked, dreamily.

"I will work. I will sell my pictures," he answered, enthusiastically.

"It would be cruel to you for me to accept," murmured Babette.

Cresta Blanca Wines

We have made arrangements to carry a full assortment of these celebrated wines and can now fill your order for any amount. Call at our new store

458 McAllister Street

and give us a trial order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

LIVERMORE-NAPA WINE CO.

HOTEL IMPERIAL

951 Eddy St.

One Block from Van Ness Ave.

European Plan

Electric Lights

Telephones

Elevator

Steam Heat

Grill Open August 1st

E. S. DE WOLFE, Proprietor

Electric Cars Direct from Ferry

Tait's Cafe

NOW OPEN

Van Ness Avenue and Eddy St.

Music Every Evening between 6:30 and 12:30 o'clock

JOHN TAIT, Mgr.

VENICE GARDEN CAFE

and MERCHANTS GRILL

IDEAL SERVICE.

REGULAR PRICES.

Conducted by waiters from the Palace Hotel, St. Francis and Cafe Zinkand.

Open from 11:30 a. m. until midnight

1813 Post St., nr. FILLMORE, San Francisco

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO SUPPER PARTIES

H. L. DAVIS

W. D. FENNIMORE

J. W. DAVIS



TAKE NOTICE

All of our Prescriptions served, as well as Glasses and Repair Work belonging to customers.

Tell all your friends, for many will be glad to hear it.

SAN FRANCISCO

AND

1113 Broadway, Oakland
Factory on premises.

He was certain she thought only of him.

She knew that eggs and butter sold by a lovely girl are more remunerative than pictures painted by an unknown man.

She was thoughtful—for herself.

She still gazed at the studio now and again. Now, everything he had went in the purchase of painting materials. He would be great and worthy. He rarely moved from his easel. At length he made money. He became known. He went to Babette again; he told her of his fortune.

"Now," he said, "now you need have no fear for me; I am rich."

"My dear friend," answered Babette, tears filling her eyes, "I am bowed down with grief. How was I to know? Yesterday I accepted Adolphe. He is so wealthy; so stupid! Oh, my friend, if I had known yesterday!"

She broke off there, and only whispered to herself, "I would have done exactly the same." The tears welled out of her eyes and fell upon his hands. He was pained, agonized. He begged her not to cry, not to mind. It was nothing, absolutely nothing. He went away and killed himself.

Babette dried her eyes, and when her Adolphe came she told him the sad story, and they smiled over it together.

Philosophical little Babette!

She was so practical.

For a year the stall in the market-place knew Babette no more. It was sad to pass it and miss that sweet figure, that delicate face, that plaintive look—then suddenly Babette, not one whit altered, came back again, and once more sold eggs and butter.

"Poor little Babette!" everybody said; "we must buy more than ever from her. Why? Do you not know that brute of a husband of hers has squandered all his fortune, and she has to work to keep him?"

So the people murmured. In very truth, innocent Babette, in a guileless, persistent fashion, ruined Adolphe, and when she had quite wrecked his life she raised those beautiful brown eyes to his pale, troubled face and whispered:

"Adolphe, marriage is a failure. My heart is crushed. Let us part; you go your way, I will go mine. Have no fear for me—I will take care of myself."

And she did—she knew so well how to do it.

Poor little Babette! —The Marketer.

He's Not Particular

Quizzer: Do you always take whisky straight?

Boozer: Not always; I begin taking it straight, but after I've warmed up I take it any old way—lying down, if I must.
—The Waiter.

Negative Evidence

Teetoteler: Drinking is vulgar.

Guzzler: Nonsense! In all my experience with drinks from San Francisco to New York, never once did I find anything in them suggestive of bad taste.

—The Bartender.

Byron Hot Springs Late Arrivals

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Law, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Marston, ran over from Oakland in Mr. Law's Peerless. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Southworth, accompanied by Scott S. Southworth, Robert C. Porter and Miss Grace Nichols, made the trip in a Locomobile. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Conlisk and Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Bushnell in a Peerless. Wm. H. Crocker, Wellington Gregg, Jr., John C. Wilson, and Thos. Prather in a Packard. Among the other arrivals were Jas. D. Phelan, David Starr Jordan, Frank M. Wilson, Berkeley; John Caffrey, Col. L. L. Bromwell, and Capt. Gilbert E. Overton.

OUR 1907 POLICY

*We shall not reduce the present
standard of quality in*

Diamond Wrapped Tread Tires

*We reserve the right to im-
prove them if we can or if
somebody tells us how.*

*Our prices will be determined
on August 1st.*

The Diamond Rubber Co.

AKRON, OHIO

OAKLAND BRANCH

108-110-112 TELEGRAPH AVENUE

Stage

Fortunes Made In Acting

The fact that few actors and managers leave behind them any fortune appears to be just as true in other countries as it is here. A statistician has recently figured out some interesting details as to the estates left by distinguished players and managers in England. Henry Irving left only \$100,000, and much of that was realized from the sale of his pictures and other works of art. The fact that Ellen Terry had a benefit the other day shows how much she has saved from half a century of work. Unlike Sir Henry she never had any share of losses to bear. Some of the American fortunes have turned out just as small. It was thought always that the late Fanny Davenport was a rich woman. She had acted for years with great success and had been a popular favorite. Yet she left practically nothing. That was in a measure due to the failure of several productions made just before her death. Henry E. Abbey died a poor man, although he had handled millions. Maurice Grau, on the other hand, retired from business worth \$400,000, part of which was made from successful speculation. The rest of his fortune was earned during the last ten years of his managerial career. Augustin Daly had been through several years of very bad luck just before his death, but his last season was profitable, because "The Great Ruby" turned out by a lucky fluke to be a great financial success. Yet he left very little. His books, his contract for certain musical farces from England and his interest in Daly's Theatre in London turned out to be about all that he possessed. Yet he had been for years in harness and had spent thousands and thousands of dollars. A. M. Palmer was practically a pensioner on the bounty of Charles Frohman when he died as manager of the Herald Square Theatre. Al Hayman is said to be the richest manager today. Lotta Crabtree, who gave \$1,000 for a programme at the benefit for the San Francisco sufferers, is said to be the richest actress in this country, and her fortune has been estimated at sums varying from \$800,000 to \$1,000,000. Much of it is in real estate. In that way the largest theatrical fortunes have been made. Sol Smith Russell, who died three years ago, was the richest actor in the profession with the exception of Joseph Murphy. Joseph Murphy made a fortune out of his Irish plays, especially "The Kerry Gow," and kept the money. Some of his colleagues say he still has the first dollar he earned in the business. He invested it all in real estate in different cities and today has more money than any of his profession. Richard Mansfield is one of the richest actors in service and will be well able to retire when he wants to at the end of the three years his press agent has allotted to him. He plays long seasons, always draws large audiences and has inexpensive companies. Joseph Jefferson, who did business himself on the same meagre scale during the later years of his career, left more than half a million. No woman ever had a greater vogue here than Helena Modjeska, who has been in financial troubles during the last few years. Most of her money disappeared through her Los Angeles ranch and her family. She always supported practically a small colony of Poles who lived on her ranch. That has now been sold for \$30,000. She earned \$25,000 from her tour last year and will keep on acting for several years to come, so she will probably be able to retire in comfort.

Katherine Will Play Camille

Katherine Gray has added greatly to her laurels in the role of Glory Quale in "The Christian," and she has made such an impression on the patrons of Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland that Manager Bishop has persuaded her to continue with the company another fortnight. Miss Grey is a very remarkable actress; though she has been in the profession many years she never showed what she could do in "Camille." This is a case of most exceptional forbearance. Every actress plays the Dumas lady almost as soon as she rises to the dignity of a leading lady, but Katherine Grey has never essayed the

role. She is preparing, however, to give Oakland a treat, for she will appear as the consumptive heroine next Monday night. Franklyn Underwood will appear as Armand, Landers Stevens as De Varville, McVicar as Papa Duval, Frances Slosson as Nichette and Lillian Elliott as Mme Prudence.

Next Week's Vaudeville Bill

The Marco twins, known all over the vaudeville world as "the long and the short of it," will be seen for the first time in several months at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. These performers, one over six feet in height and the other under four, are inimitable funmakers and give a performance decidedly out of the ordinary and literally loaded with laughs. The famous Basque Quartette, whose sweet singing charmed Orpheum audiences some three years ago, are now on their second visit to America and will undoubtedly receive a warm welcome. The ladies and gentlemen of this organization are trained and accomplished vocalists and render their folk songs in a way that is most charming. The three Hickman brothers, singing, dancing and talking comedians, will make their first appearance in San Francisco and from all reports should spring into immediate favor. Their comedy work is said to be absolutely original and of the drollest character imaginable. Ida O'Day, a dainty little mite of femininity and a singing comedienne and banjoist, is also among the new people. Kelly and Kent, the comedy couple who have sent the town into hysterics of laughter, will introduce some changes in their amusing act. McWatters, Tyson and company will introduce new specialties in their musical comedy, "Vaudeville," and Paul Spadoni, the light and heavy juggler, will continue to astonish his audiences. The Camille Comedy Trio, in their funny triple horizontal bar performance, and the Orpheum Motion Pictures, will complete an unusually strong program.

"Pinafore" to be Revived

When the music lovers of Oakland become surfeited with "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," the management of Idora Park will give them an elaborate production of Gilbert & Sullivan's perennial "Pinafore," the comic opera through which that beloved firm was introduced to America. Hope Mayne will play Little Buttercup and Sybil Page will appear as Josephine. "Girofe-Girofia," one of the gems of French comic opera, is scheduled to follow "Pinafore," and then will come "Robin Hood."

—The Playgoer.

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing
Sunday Matinee, July 29

(Matinee Every Day Except Monday.)

"CLASS A" VAUDEVILLE!

MARCO TWINS; Basque Quartet; Three Hickman Brothers; Ida O'Day; McWatters, Tyson and Company; Camille Comedy Trio; Kelly and Kent; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of PAUL SPADONI.

PRICES: 10c, 25c, and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Sutter and Fillmore Streets. Phone, West, 6000.

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Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager

Last week of

"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME"

Next

"H. M. S. PINAFORE"

Ye Liberty Playhouse

14th & Broadway
OAKLAND

Katherine Grey in

"CAMILLE"

Commencing Monday, July 30th

Next: Miss Grey in "Trilby."

With Feet of Clay

A Story of Artist Life.

The "Saint" was a saint indeed. True, after a disappointment he had sustained in a sentimental line, he had given evidence of being a real man, subject to the same sins and follies as the rest of us, but this phase was short-lived. Leila Murphy, the pretty model, is my authority for the statement that the "Saint's" sacrifice to "the world, the flesh and the devil" lasted just one week. Who am I that I should dispute the decision reached by one whose facilities for accurate knowledge was so superior to mine?

Once again the saint reigned in solitary glory upon his virtuous throne. Not a man or woman of all our vagabond crew dared intimate that Geoffrey Dale was aught save the most abstemious of men. Wine, women and cards were so much dross to him; his one ambition, his ideal, his only aim, his heart's dearest hope—all were concentrated in his art. Cards and wine he eschewed entirely; as fair women, he deigned to notice them, but only in the most impersonal way. He looked upon them solely with a view as to their availability as models for the masterpiece which was to crown his life with glory.

However, one must live and no man can eat ideals or clothe himself with ambition alone. To keep himself alive Geoffrey Dale dispensed his views on art to a limited number of pupils. Once in a very great while, when he noted in a student the budding of a flower that might blossom into talent, or even genius, he devoted special time and attention to that student, as might an enthusiastic gardener to some rare horticultural specimen.

In Willis Tirsson, Dale felt that he had found rare promise. He gave the lad much more of his time and attention than, from the fees paid, Tirsson had any right to expect.

More than this, finding that Tirsson was but a poor country boy, living in a tiny boarding house hall bedroom, Dale lent the youth his studio at certain hours. And when Tirsson decided to try for the league prize, Dale told him he could work in the studio at any time.

Needless to say, Tirsson looked upon Dale as a veritable angel from heaven; nothing could ever make him believe that Dale had stepped aside from the straight and narrow path for even so much as a week.

"What, my Mr. Dale!" he would cry when Leila tried to entertain him with reminiscences of that one extraordinary seven days' lapse from virtue on the part of the "Saint." "Mr. Dale is the noblest of men. He hates women."

The studio was an exceedingly convenient and beautiful place. It was one of many in a building whose upper stories were devoted to apartments and studios. The lower floors were given over to business purposes.

In Dale's studio, as in many others, there was a door leading into the public hall; passing that, one crossed a narrow hallway, with doors on either side, and at the end of the passage, was the large and airy studio, with its fine north light. As to the doors on either side of the passage, in view of what follows, they deserve "special mention," even though such distinction be not exactly "honorable mention."

The door at the right led into a small dining-room; at the left were two doors, the first leading into a store-room wherein were placed all of Dale's unsuccessful canvases. As his work was really good, it had failed to meet with the attention it deserved in America, therefore the artist's disappointments, as evidenced by unsold pictures, were many. Indeed, they quite filled the store-room, leaving no space for anything else. They were crowded in rows close to the one window the apartment boasted. Heavy with dust, they were the mute accusers of American inappreciation of American art.

The second door on the left of the private hallway opened into Dale's sleeping-room, and this latter had a communicating door with the store-room. By way of further explanation, the store-room window gave access to a fire-escape, and this fire-escape could also be reached from the window of the public hall.



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One day something extraordinary happened. Dale failed to appear in the academy at which he lectured twice a week. The hour for his bi-weekly discourse was 11 a. m. On the day in question, 11:15 came and passed; likewise 11:30 and 11:45, and still no Dale!

The weather was delightful.

"Professor Dale must be ill," said the anxious principal of the school, as she dismissed the "art class." Then she added, as she glanced around the room: "What an extraordinary coincidence! This is the first time Professor Dale has failed us, and it is also the first time Miss Joyman has been absent."

The disappointed pupils followed their principal's glance. She was right. Miss Joyman, the Professor's best female scholar, was not in the room. Miss Joyman had been conspicuous, hitherto, by her regular attendance and devotion to duty. Unlike the other girl students, she had never tried to wean Professor Dale from strict attention to his lecture. In this respect she stood alone. All the other girls frankly admitted that they had tried to flirt with and captivate the handsome lecturer, and quite as frankly confessed that they had failed. Miss Joyman had listened to their confidences in evident disgust. She had reminded them that they were there to learn, not to flirt; that their one, sole idea should be to imbibe as much knowledge of art as possible, without consideration of the teacher's personality.

She was the prettiest girl in the class, and it speaks well for her charm of manner that, in spite of her somewhat prudish strictures on the frivolous conduct of her classmates, she managed to maintain her popularity with them, and was voted by all—both girl and boy students—to be the very sweetest, most clever and most attractive of the art class members. Therefore, while they really regretted Professor Dale's absence, they were far more sincerely grieved at the non-appearance of Miss Joyman.

"She must be ill, too," said they; and then someone remembered that at the preceding lecture Professor Dale had been especially harsh and sarcastic in his criticisms of Miss Joyman's sketches.

"Poor dear, she is oversensitive and dreaded a repetition of 'Beauty' Dale's sneers!" said her classmates, for with them Dale was known and addressed as "Professor Dale" only when present in person or when the school principal was within hearing.

"Too bad she could not have known he'd not be here today; then she could have come fearlessly and not forfeited her attendance marks," said another sympathizer; "Dale's been a brute to her, anyway. He said she was his best pupil, and even told the principal that she was his favorite, because she worked more faithfully than the rest of us, and yet he has always singled her out for special abuse and extremely severe criticism."

"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth!" murmured cynical little Pauline d'Arblay; but her speech was greeted with a veritable uproar of righteous indignation.

"Nasty, blasphemous Frenchie!" whispered the girls among themselves.

"Another proof of woman's lack of charity!" said the male students.

Then it was resolved that a committee be appointed to visit poor Miss Joyman, and a subscription was taken up to purchase jellies and other delicacies for the unfortunate absentee. "For," said her feminine classmates, "even if she's only suffering from hurt feelings, and not from any actual physical disorder, these things cannot fail to comfort her at such a time."

That afternoon the committee waited upon Miss Joyman at her modest boarding-house; their hearts filled with sympathy, their baskets filled with sweets, olives, pickles, peanuts and all the other edible and indigestible "goodies" calculated

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The professor's absence disturbed Tirsson seriously. He had been working diligently at his sketch for the league prize and had left it in Dale's studio the day before. He was anxious to finish it, and had hoped to see Dale at the lecture and to ask him if he could return to the studio and work that same afternoon. Now he felt that if Dale were ill he could hardly venture to intrude upon him. Yet the sketch must be finished.

At last, spurred on by ambition, which rides over all obstacles, he decided to call on Dale anyway, and make an attempt at getting at his easel.

He called at the building wherein his professor and sundry other artists lived and worked. To his intense astonishment, he was told that Dale was out.

"Mr. Dale went out early this morning and said he'd be gone all day," said the office clerk. "I have not seen him come in since."

"Have you been here all the time?" asked Tirsson, hopefully.

"No, I can't say that I have. I was off at lunch three-quarters of an hour, but I've had no word from his studio, so guess he ain't in yet."

"Did he leave word about me—that I could go up there, or his key—or anything?" asked the disappointed student.

"Nope!" said the clerk, tersely. Then, as he scanned the lad's features more closely: "Still, I know you well enough, and if you like to go up and see if he's back again, you can."

Well pleased at the permission, Tirsson went up to the studio. He rang the bell many times in vain, he bruised his knuckles on the more artistic and less modern knocker—still in vain. Then desperation took possession of him. Behind that closed door, in that evidently deserted studio, his prize sketch awaited a few finishing touches. The competition closed on the following day.

He must finish the sketch, must get into the studio—but how? Aye, that was the question. Suddenly a bright idea struck him. He knew perfectly well the inner arrangement of the studio; the window at the end of the hall in which he stood opened upon a fire-escape, and Dale's store-room window opened on the same iron monstrosity.

If only that store-room window proved to be unfastened, he could climb out the hall window, cross the narrow iron bridge and thus enter the studio. To his delight, he found that the store-room window was unfastened, but in climbing in he miscalculated the distance from the outer sill to floor, and failed to observe the many canvases heaped close beneath. He stood upon the sill, and—without looking—leaped!

He landed with a crash amid the unsold pictures. Frames of gilt and frames of frailer material still gave way before him, broken glass cracked, screeched and fell about him, split canvases wailed out a "swan song" as they realized their doom. Too thoroughly overwhelmed to move, he sat amid the debris, and there—in the doorway, between the scene of his discomfiture and his professor's sleeping-room—stood the professor, Geoffrey Dale—the "Saint," the "purest and best of men." I shall not attempt to picture the "Saint's" odd appearance; neither shall I portray the details of the scene nor mention the name of the lady.

Tirsson was no fool, but for once in his life he was flayed.

Could it be possible—was it indeed his revered and beloved professor who now stood before him?

But Tirsson rose to the occasion—with a well-feigned assumption of insanity he gave a mad yell and sprang to the window sill, one more war-whoop and he disappeared through the window. Once outside, he climbed back to the public hall and hurriedly left the building. As he passed the office the clerk cried: "So Mr. Dale was not in?"

"No, no, no, by Jove! He's out, you bet!" and on toward the street he rushed, leaving the clerk with serious doubts as to his sobriety.

The sketch for competition in the league prize was never submitted. In fact, it was never finished. Professor Dale resigned his position as lecturer to the Blank Academy art class. "Failing health," he wrote compelled him to take a trip South. The committee that took jellies and other delicacies to Miss Joyman did not find their suffering classmate "at home." They decided that she must have become discouraged at Professor Dale's harshness toward her, and that she had probably returned to her admiring and sympathetic parents in her native Jersey hamlet.

—The Lay-Figure.

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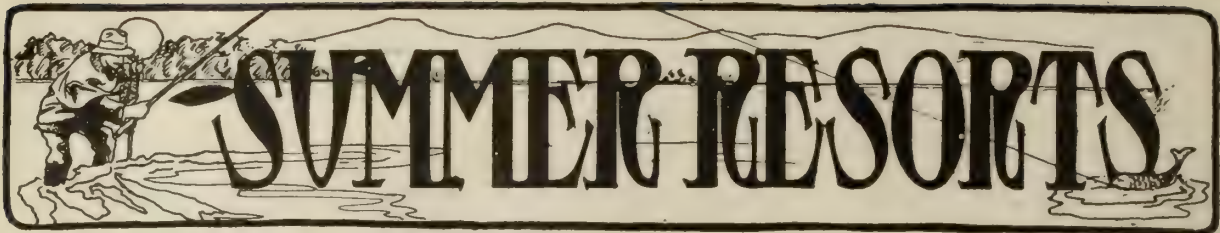
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(Continued from Page 9.)

property of the citizens of San Francisco, and do bind ourselves, each unto the other, to do and perform every lawful act for the maintenance of law and order, and to sustain the laws when properly administered; but we are determined that no thief, burglar, incendiary or assassin, shall escape punishment, either by the quibbles of the law, the insecurity of prisons, the carelessness or corruption of the police, or a laxity of those who pretend to administer justice."

On the evening of June 10th, 1851, a man who gave the name of John Jenkins was caught in the act of committing a burglary, by members of the Vigilance Committee. He was taken to the rooms of the committee in Battery street near the corner of Pine. At 10 o'clock of the same night the people were aroused by the tolling of the bell of the Monumental Engine Company, the house of which was on Brenham place, facing Portsmouth Square. About eighty members of the Vigilance Committee responded to the call. Then they proceeded with the trial of the prisoner which consumed two hours. At midnight the sentence of death was pronounced and the bell was again tolled, filling the anxious throngs of people in the street with awe. A little after 1 o'clock Mr. Samuel Brannan came out of the committee rooms, mounted a mound of sand in Battery street, and addressed the people. Brannan was a printer from Maine, an adventurous character who, before coming to California, published in New York the "Messenger," an official organ for the Mormon Church. He organized an expedition to California in 1846, chartered a steamer and spent five months in the trip, touching at the Sandwich Islands en route. He started the first flour mills in California, erecting a plant on Clay street, and he published the first paper, the "California Star," which was later known as the "Alta California." He was a man of wonderful energy and ability and amassed a large fortune in the first few years of his residence in the city. He was one of the founders of the Vigilance Committee, and when he appeared on the mound of sand that memorable night in June, the people recognized him as a leader and crowded around to hear what he had to say. He informed them that the prisoner had been tried and found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. He asked the people if they approved of the action and shouts of Yes! Yes! were given in response. Meanwhile a clergyman was sent for. He administered spiritual consolation to the prisoner who, about 2 o'clock, was marched out by a procession of armed men and escorted up Pine to Sansome, down Sansome to California, up California to Montgomery, down Montgomery to Clay and thence to Portsmouth Square, then known as the Plaza, in the northwest corner of which stood an adobe building from which extended a beam. A rope was tied round the prisoner's neck, the other end was thrown over the beam and at this dramatic moment some of the authorities interfered. They were sternly advised to stand back and they did so, and then the business in hand was proceeded with and Mr. Jenkins ended his days swinging from the beam.

A coroner's inquest was held the following day and the jury found that Jenkins died from strangulation as a result of the preconcerted action of certain citizens "styling themselves a Vigilance Committee, of whom the following members are implicated by direct testimony, to wit: Captain Edgar Wakeman, William H. Jones, James C. Ward, Edward A. King, T. K. Buttelle, Benjamin Reynolds, John S. Egan, J. C. Derly and Samuel Brannan."

In consequence of this verdict the Vigilance Committee adopted and published a resolution expressing surprise at "the invidious verdict after we have all notified the said jury and the public that we were all participators in the trial and execution of said Jenkins." The resolution was signed by the full committee showing that it was composed of nearly two hundred men, many of whom were in later years prominent

in the social, commercial and political history of California. Among those known even unto this generation were: Fred A. Woodworth, S. W. Haight, Lathrop L. Bullock, Henry M. Naglee, William T. Coleman, Colonel J. D. Stevenson, S. C. Tubbs, Charles Soule, Charles H. Vail, and James King of William.

There was some opposition to the committee on the part of several officials, and though it was warmly approved by the press, an effort was made to arouse a prejudicial sentiment, whereupon the committee published a notice to the effect that it was the opinion of the committee that no good citizen would attempt to impede its operations. And to this notice was appended a resolution affirming that the committee would insist upon the right to search premises for evidence, and concluding with this significant sentence: "And farther deeming ourselves engaged in a good and just cause—We Intend To Maintain It."

After the Jenkins' ceremonial the machinery of the committee was not again put in motion until July 19th, when another hanging occurred, the central figure of which was James Stuart, a tough character, who, after being found guilty, confessed a number of crimes. He was marched along Battery street in broad daylight to what was known as Market street wharf, down which he was escorted to its extremity. He was hanged to a derrick. This time the corner's jury merely found that "deceased came to his death by strangulation by hanging, at the hands of a body of men styling themselves the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco." A little later the grand jury, in its annual report, took occasion to say:

"When we recall the delays and the inefficient, and we believe that with truth it may be said, the corrupt administration of the law, the incapacity and indifference of those who are its sworn guardians and ministers, the frequent and unnecessary postponement of important trials in the District Court, the disregard of duty and impatience while attempting to perform it manifested by some of our judges, having criminal jurisdiction, the many notorious villains who have gone unwhipped of justice, lead us to believe that the members of that association have been governed by a feeling of opposition to the manner in which the law has been administered and those who have administered it, rather than a determination to disregard the law itself. Under institutions so eminently popular as those under which we live, the power of correcting

GERMEA

FOR

BREAKFAST

all these abuses is with the people themselves. If our officers are unfit for the stations they occupy, if the laws are not faithfully executed, if an arraigned criminal procures his own friends to be placed on the jury that tries him, where is the fault and where is the remedy? * * * The Grand Jurors believing, whilst they deplore their acts, that the association styling themselves the Vigilance Committee, at a great personal sacrifice to themselves, have been influenced in their actions by no personal or private malice, but for the best interests of the whole, and at a time too when all other means of preventing crime and bringing criminals to direct punishment had failed, here dismiss the matter, as among those peculiar results of circumstances that sometimes startle communities, which they can neither justify, or by a presentment effect any benefit to individuals or the country."

This is probably the first and only case on record of lawlessness being approved in express terms by a statutory body sworn to subserve the ends of justice. The utterances of that jury are of historic value indicating as they do the estimation in which the "Vigilantes" were held by some of the most enlightened members of the community. However, the committee was far from universally commended, nor was it winked at by the authorities, but rather was it tolerated through fear. In the month of August Governor John McDougald threw a sop to the sticklers for constitutional law in the form of a proclamation to the people of San Francisco against the Vigilance Committee and calling on "all good citizens of said county to unite for the purpose of sustaining public law and tranquility, to aid the public officers in the discharge of their duty, and by all lawful means to discountenance any and every attempt which may be made to substitute the despotic control of a self-constituted association, unknown and acting in defiance of the laws."

Promptly came a rejoinder from the "Vigilantes." It was in the form of a certificate, as follows:

"San Francisco, August 20, 1851.

"We, the undersigned, do hereby aver that the present

governor, McDougald, asked to be introduced to the Executive Committee of the Committee of Vigilance, which was allowed and an hour fixed. The governor, upon being introduced, stated that he approved the acts of the committee, and that much good had taken place. He hoped that they would go on and endeavor to act in concert with the authorities, and in case any judge was guilty of mal-administration, to hang him and he would appoint others, etc."

Thus were the people informed that the governor had two viewpoints from which he observed events in San Francisco. But on the morning after the proclamation was issued Sheriff John C. Hayes visited the committee rooms, and on the strength of a writ of habeas corpus, was permitted to take charge of two prisoners, Samuel Whittaker and Robert McKenzie, who had been tried on several charges, and who after conviction, acknowledged their guilt. Hayes removed them to the county jail, and immediately an alarm was sounded, and when the Vigilantes responded and learned of what had happened they were wildly indignant. They held a meeting, but the public were given no inkling as to what would be done. The programme was carried out on the Sabbath, the 24th of August, at half after 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Thirty-six members of the Vigilance Committee broke into the jail, recovered their prisoners and drove away with them in a carriage. At that moment the sonorous bell in Brenham place broke the Sabbath stillness and the whole populace leaped with excitement. Within twenty minutes after the arrival of the prisoners in Battery street they were seen dangling out of the windows of the committee room, suspended from a beam by means of blocks and tackle. That was the last time the committee of 1851 found it necessary to transact the business for which it had been organized. Thereafter the stream of justice flowed in the traditional channel and for several years San Francisco was a model city in which a citizen could gamble at almost any kind of game, six days in the week, and never be in danger of being fleeced.

(To be continued.)

Western Addition Branch of City and County Bank

was opened to the public

Saturday, July 21st

at

1129 and 1131

Van Ness Avenue

Letters

When Literature Becomes Rubbish

The "Book Monthly" (English) gives some interesting facts on the subject of what becomes of books, that is, the books of "undiscovered geniuses" and others which do not sell, and the final fate of what has cost the authors much labor, both physical and mental, is at least interesting. Publishers are, first and foremost, business men. They are not engaged in a philanthropic enterprise, and before they consider anything else they have to bear in mind the necessity of making ends meet. Many a book is published not because its sponsors consider it an addition to the world of letters, but because they have reason to expect that sales will be large and profits in proportion. Though they will usually close with an author of reputation without the preliminary of reading a manuscript, and even advance royalties before the first page is written or the title selected, it is another story when they come to deal with the unknown, the little known or those whose success is problematical. From fifty to a hundred dollars for the copyright, or a royalty of ten per cent after the first thousand is a reasonably good offer, for a surprisingly large number of books by unknowns never clear the actual



Mr. Winston Churchill

Author of "Coniston", the latest literary hit, published by the Macmillan Company.

expenses incurred by bringing them out. But we will suppose that the preliminaries have all been attended to, the "masterpiece" read, accepted and offered for sale. If it really is of merit, it will sell, but if not, there is not one chance in a hundred thousand of making it move, and the wholesale dealers, who have taken a considerable number of copies on the gamble, begin to think of how they can relieve themselves. Three months is considered the limit of life of the average book, the average novel, that is, but there is a conviction in the trade which suggests that a full year elapses after the date of issue before the death song is raised. Then the publisher begins to receive politely-worded communications notifying him that Messrs. So-and-So find themselves overstocked with certain works, and a hopeful hint that he can see his way to relieving him of a portion of the surplus. This the publisher does, if possible, merely to retain the good will of his clients. If the author is a public man, if he writes another book which attracts passing attention, or if he has social connection which can be turned to account, there is yet a possibility of making it "go." If not, there are two other courses open, to sell the lot in bulk to some remainder-man for a few cents a copy, and let him assume the responsibility and risk, or to dispose of it directly to a waste paper merchant who, in

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MURINE EYE DROPS

A FAMILY FAVORITE - USED DAILY BY
PEOPLE OF REFINED TASTES AS A TOILET REQUISITE

AN EYE TONIC

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to a Tired and Faded Eye

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STRONG WINDS REFLECTED SUNLIGHT AND DUST CAUSE IRRITATION,
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turn, passes it along to the manufacturer, to be again converted into white paper and begin the same round once more. Nine-tenths of all the books published every season pass through just this process. They are printed and bound and sold to the wholesalers, who find themselves "stuck" and unload on the publishers again, and the latter are glad to clear their shelves and warehouses of the accumulations at about the cost of hauling them away. Many an edition offered on publication at a dollar and a half a volume ends its career unread at thirty cents per hundredweight.

What Moore Thinks of "Our Jack"

George Moore is now in Paris, giving his opinions of people and things, and, like many another who thinks there would be no "things" if it were not for his opinions of them, he is talking largely for the pleasure of seeing his own name in print. "I have not read Hamlin Garland. He has written nothing great. If he had I should know it." Granted that Garland has done nothing great he has done much that is good—good enough to please Ambrose Bierce, for example. Again: "Jack London and such as he are like salon pictures. They paint women with violet dresses and with roses in their hats. In other words, they make colored photographs. The novels of such men are mere images. They represent sitters exactly as the sitters wish to be," and so on, showing pretty conclusively that Moore has no very definite idea of what London has written. At the present moment Moore is vehemently denying that he is an Irishman, though his father was a distinguished patriot. For himself all he will admit is a snappish acknowledgement that he is "an Englishman born in Ireland," but five years ago he could not be Irish enough. One daily looked for the announcement that he had dyed his hair green and lived on stewed shamrock. Then it was: "I am an Irishman, and, to adopt Tourgueniff's saying, Ireland can do without any of us, but none of us can do without Ireland."

The Irrepressible Marie

Marie Corelli's latest outbreak was based on the libelous postal cards "calculated to expose her to contempt and ridicule and injure her in her profession as an author." The cards exhibited her variously employed in presenting a cup to a local rowing association, which she made no denial of having done; in feeding her conspicuous ponies with sugar; in desporting herself on the Avon in a gondola, and in sporting with a tiny terrier. It was the "doggy" picture which was relied upon to prove the right to the injunction demanded, for, in the words of her learned counsel, "the gifted lady does not possess a dog." She must have been but recently bereft, however, since one of the most familiar "Corelliana" heretofore, has been a picture of the identical dog, or his twin, making hay of the press cuttings which the "gifted lady" boasts that she never reads. The "most unkindest cut of all," however, came when the judge was invited to compare photographs with the obnoxious cards, and see for himself whether the libel was not apparent to any one with eyes. He said nothing in words, but it was evident to everyone present that in his opinion, unless flattery constitutes a libel, she had no case. However, there is not the slightest danger that that question will be judicially determined in this case, since Miss Corelli has gained the point she had in view. Like T. B. Crossland, she was after an advertisement, and having received it, she will subside until a new excuse arises.

The Ineffable Pater

It is the misfortune of Walter Pater that he has become the patron saint of those would-be literary people who have nothing to say and a great many words in which to say it, and who, therefore, imagine that if they keep "Marius, the Epicurean" and "The Child in the House" at the front in every conversation, and affect a fastidiousness they cannot feel, they have a legitimate excuse for their invertebrateness.



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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

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NOTICE.

As part of our mailing list was destroyed, all subscribers not receiving their papers are requested to send in their addresses at once.

Home Again.

We are pleased to announce that this periodical is once more being printed in this city. It is the pioneer of weekly journalism in Greater San Francisco, being the first to get a printing plant in operation. During a brief period we gladly availed ourselves of the courtesy and generosity of Mr. William E. Dargie, of the Oakland Tribune, who kindly afforded us all the necessary printing facilities. We have heard some complaint of the manner in which San Franciscans were treated in Oakland. Our own experience was so pleasant that we feel it to be our duty to give testimony to the courteous character of all with whom we had business relations. We are most grateful to Mr. Dargie and also to the publishers of the Oakland Herald for the use of their photo-engraving plant and their offer of any assistance they could render. But despite the pleasant relations established in Oakland we are delighted to return to San Francisco, the city in whose future we and all the world have unbounded confidence.

Our Wonderful Banks.

There is nothing for which we have more reason to felicitate ourselves than on the reputation established by our banking institutions through the ability which they have shown to handle conservatively and safely the funds with which they are intrusted. So nonchalantly did the bankers take the disaster that the public have looked upon their triumph as unemotionally as though nothing else should have been expected. Yet the financial world is amazed at the stability of the banking institutions of San Francisco. The bankers of the East and Europe were looking for a financial panic in this city. They were sure that some of our banks would go to the wall and start a stampede of a disastrous character. It was natural for them to give rein to their gloomy expectations, for there never was a great public calamity in the world's history that did not seriously disturb the money market. When the fortunes of a whole city are disastrously affected by an overwhelming catastrophe, when the rich are impoverished, when commerce is crushed, when creditors become impatient and debtors are unable to meet their obligations, then are the financial agents of the community expected to hoist distress signals. A notable

achievement, therefore, was the weathering of the unprecedented storm by the bankers of San Francisco. And for more than a merely sentimental reason should we rejoice over their ability to avert a financial panic. In defying us to disturb their equanimity or empty their vaults they have given incontrovertible testimony to the fact that there has been no misrepresentation as to the prosperity of San Francisco. The whole world must now be convinced that this is a city of extraordinary resources, and it must also have a better understanding of the optimism and enthusiasm of its inhabitants in their hour of misfortune.

Big Battleships.

A few years ago many naval experts were of the opinion that big battleships were less desirable than small ones, but they have changed their minds since the Japanese-Russian war. Now there is unanimity of opinion among naval officers in England, France, Germany and the United States as to the superiority of big guns and big ships. Hence the proposed construction of a battleship for this country larger than Great Britain's Dreadnought of 18,500 tons. The Dreadnought carries ten 12-inch guns, and it is proposed to build an American ship that will carry twelve 12-inch guns. In a recent issue of the Congressional Record is printed the speech of Representative Foss, setting forth the argument in favor of the big battleship. The principal points are these: We build cheaper in large vessels than in a number of smaller ones, and decrease materially the cost of maintenance and operation; in big ships we are able to secure a more stable gun platform and carry the heavy guns higher, thus being able to fight in weather which smaller vessels would be hampered by; big ships, on account of their capacity, are less dependent than small ones on colliers and coaling stations; great displacement means greater engine room and greater speed; big battleships occupy less sea room than the same tonnage of smaller vessels, and are therefore more easily controlled in smoke or fog. As both Japan, which has had recent experience, and her ally, England, have ordered big battleships, their decision in the matter should carry considerable weight. Indeed, all the great naval powers are agreed on a general increase in the size of their battleships. And yet we are soon to have another peace conference, a circumstance that is not to deter us from building a ship that will surpass anything that floats, for we remember that after the peace conference of 1899 the nations proceeded to build their naval establishments larger than ever.

Silurians In the Saddle.

It is to be regretted that many of the characteristic traits by which distinction was given to old San Francisco have vanished. But it is also to be regretted that some, of which we have no reason to be proud, are likely to survive. Silurianism, for example, shows no signs of abatement. It is to be the heritage of the new metropolis. We think so because of the attitude of some of the most influential of our landed gentry toward the street-widening movement. We recognize in that attitude the old, familiar sentiment handed down through successive generations from the days when the waters of the bay came up to Montgomery street. It is the sentiment that blocked every progressive movement made in San Francisco for more than a quarter of a century. Owing to the great vigor of that sentiment Frank McCoppin's plan for the extension of the park panhandle to Van Ness avenue was defeated away back in the days when land was being sold by the acre in Hayes Valley. And today that sentiment threatens to

thwart the efforts of progressive citizens to guard against the mistakes of the past. It is not only against the building of a City Beautiful that the silurians have set their faces. They are opposed also to greater facilities for the handling of trade, and in the shadow of a disaster full of warnings they are objecting to the greatest of precautionary measures that can be taken against a repetition of the calamity from which we are suffering.

Reid Flattering the British.

Ambassador Reid has been apologizing in London for American slang. In a speech the other day he deprecated the support that was given in England "to the constant and almost incredible corruption of the English language not only on the streets and in the newspapers of this country, but also in our colleges." This is the nature of a reiteration of the sentiments of Henry James, who thinks that pure English is spoken only in England. Both gentlemen are so ardent in their love of all things English that it is difficult for them to see any virtue in American institutions. In commenting on Henry James' criticism some months ago we affirmed that the English language was being corrupted in England quite as much as in America, a fact not unknown to educated Englishmen. We are now pleased at being able to offer corroboration of that statement, for shortly after reading the speech of our Ambassador we came across this paragraph in one of Max Beerbohm's criticisms in the London Saturday Review which might well be read and pondered by Mr. Reid before he again takes occasion to flatter Britons at the expense of Americans:

"For good or ill, England has no academy of letters; and, indirectly one result—certainly an ill result is that the people in every stratum of society talk hardly better than costermongers. They have not, of course, specifically the same slang; but their slang, is not less ugly than that which prevails in the Mile End Road; nor is their vocabulary of decent English words less limited; nor is their knowledge of grammar more sound; nor is their sense of rhythm better developed."

The foregoing paragraph appeared in the Saturday Review's issue of May 5th, several days after Mr. Reid delivered his speech. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Beerbohm ranks among England's leading men of letters.

The Illiterate Minority.

Even at this late day there are writers who seem to think it quite a joke on the critics that they should find merit in literary works that are not only unappreciated but sneered at by the ignorant majority. Ibsen being unpopular in the theatres they conclude that those by whom his genius is admired are egotists for not accepting the judgment of the common herd. Perhaps the only notable work in literature that was first accepted by the illiterate and decried by the cognoscenti is "Pilgrim's Progress." Macauley tells us that it is the "only book about which, after the lapse of a hundred years, the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people." In the case of Ibsen, the common people are coming over to the opinion of the literary critics who have been singing his praises for a quarter of a century. When he was first introduced to England he was tried at afternoon performances, or, as a last resource, as a fin de saison, when there was nothing any longer to be lost or gained, in some second-rate theatre which was about to be closed. A little later he was played under the auspices of the Independent

Theatre, a nomadic institution that wanders from house to house. Gradually an Ibsenite public came into existence and today the Norseman's supremacy as a playwright is acknowledged in London. In this country the Ibsen drama has been making the same progress that it did in England, and Ibsen's genius is acclaimed not only by all who are versed in the technique of the dramatic art, but by a great number of theatre-goers.

The Decay of Literature.

San Franciscans have readily adapted themselves to the bookless state. With the large libraries destroyed, the surviving branches closed, and the book stores non-existent, even the perpetual devourers of light literature have learned to forego their daily diet and keep in good spirits notwithstanding the lack of knowledge of even the name of the latest sensation and the newest best-seller. When our good citizens went to bed on the evening of the seventeenth of April the problem of how to dispose of Maxim Gorky and his companion was agitating society and the literary lights, but today it is doubtful whether, asked off-hand, any one here could recall that there was a controversy, much less what it was about. The new books announced for immediate publication will still be new three months hence, if they are worth anything, and an immense quantity of the kind of literature that dies a-bornin' will never reach us at all. Just now a goodly number of victims of the book habit, who read as automatically as they smoked, chewed gum or munched candy, have all they can do to keep the beans boiling and rustle up firewood in daylight hours. However there will soon be the most tremendous book-hunger ever experienced, for it is not only the immense collections of the public libraries which have been consumed, but the stray volumes owned by individuals. When people thought themselves fortunate to be able to carry away a change of clothing and such small valuables as they could take in their hands, there was not time to pack heavy books, and today our city is in approximately the same condition as a mining camp of an earlier date where there were four precious volumes circulated from house to house, and read and re-read until any one of the inhabitants could have reproduced them all written verbatim from memory. There is too much doing and too much to be done just now for any but invalids to take much interest in words. Life is more than literature, but when the evenings begin to grow long and there are no theatres or promenades, then there will be a demand for something to read, something with blood and bones to it.

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King Solomon's Hall

Fillmore Street, Near Sutter,

San Francisco

The Bright Side.

There are already over one hundred books under way, each purporting to be the only authentic account of the destruction of San Francisco. No less than eighteen were advertised in a single edition of a Chicago paper, and yet, when it is all told, what is there to say? We had the first genuine earthquake known in this part of the world by tradition or record, and it was followed by a fire which, disastrous as it now seems, has simply swept away all the shacks and shanties, and will compel some of our absentee landlords to improve property which was long regarded as an eyesore. We have now available the Barbary Coast and Tar Flat for business purposes, while Telegraph Hill and North Beach can be utilized for residences, having a fine marine view. Meanwhile, bad as things are for the moment, our comfortable climate makes tent-life and cooking in the open a not uncomfortable form of existence. One hears surprisingly little complaint of aches and ailments, for with rich and poor alike living on army rations, there was naturally a shortage of fashionable diseases. Between a letting in of fresh air and sunlight where there was hitherto back alleys and dark courts, and the thorough housecleaning which our shake-up has entailed on those who were not burned out, there will not be room for a germ or a microbe on the peninsula. By the time half the houses are rebuilt San Francisco can lay full claim to all the advantages of a health resort.

An Interpretation.

A writer construing certain lines of Robert Louis Stevenson on the evanescence of life tells us they were written because that noted author sadly viewed the procession of men of meagre talent pass him by. The

lines, we are told, were in the nature of a protest. This inside information is not pleasing, since it tends to belie our conception of the character of the ingenious story-teller and most artistic essayist. We have heard, but have never believed, that Stevenson was a pessimist. We were never told that he was envious, but if he wrote a protest against the world's failure to give him the precedence that he deserved, then he must have been afflicted with what the Scripture calleth an evil eye and what Bacon described as the gadding passion. For years we have been laboring under the pleasant delusion that Stevenson gave passionate emphasis to the sentiment that we should worship good for its own value without any reference whatever to victory or failure. "Whatever we are intended to do," said he, "we are not intended to succeed." It is not characteristic of the man of genius, fond of the world's acclaim and jealous of the achievements of others to get as far away as possible from the madding crowd of tuft hunters. However, Stevenson was an odd genius. But there is one thing to be said of him; he did not repine in the background and whine sotto voce at the world's neglect. There are many men of the whining class that find annoyance at the success of others and never neglect an opportunity to expose their irritation. Often in doing so they but give emphasis to the superficial character of the mental equipment on the strength of which they aspire beyond their capacity. Disqualified by blow-holes of character or shallowness of brain they drag along at the tail-end of their profession, professing to believe with Schopenhauer that luck is the principal factor in the guidance of man's affairs. In time they lose ambition and in comparative obscurity they find employment where small merit receives greater credit than would be vouchsafed in a more enlightened environment.



CONTENTS OF THEIR SAFE
ARE ENOUGH FOR A FRESH START IN BUSINESS.

The Call of the Lorelei

By Mabel Porter Pitts.

When the lessening light in her crystal cave
Speaks the time of the sunset's glow,
Then the mermaid comes on a curling wave
From the cool of the depths below.

In her eyes sleeps the fire that is caught from the skies
As they speak in the lightning's glare,
And the dusk of the threatening storm-cloud lies,
In the coil of her wind-blown hair.

To the calm of a sheltering cove she drifts
And the sleep of the cliffs is stirred
By her call to the far-away sail that lifts
Like the wing of a frightened bird.

And it's woe to the ship if it swerves or starts,
And it's woe to the soul that hears;
For the mermaid's couch is of grieving hearts,
And her cave is of crystal tears.

And the sweep of the reef where the seas upraise
From the wrecks and the bleaching bones,
Holds the passionate song of her fulsome praise
For the work of its jagged cones.

June, 1906.



Perspective Impressions

Seattle is trying hard to get among cities of the first class. She produced an earthquake the other day and it was only a measly ten-second shake—merely a village quake.

The hospitals of London are boasting of a surgeon who has perfected a method of incising the skin without leaving a visible scar. As a beauty doctor he should be able to monopolize the field.

Representative Hepburn confesses he does not know precisely what his own bill will do. Well, if it's any consolation to him, he may feel assured that he has all the rest of us in the same boat with him.

A physician condemns the dew face-bath on account of the danger of accidental communication of tetanus germs to an abrasion of the skin. There are some men that for the same reason will recommend it.

The Traders' Insurance Company of Chicago has turned out to be a typical American Frenzied Finance institution under the control and management of a gang of highly reputable rogues and distinguished get-rich-quicksters.

If you read the several gush columns these days you will get the impression that every San Franciscan who had to return home after the earthquake on account of

shortage of funds, came back through purely altruistic motives.

Invariably the woman whose conversational tones disturb you while you are reading on a train, ferry-boat or street car, is the homeliest passenger aboard. And as for the man by whom you are similarly afflicted, he has nothing but that voice worth speaking about.

The little bar in the corner grocery must go says Mayor Schmitz. In other words the poor man must go without his club near home, but he is to be privileged to wander into the pitfalls of the Barbary Coast. The gilded bars in the rich men's clubs are not to be molested.

Professor Moore of Harvard says that the "Velasquez" painting of Philip IV. in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is a bogus in more ways than one. It is not a genuine "Velasquez" and it is not a portrait of Philip IV. Perhaps after another examination he will shock Boston still more by pronouncing the picture a chromo.

Thus the chaperon, most exquisite of humorists in the Examiner: "Mrs. Huntington and her daughter Miss Marian Huntington arrived a few days ago from the Orient. As soon as they learned of our trouble they decided to return at once." How nice of them! But what are they going to do for us?

Mowry Talks about Merchants

By Theodore Bonnet.

The world has received with astonishment news of the remarkable recuperative powers of the people of San Francisco, and the people of San Francisco are felicitating themselves on their speedy recovery from the shock of the disaster and the fine optimistic sentiment that sustains the community. But the people of San Francisco present another aspect, one that is not creditable, but that should be brought to their attention occasionally. It is not unfamiliar. We have been frequently told that we do not make the most of our opportunities; and it is because we have so often ignored them that we present to the hustling tradesman and enterprising captain of industry from the great commercial centers of the East an aspect of almost primitive simplicity. This is an old story, but it was repeated to me the other day and with greater force than ever, by a man who has been taking observations in foreign parts and who has picked up a great deal of data of an illuminatory character. The man is Lyman D. Mowry, a San Franciscan. Some years ago Mr. Mowry was reported dead by a writer in this periodical, but the report was inaccurate. Mr. Mowry had merely changed his sphere of action. Some years ago he was practicing law in this city. His clients were Chinese. He assisted many a heathen into this country through the meshes of the Exclusion Act. When that ceased to be a lucrative employment Mr. Mowry took in his shingle, went to China, assisted in organizing the China Commercial and Steamship Company and then proceeded to supply Mexico with labor. The company has landed thirty thousand Chinese in the dominions of Diaz.

"We have solved for Mexico," said Mr. Mowry, "the great industrial problem with which it was confronted. We found millions of dollars of American capital invested in Mexico by men who had made no provision for labor and who had no way of getting labor until we negotiated for them a treaty between Mexico and China. A great deal of money was invested in rubber plantations in Mexico by men who were laboring under the delusion that trees would produce rubber at the end of seven years. If you cut a tree of only seven years' growth it will die. The planter must wait fourteen years for his trees to yield. While waiting for their rubber trees to mature they must grow something else. We pointed out to them that under Spanish rule Mexico was a great sugar country. They began raising sugar, and now for the first time since Mexico gained her independence she is exporting sugar."

All this was preliminary to a discussion of our indifference to our commercial opportunities. "When we began carrying Chinese laborers to Mexico," said Mowry, "we wanted to get freight to carry back to China, and we thought we could do business at this port. Seattle offered us all sorts of inducements, and the merchants of San Francisco promised to do business with us, but when the time came we met with opposition; we got into a rate war and the merchants of this city permitted us to be driven away."

Mr. Mowry grows eloquent on the subject of the San Francisco merchants. And his eloquence is of the perfervid character. But he thinks that a new mercantile element is coming to San Francisco soon, and that a more enterprising spirit will rule in Greater San Francisco.

"The San Francisco merchant of the past," he said, "was a product of mining days. He got hold of a little property and grew rich in spite of himself, and then he thought he was a wonder. The San Francisco merchant didn't know there was a Pacific ocean until the Spanish war opened his eyes."

"And do you know," the ex-attorney asked, fixing me with his eye; "do you know how he happens to be doing business in the Orient now?"

I had to confess my ignorance.

"Well," said Mowry, "it's because of the young men who went over there with our volunteer army—the finest body of young men that was ever seen in this world. They saw business opportunities over there, and they went into business. And wherever you go in China now, on the coast or in the interior, you will meet young Americans in business—ex-volunteer soldiers—and they're all doing well. It is to them that the San Francisco merchant is indebted for the business that he is doing on the other shores of the Pacific."

Then Mr. Mowry journeyed down to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. "I found California canned goods, California mineral waters and California wines down there," he said; "down in Salina Cruz, at the Pacific end. How do you suppose they reached there?"

I would not venture a supposition.

"Via New York," said Mowry, in a tone of intense disgust. "No San Francisco merchant has ever tried to do business at that port. In the City of Mexico I found the people drinking some awful stuff in one of the clubs and they called it California wine. I made them bottle it for vinegar and gave them a list of reputable California wine producers, and after that they sent up here for their clarets. The manager of the American Grocery Company in Mexico, a company that has a grocery in every town, told me that he had to come to this city to get some California canned goods. Nobody had ever been down after his trade."

Here endeth the discourse, not because Mr. Mowry exhausted the subject, but because circumstances have made me a commuter and I had to catch a train.

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The Young King

[This beautiful allegorical tale, written by Oscar Wilde, was among those of his works printed privately in London, and is not to be found in the Mosher or Roberts editions recently printed in this country. The book containing this story and another, "The Star-Child," was purchased for Town Talk in a second-hand book-stall in Paris. The alle-

gorical writings of Wilde are doing much toward reinstating him in public esteem, awakening as they do a sentiment of reverence for God and sympathy for mankind. They are stories that gratify the imagination with all the action and atmosphere of fairy tales while imparting lessons that enoble and purify.—Ed.]

It was the night before the day fixed for his coronation and the young king was sitting alone in his beautiful chamber. His courtiers had all taken their leave of him, bowing their heads to the ground, according to the ceremonious usage of the day, and had retired to the Great Hall of the Palace, to receive a few last lessons from the Professor of Etiquette; there being some of them who had still quite natural manners, which in a courtier is, I need hardly say, a very grave offence.

The lad—for he was only a lad, being but sixteen years of age—was not sorry at their departure, and had flung himself back with a deep sigh of relief on the soft cushions of his embroidered couch, lying there, wild-eyed and open-mouthed, like a brown woodland Faun, or some young animal of the forest newly snared by the hunters.

And, indeed, it was the hunters who had found him, coming upon him almost by chance as, bare-limbed and pipe in hand, he was following the flock of the poor goatherd who had brought him up, and whose son he had always fancied himself to be. The child of the old King's only daughter by a secret marriage with one much beneath her in station,—a stranger, some said, who, by the wonderful magic of his lute-playing, had made the young Princess love him; while others spoke of an artist from Rimini, to whom the Princess had shown much, perhaps too much honor, and who had suddenly disappeared from the city, leaving his work in the cathedral unfinished,—he had been, when but a week old, stolen away from his mother's side, as she slept, and given into the charge of a common peasant and his wife, who were without children of their own, and lived in a remote part of the forest, more than a day's ride from the town. Grief, or the plague, as the court physician stated, or, as some suggested, a swift Italian poison administered in a cup of spiced wine, slew, within an hour of her awakening, the white girl who had given him birth, and as the trusty messenger who bore the child across his saddlebow stooped from his weary horse and knocked at the rude door of the goatherd's hut, the body of the Princess was being lowered into an open grave that had been dug in a deserted churchyard, beyond the City gates,—a grave where it was said that another body was also lying, that of a young man of marvelous and foreign beauty, whose hands were tied behind him with a knotted cord, and whose breast was stabbed with many red wounds.

Such, at least, was the story that men whispered to each other. Certain it was that the old King, when on his death-bed, whether moved by remorse for his great sin, or merely desiring that the Kingdom should not pass away from his line, had had the lad sent for, and, in the presence of the Council, had acknowledged him as his heir.

And it seems that from the very first moment of his recognition he had shown signs of that strange passion for beauty that was destined to have so great an influence over his life. Those who accompanied him to the suite of rooms set apart for his service, often spoke of the cry of pleasure that broke from his lips when he saw the delicate raiment and rich jewels that had been prepared for him, and of the almost fierce joy with which he flung aside his rough leathern tunic and coarse sheepskin cloak. He missed, indeed,

at times the fine freedom of his forest life, and was always apt to chafe at the tedious court ceremonies that occupied so much of each day; but the wonderful palace—Joyeuse, as they called it—of which he now found himself lord, seemed to him to be a new world fresh-fashioned for his delight; and as soon as he could escape from the council-board or audience-chamber, he would run down the great staircase, with its lions of gilt bronze and its steps of bright porphyry, and wander from room to room, and from corridor to corridor, like one who was seeking to find in beauty an anodyne from pain, a sort of restoration from sickness.

Upon these journeys of discovery, as he would call them,—and, indeed, they were to him real voyages through a marvelous land,—he would sometimes be accompanied by the slim, fair-faced court pages, with their floating mantles, and gay fluttering ribands; but more often he would be alone, feeling through a certain instinct, which was almost a divination, that the secrets of art are best learned in secret, and that Beauty, like Wisdom, loves the lonely worshiper.

Many curious stories were related about him at this period. It was said that a stout Burgomaster, who had come to deliver a florid oratorical address on behalf of the citizens of the town, had caught sight of him kneeling in real adoration before a great picture that had just been brought from Venice, and that seemed to herald the worship of some gods. On another occasion he had been missed for several hours, and after a lengthened search had been discovered in a little chamber in one of the northern turrets of the palace gazing, as one in a trance, at a Greek gem carved with the figure of Adonis. He had been seen, so the tale ran, pressing his warm lips to the marble brow of an antique statue that had been discovered in the bed of the river on the occasion of the building of the stone bridge, and was inscribed with the name of the Bithynian slave of Hadrian. He had passed a whole night in noting the effect of the moonlight of a silver image of Endymion.

All rare and costly materials had certainly a great fascination for him, and in his eagerness to procure them he had sent away many merchants, some to traffic for amber with the rough fish-folk of the north seas, some to Egypt to look for that curious green turquoise which is found only in the tombs of kings, and is said to possess magical properties, some to Persia for silken carpets and painted pottery, and others to India to buy gauze and stained ivory, sandal-wood and blue enamel, and shawls of fine wool.

But what had occupied him most was the robe he was to wear at the coronation, the robe of tissue gold, and the ruby-studded crown and the sceptre with its rows and rings of pearls. Indeed, it was of this that he was thinking to-night, as he lay back on his luxurious couch, watching the great pine-wood log that was burning itself out on the open hearth. The designs, which were from the hands of the most famous artists of the time, had been submitted to him many months before and he had given orders that the artificers were to toil night and day to carry them out, and that the whole world was to be searched for jewels that would be worthy of their work. He saw himself in fancy standing

(Continued on Page 28)

The Tigress

By James V. Coleman.

A tigress prowled in the light of day,
Her smooth hide waved with a sea-like flood;
Her yellow eyes were slitted with lust,
And the call of hunger she must obey;
To slay, to swallow, to gorge she must,
And her slobbering jaws were red with blood.

A tigress sprawled in the mid-day sun;
Her belly was full of its quivering meal;
She curled her tail and she blinked her eyes,
For she had done what her dams had done,
And like her dams she was animal wise—
Her quarry's woe was her natural weal.

A tigress lay in her lair at night,
And she purred and nestled and fell asleep,
But the beast was always unaware
Of the stars of night, of the stars in sight,
Of the stars in the sky out there,
That now and eternally vigil keep.

June, 1906.

The Spectator

The Tempest at Fort Mason.

Of the factions in Lilliput I was reminded by the commotion raised at the Presidio by Mrs. Ynez Shorb-White, a lady who modestly pronounces herself "a leader among her set," the tremendous import of which personal description I am unable to appreciate. In Lilliput many thousands of persons suffered death rather than break their eggs at the smaller end. Mrs. Shorb-White was going to throw up her job as superintendent of the refugee distribution station because Dr. Gunn sent a stenographer to keep tab on the articles distributed. Mrs. Shorb-White called Dr. Gunn a fool and a coward and affirmed that if she quit her job the army would want to know the reason why. The outcome of the affair was most disappointing. The fanfare with which hostilities were opened by Mrs. Shorb-White justified the hope that a battle royal would ensue, but it proved to be something less than a tempest in a teapot. Dr. Gunn is much to blame for the tame wind-up. Though merely a civilian, and not even a second assistant leader in his set, he utterly failed to join issue with Mrs. Shorb-White. Not only did he fail to apologize to the lady who called him a fool and coward, but he threw a cloud on her uncomplimentary appraisal by giving a very fine imitation of a man of wisdom and discretion, maintaining as he did an oppressive and overwhelming silence. In the circumstances what could the army do? There wasn't even a pretext upon which Secretary Taft could order a court-martial. Mrs. Shorb-White, the writers of social gossip have repeatedly told us, has been doing excellent work at Fort Mason, and therefore we should rejoice that she was not constrained to organize a rival White Cross Society and thereby cause a split in

philanthropic circles. We should also felicitate the army that was not called upon to inquire the reason why.

I know not, Dr. Gunn, just whence you came,
Nor care, nor whether you are known to fame,
But this much I am cognizant of now—
That Gallantry's not writ upon your brow;
For when a lady of the very smartest set
Pronounces you the worst fool she ever met,
And calls you coward, too, and worse than that,
You should be man enough to doff your hat.

Sir, there are rules that men polite observe,
No matter whence they came, nor whom they serve—
The laws of gallantry, and these forbid
You to ignore, as recently you did,
The castigation verbally vouchsafed
By one, I'm told, who had most sorely chafed
In fetters put by you upon her acts
Of charity; now those, sir, are the facts.

Too late for you to plead; to me 'tis plain
The lady has a grievance, you a stain
Upon your shield; for in polite dispute
With men or any other kind of brute,
The gentle sex must be allowed first crack;
Also, the last. So, when you turn your back,
Not deigning to join issue—well, sir, then,
You—yes, sir, you invite the scorn of men.

Woes of the Aristocracy.

The lamentations of Jeremiah are nothing compared with the dolorous wails of the smartsetters over their financial troubles. Their boosters of the press are

bravely keeping them before the public, telling of their movements as though they were still indulging their capricious fancies whereas many of them are perfecting new and vigorous systems of economy. Those whose trips to the Orient and elsewhere have been postponed are not staying home for love of it, nor were they who cut short sojourns in Europe influenced by mere sentiment. Some of our aristocracy have been reported stranded in Europe, being unable to get any cash from their agents. The O'Connor sisters, who are in Europe, are said to have been hit very hard. There is a function, purely informal, held every afternoon, in town by representatives of the ex-Four Hundred, which is almost as sad as a wake. It is a Clearance House for tales of woe, and there one learns how rich, in their imagination, were some of our society queenlets before the fire. One of them bemoaned, the other day, the loss of her forty flats, much to the amusement of the others who had always understood that she was dependent on a relative by marriage. Another told of the looting of her home and the theft of her diamonds. Later it was suggested by one of her sympathetic friends that perhaps she had pawned them. How dearly those society people love one another! There is much anxiety among them over the cutting down of the Parrott income because it was only a short time ago that another French Title was grought into the family, and it is known that the gilding had all been worn off. The Parrotts had a lot of money in Spring Valley and notwithstanding Captain Payson's election to the presidency the stock is far from firm.

A Society Matron Frightened.

The W. B. Bournes are the only society people in town who seem to be able to sport a carriage nowadays. The Bournes hastened home from the south of France as soon as they heard of the earthquake. Their clinker brick house was pretty hard hit, a lot of the bric-a-brac having been demolished. Maud Bourne created quite a sensation on Fillmore street the other day by her appearance in the smartest of French gowns driving in an open landau. A well known matron who lives on Laguna street went out driving the other day and just as she was about to alight from her carriage on Van Ness avenue a woman accosted her and berated her soundly on her heartless folly in flaunting her wealth when there was so much misery. The lady was so frightened that she has not ventured out in her carriage since.

Wilson's Terrible Crime.

The probability is that at the next jinks of the Bohemian Club an effort will be made to determine the punishment fitting the crime of Tom Wilson. The crime was perpetrated the day the owl had his feathers singed. When it appeared that the club was doomed those members that had not important business elsewhere proceeded to gather up the priceless treasures in the rooms. They had very little time but they had sufficient presence of mind to discriminate, not in favor of the intrinsically valuable but in favor of things that were identified with the history of the organization. Most of the jinks' cartoons were saved, and they are more highly prized than the most valuable of the masterpieces that were destroyed. However, they will

have a Keith and a Tavernier in their new home, for they are among the paintings that were saved. In the great excitement of the moment, Tom Wilson, being of the board of managers, thought of the books and he saved them together with the bar tags. I doubt that he will ever be able to vindicate himself. Fancy a member of the Bohemian Club with his mind on I. O. U's when the lares and penates of the club were threatened with destruction! Is it within stretch of the most elastic imagination to conceive anything more significant of commercial contamination? To the assembled members of the club, the other day, President Hall read a list of the things that had been saved, and as each item was given there was loud applause. General was the satisfaction of the members on learning that many of their historic treasures would grace their new quarters. Last on the list were the tags and mention of them evoked groans. President Hall was pleased to learn the sentiment of the club. It is said that Tom Wilson is preparing an elaborate defense, and that he will probably plead that he thought the tags contained the autographs of famous men.

Reedy's Picture.

Singular to relate, one of the most sympathetic pen-pictures of the San Francisco that is gone was drawn by a man who never set foot on California soil—William Marion Reedy, the gifted editor of the St. Louis Mirror. It is astonishing to learn how close a student of San Francisco's affairs was Mr. Reedy. There is more local color in his picture than in any of the sketches that have been drawn for Eastern periodicals by men and women that have lived in and grown up with the city. He writes like one who had absorbed the atmosphere of the town, who appreciated the tonic effect of the fogs as well as their weirdly beautiful effects on the landscape, like one who was proud to feel that he contributed to the exotic temperament of the community and who would look back with pain on scenes that had vanished forever. He treats lightly nothing but our affectation in the matter of the city's name: "Before the crash and flame Frisco was beginning to protest at being called anything but San Francisco. Yet Frisco clung; it held some winking, sly hint of frisky."

Some of the Great Ones.

Reedy reviews many of the principal events in the history of the city and shows the familiarity of a native with our most notable characters of the past and present who have figured in all the varied activities of the State. "Out of Frisco," he says, "came the gambler Keene to teach lessons to Gould and Fisk and Daniel Drew. * * * The daughters of rough-and-tumble bar-keepers and wrangling washerwomen married the sons of princes whose lives ran back to the

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time of Michael Angelo and beyond. The woman of the camp queened it in London, and offered to buy the Arc de Triomphe in Paris because it obstructed her view. The grub-stake prospectors build palaces filled with the spoil of Italy on Fifth avenue. The contests over their wills by the wives they forgot to mention clogged the courts. * * * There came from the sand lots the cry that the "Chinese must go." Out of golden Frisco came the raucous voice of Denis Kearney, an agitator to live in history with Wat Tyler and Jack Cade, to inspire the thinking of statesmen who would not have wiped their feet on him. * * * Burst from Frisco the tender-tough singer of the "Heathen Chinee," the historian of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," the wildly luxuriant genius of Bret Harte. * * * With the romance that headquartered in Frisco Mark Twain savored his message of fun to the world, and developed his talent until he is today, not perhaps, but undoubtedly, our chiefest man of letters. * * * In Frisco Richard Realf sang a few songs unforgettably, and harassed by misfortune, slunk away to die to the music of De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum, a poem ranking surely with Thanatopsis."

A Town of Temperament.

Reedy has long been a student of Henry George, of whom he writes: "And then a little man, poor, unknown, a printer almost starving, meditating in this city of the Golden Gate on the problem of House of Have and the House of Need—this printer wrote a book. It set the economists by the ears. It challenged the theologians. It shook Mammon on his temple, the Pope on the throne of Peter. It made men realize the sense of brotherhood. It created a religion of the here and now, with a remedy for want, a curb on human greed." Next he tells of the more recent successful literary geniuses that have come out of San Francisco. He tells also of Keith, "who has something of the mastery of the dark color of Diaz—Keith, undoubtedly one of the greatest of American artists. * * * This town of less than half our population sent a boy to New York to challenge the supremacy of Pulitzer in journalism with les taches jaunes, and to frighten Wall street with a red flag having just a touch of yellow, and to compel by sheer audacity attention to his intention to be President—Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

* * * Frisco was loved by its citizens as no city is loved in this land, save, possibly, New York. It was a city that cared for the beautiful, that took to ideas. It has the only Bohemian Club in the world in which Bohemianism was fumigated of its disreputability. George Sterling wrote there the best book of verse of the last four years, "The Testimony of the Suns," and from Frisco Jack London, with his gospel of beauty in brutality, captured men's imaginations. * * * Life was lived in Frisco. It was a little of Paris, of Rome, of Florence, of Pekin. It was a town of temperament, in which lightness blended with a native beauty sense. * * * The world turned to Frisco and California as it turned in earlier ages to Rome and Florence and Italy. There the singer, the sculptor, the painter, the novelist, sought the sky and air that freshened heart and fecundated mind. It chained the sensitive of soul, and it invited the merely sensual

lovers of luxury. * * * There was a great gap in the history of American life, letters and character and achievement with Frisco's story omitted. * * * To have died in the fall of Frisco was something like coming home from battle on the Spartan shield. Will Frisco stay fallen? No. A new Frisco shall uprear itself and laugh at the sea, and when old Atlas again shifts the globe a little on his shoulders it will laugh and dance and fight and drink and make love as before, and be proud that among its other claims to greatness is that of having met and conquered a calamity that stilled and chilled the whole world's heart for a day.

Weill's Philanthropy.

Raphael Weill was one of the first merchants in San Francisco to get in a new supply of goods after the fire, but he was not one of the first to convert his merchandise into cash. Mr. Weill is San Francisco's most generous giver. But unlike most of our leading philanthropists he avoids the limelight while dispensing his charities. It was by an accident that I learned of his latest generous deed. I was looking for the office of the London, Paris and American Bank on Pacific avenue, and entered the house that had just been vacated by that institution. There I found about thirty clerks assorting dry goods, and I learned upon inquiry that Raphael Weill had purchased the goods in the east, thirty-five thousand dollars worth, consisting of suits and underwear for women and children, to be distributed among the deserving by the Associated Charities and the Sisters of the Holy Family.

Dingee's Man Dennis.

W. J. Dingee, the millionaire, who slakes Oakland's thirst, has a colored office porter by the name of Dennis. He had no hand in the acquisition of the name. He was born with it and he does nothing to deserve it. On the contrary his name spells "hero" in the Dingee system of orthography. On the morning of the earthquake the Dingees were in their apartments in the Palace Hotel. They were very eager to get to a place of safety, and when they learned of the conflagration they were prepared to take to flight and leave all their personal effects behind. Indeed, they were on the point of doing this when Dennis appeared on the scene and invited them to take a ride. He explained that he had

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been unable to get the Dingee carriage, but had borrowed one to which he had hitched the Dingee team. The carriage and pair were at the carriage entrance. There was no time to sing the praises of Mr. Dennis. There was no time for anything but to get into the carriage and the family did so and were driven to a point where they were transported to their home in San Mateo county. After the fire Dingee learned that Dennis drove back from the train to the hotel, then he loaded the carriage with all the Dingee goods and chattels, which were of great value, and removed them to a place of safety; also that he drove to the Dingee office and saved many more things including several valuable paintings. It would be hard to estimate the value of all that colored man saved. A week after the fire the man from whom Dennis borrowed the carriage presented Dingee with a bill for five hundred dollars.

"Did you pay him?" asked the friend to whom the millionaire had told the story.

"I should say I did," said Dingee. "I think I'd have given him five thousand if he had asked for it."

Jack Wilson's Luck.

To some people the fire has proved a great blessing and for the reason that their property went up in smoke; or, to be more accurate, after the smoke drifted away. There are many pieces of real estate in the down-town district producing more revenue today than they yielded before the fire. For example before the fire Jack Wilson, broker and bohemian, was receiving \$250 a month from the Western Fuel Company for a lot at the corner of Battery and Vallejo streets. Wells, Fargo & Company obtained a lease of the lot the other day for the purpose of erecting a stable thereon and Jack Wilson is now receiving five hundred dollars a month for his property.

The Brave Martins.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin is one of the coolest of dowagers. She is one of the few that kept their heads during the fire and she is about the only woman in society who is not going about with a long face and a tale of woe on her lips. The whole Martin clan will spend the summer at Burlingame. The Peter Martin house I hear will be rushed to completion but it is uncertain when the Walters Martin's will begin work on their French chateau. Mrs. Peter Martin's relatives have been sending her the most imploring letters to leave "that awful country," but she has so far refused countless invitations to visit in Newport and elsewhere.

Hotten's Epitaph.

George R. Sims, author of "Lights o' London" and "Ostler Joe," and now more familiarly known as "Dagonet" of the Referee, recently solicited the contribution of authentic comic epitaphs from village churchyards. Mr. Herman Scheffauer, who is still in London, writes me that in a spirit of fun he sent him an epitaph, that Ambrose Bierce had told him about, and asked him if he remembered it or the occasion

when it was produced. This is the story of the epitaph as I get it from Scheffauer: Many years ago when Bierce was a writer in London, he received a check from a publisher named Hotten, and on his way to the bank he dropped in to the Mitre Tavern, a favorite resort of the writers of the time, where he found his colleagues, George R. Sims, George Augustus Sala, Austin Dobson and others. The news of Hotten's death had shortly before reached the tavern and the young writers were engaged in making epitaphs on the dead publisher, who was not well beloved. One of them—

Hotten,
Rotten,
Forgotten.

After considerable time had been spent in pleasantries Bierce resumed his journey and when he reached the bank the clerk told him that payment had been stopped on all Hotten's checks, it having been learned only three minutes before that the publisher was dead.

A Coincidence.

Mr. Sims remembered the story of that epitaph. In answer to Schaffauer's letter he wrote: "Was it not a strangely curious thing that I was writing about Hotten and the check at the very identical moment you were writing to me." And Sims sent to Scheffauer a copy of his story as printed in the paper in which his "Reminiscences" are running. He relates that Bierce appeared in London in the sixties and became a contributor to Fun, a paper then under the editorship of Tom Hood. "Bierce," says Sims, "was a brilliantly clever man, whose work has not made the mark in this country it should have made. Some short stories he published under the title of 'In the Midst of Life,' are worthy of Kipling at his best." According to Sims, Bierce called on Hotten the day of the epitaph episode to see him about a check over which there had been some trouble. A servant opened the door.

"Where's Mr. Hotten?" Bierce asked.

"Upstairs, sir, I'll show you," said the girl. Bierce

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followed her. The girl opened the door and Bierce who was in a rage strode into the room.

"Look here, Hotten," he exclaimed—what the—"

Then he stopped, for he saw that John Camden Hotten lay dead upon the bed. The girl had imagined that Bierce was from the undertakers.

Her First Earthquake.

The very word "earthquake" seems to exercise a fascination of terror over most minds, and those who have never experienced the doubtful pleasure of a shake-up are yet able to exercise their imagination to good purpose. One of the pioneer mothers, who has resided in San Francisco since the earliest fifties and is now philosophic enough to accept as a matter of course anything which does not bring the roof down on her head, relates this experience of her first shock: She came from New York to California via the Tehuantepec route, and had heard, before starting on her journey, of the terrors of the temblors and what course to pursue in case, as was almost inevitable, she should experience one. In crossing the isthmus she was obliged to pass one night at the "hotel," which proved to be an unfloored tent with as many low cots crowded into it as space would permit, and retired with some misgivings as to what might happen before daylight. After dropping off to sleep she was awakened by a most unpleasant heaving and pitching of her couch, and concluding that an earthquake had arrived and was about to swallow her bodily, she leaped up and screamed lustily, awakening all the other sleepers. Though none of them had felt any disturbance they added their shrieks to hers. Meanwhile a light was produced and as she still persisted in her assertion that there was an earthquake right under her bed, an investigation was made, and there were driven forth two of the proprietor's razorbacks, which had managed to find their way into the dormitory and were luxuriously scratching their spines on the under side of the bed slats.

Twain Mixes His Dates.

Mark Twain was slightly mixed in the reminiscences of the earthquake of October 21, 1868, which he contributed to the New York Sun. The events which he described took place in 1865, on October 8, and the shake of that date was "the big earthquake" until the bigger one, three years later, ousted it from its place of supremacy. The earthquake of 1865 took place in the middle of a Sunday afternoon, when the streets were quiet and deserted; and the sudden overflow of what Mark terms "rags of every color and description" was from the show windows of Popper's dry goods and furnishing store, one of the large establishments of the day. The glass fell out, and the neckties, ribbons and other goods displayed, were emptied upon the sidewalk. Mark is also drawing the long bow when he says he saw a four-story brick building collapse. Some bricks were dropped from the Neucleus, then in course of construction, but it was very far from collapsing. Indeed it was so well put up that, a few years ago, when it was demolished to make room for the Examiner, it could hardly be torn apart, and it was an object of curiosity and a source of wonder to architects and builders who were called in to see to what lengths the foolish fear of earthquakes could lead the pioneers. Doubtless they have changed their minds by now and new San Francisco will profit by attention to the wisdom of those ancients.

At Lake Tahoe.

People from all parts of the world are already gathered at Lake Tahoe for the summer season. At the Tavern there are many tourists enjoying the bracing mountain air and the delights to be had on the water and among the pines. Australia is represented by J. Blackwood and W. W. Buckle; Washington, D. C. by Mrs. C. W. Godey; New York by Miss L. A. Schulenberg; Chicago by Alice Cary Wood and Miss M. T. Morse; Boston by L. C. Talbot; Cincinnati by Robert Resor; Portland, Oregon by D. B. Smith; Geboia, Nebraska by Mrs. G. L. Burke and children; Salt Lake City by Mrs. E. M. Hugerim; Erie, Penn. by the E. H. Macks; New Berlin, Ill. by Mrs. Niblock. Among the San Franciscans at the lake are the C. Frederick Kohls and E. W. Kerr and son. Trout fishing is as usual the most popular form of amusement at the lake.

At Rowardennan.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske and the Ashton Stevens's are at the Hotel Rowardennan in the Santa Cruz mountains. There is already an abundance of life and gayety at his popular resort. Among the San Franciscans sojourning there are the Frank Bosqui's, Mrs. M. A. Reynolds, Albert Hanford, H. C. Wiell, A. M. Barnett, and Stanley Durbrow.

At Byron.

The roads to Byron Springs are in good condition, and the automobilists are foregathering there as usual. Among the arrivals during the week were John H. Speck and party, William F. Herrin and Walter Parker, Dr. and Mrs. J. Edson Kelsey, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Emanuels and Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Graham.

Irwin to Manage McClures.

Will Irwin is to be managing editor of McClure's Magazine, the information to that effect coming through a letter he has written to a San Francisco friend. Before the quarrels that led to a change in the editorship of McClure's, he had practically been engaged as editor of Public Opinion, but gave it up on receiving the other offer. This new position places him in the front rank, a position attained in a very short time. It was not more than seven years ago that Irwin came to San Francisco from Stanford and went to work on the Wave. He went from there to the Chronicle, and in a short time graduated from the reporter's room—where he did remarkably good work—

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to the Sunday editor's desk. His next move was to New York, where he went to work for the Sun. His rise there was as rapid as it had been here, and in a short time he was known as the star reporter of that paper—about as high a position, from a reportorial standpoint, as one could aspire to. His education, ability, and his varied training should make him a success on McClures.

Another Golconda.

Another great mining camp sprang into existence in Nevada a few months ago, and experts are saying that it is the "richest ever." One of the most enthusiastic of the prophets is Fred Galpin, a veteran miner, who recently came to town to invest some of his Nevada gold-dust in San Francisco real estate. He is as wild-eyed over the future of this city as he is over the prospects of Manhattan, the new mining camp, and he bases his judgment respecting the future of this city solely on his knowledge of current events in the sage-brush state. He says that this city is bound to get the bulk of the riches that are to come out of Nevada, and in his opinion the greatest ore beds of that state have not yet been uncovered. According to Galpin the history of Manhattan reads like a fairy story. On March thirty-first of last year, George Humphrey, a rancher of Reno, Nev., went on a spree in Tonopah, and the next morning, All Fool's Day, he started for Belmont where his aged father and three brothers lived. He took a bottle of whisky with him and got drunk on the road. Finding it uncomfortable on his horse's back he dismounted and went to sleep by the wayside. When he awoke he noticed a chunk of rock that his boot had dislodged, and he thought he detected color. So he put it in his pocket and when he reached Belmont he handed it to an assayer, who told him a day or two later that the rock carried gold values exceeding \$1,000 to the ton.

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice.

Humphrey immediately hastened back to the scene of his siesta and proceeded to stake out claims, the first of which he called April Fool in commemoration of the day of the discovery. He was soon joined by his father and brothers and today they are all millionaires. From April until December they had no companions. They told nobody of the discovery. Travelers along the dusty road occasionally stopped and talked to them but they invariably said that they were only prospecting. But one day an inquisitive visitor picked up a few rocks and carried them to Tonopah, where he had them assayed. Then began the rush to the new camp which is now known as Manhattan. Last Christmas there were only five persons in Manhattan. Now there are five thousand and the population is increasing every day, for there are many getting rich in the new El Dorado and stories of the great wealth that is being dug out of the ground are spreading through all the other mining camps in the state. So far not a shaft has been sunk in the camp. It consists of nothing but prospect holes but the ore that has been taken out is the richest ever seen. Selected ores have been taken out of one hole that ran one-eighth pure gold, valued at \$85,000 to the ton. Selected specimens from another hole showed one-fourth pure gold, \$166,000 to the ton. This kind of ore of course is not found in ton lots. Manhattan is sixty-one miles northeast of Tonopah. It is a little south of Belmont, one hundred and twenty miles southeast of Virginia City, eighty miles northeast

of Goldfield and one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Bullfrog. It is therefore nearly in the centre of the great mineral belt extending from the Golden Triangle to the Comstock lode.

Oh, For a Square Meal.

There is much complaint among the business men who are temporarily on Fillmore street over their inability to get anything decent to eat. They have to depend on the neighborhood restaurants, which are wofully lacking in either quality or variety as to their bills of fare. "I have eaten ham and eggs," said one disgruntled merchant, "until I feel like a combined pig-sty and incubator. And such ham! There are none of the generous slices that the word suggests. I have seen nothing but scraps from the shanks. Where they get so many shanks is a mystery to me." Most of these restaurants are what the late Frank Norris denominated "car conductors coffee houses." They are the habitat of beef a la mode or Spanish, lamb stew made of mutton, and similar made-over dishes, vilely served. "When I think," said one complainant, "of the little lunches that I used to get down on Sacramento street—a bit of broiled fish, an English mutton chop, a vegetable, some cheese, a glass of sound claret, and all for half a dollar." "And the broiled striped bass they used to give us at the 'fly-trap,'" said a second mourner; "and the Palace grill tenderloin steaks," wept a third. And each of them started out in the hope of meeting a club friend, planning to be excessively cordial to him. For the club men who have got into new quarters are the only homeless ones who are eating decent lunches, and they are the envy of those who do not belong.

Rader's Criticism of Wilde.

Rev. Dr. Rader has been writing of current literature and making a mess of it. But that is not remarkable. It is what usually happens when a man plunges into a discussion of something with which he is not familiar. But I am surprised at Dr. Rader for likening himself unto those that rush in where angels fear to tread. Dr. Rader tells us that Wilde is read because like Shaw he is lawless; in other words that he appeals to the prurient-minded and the morbid lovers of the salaciously erotic. Rather an unfortunate comparison that. It would be hard to find two writers whose works are more dissimilar than those of Wilde and Shaw—one a passionate preacher of the Christian

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idealities, the other, a heretic and a pessimist. As to the lawlessness of Shaw, that is a subject that has provoked endless debate, and the question involved is not to be settled by the ordinary mortal in a brief news paper paragraph. True Dr. Rader disposed of it in less than a column of the Bulletin but the reverend gentleman is an extraordinary mortal. That which he so airily settles the brightest critics of London have been disputing over for years. It has inspired them in the filling of many pages of their periodicals. I have an opinion about Shaw, but I have expressed it so often that it bores me to repeat it. Of Wilde I have written but never to deny the charge of lawlessness; that charge was made and proved in Justice's Tribunal but never in the temple where questions of art are arbitrated. Dr. Rader appears to have confounded Wilde's physical habits with his spiritual achievements. A common error, that. There are many sacrosanct individuals that draw the line at the performances of Wilde's genius either through fear of being thought too indulgent toward an unfortunate pervert or in horror at the prospect of foul contamination.

Things Worth Reading.

It is not so extraordinary as one might conclude at first blush that Dr. Rader should condemn Oscar Wilde without reading him. He probably heard of one book attributed to Wilde and concluded that all the other works of the dead poet were in the same vein. Wordsworth being prejudiced against Goethe was as unjust to the German as Dr. Rader is to the brilliant Irishman. Matthew Arnold wrote: "the one thing wanting to make Wordsworth an even greater poet than he is—his thought richer, and his influence of wider application,—was that he should have read more books, among them, no doubt, those of that Goethe whom he disparaged without reading him." How easy to make application of a paraphrase of Arnold! The one thing wanting to make the Rev. Dr. Rader an even holier and better man than he is and his influence of wider application,—is that he should read Wilde. I would advise him to begin with "The Young King" in Town Talk, and then to take up "The Happy Prince" to be followed by "The Selfish Giant" and "The Devoted Friend." I will defy Dr. Rader or any other man to read those allegories, or Wilde's poems in prose, not to speak of his minor verses in religious strain and his essay on "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," and overcome their spiritual influence. I know that Dr. Rader has not read those works because if he had he would not accuse Wilde of being lawless. On the contrary he would feel that the dead poet had not lived in vain, he would feel toward him as the fervently religious feel toward all men who have quickened their finer sensibilities, who have intensified in them the spirit of charity and the sentiment of sympathy toward all mankind.

A Plea for Independence.

A brief review of the work done at the recent session of the Association of American Universities held in California appeared in the New York Sun, in the form of a letter to the editor from somebody too modest to reveal his identity. From the writer I learn that "Two great obstructions there are in the main channel of the stream of our educational progress," one of which is "the tendency which has been present from the beginning of our national life and which is dying hard (Heaven be praised it is indisputably dying at last),

the tendency to copy, to endeavor to conform the conditions of life to the precedents that obtain in Europe. We are told that "independence in literature and art we have hardly won, but in education individuality has begun to assert itself plainly." From these remarks I am inclined to infer that the unknown Sun correspondent is in favor of shutting American universities out of the world of ideas. At any rate it is clear that he craves independence in intellectual matters, and from that I infer that he is the product of one of the provincial New England universities that have been so active in imposing their prejudices and conceits on the people of this country. Why should we want independence in literature and art or in our method of teaching? Independence in such matters means provincialism. At the session to which the unknown commentator refers President Benjamin Ide Wheeler dealt with the subject of the "interchange of professors" and expressed himself in favor of the migration of the younger instructors. In my opinion the older ones should also migrate, for they are more in danger than are the younger ones of becoming affected by dry rot. But President Wheeler has the right idea. He no doubt feels that the college instructor should be impelled by an instinct to know the best that is known and thought

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in the world. It is a parochial conceit to hold that the best that is known and thought in the science of pedagogy is known and thought in this country. The universities of this country are very much in need of a little of the culture of European institutions of learning, the culture that will soften the brutalizing influence of our passion for promoting material progress. It should be the aim of our universities to quicken the approach of the people to that intellectual life which is supposed to come to men after they have satisfied their material wants. But before they make that their aim they will have to enlarge their stock of ideas, moreover they will have to find a substitute for the notion that we should have independence in literature and art. Literature and art are without a country. Though we speak of the literature of a nation and the art of a nation, we mean the literature and the art of individuals the current of whose intellectual activity had its source far beyond the borders of the state. Literature and art can flourish in no land that is not a land of freedom. When it is not a land of freedom it is a land of Philistines. Art and literature have flourished in France more than in any other European nation because the French have been more accessible than any other to ideas. They have not flourished in England because of what Heinrich Heine called "genuine British narrowness." But the British have seen the error of their ways and are now accessible to the intellectual ideas of all Europe. In this country, the Empire of Modern Philistia, art and literature are limping side by side in the shadows of Puritanism and Materialism, and looking appealingly at our great institutions of learning expectant of the helping hand that is never raised.

SINCE THE FIRE.

Brown: Do you feel like a cocktail?

Jones: No, like a patch of sand in the midst of the Sahara. If you belong to a club put me next to a keg of beer, and trust me to protect it from the looters.

—Old Soak.

HE WAS A PAINTER.

"We are not allowed to sell whisky except for medicinal purposes or for use in the arts," said the druggist.

"Well, I want about a quart for use in the arts," said the customer.

"Are you an artist?" asked the druggist.

"Yes, I'm going to paint the old town red," was the reply.



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FOR

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When Honorable Means Fail

The Sin That Is Born of Necessity.

February 12.—It is impossible to be borne any longer. If one only had the courage to go out of the "open door" and be through with the struggle!

It would not be necessary to make one of those very disagreeable spectacular exits, as the poor devil in the basement did last week with his dull razor.

I had a foreboding long ago, when Burt gave me that tightly sealed bottle of prussic acid to ease poor Hector's agony after his indiscreet sampling of uninspected food, that I might some day envy Hector his quiet finish. So I have half the bottle left.

I have acquired such a habit of letting the great satirist Pierce sway my opinions that I have a whimsical notion, even in my misery, to write him a letter from "A Constant Reader," asking his judgment on the case.

I will tell him how I have tried and failed; how I remember the words of the old Greek who said, "Poverty is no disgrace, provided all honorable means have been taken to overcome it." How I tried all honorable means open to me, and even considered others, but found the others too distasteful to contemplate seriously!

Will I abide by his judgment if he counsels the slower and more painful death, starvation? I do not know.

I must be wandering to suppose that he, Pierce, would notice the maunderings of a would-be suicide.

I shall try, anyhow.

February 14.—There is but one Pierce, and his name is Austin. He answered my note and requested an interview. And that is why I am here with the books and the flowers, the rugs and cushions, and this glorious grate fire. Two days ago I was shivering. I know it is grossly material to lay such stress on these things. Perhaps you never have had to go without them so long.

A year earlier I would not have had the courage to have bearded the lion in his den, but I thought it such a little time until I would be through with it all that I called on Pierce.

To indulge my last fantasy I donned all my purple and fine linen, remnants of past glory. I do not regret that final extravagance of gown and millinery, acquired just before the crash of a season ago.

I think I made a passably good appearance for a young woman who had not tasted meat for a week. A little pale, perhaps, and dark about the eyes—"those marvelous blue eyes," Burt used to call them. He was consoled as easily as his sex is usually, no more. Nell is the wife for him, after all. She will not distract his mind too much from his dear profession.

Nanette, place a bottle of wine in the cooler—you know his favorite brand—and bring me one of those red roses for my hair. You may turn the lights a little lower. I shall not need you again tonight.

Pierce is not simply a giver of counsel. I hear his step.

I find the pill not so distasteful, after all. The gilding is new.

But I keep the bottle Burt gave me, just the same.

—The Convert.

THE OLD STORY.

Financier: No, you can't have any summer dresses this year.

His Wife: Why not?

The Financier: We must economize until public confidence is restored.

—The Maid.

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Epigrams from Riis.

(Being Excerpts Made for Town Talk from "Battle With the Slums.")

You must use the tools that come to hand and be glad for them if you want to get things done.

Preserve us from him, from the man who eternally wants to hold the scales even and so, never gets done weighing—never hands anything over the counter. Take him away and put red blood into his veins. And let the rest of us go ahead and make our mistakes—as few as we can, as many as we must; only let us go ahead.

You bring us the people slowly to a reform programme, particularly when it costs money. They will pay for corruption without a growl but seem to think that virtue ought always to be had for nothing. It makes the politicians game easy. They steal the money for improvements and predict that reform will raise the tax rate. When the prophecy comes true they take the people back in their sheltering embrace with an "I told you so" and the people nestle there repentant.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty! To be vigilant is to sit up with a club. We, as a people, have provided in the republic a means of fighting for our rights and getting them, and it is our business to do it. We shall never get them in any other way.

The longer I live the more I think of humor as in truth the saving sense. A civil service examination to hit home might well be one to make sure the man could appreciate a good story. For all editors I would make that kind compulsory.

We are none of us infallible, and what a good thing it is for us that we are not. Think of having an infallible friend to live alongside of always! How long could you stand it?

—The Bookworm.

They'll Not Eat Him.

Editor Town Talk:

An effort is being made to get up a sensation over the visit of Father Sherman, who celebrated mass in San Francisco during "earthquake week," along the route taken by William Tecumseh Sherman in his march to the sea through a country barren of about everything except women, children and manumitted slaves. Let us look backward some twenty-seven years. I happened to be in the village of Cartersville when General Sherman made his first march through the State of Georgia after the war. It was published throughout the North that he would surely be murdered. He rode in a Pullman car, and when the train stopped at Cartersville came out on the rear platform to see a gathering of some 2,000 people. The best of humor prevailed and not a few jokes were cracked between the warrior and those whom he had a few years before so ruthlessly beggared. Glancing over the village, Sherman, shading his eyes with his hand, asked in a loud voice: "What's become of those chimneys I left standing here the last time I called on you fellows? I don't see a single one. There's nothing but houses." Some

one in the crowd yelled back: "General, the chimneys are here yet, but we've built new houses around 'em." As the train pulled away Sherman said: "War is hell, sure enough; but what a reign of peace is here today." I guess they wouldn't eat Father Sherman in 1906.

Yours truly,

L. E. FELDMAN.

EVIDENCE OF CULTURE.

Mabel: Ma, what's the Decalogue?

Mrs. Pacific Avenue (horrified): Hush, dear! It's a dreadful book that some horrid Italian or other wrote.

—The Dilettante.

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The Horse—Well, you haven't improved in odor, so I don't see why you're getting so proud.

The Auto—Haven't you heard?

The Horse—What?

The Auto—I won the gratitude of the people in the San Francisco fire. They've forgiven everything.

—The Chauffeur.

WHEN THE HAMMER IS OUT.

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Mrs. Ogre: Yes, just the minute her husband gets out of the house in the morning.

—The Neighbor.



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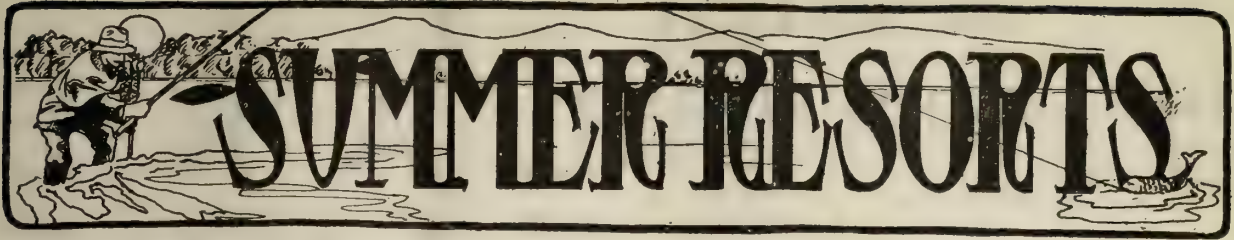
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Just rebuilt and newly furnished. Hot Sulphur Baths famous all over the West. Water gushes from solid rock, cures Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Dyspepsia, Malarial Diseases and Stomach, Kidney and Liver Complaints. Excellent hunting and fishing and a first-class table. Located in the heart of the giant redwoods. Open all the year round; camping ground free. Telephone and Livery. C. N. W. Ry. to Ukiah, stage to springs. Round trip from San Francisco \$9.50. Address J. L. ORR, Ukiah, Mendocino Co., Cal.

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Tahoe Tavern

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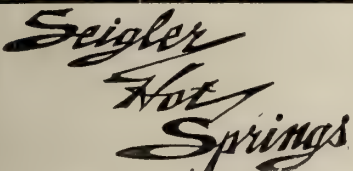
Hotel Del Monte was very slightly injured by the recent disturbance, and is offering welcome shelter to all San Franciscans. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families.

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Week end excursion from San Francisco, \$7.50 round trip, includes two days at hotel, railroad fare, and use of waters. Everything paid. Ask Southern Pacific agents.

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HAVE

TOWN TALK

SENT YOU

WHILE ON YOUR

VACATION

The Stage

Theatrical Prospects

When the drama gets on its feet in San Francisco again the Rialto will be, in all probability, on Van Ness avenue. The New Columbia is to be on that street and there will be other theatres not far distant. Harry Bishop expects to resume business in the Majestic theatre as soon as it is rebuilt and meanwhile he is getting ready to present attractions in the Bell theatre on Market near Seventh. This theatre was designed for the popular vaudeville circuit, and it was approaching completion at the time of the earthquake from which it suffered no damage. It escaped the fire, too. The original plans will be altered so that the stage shall be suitable for dramatic productions.

Trebelli Is Coming

Plucky Manager Greenbaum is resolved to keep San Francisco up to date in musical matters. Hearing the other day that Mlle. Dolores, better known as Trebelli, one of San Francisco's favorite concert singers, had finished her tour of Germany and Russia and was soon to pass through San Francisco on her way to Australia, he opened negotiations with her, and the probability is that she will be heard in a few concerts. Among the musical attractions secured by Greenbaum for next season are Schumann-Rieck, Rosenthal "the little giant of the key-board," and Campanari, the great baritone.

At the Orpheum

Fred Karno's London comedy company will head the bill at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. There are sixteen people in this company, the largest vaudeville combination in the world. They present six special features in one act, which is called "The Humming Birds" or "A Night in an English Music Hall." It is said to be a whole show in itself. Probst, the whistler and imitator of birds, who was a hit with the Orpheum Road Show, will return Sunday, the Argenanti trio will be heard in new operatic selections, and the best features of this week's bill will be retained.

Oakland Theatricals

At Manager Bishop's beautiful Oakland theatre, Ye Liberty, crowds of farce-lovers have screamed through the week at the complications of "Are You a Mason?" This play will hold the boards until Monday night, when it will be succeeded by "How Baxter Butted In," a play that made a great hit at one of Mr. Bishop's San Francisco houses.

When such an old, familiar comic opera as "Chimes of Normandy" runs for two weeks in Oakland, two truths assert themselves,—that the performance is a meritorious one and that theatrical patronage is growing across the bay. Next Monday night that other old favorite, Audran's "Mascot," a comic opera that has not been heard for years, will be revived. Sybil Page, who is a captivating soprano, will appear as Fiametta, Eugene Weiner, as Frederick, Arthur Cunningham, as Pippo, and Ferris Hartman as Farmer Rocco.

One of the big attractions at Idora Park is the skating rink under the umbrageous trees, which presents a beautiful spectacle at night when incandescently illuminated.

The Press Club, at the invitation of Managers Bishop and Greenbaum, will soon enjoy an evening's outing at Idora Park.

In the Limelight

Melville Ellis is making a big hit in his pianologue in vaudeville.

Maude Amber is in Australia. As soon as she heard of the earthquake she was seized with misgivings regarding the fate of the record in her divorce suit, and immediately wrote for information.

Mrs. Fiske "tried out," shortly before starting for California, a new one-act play by John Luther Long, called "Dolce." It tells the story of a wealthy Italian countess who, in a poverty-bitten childhood, was a model for a starving artist in America. The pair meet after fifteen years, and the play hinges on the countess' efforts to induce the still starving painter to sell the portrait of "Dolce," and to win from him recognition of his little model. Mrs. Fiske was well received in the play.

Clyde Fitch has completed the dramatization of Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth."

Belcher's Return

Frank Belcher, the popular vocalist, who went to Italy ten years ago to have his voice cultivated, and who has been on the professional stage several years, is home enjoying a vacation. This season he was leading baritone of the Lillian Blauvelt comic opera company. He has had but one engagement in this city since he went on the stage, and that was when he was with the Hallan & Hart company.

IDORA PARK

OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager

The Idora Opera Co. in

"Chimes of Normandy"

Commencing Monday Night

"THE MASCOTTE"

Paul Steindorff, Conductor. Ferris Hartman, Stage Director.

Seats 50c and 35c, including admission to Park.

Ye Liberty Playhouse

14th & Broadway
OAKLAND

Bishop's Players in ARE YOU A MASON?

Commencing Monday Night

"HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN"

Reserved seats 50c. and 25c.

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Karno's London Comedy Company, 16 in number: Marvelous Frank and Little Bob; Probst; Caprice, Lynn and Fay; Scipio Argenanti Trio; Foster and Foster; The Great Francelias and Orpheum Motion Pictures.

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Letters

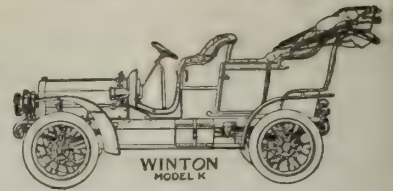
Vikings of the Pacific.

Now that our libraries are destroyed and most of the children who owned books are bereft, we can begin with a clean slate and wipe out past mistakes. One of the first volumes to be bought for the boys and girls, and one of the first to be placed in the juvenile section of the public libraries should be "Vikings of the Pacific." This is not a child's book in the ordinary acceptance of that term, but it is one that growing children should have access to. If it were not that every volume ever "studied" under a decree of an educational body becomes forevermore anathema, one would recommend it as a most suitable addition to the supplementary readers, but what is desired is to see it in the hands of the young students of history, not to frighten them from it. It is high time that the school histories were re-written for this coast and that less of the petty bickerings of the pious Puritans and the discoveries of the New England coasting captains were dished up for young California in order to leave room for something of the heroisms and hardships endured by Bering and his successors, and that Gray and Vancouver might be impressed on youthful minds by something more tangible than the name of a harbor and an island. The investigation into the causes of the wreck of the Valencía, together with the innumerable disasters which overtook vessels in the early days of the Klondike rush make it clear that the Pacific has lost none of its characteristics since the days when mariners sailed up and down the coasts of Oregon and Washington without discovering the Columbia river or Puget sound, and the accounts of the Indian massacres go to show that the conquest of America was not all carried on in New England. Miss Laut writes interestingly and entertainingly. She does not profess to be furnishing the last word, much less to exhaust her subject, but she opens wide a door which, at least as far as children and young readers are concerned, has been too long held on a crack. The boy who is wasting his time over the adventures of mythical young hunters, will find more in "Vikings of the Pacific" and "Pathfinders of the West" to interest him, and at the same time, to strengthen his mind and add to his store of information; and his father will enjoy them with him. The book is well indexed and illustrated. A larger map of the Pacific Coast with all places marked and named would be an appreciable addition. Published by the Macmillan Company.

 "Randvar the Songsmith."

It is a pretty romance which Miss Otilie Lilien-crantz has woven about the mythical Norse settlement in America antedating the discovery of the continent by Columbus. She has chosen for her hero the son of the Viking who, according to Longfellow's poem "The Skeleton in Armor," built the round tower at Newport, and has skillfully interwoven a fabric composed of tradition, ancient beliefs, old Norse customs and historical fact, with a friendship like unto that of David and Jonathan, and a love story as old as the world and as new as today. This is an excellent book to put into the hands of boys and girls just issuing from the enchantments of purely juvenile books. Both the romantic and the adventurous features are treated rationally and temperately, without being either tame or exaggerated. Published by Harper and Brother.

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"Six Stars."

In "Six Stars" Nelson Lloyd has gone back to that rural Pennsylvania district which furnished the setting for "The Soldier of the Valley." We are initiated into village customs which are equally entertaining to those who have been city dwellers all their lives and are learning of something strange to their experiences and to those who, having passed over a brief period in the backwoods, have some data on which to proceed. There are sixteen tales, mostly related through the lips of the old gaffers who gather around the stove or on the porch of the village store and exchange comments and stories, philosophize and gossip together. Their speech is full of quaint turns, and their beliefs tinged with superstition. They are simple souls, shut out by the mountains, but running, within their narrow limit, the whole gamut of human emotions. Mr. Lloyd evidently knows both extremes of society by heart, understands them thoroughly, and has the same kindly, tolerant humor for both. When San Francisco is restored to the normal and people begin to think of books once more, "Six Stars" deserves to be one of the first on every reading list. It is one of the latest good things to reach us from Charles Scribner's Sons just previous to the catastrophe.

The Fox, Duffield Company, who brought out Marguerite Merington's dramatized version of Mrs. Gaskell's immortal story, "Cranford," announced it as unexpurgated. Curiosity led to inquiry as to why "Cranford" should need expurgation and the explanation is on a par with the story of Kipling's "King William." It will be remembered that "King William" appeared serially in the Ladies' Home Journal. When the editors reached one installment they were horrified to discover that somebody indulged in a glass of wine, and cabled the author to come to their relief and extricate them from their dilemma. Mr. Kipling returned answer, "Make it Mellin's Food." It seems that the naughty ladies in "Cranford" once served brandied peaches, and at another time, a dainty which they called "little Cupids," concocted of maccaroons soaked in wine; and the menus of these feasts had to be reconstructed in order to protect the morals of the readers of the journal.

A matter of interest in the book world is the consolidation of the Fox, Duffield Company of New York and the Herbert S. Stone Company of Chicago. The property of the Stone Company has been acquired by purchase, and its removal leaves now only one large general publishing house in Chicago, that of A. C. McClurg. Though Fox, Duffield & Co. is a comparatively new name the members composing the firm are by no means amateurs, one of them having been connected with Scribner's and the other with Harper's for years. In the readjustment that was brought about a few years ago these young men saw their chance to make a place for themselves and the class of work which they have been turning out is its own justification for their faith in themselves.

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Murine soothes and quickly cures eyes that need care. All druggists and opticians sell it at 50 cents per bottle.

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THE YOUNG KING

(Continued from Page 9)

at the high altar of the cathedral in the fair raiment of a King, and a smile played and lingered about his boyish lips, and lit up with a bright lustre his dark woodland eyes. After some time he rose from his seat, and, leaning against the carved penthouse of the chimney, looked round at the dimly-lit room. The walls were hung with rich tapestries representing the Triumph of Beauty. A large press inlaid with agate and lapis-lazuli, filled one corner, and facing the window stood a curiously wrought cabinet with lacquer panels of powdered and mosaiced gold, on which were placed some delicate goblets of Venetian glass and a cup of dark-veined onyx. Pale poppies were brodered on the silk coverlet of the bed, as though they had fallen from the tired hands of sleep, and tall reeds of fluted ivory bore up the velvet canopy, from which great tufts of ostrich plumes sprang, like white foam, to the pallid silver of the fretted ceiling. A laughing Narcissus in green bronze held a polished mirror above its head. On the table stood a flat bowl of amethyst.

Outside he could see the huge dome of the cathedral, looming like a bubble over the shadowy houses, and the weary sentinels pacing up and down on the misty terrace by the river. Far away in an orchard, a nightingale was singing. A faint perfume of jasmine came through the open window. He brushed his brown curls back from his forehead, and, taking up a lute, let his fingers stray across the chords. His heavy eyelids drooped, and a strange languor came over him. Never before had he felt so keenly, or with such exquisite joy, the magic and the mystery of beautiful things.

When midnight sounded from the clock-tower he touched a bell, and his pages entered and disrobed him with much ceremony, pouring rose-water over his hands, and strewing flowers on his pillow. A few moments after they had left the room he fell asleep.

And as he slept he dreamed a dream, and this was his dream:

He thought that he was standing in a long, low attic, amidst the whirr and clatter of many looms. The meagre daylight peered in through the grated windows and showed him the gaunt figures of the weavers bending over their cases. Pale, sickly looking children were crouched in the huge cross-beams. As the shuttles dashed through the warp, they lifted up the heavy battens, and when the shuttles stopped, they let the battens fall and pressed the threads together. Their faces were pinched with famine and their thin hands shook and trembled. Some haggard women were seated at a table sewing. A horrible odor filled the place. The air was foul and heavy and the walls dripped and steamed with damp.

The young King went over to one of the weavers and stood by him and watched him.

And the weaver looked at him angrily and said: "Why art thou watching me? Art thou a spy set on us by our master?"

"Who is thy master?" asked the young King.

"Our master!" cried the weaver, bitterly. "He is a man like myself. Indeed, there is but this difference between us,—that he wears fine clothes while I go in rags, and that while I am weak from hunger he suffers not a little from overfeeding."

"The land is free," said the young King, "and thou art no man's slave."

"In war," answered the weaver, "the strong make slaves of the weak, and in peace the rich make slaves of the poor. We must work to live and they give us such mean wages that we die. We toil for them all day long, and they heap up gold in their coffers, and our children fade away

before their time, and the faces of those we love become hard and evil. We tread out the grapes, and another drinks the wine. We sow the corn and our own board is empty. We have chains though no eye beholds them; and are slaves, though men call us free."

"Is it so with all?" he asked.

"It is so with all," answered the weaver, "with the young as well as with the old, with the women as well as with the men, with the little children as well as with those who are stricken with years. The merchants grind us down, and we must needs do their bidding. The priest rides by and tells his beads, and no man has care of us. Through our sunless lanes creeps Poverty with her hungry eyes, and Sin wakes us in the morning, and Shame sits with us at night. But what are these things to thee? Thou art not one of us. Thy face is too happy." And he turned away scowling, and threw the shuttle against the loom, and the young King saw that it was threaded with a thread of gold.

And a great terror seized upon him, and he said to the weaver: "What robe is this that thou art weaving?"

"It is the robe for the coronation of the young King," he answered; "what is that to thee?"

And the young King gave a loud cry and woke, and, lo! he was in his own chamber, and through the window he saw the great honey-colored moon hanging in the dusky air.

(To be concluded next week.)

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All kinds of Vitrified Salt-Glazed Sewer Pipe.

Factory: Tesla, Alameda County, Cal.

Yards: San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, San Jose.

Office, 10th and Division Sts., San Francisco

Correspondence

So many of Town Talk's contemporaries have proudly printed letters received from friends, full of sympathy and amiable sentiments, that the publishers of this periodical are constrained to break through the barrier of modesty, if for no other purpose than to show that they are not unappreciative of kind words:

A Pat From a Wanderer.

London, May 25, 1906.

Editor Town Talk—Dear Sir: Please accept a pat on the back from a subscriber far from home, whose grief over the destruction of the dearest city on earth is partly assuaged by the knowledge that he is not to be robbed of the pleasure of reading his favorite weekly.

Sincerely,

ROBERT L. PATTON.

From the Editor of the St. Louis Mirror.

May 15, 1906.

Dear Mr. Bonnet: I was mighty glad to see the copy of Town Talk which came to hand yesterday morning. Under all the circumstances it looks pretty good to me and doubtless much better to you. I hope that things will shape up for you and that you will make up the next two years all that you have lost in the disaster. I like your pluck and I know that it will have its proper reward. I have not yet seen the Argonaut, but I suppose it is weathering the storm all right like yourself.

Faithfully yours,

REEDY.

From the Manager of Goodwin's Weekly.

Salt Lake, April 21, 1906.

My Dear Mr. Bonnet: If there is anything we can do for you, don't hesitate to let me know. I tried to reach you by wire, but that seems impossible, and perhaps this will reach you much quicker. You don't know me, but I have watched you for a long time and you must pardon the intrusion prompted by a fellow feeling.

Sincerely yours,

TOD GOODWIN.

Ma Tel Vineyard, Upper Lake, May 16, 1906.

Dear Mr. Bonnet: It was with the greatest pleasure that I received the copies of your excellent paper of May 5th and 12th, and you do not know how glad I am to hear from you again through the columns of the press. I most heartily congratulate you on your energy in being able to resume business again so soon, and I hope soon to see the paper in its old dress, though the temporary one is good enough for the time being. When you get around to it, I wish that you would let me know when my subscription expires, for I shall be more than glad to renew it. I am awfully sorry for the loss that the conflagration must have caused you personally, and also for the utter wiping out of nearly all the old landmarks of the city, and for the loss to the owners. But you San Franciscans are wonders, and at the end of a few years at the longest I shall look for the city to be better than it was before. Up here we did not suffer very much, and my personal loss consisted of two chimney tops, a little bric-a-brac, and some badly shattered nerves, for the shock was very severe, and on May 6th we had two more that were almost as bad as the one on the 18th. But congratulating you that you are still in the ring, and with best wishes for your future success, I am very truly yours,

CHARLES MIFFLIN HAMMOND.

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From the Major.

Los Angeles, May 15, 1906.

Dear Mr. Bonnet: Very glad was I to see yours of the 5th and 12th and even more to read your excellent article. You can imagine how sadly I felt over such a catastrophe, as I know and loved the dear city better than any other in the world. Yours very truly,

BEN C. TRUMAN.

They're All Reading It.

Victoria, May 23d.

Editor Town Talk: Please send me another copy of the 5th. I want to keep it as a memento. My regular copy went through so many hands that it's now in bad shape. Your paper is the most popular weekly in this city, and people are now more enthusiastic over it than ever.

Yours truly,

RALPH C. BROWN.

From the Publishing Houses.

Miss S. Connell, Town Talk's book reviewer, recently notified several of the Eastern publishing houses that this periodical would soon resume publication of the department of "Letters," and she received some interesting replies, as, for example:

Dear Miss Connell: Your most interesting letter of May 5th is received today, and is being passed around the establishment so that everyone may read a letter written by one who has been through the earthquake and who knows how to tell about it as well as you do. The bravery and cheerfulness with which you people have gone to work again fills us all with amazement and admiration. It is particularly pleasant to us to know that in the midst of all this bewilderment you can keep an interest in our publications. We are

sending you to-day with our compliments The Woman in the Alcove, Anna Katharine Green's new story, which has just been published.

If we can be of any assistance to you in any way, please consider us at your command, and believe us with all good wishes,

Yours very truly,

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY.

My Dear Miss Connell: We are very grateful indeed for your informing and cordial letter of May 5th and for letting us know about the situation in regard to your interesting and spirited magazine, for which we have come to have a great deal of admiration. Then, too, every fresh intimation that we receive of the spirit with which you San Franciscans are taking hold of the rebuilding of your city is most inspiring. I trust indeed that our pleasant relations of the past may be long continued. We are sending you under another cover "The Vine of Sibmah," one of those few novels with regard to which there is absolutely no preconceived idea in the minds of anyone. Dr. Andrew Macphail has hitherto published but one book—"Essays in Puritanism." Also I am sending to you "The Way of the Gods," and Mr. A. C. Benson's biography of Walter Pater, which will be, I think, of particular interest to you.

Very truly yours,

HERBERT P. WILLIAMS.

(For the MacMillan Company.)

Dear Madam: We wish the best possible success to Town Talk and all the rest of San Francisco. We shall be glad to send you review copies again.

Yours truly,

FOX, DUFFIELD & COMPANY.

Dear Madam: We are much pleased to learn that you are so quickly and pluckily recovering from the

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June-July Number

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BY

E. H. Harriman

"San Francisco"

BY

Joaquin Miller

"The Plight and Prospects of San Francisco" ----- by Charles S. Aiken

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San Francisco Redivivus

A month ago there were a few pessimists in San Francisco who were somewhat sceptical in their views regarding the future of the city. They smiled indulgently when they heard it predicted that an era of unprecedented business activity would soon begin, and they were inclined to scoff at the suggestion that within a few years the city by the Golden Gate would resume its metropolitan air and become once more the commercial centre of the Far West. A month ago the most sanguine of our citizens, those that were most confident that time would show that the prestige of the city was unimpaired, would not have been so bold as to assert that before the end of June hundreds of business firms that had been swept away by fire would again be housed and engaged in trade as of yore. It was not to be expected that commerce would rise from the ruins. It was thought that the ruins would be removed to make way for commerce, and the removal of tangled steel and mounds of brick and stone was looked upon as a titanic task. But so impatient was trade that it would not wait for the orderly process of reconstruction. Business has been resumed in the midst of the ruins. Buildings have been or are being erected in almost every block of the devastated district, and today the supply of labor is far short of the demand though the price of both labor and material is about twenty-five per cent higher than it was before the fire. There is a great deal of money in circulation notwithstanding the dilatoriness of the insurance companies. If so much money is being spent for labor now, in advance of the settlement of claims against the insurance companies, the probability is that when those claims are cashed the volume of money that will pour into the channels of trade will exceed the most extravagant estimates.

The Temple of Greed

Existing conditions tend to make stronger the conviction that it is unwise to permit the erection of skyscrapers in this city. We have already protested against them on account of the discomfort they produce through causing congestion, shutting out light and heat and producing chilling draughts. It is not denied that those are some of the evil effects of the greed that is responsible for high buildings; and surely, if it cannot be shown that the disagreeable consequences are offset by some great public good, it is not the part of wisdom to sanction them. Mr. Hearst favors the skyscraper for the reason, perhaps, that he wishes to build at Third and Market above the sky line of his rivals. But he acclaims skyscrapers for their tendency to give verisimilitude to a metropolitan pose. New York has them, says Hearst; therefore San Francisco should have them. A very poor argument, since, in New York, they are imperative because

of the lack of ground space. San Francisco has abundant territory. It has room in which to expand, and it will have to spread over the ground if it does not go up in the air. Going up in the air means congestion, over-crowded street cars and various other discomforts. Spreading over the ground means demand for ground and demand enhances values. The price of real property has not depreciated since the fire because of the scarcity of high buildings. If owners of property far from the centre of the business district were to take the selfish view of the matter and join hands it would be easy for them to arouse sentiment against skyscrapers. It would please us very much if, by attacking selfishness with selfishness, we could succeed in abating an awful public nuisance.

A Gambling Game

The fire insurance business is being brought into disrepute through the misapprehension of many insurance men regarding not only their obligations to the public but the character of the business in which they are engaged. The insurance business is a gambling game. We were about to add, pure and simple, but the term cannot be truthfully applied. We have recently discovered that it is both impure and complex. It differs from most gambling games in the circumstance that the player, if cheated, may go into court for redress, with technically clean hands. Its complexity lies in the circumstance that the player never knows all the intricacies of it until he attempts to "cash in" against what is known in the argot of the profession as a short bank roll. When a man takes out a policy of insurance, he wagers the amount of his premium against the face value of his policy that the property involved will be destroyed by fire within a certain period agreed upon. The insurance man is pleased to describe his interest in the transaction as "a risk," and it never occurs to him that the insured has placed a sum of money in jeopardy, though as a matter of fact the policy-holder has assumed the risk of losing the money with which he purchased protection from something by which he may never be menaced. Moreover the policy-holder's position is that of a man who cannot win without losing; his property must be damaged by fire before he can win his bet. The odds are against him so far as the bet is concerned, and the percentage is therefore in favor of the insurance company, by reason of which fact it distributes large profits among its stockholders, pays handsome salaries to its employes and allows big commissions to its "cappers." And the percentage is not all that is to the advantage of the insurance company; the dealer holds the stakes and has the privilege of keeping a stack of cards in his sleeve for an emergency such as a general conflagration. In all square gambling games the dealer is satisfied with having the percentage in his favor, but in the insurance business he insists that all technicalities shall be resolved against the player. On the turf, when a horse loses a race by breaking his leg, the book-makers pocket the money bet on him but pay out to those that won by reason of the accident. In the insurance business, it is claimed that the book-maker is entitled to the premiums on all property that was saved by dynamite and that he doesn't have to pay off to those who suffered a loss through the use of the explosive. The insurance company goes so far as to take advantage of all technicalities, even claiming and enforcing the right to change the odds after losing the bet, as for instance when he is able to prove that the property destroyed was not worth the face of the policy. Thus do we see that in the tortuous insurance game the risk as well as the percentage is against the player. Indeed, in the long run, so little risk does the company incur, that it would probably be justified in denying that it gambles. It persuades individuals to gamble but its business is conducted on principles that place it beyond the domain of uncertainty.

British Manoeuvres in Insurance

Some weeks ago we reported that in London financial circles there was a strong sentiment in favor of the British in-

insurance companies taking advantage of the earthquake clause. That was immediately after the fire when it was thought that some of the companies had been hit so hard that if they discharged their obligations they would not be able to pay dividends for many years. We are now pleased to report that the sentiment has undergone a change; that after sizing up the situation the financiers of London came to the conclusion that it would be profitable for them to be liberal in their settlements. The papers which, a month ago, were reminding the insurance companies that they were not philanthropic institutions, and that as American "risks" were not profitable they might as well withdraw to their own tight little isle, are now explaining why it will be advantageous to pay their losses. In the light of the current utterances of the London press it is easy to understand the present vivacity of the local representatives of some of the big British companies who are saying that they are no longer to be hampered by the adjusters in the interest of the weak American companies that are eager for delay. The keynote of the British policy is to be found in this paragraph which appeared in the London Saturday Review of May 12th: "Already information has come from America of the failure of some of the local offices to pay their claims, and of the necessity for some companies retiring from business in consequence of the losses absorbing the whole of their assets. A few of the United States companies will meet their claims as readily and as easily as the British offices, but on the whole the San Francisco disaster will tend to raise the opinion of Americans about British companies and enable these offices to make better profits in the future than they have in the past." And it is to raise the opinion of Americans about British companies that the representatives of the British companies are now demanding quick action on the part of the adjusters. We have no objection to their doing so; nor do we doubt that in consequence the foreign offices will make better profits in the future, but we regret to see the American companies playing into the hands of their foreign rivals by forcing their policy-holders to accept less than the sums to which they are entitled. It was absurd for them to adopt the policy of intimidation under which they have persuaded many persons to accept cuts of twenty-five to fifty per cent. It would have been far better for them if they had confessed that to avoid sacrificing their securities they desired to pay their debts in installments. They could have easily made satisfactory as well as honest terms with their policy-holders and maintained their financial and moral reputation. Many of them have lost both.

The McEnerney Act

Nothing of greater importance than the act providing for the establishment and quieting of title to real estate in case of the loss or destruction of records, came before the legislature at the recent special session. The title to a great deal of property in this city was rendered insecure by the loss of many books of record, and though it is possible to get proof of title from the records of the title insurance companies it is much more satisfactory to get a record title through the court. A judicially determined record title is especially satisfactory to men and corporations having many hundreds of thousands or millions of dollars invested in land, for, after all, the guaranty of an insurance company depends upon the financial ability of the company to back up its own paper. Consequently it was very fortunate for many San Francisco taxpayers that so eminent an attorney as Garret McEnerney was sufficiently public-spirited to anticipate trouble for them by drawing up the act for the dissolution of title clouds. This act was designed to enable some people to strengthen the character of their tenure. For there is much property in San Francisco affected by what the legal profession term fly-specks—minor irregularities in the records that quite often interfere with sales and sometimes impel owners to sell land at a sacrifice. By this act they are

empowered to quiet title against the whole world so that henceforth, in the event of the Act going through, as at this writing seems likely, titles to property affected by the loss of records will run back only to the judgment obtained in the suits brought under the McEnerney law. This measure hardly met with the approval of the title insurance companies, the value of whose plants is in proportion to the demand for data extending into the remote past and confirmatory of the history of titles, but it will prove a great boon to land owners. The procedure provided for by Mr. McEnerney is very simple and inexpensive. Any number of separate parcels of land may be included in one action, and though the suit be of a sweeping nature sufficient precaution is taken to preclude a judgment being obtained by a false claimant. All actions authorized by the act must be commenced before July 1, 1909.

Burton's Ideal

Advocates of universal, permanent peace are bobbing up in the legislative departments of all the Christian nations. This is a good sign. It is significant of new impetus to civilization. But unfortunately the preachers of the peace gospel are not making much headway. They are propagating a sentiment against war but are persuading no Government to prepare for peace. However, the propagandists are very enthusiastic over their idea. If the idea belonged to any one of them by right of discovery he could not be more enthusiastic than he is, nor more pleased with himself for the endorsement that it receives whenever or wherever he sets it forth. It appears to meet with universal approbation. It is generally agreed that war is hell and that peace is conducive to longevity, prosperity and other things that are popular. But it is also agreed that there will always be danger of war while there is one standing army in the world. The peace propagandists, being of the opinion that universal disarmament is feasible, to hasten the attainment of the ideal state of brotherhood they are setting themselves in opposition to everything that is designed to strengthen military forces. In Congress we have an enthusiastic peace advocate in the person of Representative Burton of Ohio, who recently delivered a scholarly address against what he termed the needless enlargement of the navy, contending that the American nation may well afford to serve notice on the other nations that it stands for international arbitration and the peace of the world. Like most idealists Representative Burton is somewhat impracticable. He purposes converting by example, and in the world of practical affairs it is not always judicious to rely on the efficacy of example. By example we may vindicate our faith after the manner of the Christian missionary, but sometimes when the Christian missionary, in his zeal, gets too far away from a battleship, he loses his head. Nobody in this country objects to serving notice on other na-

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tions that we stand for international arbitration and universal, permanent peace, but there are not many in favor of weakening our powers of defense while there is a possibility of our being attacked. Representative Burton tells us that it is not in accordance with our ideals to maintain a great navy. Therein he is mistaken. One of our ideals is national security. It is an ideal paramount to the one by which Representative Burton is obsessed, and to preserve it we are constrained to maintain a great navy. The Burton ideal is one that is to be achieved only by the consent of nations, and their consent will be obtained only when they shall have been educated out of barbarism.

When Fortitude Is Imperative

In our experience of the past two months it appears to have been demonstrated that the theory of the superior sensitiveness of the female of our species is without foundation. It was at least shown that under the most favorable circumstances a woman need not become hysterical, nor collapse, nor throw any of her characteristic tantrums. It has been demonstrated that women's fortitude, when they must not yield to inclination is great, and now that it is known what they can put up with when they have to, fathers and husbands will not be likely to lose so much sleep hereafter as they have in the past. A few months ago there were many women in San Francisco of fibre quite as delicate as that of the princess of the fairy story who could feel the tiny pellet under twenty mattresses, but there was hardly a woman in the city who wasn't satisfied with any old kind of bed during the latter part of April. Some of the most fastidious of their sex slept on the ground. Women who would have made life unendurable for a whole household had a pocket handkerchief been scorched in the laundering or a pan of fat blazed on the kitchen range, saw all their treasures reduced to ashes without fatal results; and appetites heretofore supposed to be temptable only by tidbits and dainties have been proved robust enough under pressure to appreciate a plain "something to eat." Ladies who would have had nervous prostration for the rest of the summer, had our catastrophe stopped short with the earthquake, when they would have had an excuse to make the most of their own feelings, were suddenly deprived of an audience. Husbands and brothers, fathers and lovers had too much to do trying to save a few of the family belongings to listen to tales of woe, and the poor dames and damsels who would have claimed their attention suddenly discovered that for once they had to rely on themselves, to keep out of the way, save their tears, and if they could not help, at least they need not hinder.

Free Seed Graft

Apparently the free seed graft is about to become a thing of the past, and with it will go a heavy expense for which very little advantage has ever been reaped. When Congress began the distribution of free seeds it was distinctly with a view to introducing rare fruits and vegetables and foreign plants for the sake of experiment, to see whether they could be grown with advantage in the United States and thereby add to its resources. Naturally, it was presumed, too, that these choice cuttings, seeds and roots would be distributed to those who made a business of agriculture and who would give proper care to their experiments, reporting at length to the department for the guidance of others. But for many years the distribution of seeds has been a farce, as far as results are concerned. Tons of radish, lettuce, beets and other common vegetable seeds have been sent forth by Congressmen, and many a farmer and small truck gardener has depended on his representative to keep him in stock. Congressmen have used the free seed and their franking privileges in much the same way that bakers and grocers distribute stale cookies and cheap candies to their infant customers, as something extra to keep their customers in good humor, and many a dweller in an upper city flat has been surprised and be-

wildered to find in his mail a pound or more of assorted vegetable seeds. Not only vegetables, but flowers as well, have been passed out; lawn clover, Bermuda lilies, hyacinths, and roses and all that goes between, and the cost of the plants has been but a small portion of the expense, for every ounce has gone through the mails, to be paid for not at the expense of the sender or the beneficiary but of the general Government. Small wonder that the postal deficit has grown year by year, and that the carriers are loaded down like pack horses.

The Selfishness of Labor

Some weeks ago the captains of organized labor in this city were passing grandiloquent resolutions affirming the loyalty of trades unions to San Francisco. They assured the people that they would not take advantage of the situation by availing themselves of the opportunity to raise the rate of wages. They were resolved to vindicate their civic patriotism by exhibiting something of an altruistic spirit. As usual their protestations have proved to be the familiar admixture of sound and froth. Scarcely before the ink in which the resolutions were inscribed was dry a strike was on. It was declared upon the theory that labor is entitled to share in the profits of capital, it having been discovered that capital had increased its profits by raising the price of materials. The action of both capital and labor was dictated by a spirit of selfishness. Capital had taken advantage of the consumer and labor took advantage of capital. It was a case of the highwayman being held up by the footpad. On the part of each it was an exhibition of cold-blooded indifference to the welfare of the community. But the labor unions are not living up to their recent professions in any respect. They are charging all the traffic will bear in every line of industry, and for the purpose of keeping the price of labor at its present exorbitant rate they are circulating throughout the country the false report that the supply is greater than the demand. The labor unions are not only making the rebuilding of San Francisco as costly as possible, but they are sticking as technically as ever to union rules and in several instances they have delayed work by refusing to handle material that came from non-union shops despite the difficulty of getting material into the city. Greater San Francisco will have no reason to be grateful to organized labor.

THE EASIEST WAY.

Benton—Say, there's an awful lot of delivery wagons left in town, even if we did have a big fire.

Stenton—Have you been around counting them?

Benton—No, I staid home and counted them the day after my wife went shopping.

—The Joshier.

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A Mood of Midnight

The night is very soft and still
 [Is there a sermon in the stars tonight?]
 Their faint reflection, tremulously bright,
 Mirrors the memory of a fair green hilt
 Where she, the idol of my youth's bright year,
 Stood trembling by me in her girlish grace,
 Her white breast swelling, and the foolish tears
 Blurring the beauty of her childish face.

O tears of ecstasy! Light tears of youth!
 Is there a spell in your swift flow, I say?
 Or can fond recollection stifle truth
 And wash the wan wraith of remorse away?

The night is very soft and sweet
 [Is there a dirge descending from the skies
 Whose sighing, tender, minor harmonies
 Voice memories sad but infinitely sweet?]
 The stars are fading and the skies grow pale,
 The dawn is breaking in its cold, gray light;
 O let the universe descend and fail
 So you, my love, reign in my heart tonight!

O absent love, who blessed my dear, best days,
 Take all my worship to thy heart, and see
 If all the songs I chant in thy sweet praise
 May not, perchance, some solace bring to thee;
 For then may Fate, in its mysterious ways,
 A fragment of that solace give to me.

—The Dreamer.



Perspective Impressions

William J. Bryan appears to be growing in popularity the longer he stays away.

It's an awfully hard job to work up a sentiment against trolley cars on Market street when everybody in town is yelling for more trolley cars on every street.

The income of Fraulein Krupp is said to be something like \$14 a minute. Almost as fast as one of her guns.

If there is a gag lying around loose in the Cabinet chamber President Roosevelt should use it on Secretary Shaw.

A rubber trust has been started by young Rockefeller and a son of Senator Aldrich. These names guarantee an elastic interpretation of the anti-trust laws.

The National League of Women's organizations says Smoot should no longer "participate in the making of laws for the moral and patriotic guidance of the women and children of our country." The League has a very original idea of Senatorial functions.

The dramatic critics of San Francisco are having a very hard time just now trying to earn their salt. It is not too late, however, to pass critical judgment on a certain great tragedy that was given "sumptuous production" in this city some weeks ago. Nobody has told us whether it was good dramaturgy or the work of a bungler; whether the motif was on straight or the technique a little awry.

Chancellor Day of Syracuse took another whack the other day at the men that slander the magnates of the Trusts. Somebody ought to put the Chancellor wise by giving him the hint that it isn't slander that's hurting those fellows, but a naked thing called truth. One Garfield report does more damage than all the magazine articles that were ever written.

Willie Hearst says he admires Mr. Bryan but feels sad to think of the vicious politicians that are flocking to the Nebraskan's standard. Tut! tut! Willie; think of some of the men you've had on your political staff from time to time. And remember, when a man is running for a job he doesn't waste any time scorning the support of rascals. Every vote counts.

Oakland's Chief of Police objects to arrests that are not accompanied by evidence of guilt. The Chinese gamblers across the bay should therefore be grateful. Oakland's chief is a man of exceptional scruples. He will no doubt be acclaimed by sure-thing men, gold-brick artists and other chevaliers d'industrie on whom evidence does not wait when the police decide to run them out of town.

A woman social reformer says it would be easier to keep servants if the mistress would only give up the sitting-room one day a week for the benefit of the "hired help's" guests. Perhaps; but there is no great amount of wisdom in the suggestion. It is easy to keep servants if you have no objection to catering to their caprices. Everybody knows that. But how to keep some of them without surrendering the house to them is the problem that many women would like to solve.

The Lesson of the Hour

By Theodore Bonnet.

While it is easy, as we have been learning, to renounce luxuries that we cannot afford or to which we are denied access through circumstances beyond our control, it is most exasperating to be compelled to forego at the same time pleasures that are within our reach. I refer to the pleasures of the table which have been rendered incomplete to the many through fear of the porcine habits of the few. But it is to be hoped that through our self-imposed asceticism we have come to a realization of the enormity of the crime of drunkenness. Every true lover of the Rubaiyat philosophy would have reason to rejoice, notwithstanding the protracted abstinence to which he has been constrained, if in consequence the drunkard were hereafter to be viewed in his true light. I have long hoped that drunkenness would be taken out of the category of misdemeanors and by legislative enactment pronounced a felony, punishable by hard labor in stripes with a ball-and-chain attachment, except when it could be shown that the offense was of the head and not of the heart, upon which showing a padded cell might be considered the most suitable environment for the defendant. And yet I am not a puritanical foe to gladness. I quite agree with the philosopher who is of the opinion that the only immoral way of drinking wine is to drink it as a medicine. I have often applauded Robert Louis Stevenson for suggesting that one might easily imagine that Shakespeare might begin the day on a quart of ale and yet enjoy the sunrise to the full as much as the ascetic Thoreau and commemorate his enjoyment in vastly better verses.

Society has never had an adequate conception of the iniquity of drunkenness. Nor has the drunkard ever appreciated the forbearance of society. Even now how many of us have stopped to think that for two months this community has been compelled to abandon one of its most pleasurable habits because there are some men that get drunk? I should not be surprised to learn that the thought has occurred to none but myself, and yet I have not suffered the deprivation that has been experienced by many thousands of men. This is no inconsequential matter. Those of us (and we are many), to whom a certain measure of wine and spirits is essential to a certain measure of happiness and gladness, feel justly indignant that through governmental interference we should be denied the privilege of indulging temperately our harmless passion. We have no complaint to make against the authorities for doing that which they deemed best for the preservation of law and order. We believe that the authorities, having in mind the confusion that prevailed and particularly the homeless state of women and children, and being sensible of the excesses to which some men permit themselves to be led through drunkenness, subserved the best interests of the community by closing the saloons. It is not against the interdiction of the liquor traffic but against the drunkard that we have a grievance, we, who know that the true simple life is founded on a sentiment of the heart rather than a habit of the stomach, we who love true, ennobling sociability and abominate the moral shyness that would spoil a good dinner with morbid scruples against wine.

Society does itself a grievous injustice in tolerating anything that tends to bring the sacred vine into disrepute. It commits a sin against humanity in maintaining an amiable attitude toward the vice which was responsible for much of the depression from which this community has suffered in the past two months. It is high time for society to apprehend that it is a delusion to view the drunkard merely as a consequence of the flowing bowl.

Through a perversion of the sense of humor the drunkard

is popularly regarded as a joke. He is the source of a great deal of the vulgar humor in our comic papers. The police court reporters delight in writing him up for the amusement of the readers of the dailies. He is one of the stock characters in farces and musical comedies. The Prohibitionists with their hard and fanciful code of ethics, professing to be eager to redeem the world from the sway of the Demon, are tolerant of the humor of inebriety, a circumstance that would persuade me of their insincerity were I not convinced that they have never pondered the unwholesomeness of the theme. For unquestionably they are illogical in frowning upon the cup that cheers and winking at the amusing exploitation of the drunkard. But there is no longer excuse for failure to note the baleful significance of that individual; for two months San Francisco has been a temperance town because of a dread of the fearful havoc that might be wrought if drunkards were permitted access to whisky bottles. I am not sympathizing with saloon-keepers. I would not weep if most of them were put out of business forever. My sympathy is with the citizen so unfortunate as not to belong to a club, who was denied beer at his lunch and wine at his dinner, who had to swallow such pernicious drugs as coffee and tea or take to water in which, perhaps, the deadly bacillus was on the qui vive for a victim.

Viewed in his proper relation to society the drunkard is absolutely devoid of comic aspect. On the contrary he appears as an hideous evil, a discordant, repulsive element of a most dangerous character, above all a menace to the peace and happiness of the community. That amiable philosopher, Montaigne, considered drunkenness an unmanly and stupid vice, but he thought it "less hurtful than others which more directly jostle public society." We have seen that it jostles public society very much. In Montaigne's day and for centuries preceding him every intellectual gentleman was expected to get drunk occasionally. The Stoics thought drunkenness refreshing to the spirit, and Plato, who thought that children should not be permitted to drink wine until they reached their eighteenth year, declared that men should not get drunk until after they were forty. Those ancient sages had no experience with drunkards of the hoodlum order, nor with spirits of the Barbary Coast brand. They had never seen the drunkard jostle public society. But the probability is that Society, in the centuries ago, would have resented being jostled by the drunkard. It surely would not have considered the advisability of abating drunkenness by prohibiting liquor drinking. There were no Puritans in those days intent upon putting nature in bonds. Those were the days when the loving cup was revered as a sacred vessel. Men, Horace tells us, warmed their virtue with wine. If it had been suggested to the ancient philosophers that Prohibition was the remedy for drunkenness they would probably have asked if burglary should be discouraged by interdicting the wearing of jewels. No, those sages of the younger world would have handled the problem in their usual blunt fashion. They would have discouraged drunkenness by discouraging the drunkard. They would have taken him seriously and made him understand that there was a cure for his disease and they would have applied the cure.

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The Young King

[This beautiful story by Oscar Wilde, begun in last week's Town Talk, is here concluded.]

And he fell asleep again and dreamed, and this was his dream:

He thought he was lying on the deck of a huge galley that was being rowed by a hundred slaves. On a carpet by his side the master of the galley was seated. He was black as ebony, and his turban was of crimson silk. Great earrings of silver dragged down the thick lobes of his ears, and in his hands he had a pair of ivory scales.

The slaves were naked, but for a ragged loin-cloth, and each man was chained to his neighbor. The hot sun beat brightly upon them, and the negroes ran up and down the gang-way and lashed them with whips of hide. They stretched out their lean arms and pulled the heavy oars through the water. The salt spray flew from the blades.

At last they reached a little bay, and began to take soundings. A light wind blew from the shore, and covered the deck and the great lateen-sail with a fine red dust. Three Arabs mounted on wild asses rode out and threw spears at them. The master of the galley took a painted bow in his hand and shot one of them in the throat. He fell heavily into the surf and his companions galloped away. A woman wrapped in a yellow veil followed slowly on a camel, looking back now and then at the dead body.

As soon as they had cast anchor and hauled down the sail, the negroes went into the hold and brought up a long rope ladder, heavily weighted with lead. The master of the galley threw it over the side, making the ends fast to two iron stanchions. Then the negroes seized the youngest of the slaves, and knocked his gyves off, and filled his nostrils and his ears with wax, and tied a big stone around his waist. He crept wearily down the ladder, and disappeared into the sea. A few bubbles rose where he sank. Some of the other slaves peered curiously over the side. At the prow of the galley sat a snake-charmer, beating monotonously upon a drum.

After some time the diver rose up out of the water, and clung panting to the ladder with a pearl in his right hand. The negroes seized it from him and thrust him back. The slaves fell asleep over their oars.

Again and again he came up, and each time that he did so he brought with him a beautiful pearl. The master of the galley weighed them, and put them into a little bag of green leather.

The young King tried to speak, but his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth, and his lips refused to move. The negroes chatted to each other, and began to quarrel over a string of bright beads. Two cranes flew round and round the vessel.

Then the diver came up for the last time, and the pearl he brought with him was fairer than all the pearls of Ormuz; for it was shaped like the full moon, and whiter than the morning star. But his face was strangely pale, and as he fell upon the deck the blood gushed from his ears and nostrils. He quivered for a little while and then he was still. The negroes shrugged their shoulders and threw the body overboard.

And the master of the galley laughed, and, reaching out, he took the pearl, and when he saw it he pressed it to his forehead and bowed. "It shall be," he said, "for the sceptre of the young King"; and he made a sign to the negroes to draw up the anchor.

And when the young King heard this he gave a great cry and woke, and through the window he saw the long gray fingers of the dawn clutching at the fading stars.

And he fell asleep again, and dreamed, and this was his dream:

He thought that he was wandering through a dim wood, hung with strange fruits and with beautiful poisonous flowers. The adders hissed at him as he went by, and the bright parrots flew screaming from branch to branch. Huge tortoises lay asleep upon the hot mud. The trees were full of apes and peacocks.

On and on he went, till he reached the outskirts of the wood, and there he saw an immense multitude of men toiling in the bed of a dried-up river. They swarmed up the crag like ants. They dug deep pits in the ground and went down into them. Some of them cleft the rocks with great axes; others grabbed in sand. They tore up the cactus by its roots, and trampled on the scarlet blossoms. They hurried about, calling to each other, and no man was idle.

From the darkness of a cavern Death and Avarice watched them, and Death said: "I am weary; give me a third of them and let me go."

But Avarice shook his head. "They are my servants," she answered.

And Death said to her: "What hast thou in thy hand?" "I have three grains of corn," she answered: "what is that to thee?"

"Give me one of them," cried Death, "to plant in my garden; only one of them, and I will go away."

"I will not give thee anything," said Avarice, and she hid her hand in the fold of her raiment.

And Death laughed, and took a cup and dipped it into a pool of water, and out of the cup rose Ague. She passed through the great multitude, and a third of them lay dead. A cold mist followed her, and the water snakes ran by her side.

And when Avarice saw that a third of the multitude was dead she beat her breast and cried aloud. "Thou hast slain a third of my servants," she cried; "get thee gone. There is war in the mountains of Tartary, and the kings of each side are calling to thee. The Afghans have slain the black ox, and are marching to battle. They have beaten upon their shields with their spears, and have put on their helmets of iron. What is my valley to thee, that thou shouldst tarry in it? Get thee gone, and come here no more."

"Nay," answered Death, "but till thou hast given me a grain of corn I will not go."

But Avarice shut her hand, and clenched her teeth. "I will not give thee anything," she muttered.

And Death laughed, and took up a black stone, and threw it into the forest, and out of a thicket of wild hemlock came Fever in a robe of flame. She passed through the multitude, and touched them, and each that she touched died. The grass withered beneath her feet as she walked.

And Avarice shuddered and put ashes on her head. "Thou art cruel," she cried, "thou art cruel. There is famine in the walled cities of India, and the cisterns of Samarcand have run dry. There is famine in the walled cities of Egypt and the locusts have come up from the desert. The Nile has not overflowed its banks, and the priests have cursed Isis and Osiris. Get thee gone to those who need thee, and leave me my servants."

"Nay," answered Death, "but till thou hast given me a grain of corn I will not go."

"I will not give thee anything," said Avarice.

And Death laughed again, and he whistled through his fingers, and a woman came flying through the air. Plague was written upon her forehead, and a crowd of lean vultures wheeled round her. She covered the valley with her wings.

(Continued on Page 30)

settlers on the avenue after the hegira of residents. Before the fire was quite under control Tait obtained a lease of the Wallace residence at Van Ness and Eddy. That residence and another building on Beale street were all that remained of Judge Wallace's income holdings after the fire, and the aged jurist gladly accepted Tait's offer of two hundred and fifty dollars a month. Tait was given a lease for two years with the privilege of renewing for two more. He then leased the ground in front of the residence on which small store are to be erected and from them he is to receive one thousand dollars a month. He expects, moreover, to lease the ground on the Eddy street side for five hundred dollars a month. So he will probably make more than twelve hundred dollars a month out of his lease and have nothing to pay for the residence which he has fitted up for a cafe at an expense of fifteen thousand dollars. This will be the cosiest and handsomest cafe in the country. The doors will be thrown open Monday morning, and there will no doubt be a great gathering of men and women who were familiar figures in the after-theatre throngs of the days agone.

Some Other Deals

But the Wallace property is not the only piece out of which Tait is going to derive a fat income. He also leased the Farquharson residence at the northwest corner of Eddy and Van Ness for two hundred and fifty dollars a month. And he sub-leased to Harry Ramsdell of Bullock & Jones for three hundred and fifty a month. There those fashionable tailors have resumed business, and by the way, from Ramsdell I learned that the claw-hammer is not to be tabu during the reconstruction period. In less than one week eleven evening dress suits were ordered by eleven club men who lost their wardrobes in the fire. But I have digressed again. I am writing of profitable leases. Ramsdell is paying Tait a profit of one hundred dollars a month on his lease and Ramsdell sub-leased to a jewelry firm and to several doctors, so that he is to draw down two hundred and fifty dollars a month profit and have the use of the whole first floor without cost. And while Tait was about it he didn't stop at two leases. To prevent the residence adjoining his cafe on Eddy street from falling into evil hands he took a lease of it for one hundred and fifty dollars a month, and his agent assures him that he will get one hundred dollars a month profit out of it for him.

Some Golf Jinglers

Some of the golf players that frequent the Presidio links sat down to a dinner the other night which was enlivened by impromptu verse-making. One of the cleverest of the verses, written by a young matron with a knack for deft allusion, is as follows

"A novice played, but his stroke was wild,
And he almost murdered a caddy child;
Though his play was slow and his look was mild,
And he tried to loft with his cleek, O."

A young insurance man who prides himself on having facility reeled off this parody:

"A novice played but his stroke was wild,
And he smashed a maid where she wasn't tiled;
Though his play was slow and his look was mild,
And he hasn't sat down for a week, O."

Murphys' Resignation

When, shortly after the fire, the announcement was made of the change in the presidency of the First National Bank, Rudolph Spreckels having been substituted for that veteran financier, S. G. Murphy, great was the curiosity aroused in the business community, and it was at once surmised that there had been occasion for grave dissatisfaction with the management. It was explained that Mr. Murphy had re-

signed, feeling that the strenuous times a-coming would prove too great a tax on his energies. This was a plausible explanation. Mr. Murphy is a very old man, and besides he is rich enough to retire and take his ease during the remainder of his days. However, in the business community, Mr. Murphy was never regarded as a quitter. He was looked upon as a man of extraordinary zeal in the money-accumulating pastime, and many of his acquaintances were so strong in the conviction that he would not voluntarily withdraw from the cool shade of the First National vaults that they were inclined to scoff at the story of his resignation. They asserted that no such trivial force as that of an earthquake could shake the zealous Mr. Murphy out of the financier's harness. Consequently there has been much speculation as to what happened just before the change of management. There is a story in circulation in club circles to the effect that Mr. Murphy was in a state of panic immediately after the fire, and that he was afflicted with a delusion regarding the true state of affairs. That story is also quite plausible. Indeed, many men that are far more phlegmatic than Mr. Murphy entertained extravagant views about financial conditions after the fire. But of course it behooved bankers to look cheerful. Most of our bankers did present a very cheerful aspect and by doing so they inspired confidence. Perhaps if we had a photograph of Mr. Murphy taken during the days of terror it would help to assuage curiosity regarding his resignation from the presidency of the bank.

Scotford the Upbuilder

The attention of the California Promotion Committee is respectfully called to one Frederick E. Scotford, whose advertisement occupies a page in the June Current Literature. "To Upbuild the Pacific Coast States," is what Mr. Scotford represents his aim in life to be, and he has headquarters at Seattle. From the advertisement we learn that "The Quoin Club of New York, an association of the leading periodicals of national circulation (reaching practically every intelligent English-speaking family in the United States and Canada), introduces Mr. Frederick E. Scotford who will represent it on the Pacific Coast in a movement that is of the greatest importance to every one interested in the upbuilding of the Pacific Coast States. He will co-operate with the various interests of the coast in obtaining proper publicity for their communities and their industries among capitalists, settlers and tourists"; also, "In order to assure the greatest degree of helpfulness through Mr. Scotford's work, the Quoin Club has undertaken to act as a clearing-house, putting every one interested in close touch with reliable sources of information on all matters pertaining to the Pacific Coast States—their topographical and climatic advantages, business opportunities, etc." This is the first that the Spectator ever heard of Mr. Scotford, and he would like to know if the gentleman in Seattle enjoys the confidence of the California Promotion Committee. The Spectator is of the opinion that the Promotion Committee would prefer to have the business of upbuilding California attended to from headquarters in San Francisco, and if so the Quoin Club (if there is such an institution) should be notified at once. If Mr. Scotford is interested principally in the upbuilding of Seattle, the sooner that fact is given publicity the better it will be for California.

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A. M. ROBERTSON

"Extra" Printed, but Presses Burned

The history of American journalism is filled with examples of grit, nerve and enterprise, for the devotion of the American newspaper man to duty has been vindicated in all sorts of emergencies and under the most trying circumstances. Reporters are always intent upon winning glory for their papers and seldom do they get credit for their achievements. The credit almost invariably goes to the paper, which calls for it in screeching headlines. The reporter may lose his job before the end of the week if it be deemed advisable to reduce expenses. But what I purposed saying was that occasionally, at long intervals, the newspaper itself, in its zeal for supplying its readers with the news, exhibits in a transcendent degree the spirit that animates the profession of journalism. I have in mind a notable instance of recent date. On the day of the earthquake only one daily newspaper was published in San Francisco and that was our little one-cent journal, the Daily News. This paper's plant was located in a one-story building on Ninth street near Folsom. When the flames were spreading in the direction of the building Editor Billy Wasson was getting out an extra. He had plenty time to save his machinery by burying it in a lot adjoining his office, but he preferred to get out an extra. As soon as all the matter was set up he had the linotype machines removed and buried. There was still time to remove the presses in sections, too, but the paper had to be printed and it was. The fire reached the building shortly after the last paper was run off. The presses were destroyed but the linotypes were saved.

One of the Heroes

There is much conflict of testimony in newspaper circles regarding the activities of certain leading journalists during the excitement of the most memorable of weeks in newspaper history. It is agreed that there was something of a panic in some offices, but according to some newspaper men they were absolutely under self-control all the time. However, there were many heroes, a fact to which you can get corroboration by reading Jimmy Hopper on himself, or Jack London on Jack London, or, indeed, any of the distinguished correspondents of Eastern papers. Even Ernest Simpson, City Editor of the Chronicle, was a hero. He did not say so for publication but he wrote a letter to a friend on the New York Sun, and the friend rushed into print with it. From this letter I learn that on the morning of the earthquake Mr. Simpson started to get out an extra but failed because he couldn't persuade the printers to stick to their posts. When later it was found that there was no power for the presses it was decided "to publish a one-for-all paper" and "as an emergency chance, an Examiner bunch was sent over to the Oakland Tribune to get out a Chronicle-Call-Examiner." This statement conflicts with the version of Editor Barrett of the Examiner, who says it was agreed to get out a combination paper upon which the staffs of all three morning papers were to work, but the only men that appeared in Oakland were the Examiner staff. However, the combination paper was published, and Simpson went home.

An Eventful Day

The next day was a strenuous one for him. It appears from his letter that the whole responsibility of getting out the Chronicle rested on his shoulders. "I sent French to

make a deal with the Oakland Herald," he wrote, "and put Clarke, my second assistant, in charge locally. I butted into the committee of fifty, was made a member of the press committee, got a special policeman's star, commandeered automobiles until I had a good one—with a regular devil of a driver—picked up staff and reporters and got to Oakland about 10 p. m. I took my lunch to the Oakland Herald. There I found French and my brother Lynne. We managed by 5 a. m. to pull out 7,000 copies of a combined Call and Chronicle, differing in title and editorial. There was no more paper left after the Herald had run off its own extra at 1:30 a. m. These 7,000 I had to count, stack and tie myself, as well as police them from the gang that was trying to grab them, papers being as good as wheat in that crisis. I helped load them on a one horse, rickety express wagon and sat on them for a four mile crawl through the dawn to the estuary, where I had a man holding a jayhawk launch with promises of money and threats of shooting. We hiked in through the wreckage of the wharves at 7 a. m., found that good automobile waiting, and tore through what was left of the town, giving away papers from Noe Valley to the Presidio. The people were crazy for them. Out in the park, crowded with refugees, a big chap got on our front board and refused to get off. If we had stopped anywhere we would have been stripped of our papers. I leaned across Jimmy Hopper in the tonneau and soaked Mr. Husky. We were running some and he spun like a top when he hit the macadam."

Walked Blood Out of His Feet

While Mr. Simpson was maintaining the Chronicle's prestige, I learn from the same letter, Mr. De Young was saving his home. Mr. Simpson called on Mr. De Young Friday and found that he had "plenty of food, no water, plenty of automobiles and no gasoline." So Mr. Simpson got busy again: "I got out and grabbed a can of oil with an order for more, and took Mr. De Young to Oakland. We had a dickens of a time getting there, making a deal with the Herald, arranging for white paper supply and getting back to San Francisco." That night when Mr. Simpson tried to pull off his socks at home he found they were stuck to his feet with blood. Thus was the proper melodramatic finish given to his day of toil. Mr. Simpson's thrilling letter filled more than a column of the Sun.

An Artist's Picture

Bruce Porter, the artist, told his story of the catastrophe in a letter to a friend from which I extract: "It was the day of judgment and all the Biblical terrors of the Wrath of God, but if you could have been here you would have seen

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what the people are. It was the noblest expression of humanity that the world has seen. Nobody thought of himself, and the prostitute with last night's paint on her cheeks sat and held the baby of the homeless and husbandless woman beside her. The town has never been in such perfect moral order, and if I once said to you—vauntingly—that the idea of the American people was charity and brotherly love, here is the proof. There has been no panic, no disorderly conduct, simply unconscious bravery and unselfishness under as severe a strain as was ever put upon a community. The desolation is inconceivable, and of course everybody is poor and one-half the population homeless. The Presidio beneath my windows was packed with people that first night—the heavens terribly red with fire, ominous, awful—people without a scrap to cover them sharing their crusts with strangers—and the good nature was like a cooling breeze in one's face as one walked among them. What help one could give was unanimously refused in the interest of more helpless neighbors. Not one case of drunkenness have I seen in seven days, and I have heard only two oaths, and those lightly spoken—and this in what has been named 'the wickedest city in the world.'"

Sentiment versus Trade

James D. Phelan intends to erect a new residence on the site of the one destroyed by the fire. The property is now in the heart of the Mission business district, and could be built upon without delay, as the land, at the corner of Seventeenth and Valencia streets, extending half a block on each street, was laid out in lawns and garden, and the house and stables were frame structures, entirely destroyed, so that there is no debris to clear away, but Mr. Phelan has a sentiment for the place where he grew up, where his sister was married and from which his parents were carried to their last home. It is only a few years since the home was rebuilt, so that it was scarcely recognizable as a landmark, but even then some of the apartments around which memories clustered were left untouched. Now that the utilitarian is ousting the esthetic, stores are being planted where flowers once held sway, and every lot owner with a ten foot alley is utilizing the last inch of space as a rent producer, the Phelan garden will, when restored, be more than ever a thing of beauty and a rest for tired eyesight.

More of Coppa's

I see that Coppa's has been getting more fame—this time in the columns of the Critic, in which excellent magazine that talented writer, Mabel Craft Deering has a description—from a before-the-fire standpoint—of the only downtown restaurant that escaped from the flames. I am afraid that I must accuse Mrs. Deering of having to a certain extent let her desire to make the article attractive influence her memory of what she saw at Coppa's. I'll not deny that the decorations are as bizarre and interesting as she states. But there was less of romanticism and Bohemianism at the centre table than the article would lead one to believe. "Straying in by chance," she says, "you might think that you had discovered the original of Du Maurier's Little Billee or the prototypes for Rodolpho and his friends from La Boheme, so strange are the clothes, so unfamiliar the talk." Now, in truth, no matter what desires the habitual diners at that table may have had in the matter of picturesque raiment, certainly they were not fulfilled. There were one

or two who affected long hair, Martinez wore a velvet coat, and most of them had on pendulous and depressed-looking Windsor ties—not enough of a departure from conventional attire to attract any particular attention.

When They Posed

"If you be too polite to stare you may listen to the conversation at this interesting table," says Mrs. Deering, adding: "Sometimes the talk does not scintillate because the worry of daily bread sits on the Bohemian brow." I am sure no one could be offended by staring at the diners at this centre table. Its location made it easy to stare at, and its occupants had become so used to being the spectacle of the place that they didn't mind people looking at them—really, they didn't. And their talk always scintillated to the best of their ability, for well they knew that half a hundred culturists were straining ears to catch every golden word that fell. The statement that a few newspaper men have been admitted to this inner circle has caused profane remarks and raucous laughter among the daily journalists, none of whom have ever sat at the show table, and none of whom, if I misjudge them not, ever had a desire to do so. I hear that Mateas, who had a Bohemian place on Broadway, opposite the jail, intends replacing his old wooden building with an adobe one, with a tiled roof.

Spare Us from Markham

Rev. Mr. Rader wants Poet Markham to "return to San Francisco and sing among the ruins a song of California victory—of victory over death and the grave." Markham will do much better if he stays where he is and continues to shed the lustre of his presence on pink teas and culture clubs. The earthquake was bad enough, the fire was worse, but the worst part of the whole calamity is the aftermath, the lurid descriptions of what never happened, the fake pictures, and fearful "poems." We have had just about as much as we can stand in the way of disaster, and it is high time to protest against having it rubbed in. The only "songs amongst the ruins" that we want to listen to are those of the humming steam saw and the rhythmical carpenter's hammer. This is the day for the paractical music of manual labor. Any poet who comes out here to jingle words should first be obliged to jingle a few dollars into the treasury. Let each and every one of them be obliged to take out a license of a hundred dollars a year, and the proceeds be applied to the rehabilitation of the schools. That would be a more creditable plan than exposing the ignorance of the pupils in order to wheedle the candy pennies from other little ones. After the earthquake of '68 a prominent member

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of the aristocracy of that date took his two sons East to put them in school where their precious lives would be safe, but before the father had fairly arrived in San Francisco on his return he was met by a letter requesting him to come and get his boys and send on the earthquake. We do not particularly crave another shake-up at this minute, nor another fire, but we could stand either or both better than any more rhyme. It will be time enough to talk and to read by and by when the refugee tents have made way for substantial dwellings, when the debris is all removed, and people have earned their right to leisure by the sweat of their brows.

His Artistic Taste

Rev. Dr. Rader has joined the ruthless crew of Ibsen-swatters. He says he is familiar with "Peer Gynt," and he doesn't approve the Norseman's pessimism. The only literature worth while, according to Dr. Rader, is the literature that tends to gladden the heart and add to the pleasures of existence. If what Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes could be called literature that is probably what Dr. Rader would recommend. But the reverend gentleman is not consistent in the expression of his literary tastes since he acclaims the author of the hoeman, a most sombre and chilling piece of verse, and condemns Ibsen because he thinks the playwright is a grumbler and a cynic. All of which bears out what has been said in the columns of this paper regarding the popular misunderstanding of Ibsen. The playwright was quoted to show that he really considered himself the sort of man that Dr. Rader thinks he was not. And, by the way, in the Current Literature for June we are told that the plays of Ibsen have been described as "a long litany praising the man that wills," and that Ibsen himself, in his recently published "Letters," has made it clear that the motive underlying all his work and life has been a passion for self-realization; that, in a hundred different ways, he endeavors to convey to his audience a fundamental message which might be stated in ethical terms thus: "Be true to yourself. Be true to the highest that you know, at whatever cost. This is the only thing in life that is important." If that be really the import of Ibsen's message, and Dr. Rader could be convinced that it was, he would become a convert to Ibsenism. Meanwhile, for the reason that he dislikes Ibsen and condemns him as unworthy of being read, he feels, of course, that we should also shun the works of that other poet who wrote a very gloomy play called "Hamlet," since it is filled with hate and despair, and a play called "Othello" that has morbid jealousy for its theme, and a play called "The Merchant of Venice" that deals with greed, revenge and other disagreeable emotions.

The Hotel Rafael Deal

Once more is the rumor being circulated that the Hotel Rafael is to be sold. A month ago it was said that Charles Zinkand had obtained an option on the property and was organizing a syndicate to make the purchase. It was afterwards learned that the only foundation for the rumor was that Zinkand had asked Baron von Schroeder if the property was for sale and was told that it was. The latest rumor is to the effect that A. W. Foster and E. H. Harriman are negotiating for the property. All Marin county would have cause to rejoice if those two gentlemen were to get possession of the hotel, for they would do more than improve the character and prestige of that property. The Hotel Rafael has never been a very profitable resort, the reason being that it has never been properly handled. If it were to become a railroad asset then it would be to the interest of the railroad to exploit Marin county, a county that abounds in attractive features to a higher degree than any other in the state. All the special features of each of the other counties are concentrated in Marin. If E. H. Harriman ever gets an interest in Marin county and finds out how much more inviting it should

be to the Eastern tourist in quest of climate and scenery than any other section of the state, he will lose no time in calling the attention of the world to it. San Francisco, by the way, is very fortunate that Mr. E. H. Harriman is president of the Southern Pacific Company at this time. The big financiers of the East have great respect for Mr. Harriman's judgment, and his judgment is that San Francisco is to have a very rapid growth in the next decade. He has been vindicating his judgment by buying property in San Francisco since the fire.

Johnson's Rhetorical Flourish

Albert Johnson of the silver tongue and a faculty for giving lustre to pearls of thought has been doing a little fine writing on the subject of the late catastrophe. Mr. Johnson does not write for publication, and perhaps that is why the dailies overlooked his contribution to earthquake literature, which is now incorporated in the records of our courts. His facile pen was brought into play through the circumstance that he is petitioning for a new trial of the Dolbeer will case. It was necessary for him to explain the loss of certain important documents so he told of what happened in this classical style: "A violent seismic convulsion, undermining and shattering the physical foundations of California's metropolis, was succeeded by an appalling conflagration which swept

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"JUST AROUND THE CORNER."

over the surface of the city, carrying ruin and devastation in every direction. Within two days the mercantile and commercial fabrics of San Francisco's prosperity had vanished into thin air. It would seem as if the elements in general had conspired with the titanic forces of nature to effect the proud city's ruin." There is a stateliness to those sentences that reminds us of no less a rhetorician than Macaulay himself. Perhaps if Morse Stevens sees them he will incorporate them in his history of the calamity. I hear he intends preserving Ralph Renaud's "The Refugee's Rubaiyat" which appeared in the Bulletin, a very clever piece of work; so why not Johnson's paragraph?

Some More Johnsonese

But the foregoing was merely preliminary. The attorney explains the loss of his library in this language: "In numerous volumes were registered the sapient utterances and judgments of many Aristides, Solons and Justinians of this and earlier ages. Yet the demon of destruction, more ruthless than the Vandal, recking not for what Time had consecrated, sacrificed all as a votive offering to Ahriman." The information therein contained could be conveyed in fewer words, but Mr. Johnson was intent on catching the eye of the court. Hence the employment of sonorous names and the rounding of a period with the suggestion of a sacrifice. Next he paid his respects to the witnesses on the other side: "Will the casual glance of 200 or more 'social butterflies' whose Nirvana is composed of cotillions, new gowns, 'pink teas,' theatre parties, champagne suppers, Ibsen plays, wedding breakfasts, 'bridal showers,' picture hats, evening clothes and 'coming outs' fortified by a modicum of intellect, be considered amply sufficient for the formation of a tangible opinion?"

Greenebaum and the Ruskins

Among the artists who took to flight when the studios went up in smoke was Joseph Greenebaum whose destination was Los Angeles, where there is some culture, but a great deal of Philistinism. As soon as Joe arrived in Los Angeles he was taken up by the Ruskin Club, an institution whose members are more familiar with "Imagination Penetrative," "Imagination Contemplative," "The Superhuman Ideal" and "The Rank and Relations of the Theoretic Faculty" than they are with their prayers. Joe Greenebaum doesn't know much about those things but he can paint a picture, and therefore the Ruskins pounced upon him and took him right into their midst. He is now a family pet. His friends in this city are wondering whether he has his dainty little French model with him. They hope so, for they suspect that she was his chief inspiration.

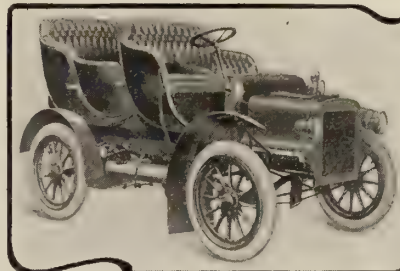
Grace Field's Progress

By letter from the East I am informed that Grace Field is now being celebrated in electric light, having risen to the dignity of a headliner in vaudeville. As Grace Field she will probably not be remembered by many of her old friends in this city, from whom, however, recollection of Grace Shain has not altogether departed. Grace Shain was the daughter of Joseph Shain, for many years the prosperous operator of a collection agency, who went broke on the turf. His daughter had achieved some prominence in society just before the crash came and there was much sympathy for her when she was left penniless. But she was a plucky girl, and believing that she had talent for a stage career she joined the Tivoli chorus. After a brief experience in the Eddy street opera house she went East and became a member of the Broadway chorus brigade. Being a very pretty girl and possessed of a

refined air she attracted some attention, but made very little headway in her profession though fetching photographs of her were constantly bobbing up in the flashy theatrical magazines. Several years ago the news came out that she had married a Philadelphia journalist, but it was an unfortunate match, for Miss Field, and they did not live together longer than a few weeks. When next heard from it was in connection with the Fads and Fancies, Colonel Mann case. It was because Post, the man who exposed the blackmailers, was seen very often in the society of Grace Field, despite the fact that he was married, that an attempt was made to extort money from him. The San Francisco girl rose above the chorus in the musical comedy, "What Happened in Nordland," and now she is being billed in vaudeville as "Grace Field and Her Nordland Girls."

She's Writing a Novel

I hear that Grace Llewelyn Jones is writing a novel just for a little mental exercise. The versatile Grace should some day win recognition as a genius, for she is a woman of great industry, and that is one of the chief qualities of genius. Miss Jones was one of the heroic workers of the busy month of April, and she rendered valiant service to some of her less sturdy neighbors. I hear that she carried water from a spring in the Presidio and that one day some of her admirers of the Browning Club were very much surprised to see their idol one day, with a long wooden pole resting on her shoulder, from which was suspended a large bucket of water. The other end of the pole rested on the shoulder of her Chinese cook.



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at an actual factory cost of less than our selling price. This is but one of the many benefits a Cadillac purchaser derives from the wonderful combination of equipment, skill and experience that backs up every car we build.

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SCHUSSLER BROS., located at 1792 Post street, have a full line of mirrors and some oil paintings on hand. They are doing framing and regilding, delivering work promptly.



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OPEN-AIR KITCHEN IN THE POTRERO CAMP



LAKE TAHOE, SOUTH FROM CAVE ROCK.



WITTER SPRINGS, LAKE COUNTY.

Robertson Will Stay Here

Though Paul Elder has transferred his publishing house to New York temporarily, A. M. Robertson intends to wait for the establishment of a printing plant in this city before bringing out another California work. He has several new publications in view. Robertson has published more works of Californian authors than any other publisher on the coast, and he had a complete collection of his own publications but it was destroyed in the fire. He is now in search of stray volumes. Robertson was the first book-seller in town to resume business, having received a large supply of books from the East about two weeks after the fire. He established temporary headquarters in a basement at 1186½ Ellis which was thronged with book-lovers as soon as the doors were opened. By July first he will be in his new store on Van Ness near Pine.

Blake's Venture

A new book store and publishing house has come into existence since the fire. It was opened by James D. Blake, who was formerly with A. M. Robertson. He makes a specialty of dramatic literature, for which there has lately been a great demand in this city. The new store at 643 Turk street is to be known as "At the Sign of the Lamp." Though the store is one of the new wooden shacks it is most artistically fitted up. The works of all the modern playwrights will be found on the shelves of the new store.

Stratton and His Labels

Collector of the Port Frederick Stratton, who has done much good work on the Oakland Relief Committee, combines artistic tastes with executive ability. A friend of his found him out recently while traveling across the bay with him. The Collector had with him a suit-case covered with labels of foreign hotels. "How artistic that looks," said the friend; "as a rule, labels are a hideous jumble." "Yes," said Stratton; "while I was abroad I never allowed a label to be pasted on my suit-case without pointing out exactly where it should be placed, and in that way I maintained a pleasing color ensemble."

IT IS NOT ALWAYS WINTRY JUNE.

[James Jeffrey Roche in an old Harper. Written for New Zealand, but seems to apply to the quality of weather the Meteorological Bureau is giving us.]

What though the icy winds of June

Around my cottage sweep and roar,

And blizzards tell that soon

July's deep drifts shall block my door?

Each April leaf that passed away,

Each blade that died on mead and glen,

Each flower slain by cruel May,

December's sun shall see again.

The mild nor'easter's balmy breath

Shall kiss the vale and mountain-side;

The stream by August chilled in death

Shall leap and laugh at Christmas-tide.

Then be of joyful heart, my love;

To hope its tender chords attune;

For, as I have remarked above,

It is not always wintry June.

What Murine Eye Tonic does for the Eye is to refresh, cleanse, strengthen and stimulate the circulation of the blood supply which nourishes the eye, and restores a healthful tone to eyes enfeebled by exposure to strong winds, dust and reflected sunlight.

Murine soothes and quickly cures eyes that need care. All druggists and opticians sell it at 50 cents per bottle.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.**Spreckels Line.**

S. S. Ventura sails 2 p. m., June 21st.

Honolulu only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m., June 30th. Round trip, first class, \$125.

Sydney, Auckland, Samoa, Honolulu

Tahiti, South Seas—S. S. Mariposa sails 11 a. m., July 1. Grand tour this voyage, \$125 round trip.

Office, 1008 Broadway, Oakland. Pier 7, San Francisco.

There is no beverage so deliciously refreshing and healthful in its absolute purity as

White Rock
LITHIA Water.

STILL White Rock Water packed in cases containing twelve one-half gallons **AT \$4.50 PER CASE.**

P. J. WENIGER & CO., Distributors

1534 Ocean Boulevard. Phone Page 7702.

NOTE: Will open about July 1st at our new location Northeast corner Van Ness Avenue and Ellis Street.

Burned Homes Must be Rebuilt

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, having sustained practically no loss in the recent calamity, is in a position to loan money to the people who wish to rebuild. **SAN FRANCISCO MUST RESTORE HER HOMES** as well as her business blocks.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.

GAVIN McNAB, Attorney.

WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.

Office, Cor. Market and Church Sts. **OPEN AND DOING BUSINESS**

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Ready for business at

1165 O'FARRELL STREET

Pianos repaired, tuned, moved and stored
Oakland Office 654 Fourteenth Street, near Grove. Oakland

**J. PORCHER
.. HATTER ..**

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ALL NEW GOODS

715 and 717 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE,
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Stencils, Box Brands, Metal Checks,
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STOCK BROKERS**

Formerly 306 Montgomery Street, resumed business IN
THEIR OWN BUILDING,...

324 BUSH STREET

directly opposite new San Francisco Stock and
Exchange Building.

Says Alexander Black in "Richard Gordon"

"Reformers speak of good government as if it was a determinable thing which all the people would agree in defining. Actually a government always is as good as the people want it to be—not as they say they want it to be, but as they really want it to be. The government expresses the people. When the government is bad the people are in a bad condition.

"We must remember that this is a representative form of government, that practically it is not a government of the whole people by the best, in the sense in which we use the word best. The best is necessarily a minority, and the great majority, while it should, never will choose to be managed by the minority if it knows it. A government which displeases the majority not only is unstable, but probably is a poor government, an undemocratic government. It is contended that the government has but to execute the laws. But no government does this literally. There are laws that hurt the poor, or are thought to do so, and there are laws that hurt the rich or that the rich do not like. Every government undertakes to make peace between the two, tempers the wind of law to the shorn lamb of circumstances. If every law were passed unanimously, or were unanimously retained; if every law were sincerely expressed, even by those who passed or who asked for it, the situation would be different. But laws have the quality only of the feeling that passed or retains them. The government is obliged to acknowledge this. The judge on the bench has the same obligation. So has the minister in the pulpit when he comes to consider the creeds of his own sect. It is no cynicism to say that a vast number of laws are Pickwickian. Some of them are mere scarecrows set up with the idea not of wholly excluding crows but merely of diminishing the attendance of crows. Such laws should not be made, but they are made every day. They should not remain, but they do remain, in statutes as well as

in creeds, because, perhaps, too much might be deduced from taking them away."

"Some men choose to renounce the world. Others choose to take it by the throat. Probably both are wrong, but life contrives to average its illusions." —The Gleaner.

Some Interesting Relics

Reminders of the artistic triumphs of Sembrich, Eames, De Pachmann, Pugno and other musicians are displayed in the windows of the new store of D. H. Baldwin & Co. at 2512 Sacramento street. They are pieces of iron plate and wire, fragments of Baldwin pianos which were used by those artists during their visits to this city, in recitals and for practice. A strong contrast is afforded by the spectacle of these twisted, shapeless frames alongside one of the new pianos recently received. The Baldwin Company has confidence in the future of San Francisco as a musical centre, and Mr. Brown, their coast representative, is most sanguine of an early revival of the demand for their high art productions, which have long been the favorite instruments of the world's greatest artists because of the variety and wealth of tone for which the Baldwin is famous. The latest products of the Baldwin factory, by the way, are of most artistic design and finish.

Tom—Miss Anteke seems full of life tonight.

Maud—Yes, she appears to feel almost as young as she says she is.

FAT FOLKS.

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches, in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.

The Emporium

*Will Again Be California's Largest, America's Grandest
Department Store*

NEW LOCATION VAN NESS AVE. AT POST ST.

The Emporium was the first large retail business to recuperate after the shock of April 18th. Saturday, April 20th an office was opened on Franklin Street for the registration of employees and to organize for relief work. Goods were being sold in the new location on April 27th, and each day since that has marked change and improvement. The Van Ness Avenue frontage of the new Emporium is 142 feet, Post Street frontage 200 feet. There will also be a frontage of 70 feet on Sutter Street giving a total floor space of more than 55,000 square feet, making the New Emporium by far the largest department store in New San Francisco. Stocks are now wonderfully complete and new goods are arriving from the East daily. Special sales will continue to be a feature in our business policy, and the money back privilege goes with every sale.

Watch for our Advertisement in the Bulletin Announcing Our Daily Specials

TURNED DOWN.

I asked her would she wed me, let our life be one sweet song,
And then the maid—oh, she was very clever!—
Evading all the question, murmured "Isn't that too long?
I think it would be tiresome, singing ever!"

But still I pressed my question with much fervor and much
grace,

Until she said: "From maidenhood I'll sever
When Anna Gould shall make her hubby quit his Frenchy
pace."

And then I knew the artful maid meant never.

—The Swain.

HIS PRESCRIPTION.

They heard somebody say, "How do you do, doctor?" so
they rushed out and yelled "Doctor!" after him.

He turned and they beckoned frantically to him to come
back.

He did so and as soon as he reached the door they
grabbed him and rushed him into the bed-room where the
woman was lying. She was very pale and was breathing
feebly.

"What do you think?" they all asked at once.

"I think she's a sick woman," he replied.

They waited a moment and then one said:

"Well, what do you think we should do?"

"I should call a doctor," he replied.

They fell back as though he had hit each one between
the eyes.

"Aren't you a doctor?" they demanded.

"Yes," he answered, "but not that kind of a doctor; I'm
a veterinary."

—The Medico.

HIS FINANCIAL DEAL

Brown—Did you say that young Blingum made his
money in trade?

Jones—Yes; swapped his social position for Miss Rag-
time's millions.

—The Tattler.

PROOF STRONG AS HOLY WRIT.

"Young Larker must be hopelessly in love with Miss
Pacific Avenue."

"Why do you think so?"

"He goes shopping with her."

—The Salesman.



IN THE PRESIDIO

Showing many of Uncle Sam's Brick Buildings that were not damaged.



ANOTHER VIEW.

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Capital and Surplus, - \$3,000,000

We beg to announce to our friends and the public generally that we have resumed business as usual at our former location.

Corner California and Montgomery Streets.

We solicit and receive Commercial and Savings accounts and conduct a general banking business.

Interest is paid on Commercial and Savings deposits.

For the convenience of our customers we will immediately establish Branches at the following locations:

GEARY STREET, NEAR FILLMORE ST.
DEVISADERO ST., NEAR POST ST.
VALENCIA STREET, NEAR 22D ST.

The dates of opening will be announced later.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres. J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank

of San Francisco

Has removed to its new quarters
in the Union Trust Building,
No. 4 Montgomery St.

Capital
Six Million Dollars

Surplus and Undivided Profits
Four Million Dollars

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

TRANSACTED. ACCOUNTS INVITED.

SAN MATEO P A R K

Never so fine as in these summer days — never so attractive for country homes — yet within 30 minutes of the city.

Those 100-foot front lots have no equal on the Peninsula.

Baldwin & Howell
1692 Fillmore Street

FRANK S. GRUMMON
San Mateo Agent

UNION TRUST COMPANY

OF SAN FRANCISCO

Has returned to its old office in the

Union Trust
Company Building

Corner Market, Montgomery
and Post Streets

SAN FRANCISCO

BANKING, TRUST AND SAFE

DEPOSIT BUSINESS SOLICITED

Stage

Florence Roberts' Triumph

Florence Roberts' many admirers in this city will be pleased to learn that the critics of New York agree that she is entitled to rank with the stars of the metropolis. It has been frequently suggested in these columns that Florence Roberts was denied the credit she deserved because she confined her activities to popular-price houses. Despite her most artistic impersonations in "Zaza," "Marta of the Lowlands" and "Glaconda" she was but feebly praised, even by those critics that were willing to admit that she possessed ability. When she played "Zaza" they said she imitated Mrs. Leslie Carter. When she played "Marta" they said she imitated Mrs. Fiske, notwithstanding the clearness of her enunciation which not in the slightest degree reminded one of the high-priced New York star whose failure to render her lines audible and with distinctness is an imperfection that should debar her from serious consideration as an interpreter of dramatic works. Florence Roberts made her New York debut in a play so artificial and inane that it required nothing short of genius to command attention. Yet this is what critic Bullock of the Press said of her at the close of her short season: "Seldom has an unknown actress come to New York and achieved one-half the success of Florence Roberts. For several years Miss Roberts has been a favorite in the West, and she would have ventured long ago on a metropolitan appearance had it not been for the advice of mistaken but well-meaning friends. Persons who had seen many aspiring strangers come to grief here warned the actress that no benefit could be gained by inviting the hostility of our playgoers. The fate of Nance O'Neil is said to have had much to do with Miss Roberts delaying her experiment. Miss O'Neil came down from Boston with flags flying and bands playing, and it was not strange that Miss Roberts asked herself what chance of success she could have in slipping quietly into the city—and that without the endorsement of the aesthetic Hub. But it is not the form of the introduction that counts, but what follows. Miss O'Neil failed, although she had good plays in her repertory; Miss Roberts has succeeded in spite of a bad play. So the plain deduction is that the player who reveals a fresh talent will not go without praise in this city, which often is charged with being governed by prejudice in its views of new playwrights and new players. Were Miss Roberts to find a fitting medium there is no doubt she would take rank at once as one of the foremost of our 'stars.' It may be said of her that in the important point of acting ability and technical equipment she is infinitely superior to more than one of the actresses whose continued popularity as 'stars' tends to convict this same metropolitan public of a mean and almost vulgar taste. There is one thing, however, that Miss Roberts should not neglect, if she intends to conform to our ways. Without delay she should organize a large and exceptionally competent publicity bureau. She is a newcomer here, and she may not have knowledge of all the fine methods employed in the making of a Broadway 'star.' Without the press agent many actresses still would have to enjoy the sensation of their first automobile accident. One of the first acts of the trustworthy press agent is to dispense with motor cars with a reckless disregard for the cost, and it takes little additional imagination to increase the outlay by timely smash-ups. But Miss Roberts might do well to

weigh the fact that automobiles are fast losing their magic for lending lustre to a reputation. The favorite resort just at present is speculation in Long Island real estate. A careful estimate from the reports scattered broadcast in the last few weeks shows that our distinguished players, from Elsie Janis to De Wolf Hopper, have invested in Long Island property an amount a trifle less than that which went up in smoke in San Francisco. Miss Roberts well may rejoice over her substantial success. It does not seem possible she will return to comparative oblivion in the Western wilds. She is an impressive figure on the stage. There is no distressing theatricalism about her; instead, she is without artifice, and obtains her effects by a quiet dignity that compels admiration. Of the several fine features to her work probably that of her enunciation is the best. Her voice is a constant delight to the ear, and it is all the more acceptable by reason of the atrocious tones of the great majority of the players who, by no fault of their own, are public favorites. It is evident that Miss Roberts has given much care to her voice, and she will be repaid finely for it. To many playgoers there is nothing more charming than a good speaking voice. The art of speaking used to be cultivated faithfully in the theatre, but the voice is abused grossly in these latter days."

The Central Trust Company

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Is conducting a general Banking Business at its old address, corner of

Sutter and Montgomery Streets

Interest paid on Savings deposits at 3½ per cent. per annum; no notice for withdrawal required. Collection of Insurance policies free to our patrons.

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SUTTER AND GOUGH STREETS

EUROPEAN PLAN

RESTAURANT AND GRILL IN CONNECTION

Hot and Cold Baths. Elevator Service. TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM.
The Only First-Class Hotel Running in San Francisco.
Opened June 1st, 1906.

GUSTAV MANN, Manager
Formerly of Zinkand's.

Tait's Cafe

Opens informally Monday, June 18th on the corner of
Van Ness Avenue and Eddy Street.

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CADILLAC MOTOR CARS

Can Make Immediate Deliveries

THE CADILLAC STOOD THE TEST

Without interruption, night and day, over hot streets—crowded with vehicles and men, women and children, the Cadillac served the people and the Government.

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Telephone Park 304

The New Columbia

San Francisco will be "out of the running" theatrically for about a year. Managers Gottlob and Marx are of the opinion that it will take fully a year to build the theatre in which they will resume business with top notch Syndicate attractions, and until then we must not expect to see many of the latest London and New York successes. The work of clearing the ground for the new theatre on Van Ness between Geary and Myrtle avenue has already begun, but as the building is to be of the Class A variety the work of construction will not be rapid. This theatre is designed to be the finest in the West. Its strongest appeal to theatregoers will be through its exits, for it is so situated that egress may be had from three streets—Van Ness, Geary and Myrtle, and the plans provide for exits to each.

Opera at Idora

The Idora Park company in Oakland, organized by Will Greenbaum, is acquiring a repertoire of all the old familiar comic operas toward which there has been reaction of late, theatregoers having become surfeited with musical comedy. This week Hope Mayne, a beautiful young Australian singer, is playing the leading role in "The Mascot," and in the cast with her are those perennial favorites Arthur Cunningham and Ferris Hartman. The next opera to be produced is "Olivette." Idora Park with its opera company, excellent orchestra and beautiful skating rink is the most inviting of resorts round the bay.

That amusing farce "Are You a Mason?" has proved a very strong attraction at Manager Bishop's "Ye Liberty Playhouse" but it will be withdrawn Sunday night, and the long promised "How Baxter Butted In" will be presented. Theatre-

goers will be pleased to learn that Katherine Grey, one of the most versatile of leading women, will soon join Bishop's players.

IDORA PARK — — — **OAKLAND**

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager

Every night, Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Audran's Comic Opera in Three Acts**"THE MASCOT"**Reserved Seats 50c. and 35c. including admission to Park.
Open Air Skating Rink. The Finest in the World.**Ye Liberty Playhouse** 14th & Broadway
OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop.

Last Performances Sat. and Sun. Mat. and Eves.

ARE YOU A MASON?Monday Evening **"HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN"**

Prices, 50c. and 25c.

ORPHEUM (Formerly Chutes Theatre)
Week Commencing
Sunday Matinee, June 17**VAUDEVILLE STUNNERS!**KAUFMANN TROUPE; Nora Bayes; Willy Zimmerman;
Bert and Bertha Grant; Marvelous Frank and Little Bob;
Probst; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week
of the Laughing Success of the Century,**16—KARNO'S LONDON COMEDY COMPANY—16****Matinee Every Day Except Monday**

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c and 50c. Matinees, except Saturday and Sunday, 10c and 25c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Streets. Phone, West 6,000.

CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight.

Varied attractions all over the grounds.

SEE "A DAY IN THE ALPS."

Chutes Grill Furnishes Meals at City Prices.

Admission, 10c.; Children, 5c.

SUNSET MAGAZINE**June-July Number****OUT JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH****"San Francisco"**

BY

E. H. Harriman**"San Francisco"**

BY

Joaquin Miller

"The Plight and Prospects of San Francisco".....by Charles S. Aiken
 "Handling the Crisis".....by Col. Edwin Emerson
 "The Chariots of the Gods".....by Charles K. Field

Photographs of San Francisco while burning and after the disaster.
Portraits of Funston, Schmitz and other prominent men.

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Resurgam

A Monologue.

We two—alone in the dark; all the world forgotten; your arms around me; your lips pressed to mine. How the blood tingles as the sweet madness courses through the veins! The quickened breath; your caressing hand. "My dusk-rose," I hear you murmur, and the tender note in your voice is akin to sadness.

Again we two—alone in the dark. In vain my lips seek your pale ones. There is no response. I call to you, sweetheart; I press my hot mouth to your cold forehead; I chafe your hands; I hold my breath, straining to hear that caressing tone as you murmur, "My dusk-rose!" Can't you hear me, sweetheart? Ah, you must! Surely, this is not the end. Cannot all my passion, my love, my tenderness, bring you back? Let me conjure up some scene from the Eden we reveled in for so brief—all too brief—a time. You remember, dear, those perfect Summer nights; the stillness of the world around; the plaintive lapping of the water against the rocks below, and the moonlight? "Moonlight and the madness thereof and the love"—and the love! Ah! how can you forget the love? How lie there so calm, all forgetful of the love? Still no response. Have I lost my power, my cunning? But was it cunning, dear, to make you love? Was it sinful? You did not sin. It was the old, old story, "the woman tempted me." Yet no answer. The shadows deepen and the chill of death enters my soul. How sluggish beats the heart! The icy coldness of your hand pressed against my bosom has chilled the blood. Why should my heart beat yours—its mate—is hushed? Oh, the stillness, the hopeless quiet that envelopes us! Not a ripple of sound to break your sleep. They have left us alone, dear. He is waiting, outside. He felt that we should be alone. What does he know? Nothing. Yet, perhaps he questions and wonders. Well, some day he shall know all. He cannot now be jealous of my dead. Dead—dead—ah! How strange seems the room! Nothing changed; everything in its place; the book on the table marked where you had left off reading, and the bronze Venus, still smiling from beneath her rose-colored lights. How dare she smile at such a time! Were I, even as she, a cold bronze thing, the sight of you lying dead would wring from me bitter tears. How I hate her smile! I was always jealous of her, because she lured you to look on charms other than my own. No matter now. Everything in its place, yet how changed! I know! I understand; the soul has been snuffed out. It has returned whence it came. And where is that? Have you fathomed the mystery, dear, over which we were wont to ponder? Are you at rest, dear? You were soul-weary, I know. Well, the struggle is at an end. Perhaps you may gain there, in that great unknown, what was denied you here. Who knows? But to leave me behind, my darling; never to see your face again; never to hear your voice. Do you know what that means to me? Never to see your face again; never to hear your voice. God! How can I bear it? My spirit rebels. Where is your power, now, my dead beloved—the power to soothe, to calm this rebellious soul? Even my hot tears falling on your face do not wring from you a word of tenderness; you who were all gentleness. Who called? Yes, I will soon be ready. Leave us together yet a while. They have come for you, my beloved. I must take my last farewell. Is this good-bye? No, no no! I cannot believe it! I will not give you up! There is a Hereafter for us where we shall know no parting. You will come to me, my darling, will you not? You will sustain me in this struggle as you have done in all others. I must not forget honor—and duty. You who loved both—you would have me do my duty and remember honor, on whose altar you sacrificed our love. And now I think I see a smile lurking around the corners of your mouth. You are pleased with me. But

a moment more and you will open your eyes. You will end this searing dream. Closer to my heart, my beloved! Why, what sweet calm is this that steals over me? My limbs grow numb, my eyelids heavy. I am so tired, dear; let me rest here, close to your heart. It is so is dark.

Alone in the dark—quite alone. With straining eyes I peer into the blackness. I am waiting, dear. My lonely soul cries out to you. You will hear and answer its appeal. I may not see you in your habit as you lived, yet shall I know when you are near. I lie and wait—wait as of yore. My heart quickens with the thought of your coming. Ah, dear heart, do not delay. I am not strong. The awful days and nights of rebellion against the Power that called you away—the turmoil of the spirit deprived of its mate—have left their mark on me. But soon I shall be soothed. Even now, as I call to you, a great calm steals over me. I feel, I know your presence. And so there is no separation, beloved. This ecstasy is a foretaste of that life to come; that perfect life of perfect love. Ah, how your presence soothes my tired spirit, sweetheart! Sordid life cannot touch me now. Let grieved hearts look up and hope. There is no parting. We are together again—together in the dark—we two.

—The Mourner.

SUMMER RESORTS RANCHILLA

An ideal home in the Santa Cruz Mountains, surrounded by beautiful grounds, five miles from Santa Cruz, in the Redwood belt. Beautiful drives, good trout fishing. Telephone, gas. \$9 to \$10. Address MRS. E. H. BUNTING, R. F. D. 87, Santa Cruz, Cal.

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All kinds of mineral baths, tub baths, mineral medicated mud baths, natural mineral steam room and shower baths. Swimming tank.

Best water in the State for kidney, liver and stomach troubles, neuralgia, paralysis, rheumatism and skin diseases. Mountain trails. Best equipped gymnasium in the State. Fine vegetable garden, dairy and livery stable. All connected with hotel. Fine fishing close to hotel. Round trip ticket to springs, \$7. Write for booklet.

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Garden City Sanitarium

(NOT A HOSPITAL)..

Receiving patients as usual. Cottage, rooms or tents. Write for literature. SAN JOSE, CAL.

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in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Broad Gauge S. P. trains to Santa Cruz—Narrow Gauge to Ben Lomond—usual rates. Boating, fishing and out-door sports. Write for booklet and rates. BEN LOMOND HOTEL CO., Ben Lomond, Cal.

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A place where you feel at home. Under new management. Delightful walks and other amusements. Variety of springs. Table first-class. Rates, \$12 per week or \$2 per day. Children, half price. Open for guests June 1st. Address Santa Rosa, Rural 6.

WILLOW RANCH

Delightfully located in the redwoods, five miles from Santa Cruz; spring water; fruit; milk; excellent table; daily mail; telephone Suburban 87; free conveyance; \$7 per week. MRS. M. J. CRANDELL, Santa Cruz.



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Is running its trains on schedule time.

The best resorts in the State are reached by this line.

To any one of them you can send your family—and be sure they will be comfortable and at small cost.

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North End Nave Ferry Building

CAMP VACATION

The tented park, beautifully situated on the Russian river, in the redwoods, is now open. Large dining-room, seating 250 guests; big dance pavilion, social hall. Boating, bathing, fishing, etc. Fine service. Table furnished with the best of everything. Write for accommodations. Address MRS. L. C. CNOPIUS, Vacation, Sonoma county, Cal.

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Under new management. Santa Cruz Mountains. Three miles from Glenwood. First-class table; bowling; electric lights; billiards; dancing-pavilion; clubroom; \$10 up; round trip \$3.00; free carriage.

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("Santa Cruz Mountains"), now open. Broad gauge trains to Santa Cruz, and narrow gauge from there direct.

WM. G. DODGE, Ben Lomond, Cal.

Complete comfort—the best thing we can say of the new hotel at

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LAKE COUNTY

It supplies every want—gratifies every wish. It is beautiful to look at—a delight to live in. Every hotel comfort you ever heard or dreamed of you'll find at Witter Springs. Rates: Old hotel and cottage rooms, \$12 per week; New hotel, \$14 per week and up. Mr. H. W. Wills, Ass't Manager of St. Francis Hotel, now has personal charge of the Springs Hotel.

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SOLID COMFORT HOME

1900 feet altitude; no fog; climate delightful; unsurpassed scenery; hot, cold bath; spring water; cement swimming tank, 40x80; telephone. \$7 week; stage meets train. Round trip to Napa, \$1.35. Schuler & Scheben, Napa, Cal.

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The Most Curative Springs Known

Temperature 196 degrees. The hottest curative springs in the world.

Flow 500,000 gallons daily.

Altitude 2000 feet, ideal for health.

Climate Variation of mean temperature of summer and winter only 10 degrees.

Scenery The scenery of Switzerland. Majestic mountains and beautiful orange groves. Only three miles from the orange on the trees to the snow on the mountains in winter. Horse and foot trails in every direction.

Baths Bath house will accommodate 400 daily. Hot water, vapor, mud, electric light, Schott, (Nauheim) needle massage, X-ray.

Laboratory Thoroughly equipped for diagnostic and clinical study of every type of metabolic disorders.

Analysis Intermediate between Sprudel of Carlsbad, Germany, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas, though more strongly radio-active than either.

Conduct Modeled after the great European Spas.

FOR BOOKLET ADDRESS

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In the mountains, twelve miles from Napa, 1900 feet elevation. Conducted as a home place rather than a hotel; pure air and water; own milk, cream, fruit and vegetables; \$8 to \$11 per week. Descriptive folder at Bryan's Information Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street, Arno H. Wilson, Atlas, Napa county, Cal.

Hot White Sulphur Springs Canyon

625 acres, new hotel building not ready this season. Furnished cottages, 3 to 10 rooms, rented to families desirous of camping. Some choice locations for tents; rare opportunity to enjoy out-door life; miles of lovely drives; large barn and stable; private table for limited number; strictly home service; fine fishing.

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HIGHLAND SPRINGS

For rest and health, for cleanliness, climate and accommodation stands unsurpassed of all summer resorts. Rates \$12.00, \$14.00 and \$16.00 per week.

For full particulars address

R. ROBERTSON.

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In the Woods, by the Sea. California's popular Family Hotel (same control as Del Monte), near Presidio army post and old Monterey, \$2.50 a day up; special rates by the month.

GEO. H. CORDY, Manager, Pacific Grove, Cal.

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(Elevation 3000 Feet.)

Surrounded by a pine forest of 5000 acres. This and its new hotel makes it the largest and most desirable resort in California. The waters are a positive cure for Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints.

Send for book of testimonials to DR. W. R. PRATHER, Proprietor.

NAPA SODA SPRINGS

California's famous mountain spa, only 50 miles from San Francisco, NOW OPEN. The nearest watering place and summer resort to the city. 1,000 feet elevation, overlooking for 25 miles the beautiful Napa Valley. Good hotel accommodations. New skating rink installed this season. Open all the year round. Terms on application to JOHN JACOB, Napa Soda Springs, Napa county, Cal.

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A fine health, fishing and hunting resort. For particulars apply to Peck-Judah Co., 414 Fourteenth St., Oakland, or write EDSON BROS., Beswick, Siskiyou Co., Cal.

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Just rebuilt and newly furnished. Hot Sulphur Baths famous all over the West. Water gushes from solid rock, cures Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Dyspepsia, Malarial Diseases and Stomach, Kidney and Liver Complaints. Excellent hunting and fishing and a first-class table. Located in the heart of the giant redwoods. Open all the year round; camping ground free. Telephone and Livery. C. N. W. Ry. to Ukiah, stage to springs. Round trip from San Francisco \$9.50. Address J. L. ORR, Ukiah, Mendocino Co., Cal.

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Healdsburg, two miles east of town, on north and west bank of Russian river, at the base of Fitch Mountain; a wilderness in the heart of Russian River Valley; grand natural scenery; abundance of shade; pure water; medicinal mineral spring; bathing, deep and shallow; boating and fishing; river dammed during summer months; trails to the top of Fitch Mountain, 700 feet elevation, from which point the valley with its orchards and vineyards may be seen; with Geyser Peak and Mount St. Helena in plain view. An ideal spot to camp in and enjoy the beauties of nature; in the midst of the best fruit orchards of the State. Camping privileges without floors, \$1.00, and with floors \$1.50 per week. BOARDING DEPARTMENT—House-rooms sufficient for cooking, dining and sitting, and lodging furnished in tents with floors, beds, bedding and furniture; good cooking, table well supplied, and guests well fed and lodged, and in every way as comfortable as if in a first-class hotel, with much more freedom. Board and lodging for adults, per week \$8.00 to \$9.00; per day \$1.50, and children under 10 at reduced rates. For particulars address J. W. ROSE, Healdsburg, Sonoma County, Cal.

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Tahoe Tavern

Open from May 15th to October 15th

F. W. RICHARDSON, Manager, Tahoe, Cal.

Ten per cent. reduction in weekly rates up to July 1st.

Fishing this season better than ever.

Specially Low Railroad Rates

\$15 Per Week for Board

with plenty of fruit, eggs and milk.

No extra charge for boats or livery. Special rates to families in cottages. Physician in attendance.

DR. H. B. CROCKER Healdsburg, Cal.

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FIREPROOF HOTEL



Beautiful Indian Mission restaurant—the most novel and finely appointed on the coast. Music by the Alexandria Royal Hungarian Orchestra.

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300 Rooms—150 Baths—All Conveniences
Restaurant a la Carte—perfect Cuisine

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THE ANGELUS, LOOMIS RRCS.

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The most elegantly and luxuriously furnished hotel of its size in the United States. Now under new management. American and European plan.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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DEL MONTE OFFERS

Hotel Del Monte was very slightly injured by the recent disturbance, and is offering welcome shelter to all San Franciscans. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families.

ADDRESS:

GEORGE P. SNELL, *Manager*
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A PERMANENT HOME THE COLONIAL

First-class family hotel. Foothills of Santa Cruz Mountains. Interurban cars pass the doors. S. P. to San Jose and Interurban cars, or S. P. direct to Los Gatos. Address THE COLONIAL, Los Gatos, Cal.

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Hot
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Natural hot baths and wonderful stomach waters. Swimming pond. Arsenic baths for nervousness. Rates \$9 to \$12 per week. Booklets at Peck's 414 14th Street, Oakland.

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Send your family to the nearest Hot Sulphur Springs to San Francisco; first-class accommodations; special rates to families; no staging; four trains daily; fare, round trip, \$1.65; Tiburon Ferry or Southern Pacific; two hours' ride. Address THEODOR RICHARDS, Agua Caliente, Sonoma county, Cal.

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Boating, Bathing and all other amusements free. Hot and cold sulphur baths. White sulphur springs. Send for pamphlet. O. WEISMAN, Midlake P. O., Lake County, Cal.

LAKES

SARATOGA SPRINGS

Extensive improvements this year. A new spring discovered which will effect more cures in a day than the other waters in a week; 15 different mineral springs. We guarantee cure for dyspepsia, kidney, liver, stomach, rheumatism, blood, skin diseases, etc.; \$10 to \$16 per week. For information J. MARTENS, Bachelor P. O., Lake county, Cal.

SKAGGS

Hot Springs, Sonoma county, only 4½ hours from San Francisco and but 9 miles staging; waters noted for medicinal virtues; best natural hot mineral water bath in State; boating and swimming; good trout streams; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and San Francisco papers. First-class Hotel and Stage Service; morning and afternoon stages; round trip from San Francisco \$5.50. Take Tiburon ferry daily 7:30 a. m. or 2:30 p. m. Rates \$2.00 a day or \$12 a week. References: Any guest of the past eleven years. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street, or of J. F. MULGREW, Skaggs, Cal.

DUNCAN SPRINGS

Now open. Rates \$10 to \$12 week. Write for particulars. Address HOWELL BROS., Hopland, Mendocino county, Cal.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

AMERICA'S GREATEST SPA

One of the best appointed hotels in the State. Delightful environment and waters that cure. Send your family if you can't go yourself.

Week end excursion from San Francisco, \$7.50 round trip, includes two days at hotel, railroad fare, and use of waters. Everything paid. Ask Southern Pacific agents.

Hotel Del Coronado

THE CORONET OF THE PACIFIC

All outside rooms. Every modern convenience provided. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Fine fishing. This magnificent hostelry is conducted on the American plan and is open the entire year. There is no better surf bathing in America than that at Coronado Beach. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Mgr., Coronado Beach, Cal.

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LAUREL DELL

The Switzerland of America.

Rates same as usual. First-class orchestra, under the management of Dr. Monroe N. Callender. Boating, marine toboggan, bowling and other amusements free to guests. Write for pamphlet to E. DURNAN, Prop., Laurel Dell P. O., Lake Co., Cal.; also prop. La Trianon Hotel.

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The well-known mountain and pleasure resort; in the midst of the Napa redwoods; boating, swimming; terms reasonable. Stage meets guests at Oakville, Napa county. MR. and MRS. THEO. BLANCKENBURG, JR., Props., Oakville, Napa county.

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The only resort in Lake county on the lake. Finest boating, hunting and fishing in the State. Newly furnished. Table unsurpassed. Terms for 1906 reduced: \$2 per day, \$12 per week. All amusements and baths in the great geyser, free to regular guests. Further information address GEO. ROBINSON and AGNES BELL RHOADS, managers, Soda Bay, via Kelseyville P. O., Lake county, Cal.

Mt. View Ranch Hotel

And cottages in the mountains near Santa Cruz. First-class table; gas; bath; phone; clubroom; dancing-pavilion; bowling; croquet; rates \$9 up. Campers' tickets to Santa Cruz \$4, carriage fare, \$1.25 round trip.

TONY PHILIPS, Santa Cruz.

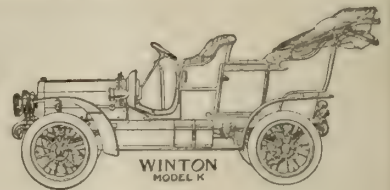
Have Town Talk sent you while on your vacation

Letters

The Scarlet Empire

Mr. David M. Parry has hit a smashing blow at Social Democracy in his novel, "The Scarlet Empire." Mr. Parry is president of the National Manufacturers' Association, and a determined advocate of the open shop. Like most employers, he has been hampered and annoyed by the dictation of trades unions, and he has set himself the task of showing what would result if they were given freedom to rule the world according to their wont, to regulate and restrict until they had a finger in every pie. John Walker, the hero of the tale, was a young man who had abandoned every other pursuit to give his time to street oratory, to declaim against things as they are and to expatiate on how they ought to be, and would be, if the people had "their rights." Strict attention to this species of propaganda had brought him to the verge of destitution and after an impassioned speech of denunciation and farewell he leaped from one of the Coney Island piers. His body was never recovered for the excellent reason that instead of meeting death he was saved by one of the citizens of an under-sea community, the lost Island of Atlantis, where he found his ideal government in full blast and expected to be in paradise. No so, however, for the very first thing he learned, before his rescuer had fairly resuscitated him, was that every one wore a registering meter, and that an inspector was liable to appear at any moment. Not only speech, but every other action, was limited. The people went to bed and arose at stated times, and prayed in a mechanical fashion for a definite number of minutes. They were dosed by rule, and each received precisely the same portion of the same food. That one found it unpalatable and another insufficient did not matter, for the state provided what was best and no man or woman had a right to reduce his strength below the average or contribute his portion to another and thus disturb the equation. Instead of the abundant leisure expected when each worked for all and all for each, Walker discovered that where every one was sure of food and shelter no one had an incentive to exertion and where men and women were attired alike in the same scarlet garmenture, even vanity had no room for play as a stimulus, so that sixteen hours was a day's work, and out of a total population of four million, one quarter were inspectors spying on the rest. Money, of course, and every equivalent or substitute, had disappeared, and the words "my" or "your" had gone with it. Marriages were regulated by the state, and the oldest and ugliest with the youngest and best favored, and the tall with the short, so that, as far as such things can be accomplished, there was a uniformity of even size and feature. The children raised in state phalansteries, and belonging to no one in particular, were in a worse case than in the worst of our baby farms, and advancement in every direction had ceased. The one unpardonable sin was atavism, inheriting pernicious tendencies threatening the overthrow of the "republic," and its punishment long imprisonment until the spirit was broken, or else a casting to the sea monsters, the occasion being made a public holiday. While the attention of every one was thus directed to the uprooting of tendencies to advancement, lest one should become better than another, no heed was paid to the opposite danger, and when our street orator was unceremoniously introduced to Atlantis, matters were ripe for a revolution, for the most degenerate and vicious of the citizenship were about to seize on everything and establish a new government by and for themselves. The man from the upper world speedily saw the tendency of events. Circumstances which it would be unfair to divulge put him in possession of a means of escape and to take with him a few friends and an abundance of the treasure, coin, jewels and antiques, stored in the museum, and when he returned to the surface of the earth with his Atlantean bride it was with abundance of means to establish himself as a capitalist, and with no more wild vagaries about

Stood the
Test



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Beginning April 18th the greatest endurance test was opened in San Francisco.

Days and nights the Automobile traveled at top speed over all conditions of roadway—through thoroughfares congested with people and vehicles. This work of the Automobile is the wonder of the people of the world.

Through it all not a Winton K or Thomas or an Olds Four Cylinder was disqualified. Such a record did our machines make that we have sold every stock car.

Our factories are now rushing 21 large machines and 6 runabouts to us. These will arrive during the next 15 days. If you want one of these machines, call at once and arrange for reservation.

Fire never touched us.

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the equality of all men. Mr. Parry points the obvious moral, that all a man wants, to be cured of his ideas of communistic ownership, is to be possessed of something of his own, and shows how futile the idea is that when no one has a personal incentive towards exertion he will work for the pleasure of adding to the common store. While the "Scarlet Empire" is not a great, epoch-making novel, it is deserving of the same kind and amount of attention that was bestowed on "Looking Backward," and if the manufacturers would push it as energetically as the Socialists did the Bellamy book, no doubt it would reach the same enormous circulation. "Looking Backward" was brought out in a cheap paper-covered edition and given as a premium to subscribers to socialistic journals. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company with illustrations by Herbert C. Wall.

Some Ghetto Stories

"An Idyl of the Gass," the first book published by Miss Martha Wolfenstein in 1901, was something to be long remembered by appreciative readers. It detailed the life of the Jews in a small Austrian town, the joys and sorrows, the Sabbath and holiday customs, and chiefly the events which befell one very small and very bright little scholar, Shimele, and his good grandmother Maryam. The new book by the same author, a volume of short stories which takes its name from the first tale, "A Renegade," is a worthy successor to the "Idyls" and should receive a welcome from all lovers of literature, irrespective of creed. Most of the narratives concern the dwellers in the same Ghetto of Maritz and the brief glimpses of the little Shimele are most welcome. There is much to laugh over and as much to call for tears, but the laugh is with and the tears for the persecuted people who are always ground between the upper and the nether millstone. The first story, "A Renegade," gives the pathetic history of a boy apprenticed to a tailor while all his heart was in books. His penchant for study was accidentally discovered by a neighboring count, a Christian, who offered to have him educated but was bitterly opposed by the mother and all the elderly Hebrews, who objected to receiving benefits from the Christians and who, moreover, knew only too well that there were no high positions open to Jews. In time it came about that the youth found that his career would be stopped short unless he consented to Christian baptism. To him it was only an empty form and in spite of maternal protests he went through the ceremony. In consequence he found himself cast out by his co-religionists, and yet never fully accepted by the Christians. To one he was a renegade and to the others still a Jew. "Dovid and Resel" is a bit of delightful comedy, a courtship and marriage according to prescribed rules. "Loebele Schlemiel" relates the life history of one of those unfortunates whose best efforts and most patient strivings come to nothing, though his misfortunes can be in no sense attributed to his lack of perseverance or good judgment. It was just his misfortune to be always the victim of chance or circumstances. "Genendel the Pious" is something new and the character most original. "A Sinner in Israel" and "A Judgment of Solomon" are delicious bits of comedy, and "A Monk from the Ghetto" illustrates the old saying that, given the right direction of a child's mind for the first ten years, it matters nothing where he is placed or what he is taught later in life. There are thirteen of these stories indexed. One wishes that there were thirteen more. Miss Wolfenstein is yet a very young woman. Her work cannot be said to "show promise," that empty phrase of compliment which means anything or nothing, for the two books put forth in her name are fulfillment. Martha Wolfenstein is not a name found in half the monthly magazines at every issue, and it may be because she takes time, and writes only when she has a story to tell, that her work is so fresh and invigorating. "A Renegade" is brought out by the Jewish Publication Society of America, whose headquarters is Philadelphia.

—The Bookworm.

John J. Barrett

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

1416 POST STREET, NEAR GOUGH, SAN FRANCISCO
Telephone West 30

Hugh J. McIsaac

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

2124 BUSH STREET SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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THE YOUNG KING

(Continued from Page 9)

and no man was left alive.

And Avarice fled shrieking through the forest, and Death leaped upon his red horse and galloped away, and his galloping was faster than the wind.

And out of the slime at the bottom of the valley crept dragons and horrible things with scales, and the jackals came trotting along the sand, sniffing up the air with their nostrils.

And the young King wept, and said: "Who were these men, and for what were they seeking?"

"For rubies for a King's crown," answered one who stood behind him.

And the young King started, and, turning round, he saw a man habited as a pilgrim, and holding in his hand a mirror of silver.

And he grew pale, and said: "For what King?"

And the pilgrim answered, "Look into this mirror, and thou shalt see him."

And he looked into the mirror, and, seeing his own face, he gave a great cry and woke, and the bright sunlight was streaming into the room, and from the trees of the garden and pleasure the birds were singing.

And the Chamberlain and the high officers of state came in and made obeisance to him, and the pages brought him the robe of tissue gold, and set the crown and the sceptre before him.

And the young King looked at them, and they were beautiful. More beautiful were they than aught that he had ever seen. But he remembered his dreams, and he said to his lords: "Take these things away, for I will not wear them."

And the courtiers were amazed, and some of them laughed; for they thought that he was jesting.

But he spake sternly to them again, and said: "Take these things away, and hide them from me. Though it be the day of my coronation, I will not wear them. For on the loom of sorrow, and by the white hands of Pain, has this my robe been woven. There is Blood in the heart of the ruby, and Death in the heart of the pearl." And he told them his three dreams.

And when the courtiers heard them they looked at each other and whispered, saying: "Surely he is mad; for what is a dream but a dream, and a vision but a vision? They are not real things that one should heed them. And what have we to do with the lives of those who toil for us? Shall a man not eat bread till he has seen the sower, nor drink wine till he has talked with the vinedresser?"

And the Chamberlain spoke to the young King, and said:

"My lord, pray thee set aside these black thoughts of thine, and put on this fair robe, and set this crown upon thy head. For how shall the people know that thou art a king if thou hast not a king's raiment?"

And the young King looked at him. "Is it so, indeed?"

he questioned. "Will they not know me for a king if I have not a king's raiment?"

"They will not know thee, my lord," cried the Chamberlain.

"I had thought that there had been men who were king-like," he answered, "but it may be as thou sayest. And yet I will not wear this robe, nor will I be crowned with this crown, but even as I came to the palace, so will I go forth from it."

And he bade them all leave him, save one page whom he kept as his companion, a lad a year younger than himself. Him he kept for his service, and, when he had bathed himself in clear water, he opened a great painted chest, and from it he took the leathern tunic and rough sheepskin cloak that he had worn when he had watched on the hillside the shaggy goats of the goatherd. These he put on, and in his hand he took his rude shepherd's staff.

And the little page opened his big blue eyes in wonder, and said smiling to him: "My lord, I see thy robe and thy sceptre, but where is thy crown?"

And the young King plucked a spray of wild brier that was climbing over the balcony, and bent it, and made a circlet of it, and set it on his own head.

"This shall be my crown," he answered.

And thus attired he passed out of his chamber into the Great Hall, where the nobles were waiting for him.

And the nobles made merry, and some of them cried out to him, "My lord, the people wait for their king, and thou showest them a beggar." And others were wrath and said: "He brings shame upon our state, and is unworthy to be our master." But he answered them not a word, but passed on and went down the bright porphyry staircase, and out through the gates of bronze, and mounted upon his horse, and rode towards the cathedral, the little page running beside him.

And the people laughed, and said: "It is the King's fool who is riding by," and they mocked him.

And he drew rein and said: "Nay, but I am the King." And he told them his three dreams.

And a man came out of the crowd and spake bitterly to him, and said: "Sir, knowest thou not that out of the luxury of the rich cometh the life of the poor? By your pomp we are nurtured, and your vices give us bread. To toil for a hard master is bitter, but to have no master to toil for is more bitter still. Thinkest thou that the ravens will feed us? And what cure hast thou for these things? Wilt thou say to the buyer, 'Thou shalt buy for so much,' and to the seller, 'Thou shalt sell at this price'? I trow not. Therefore go back to thy palace and put on thy purple and fine linen. What hast thou to do with us and what we suffer?"

"Are not the rich and the poor brothers?" asked the young King.

"Ay," answered the man, "and the name of the rich brother is Cain."

And the young King's eyes filled with tears, and he

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The Water Front Tie-Up

When shipping was tied up along the water front by the Seamen's Union, a few weeks ago, we were told that the strike was the result of the action of the lumber dealers and ship owners in raising the price of lumber and freight rates. It was explained that union men felt that they were entitled to share in the profits of their employers; also that nearly all the vessels carrying lumber to this port were owned by the lumber manufacturers, by whom both the price of lumber and freight rates had been raised. This statement of the case created a sentiment against the ship owners and lumber manufacturers, and as it appeared that they were taking advantage of the necessities of the people of a city that has long been their most profitable market, sympathy was with the working men, who, in the circumstances, were but following the example of their greedy employers. But it now appears that, as usual, union labor has been evoking public sympathy through misrepresentation, equivocation and bold prevarication. The facts are that freight rates have not been raised, that comparatively few of the vessels affected by the strike are owned by lumber manufacturers, that the manufacturers of redwood lumber who own steam schooners have raised neither freight rates nor the price of the commodity in which they deal. The only lumber that has been raised in price is Oregon pine manufactured in Oregon and Washington, the price of which is regulated at the northern mills. So, instead of execrating the ship owners, the people of San Francisco should reserve their choicest invective for the cold-blooded leaders of union labor who, while affecting loyalty to the city and a burning desire to hasten the work of reconstruction and co-operate in the task of reviving the commercial prestige of the stricken metropolis, are falling upon her prostrate body and fettering her with the thongs of avarice. But this is no time for execration, or even for arbitration. If the labor unions intend to charge all that the traffic will bear in the reconstruction of San Francisco, and to make it bear as much as possible circulate false reports in the East respecting the industrial situation here, the commercial bodies of San Francisco should get together and organize for protection. If union labor has suddenly come to the conclusion that the price of labor is to be regulated by the law of supply and demand, it behooves employers to see that there is no shortage of supply. And meanwhile if the supply of sailors is sufficient to man the vessels that have business at this port, it is important that Mr. Andrew Furuseth and his emissaries should be warned against arousing the people to the advisability of taking a hand in the controversy.

Dishonest Financiering

Several thieving insurance companies will probably be driven out of business in consequence of their failure to discharge obligations arising out of San Francisco's big fire, but the victims of their dishonesty will not derive any consolation from that circumstance. Nor will any great amount of public interest be subserved by forcing the rascally delinquents to the wall. It will be easy for the grafters to organize new companies, go into business again, and resume the practice of obtaining money under false pretenses. The dishonesty of the fire insurance business is but another aspect of the immorality that is characteristic of financial operations throughout the country; and if we were to investigate we should probably find that the principal stockholders of the dishonest companies are conspicuous in some of the larcenous enterprises that have been the subject of investigation in Washington and New York. So long as the efforts of Federal and State officials are directed merely toward the inhibition of corrupt practices and no attempt is made to punish the offenders as ordinary criminals are punished, it is absurd to expect a cessation of the disreputable methods by which men strive to get what they are not entitled to at the expense of the unsophisticated. It does no good to hold the crooks up to the scorn of their fellow men. The motto of the age is: Get the money and you'll have no difficulty in assimilating scorn. We read and hear a great deal about the salutary influence of a healthy public sentiment, but we look in vain for proof of its curative properties. Reformers are demanding that every grafting frenzied financier should be made to feel the disrepute which should attach to his dishonest practices, but while the muckrakers are muckraking their victims in one column the social editor is holding those same victims up to the envy of the mob in another column. On one page John D. Rockefeller, the most vicious scoundrel in America today, the archetype of all the corporate grafters, is denounced for his iniquities, and on another page his triumphal trip through Europe is reported in a style that bespeaks feelings of the greatest admiration and highest respect. If the disrepute which should attach to dishonest practices could be depended upon to take hold of the predatory rich, and there was some probability of their descendants inheriting that disrepute along with illgotten gains, prison stripes would not be essential as they now are to the improvement of morals. In the present complaisant state of the public mind the only disrepute which counts is attached to poverty.

Clerical Opinion

The question whether San Francisco's catastrophe was an expression of God's wrath is still open for discussion. Arguments pro and con are still being made in the pulpit and on the editorial tripod, and all with equal vehemence. The Rev. R. A. Torrey, an evangelist of some note, affirms that the Lord took "a solemn way of speaking" to the inhabitants of "one of the wickedest cities in the country." A clergyman in Asbury Park tells us that "the city would not have been destroyed if it had been a Christian city," and that "no Christian city ever was destroyed." The New York Observer, a Presbyterian paper, cautiously suggests that the catastrophe "may have been in some sense a visitation of divine judgment." That is a non-committal way of discussing the matter, and it is in refreshing contrast with the dogmatic utterances on both sides of the question that imply confidential relations with God. We are inclined to attribute to the Observer's editor a higher order of intelligence than is possessed by the philosophers who profess a knowledge of God's ways and motives and assume to enlighten us in respect of his attitude toward the city of San Francisco. With those that tell us that God did not send the catastrophe we class the editor of the New World, a Roman Catholic publication of Chicago, who wrote: "When we remember that only a few years ago in Good Friday night of all the nights of the year many of the wealthy citizens of San Francisco assembled together

with lewd women in one of the most luxurious mansions of the city and carried their hellish orgies so far that they kicked the globes off the chandeliers, we shall be inclined at least to abstain from asserting that subterranean gases, 'faults' and other seismic agencies were the principal and only cause of nature's convulsions." We have no recollection of the orgie described by the editor of the New World, but we would not question his veracity. We prefer to deride him for having to go so far back to find sufficient provocation for God's wrath, and not being able to bring to light anything more reprehensible than an orgie, at which the men capped the climax of their iniquities by kicking the globes off the chandeliers. If the lewd women had done the high kicking in the presence of the wealthy citizens, then we should concede that it was a scandalous affair and voice the sentiment that the participants deserved to be punished on the spot. We do not pretend to know that the earthquake was merely the result of the operation of natural laws. Nor would we be so bold as to deny that it was an expression of God's wrath. Indeed, we are less astonished at the wrath-of-God theorists than at the Christian clergymen who assert as did a Boston divine that "The real culture of the age forbids that we should longer hold God accountable for these disasters as his judgments upon us for our sins." If so, then, perhaps, we should not believe that Adam's transgression involved all men in punishment; nor should we believe the doctrine of the sacrificial atonement of Christ which carries with it the notion of appeasement, and therefore the notion, too, of a God of wrath.

Bryan's New Boom

The whirligig of time assuages prejudices and revolutionizes sentiments. Nobody ever had that fact brought home to him with the emphasis and lucidity with which it has been presented to William J. Bryan. The great silver champion, the erstwhile pet of the Populists, the man on whose account Grover Cleveland, Bourke Cockran, the Belmonts, and numerous other distinguished leaders of the conservative Democracy repudiated their party platform, is now being acclaimed by them the logical standard-bearer for the year 1908. The idol of the Plebs has become the protege of the Plutocracy. But the change of attitude is not accompanied by any change of front on the part of William Jennings Bryan. In the last National Convention the Nabraskan evinced a conciliatory disposition and a willingness to harmonize his principles with those of his opponents, and we thought at that time that he would alienate many of his followers of the uncompromising variety. Indeed, we recklessly ventured a prediction to that effect, believing as we did that Bryan's conduct was inconsistent with his professions and suspecting that he had made terms with the machine politicians of New York. By later developments we were convinced that he was as zealous as ever for the fundamental principles of Democracy, that he had abandoned no principle nor yielded in the slightest degree to the overtures of the enemy, but had, perhaps, cultivated a sweeter disposition and persuaded himself that he was not more important than the party. In other words the dogmatic, dictatorial Bryan had broadened his vision and ceased to attribute dishonesty of purpose to all who would not agree with him. The new Bryan is a much more amiable person than the one that inveighed against the terrors of the gold standard. But the change toward him in the attitude of the Democratic leaders by whom he was formerly flouted is not due merely to his amiability; rather is it the result of a quickening of the instinct of self-preservation for which one William R. Hearst is entirely responsible. Mr. Hearst is the bogie man of the Democracy, and to prevent him from capturing the works it has been deemed advisable to start a boom for William Jennings Bryan, the man for whom there is deep affection in the breasts of the very element to which Mr. Hearst most persistently appeals. The leaders of the con-

servative wing of the Democracy now feel that Bryan may be considered a conservative too, not that he has moderated his views in respect of the policy that should be adopted to stay the aggressions of the privileged class but because it has been proved that the privileged class is far more anarchistic than any policy that has ever been suggested as a remedy for the evils which it has fostered.

Heresy and Free Thought

Religious circles are in a state of agitation over the case of Rev. Algernon S. Crapsy. Dr. Crapsy was suspended from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church for heresy, having denied all the supernatural elements of Christianity. Nobody doubts that he is a heretic so far as the Episcopal religion is concerned, but there are many religious papers that deprecate the action which was taken, and there are many secular papers that pronounce the action unwise because, in their opinion, "the day of the heresy trial is passing." The New York Independent, while conceding that Dr. Crapsy has been preaching doctrines at variance with Episcopal Church creeds, holds that his views "are becoming more and more prevalent." Many laymen have participated in the discussion, and among them, Seth Low, ex-Mayor of New York, who expressed the opinion that a minister of the Episcopal Church should be permitted to follow his scholarship wherever it may lead him. These are remarkable views, indicating as they do, a sentiment in favor of free thought in matters of denominational religion. As the logical effect of their enforcement would be the dissolution of the Episcopal Church as an institution for the promulgation of a specific creed, they seem to us to be most unreasonable. If the day of the heresy trial is passing, as some papers assert, then the day of religious creed is also passing, but that we do not believe. We are probably approaching the time when it will be deemed advisable to institute a new church for the promotion of goodness which will have but one cardinal point of belief, but we seriously doubt that such a church would be able to alienate the faithful from all other Christian churches. However, it would be broad enough in scope to take in the disgruntled and sceptical of all other sects. The ministers of such a church would not suffer from too much scrupulousness, nor would they disquiet themselves over having given affirmation to certain dogma that had been set forth as cardinal at a time when things had not moved to the point which they had reached in their biblical and theological speculations. There could be no serious lapses from faith in a church that declared for nothing but salvation by righteousness. The ministers of the church could go on speculating on theology to their hearts' content. If it pleased them they could assert that the faith of Christendom was founded on ridiculous credulity and nobody might charge them with heresy. It would

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be their privilege to take literally that which they read in the Scriptures, or as poetry that which did not please them. And yet there will always be certain ministers, scornful of the scientific divines, holding that the only knowledge of a religious character which is of any use to us is that which teaches us our duty and assists us in the discharge of it.

Charges of Plagiarism

The June Bookman prints a letter from Jack London in connection with the charge of plagiarism which was made by the New York World and echoed over the country. The explanation is as simple as it is obvious, namely, that his story, "Love of Life," was founded on a narrative of fact. He simply took the published account of the experience of a man who was lost in the wilds of Alaska and turned it to use in a piece of fiction, something which is not only perfectly legitimate, but very common as well. Indeed, W. D. Howells, "the dean of American literature," goes a step further and declares that writers have the right to take anything they can get anywhere they can find it, and if they can make better use of the material than the original prospector the world is the richer because of their "plagiarism." He says obscure authors often have good ideas which they do not know how to use, or their writings are buried under the dust of years, and lost to mankind, and that the one who takes nuggets from the mine and coins them into current, value deserves to be praised as much as the discoverer of any buried treasure. As to plagiarism, the modern cry has arisen so often that it has become like the historic "Wolf:" of the ancient fable—no one heeds it. We have seen Kipling pilloried because some one, reading his *Sterne* for the first time, found therein the commonplace combination of words, "that's another story," and some equally erudite deliver used up a whole column of print in learned speculation as to whether it was plagiarism, telepathy or coincidence which caused the same writer and Miss Jane Barlow to use the expression, "at the back of beyond," though both were treating of Irish characters and the expression is as common in the green isle as the shamrock itself. The modern charge of plagiarism is usually brought by some superficial reader, who is probably spelling his weary way through his second volume and is agreeably surprised to discover that the commas and periods bear a family likeness. There are no new plots, there have not been for thousands of years, and will not be for thousands more to come. The only chance there is for originality is in telling an old story in a new way, animating dry bones or recalling what has been forgotten. The basis of all the novels in the world is the problem of one man and two women or two men and one woman. All the rest is but stage setting and costume. There are no new situations in all the novels of exposure, whether they refer to politics, business or religion. The plain, dry facts have always been accessible, but people would not take the trouble to read them or to make application of what they read. When the novelist turns these abstractions to account, gives his boss a name, takes us into his house or his office and lets us witness an animated conversation in which "you" and "I" and the name of the supervisor of the sixth ward are used he gets an audience that would never listen to the editor, not because he has discovered something novel, but because he has hit on a new way to make it attractive. Eliot Flower, who is authorized to speak, since he has done his own share of this kind of writing, says that authors are actuated by the legitimate desire to tell a good story the best way they can. The newspapers furnish the facts, and as one of his own characters in "The Spoilsman" is made to say, an anonymous story won't stick, but as soon as it is attached to a good name it will. There might be charges of plagiarism made every day in the week if all readers were wide readers or had good memories, or if anyone who recognizes an old friend in a new dress were to fly into print to apprise the world of it and to collect his

space rates. One of the most amusing incidents in Owen Wister's "Virginian," that of the mixed babies, was an actual prank of some irrepressible westerners so long ago as when the author must have been in school, and in Nancy Huston Banks' "Little Hills" there are other resurrections. One could go on indefinitely, naming authors who have committed this unpardonable sin, but if they had been so Puritanically scrupulous as their pious readers profess to desire, all those good things that had seen the light of print only in the provincial papers, would be lost forever and coming generations cheated of a chance to smile. People who are so conscientious that they cannot find pleasure in "Love of Life" because some living man once went through such a heart-breaking experience should confine themselves to the Book of Common Prayer and the dry goods advertisements.

The Reading Vice

In Belgium, where there are no free libraries, we are told, there are one hundred and ninety thousand public houses. The inference that it is expected will be drawn from this statement is that, given the free library, the public house will disappear. But free libraries are an unmixed blessing. There is just as much mental debauchery in over-reading as there is physical muddling through over-indulgence in drink. Here, in San Francisco, our pleasant climate is in our favor, and there are few days or evenings throughout the year when life in the open is not endurable, but elsewhere there has been serious debate over the advisability of restricting library privileges, requiring some sort of credentials for admission, and even of closing the reading rooms during working hours, for it has been observed that the library habit is as easily acquired as the saloon habit, and that a comfortable, warm room in which to lounge undisturbed, without the necessity for purchasing even a nickel's worth of anything to insure a welcome, is just as conducive to slothfulness as to mental activity. Librarians have made private confession that they have, within their own experience, knowledge of cases in which the library habit has been formed, and day after day spent in dozing over papers and magazines, when the time ought to have been spent in profitable employment. It is so easy to drop in to a free reading room, first to look over the advertisements in the daily papers, then to read the details of the latest sensation, to pass to the next periodical on the file for other details, and, finally, to sink into a chair and pick up one magazine after another, and all the time to feel a virtuous glow of self-satisfaction, because, somehow, reading is regarded as a highly meritorious act, independent of what is read or why. Reading is not, in itself, any more of a virtue than eating or smoking. It is a greater inducement to the wasting of time because it can be carried on longer without interruption, and with free books it does not even demand the intermittent energy of occasionally earning the price of a debauch.

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One Evening After the Fire

She mixed me a drink,
Will she mix me another?
When I gave her a wink,
She mixed me a drink.

She would do it, I think,
Were we rid of her mother,
She mixed me a drink,
Will she mix me another?

—The Boozier.

The Crimes of Labor

By Louis C. Metcalf

Hostilities on the Water Front between the shipowners and the Seamen's Union seem likely to involve a good deal of blood-spilling before tranquility is restored. Ship captains are, as a rule, a pretty stubborn class of men and there are certain traditions of the sea for which they have great respect and up to which they live at all hazards. One of them is that the captain is the boss of his ship and that he has a right to repel invaders with physical force. In the eyes of the captain every man is an invader who attempts to board a ship with hostile intentions. So it is not to be wondered at that fatal shots have already been fired. The union men are very indignant that they should have been fired upon, but they are not armed with authority to board ships. Union men are always indignant when they are not permitted to do as they please, and they have been known to engage in violent deeds themselves. Indeed, union men are seldom distinguished for decorum when non-union men are found ready and willing to take their places. They affirm their right to go on a strike and nobody disputes that right, but to win a strike it usually becomes necessary for them to terrorize those employed to do the work that they refuse to do, and that is why blood is shed during industrial disturbances. In this connection I am reminded of the crimes attributed to the Western Federation of Miners, the all-powerful labor organization of the mining states. Much has been learned of the operations of that organization since the murder of Governor Frank Steunenberg of Idaho in the evening of December thirtieth, 1905. He was killed by an infernal machine set by one Harry Orchard, who made a confession in which he charged that the murder was prompted by the Inner Circle of the Western Federation of Miners. The confession resulted in the arrest of President Charles H. Moyer and Secretary William D. Haywood of the Federation, G. A. Pettibone, formerly an active member of its supreme governing body, and Stephen Adams, another member, on the charge of conspiring to assassinate Mr. Steunenberg. All of these men have been indicted with Orchard. The assassination of Steunenberg was the final tragedy of years of violence and bloodshed in Idaho and Colorado, for which the authorities hold the Western Federation of Miners responsible. This union, one of the richest and most completely organized bodies of workingmen in the country, is charged with crimes as terrible as those that distinguished the operations of the Molly Maguires in the Pennsylvania coal regions a generation ago. Murders decreed by the Federation's Inner Circle were carried out by its faithful members, men like Orchard and Adams, who stopped at no crime and did their work with a cold-blooded attention to detail and remarkable ingenuity. All who opposed the Federation's rule were sentenced to death, and many of these sentences were executed. Steunenberg's assassination was ordered because he sent the State

troops to the mining districts to maintain order. The life of ex-Governor Peabody of Colorado was attempted many times, and once his entire family were poisoned by arsenic in their milk. A bomb was planted for Judge Goddard of the Colorado Supreme Court, who escaped it only by accident. A plot against D. H. Moffatt was frustrated only by his leaving the country for Europe. At Independence nineteen non-union miners were killed by the explosion of dynamite under the railroad station. Orchard has confessed that he set the bombs and exploded them, and he asserts that his act was instigated by the officers of the Western Federation of Miners. Orchard's confession was obtained by James McPartland, the detective who broke up the Molly Maguires, and it was corroborated by Adams, who thought that he had been deserted by the ringleaders. The authorities say that his statements have been corroborated by numerous reputable witnesses. When Orchard's confession was obtained Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were in Denver. Warrants for them were sent hurriedly to the Governor of Colorado, who issued the necessary extradition papers. The three men were taken in the evening of Saturday, February 18, and hustled on board a special train. They had no opportunity to retain or consult counsel or notify their families or friends of their arrest. On account of alleged irregularities in the conduct of the police who arrested them they applied to the United States courts for writs of habeas corpus. These being refused they appealed to the United States Supreme Court. That court on April 24 refused to hear their arguments until October 9. They maintain their innocence of any of the offences charged against them, and declare that Orchard and Adams had no instructions from the Federation to commit crimes. It was because of the irregularities in their arrest that the labor organizations of this city met a few months ago and indignantly protested against the procedure, at the same time affirming the innocence of the prisoners, though, of course, they had no personal knowledge of the facts, and intimating that organized labor would turn the government inside out if the men were not set free. Labor unionists and socialists throughout the country have pronounced the prisoners innocent and have raised large sums of money with which expensive counsel were hired to conduct the defense. The authorities are very eager to convict the men, believing that conviction will put an end to the violence and lawlessness that for years have kept the mining districts in a condition approximating civil war. During many years excesses have been committed by the mine workers and by the mine owners; the law has been violated repeatedly, and more than once it has been suggested that Federal aid must be invoked to secure a lasting peace. The confessions of Orchard and Adams are said to reveal a history of outrage unparalleled in the records of the country.

Reminded

Proud as the noon and lovely as its light,
 Radiant and flushed with uncontrolled desire,
 She flashed exultant through my youth like fire,
 Thrilling my soul with an undreamed delight.
 I clasped her in my arms with maddened might,
 Gazed deep into her eyes—unfathomed, dire,
 Like some dark Sybil's—felt their spell inspire
 Fierce dreams of sin and then to sin invite.

Strange years have passed, of toil and dulling pain
 That steeped my soul in Lethe, till I thought
 The foul past buried deeper than the sea;
 But yesternight, close cowering from the rain,
 A loathely crone I marked as she besought
 With quivering voice a paltry alms. 'Twas she!

—The Sentimentalist.

Perspective Impressions

"I'm no Moses," said Mayor Schmitz in an interview with Pauline Jacobson. Quite true; it's Abraham that he has been identified with.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler says we "have learned the inner mystery of the high religion of being a good loser." Not all of us; there are the insurance men, for example.

Mr. Henry James is threatening to rewrite his earlier works in his later style, for the purpose, no doubt, of showing the progress that he has made in the art of employing words to conceal his thoughts.

It is said that obesity is a disease. So, if objection be made to the nomination of Speaker Cannon for the Presidency on the ground that he is too old, he may suggest that Mr. Taft should get a certificate of health and feel absolutely certain of Mr. Roosevelt's pet being unable to come through.

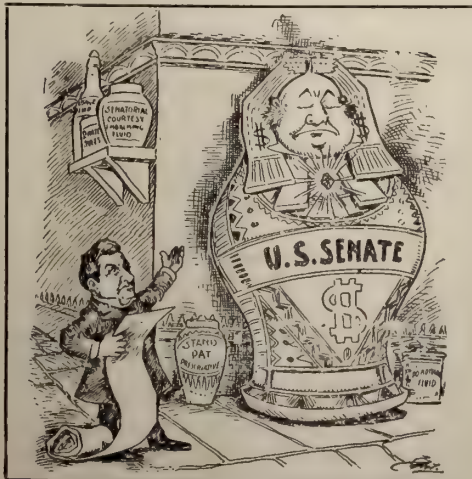
Mr. Armour denies that he sells meat that is "unfit for human consumption." Perhaps Mr. Armour's taste is so perverted that he isn't qualified to determine whether meat is suitable for the popular palate. In Chicago one can cultivate

a taste for almost any kind of meat, and in the proper packing-house atmosphere train his stomach to be docile under the strongest provocation.

H. G. Wells, the English writer now visiting this country, says that America will produce a Shakespeare. A Chicago University professor has said that America has produced a greater than Shakespeare. And a little later John D. sent around another check.

There may not be the slightest significance in the circumstance that John D. Archibold, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, is president of the board of trustees of the Syracuse University, the chancellor of which is James R. Day, who accuses President Roosevelt of anarchism for attacking corporate business.

Everybody was glad to learn that the supervisors have no control over the Relief Fund, not that anybody doubts the honesty of the honorable gentleman elected on a Labor ticket, but because it is known that they are very busy and it is felt that it would be unfortunate if so much financial responsibility were put upon their hands.



PERHAPS HE IS RIGHT.

Senator Tillman insists that the Senate is not decaying.
 —Minneapolis Journal.



GRIT.

—Maybell in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Star-Child

[This is another of the beautiful allegorical tales from the pen of Oscar Wilde, which cannot be found in any of the editions of his works printed since his death. The book containing this story and "The Young King" was purchased

for Town Talk in a second-hand book-stall in Paris. The stories are now out of print, but will probably be included in the new edition of Wilde's works soon to be published by an American firm.—Ed.]

Once upon a time two poor Woodcutters were making their way homethrough a great pine forest. It was winter, and a night of bitter cold. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and upon the branches of the trees; the frost kept snapping the little twigs on either side of them as they passed; and when they came to the Mountain-Torrent she was hanging motionless in air, for the Ice-King had kissed her.

So cold was it that even the animals and the birds did not know what to make of it.

"Ugh!" snarled the Wolf, as he limped through the brushwood with his tail between his legs, "this is perfectly monstrous weather. Why doesn't the Government look to it?"

"Weet! weet! weet!" twittered the green Linnets, "the old Earth is dead, and they have laid her out in her white shroud."

"The Earth is going to be married, and this is her bridal dress," whispered the Turtle-doves to each other. Their little pink feet were quite frost-bitten, but they felt that it was their duty to take a romantic view of the situation.

"Nonsense!" growled the Wolf. "I tell you that it is all the fault of the Government, and if you don't believe me I shall eat you." The Wolf had a thoroughly practical mind, and was never at a loss for a good argument.

"Well, for my own part," said the Woodpecker, who was a born philosopher, "I don't care an atomic theory for explanations. If a thing is so, it is so, and at present it is terribly cold."

Terribly cold it was. The little Squirrels, who lived inside the tall fir-tree, kept rubbing each other's noses to keep themselves warm, and the Rabbits curled themselves up in their holes, and did not venture even to look out of doors. The only people who seemed to enjoy it were the great horned Owls. Their feathers were quite stiff with rime, but they did not mind, and they rolled their large yellow eyes, and called out to each other across the forest: "Tu-whit! tu-whoo! Tu-whit! tu-whoo! what delightful weather we are having!"

On and on went the two Woodcutters, blowing lustily upon their fingers, and stamping with their huge iron-shod boots upon the caked snow. Once they sank into a deep drift, and came out as white as millers are, when the stones are grinding; and once they slipped on the hard, smooth ice where the marsh water was frozen, and their fagots fell out of their bundles, and they had to pick them up and bind them together again; and once they thought they had lost their way, and a great terror seized on them, for they knew that the Snow is cruel to those who sleep in her arms. But they put their trust in the good Saint Martin, who watches over all travelers, and retraced their steps, and went warily, and at last they reached the outskirts of the forest, and saw, far down in the valley beneath them, the lights of the village in which they dwelt.

So overjoyed were they at their deliverance that they laughed aloud, and the Earth seemed to them like a flower of silver, and the Moon like a flower of gold.

Yet after they had laughed they became sad, for they remembered their poverty, and one of them said to the other: "Why did we make merry, seeing that life is for the rich, and not for such as we are? Better that we had died of cold in the forest, or that some wild beast had fallen upon us and slain us."

"Truly," answered his companion, "much is given to some, and little is given to others. Injustice has parceled out the world, nor is there equal division of aught save of sorrow."

But as they were bemoaning their misery to each other this strange thing happened. There fell from heaven a very bright and beautiful star. It slipped down the side of the sky, passing by the other stars in its course, and, as they watched it wondering, it seemed to them to sink behind a clump of willow-trees that stood hard by a little sheepfold no more than a stone's throw away.

"Why! there is a crock of gold for whoever finds it," they cried, and they set to and ran, so eager were they for the gold.

And one of them ran faster than his mate, and outstripped him, and forced his way through the willows, and came out on the other side, and, lo! there was indeed a thing of gold lying on the white snow. So he hastened towards it, and stooping down, placed his hands upon it; and it was a cloak of golden tissue, curiously wrought with stars, and wrapped in many folds. And he cried out to his comrade that he had found the treasure that had fallen from the sky, and when his comrade had come up they sat down in the snow, and loosened the folds of the cloak that they might divide the pieces of gold. But, alas! no gold was in it, nor silver, nor, indeed, treasure of any kind, but only a little child who was asleep.

And one of them said to the other: "This is a bitter ending to our hope, nor have we any good fortune; for what doth a child profit to a man? Let us leave it here, and go our way, seeing that we are poor men, and have children of our own whose bread we may not give to another."

But his companion answered him: "Nay, but it were an evil thing to leave the child to perish here in the snow, and, though I am as poor as thou art, and have many mouths to feed, and but little in the pot, yet will I bring it home with me, and my wife shall have care of it."

So very tenderly he took up the child, and wrapped the cloak around it to shield it from the harsh cold, and made his way down the hill to the village, his comrade marveling much at his foolishness and softness of heart.

And when they came to the village, his comrade said to him: "Thou hast the child, therefore give me the cloak, for it is meet that we should share."

But he answered him: "Nay, for the cloak is neither mine nor thine, but the child's only"; and he bade him God-speed, and went to his own house and knocked.

And, when his wife opened the door and saw that her husband had returned safe to her, she put her arms round his neck and kissed him, and took from his back the bundle of fagots, and brushed the snow off his boots, and bade him come in.

But he said to her: "I have found something in the forest, and I have brought it to thee to have care of it"; and he stirred not from the threshold.

"What is it?" she cried. "Show it to me, for the house is bare, and we have need of many things." And he drew the cloak back, and showed her the sleeping child.

"Alack, Goodman!" she murmured, "have we not children enough of our own, that thou needst bring a changeling to sit by the hearth? And who knows if it will not bring us bad fortune? And how shall we tend it?" And she was wroth against him.

"Nay, but it is a Star-Child," he answered; and he told her the strange manner of the finding of it.

But she would not be appeased, but mocked at him, and spoke angrily, and cried: "Our children lack bread, and shall we feed the child of another? Who is there who careth for us? And who giveth us food?"

(Continued on Page 30)

To You

By Mabel Porter Pitts

I work and struggle and with pain grow blind,
Endure my longings and my secret fears,
Bear patiently with erring human kind
And teach my heart a tenderness which years
Of suffering had hardened. Ere you came
I hated all my fellows, and the name
Of living thing upon man's lips to me
Was food for caustic, sour soliloquy.
Now all is changed; from out the portal bright
Of some fair heaven you stole to shed the light
Of better thoughts around me; all the bliss
And rapture of a life were in your kiss,
And yet withal a mystic yearning too
Which ever, love, will hold me close to you.
And had I come to my last hour to live
This priceless boon I'd ask the gods to give,
To hold you close to my enraptured breast,
To feel your lips to mine in passion pressed,
To have your arms around my form entwine,
Forget the world and feel you wholly mine.

June, 1906.

The Spectator

The Big Water Deal

Nine men out of ten in Alameda county are speculating on the probable effect of the sale of the Contra Costa Water Company to the Realty Syndicate Company. Everybody believes it will have tremendous bearing on the politics of the county, but nobody will venture a prediction as to how far the ramifications of the deal will extend. For many years William J. Dingee has taken a very deep interest in municipal politics across the bay. He was obliged to do so for self protection. He was made to feel that he could not afford to take chances with an unfriendly City Council, and therefore his political interests were carefully guarded by his lieutenant, the late Frank J. Moffitt, upon whom the task devolved of persuading Councilmen that the water company was a public benefactor and entitled to a fair rate of compensation. Occasionally a wild-eyed reformer became a member of the Council and threatened to reduce rates, and then Moffitt had to indulge in all sorts of casuistries. Once upon a time when logic was in vain, he employed Frank Jordan to lure a Councilman into the mountains. The Councilman was a botanist and Jordan promised to show him a new plant. They were looking for it when the vote on the water ordinance was taken.

Prospective Combinations

Now the politicians are curious to know whether the Realty Company purposes attending to the business of supplying Oakland with open-minded Councilmen as well as that of supplying the town with water. I have been assured by friends of the company that it is against the principles of its management to engage in politics, and that while they will sternly resent any effort to injure their business, they will not spend one cent for protection from grafting officials. It would be unique in the history of California if a public service

corporation succeeded in holding itself aloof in political matters, attending strictly and exclusively to the business for which it was incorporated. The wise-acres of Oakland do not believe such a thing possible. Indeed, they are of the opinion that the influence of the public utility corporations is to be felt in Oakland more than ever. They are looking forward to a combination, either for or against the Southern Pacific Company and are pointing to the fact that the Realty Syndicate, which owns the Key Route Ferry Service and all the electric street car franchises across the bay, is on very friendly terms with the Santa Fe System. As the Western Pacific Company officials are eager for a little political influence in Oakland, too, the politicians feel that very lively and profitable times are impending. But the water deal is not yet consummated. By the terms of the deal, I am told, the syndicate people may take the stock at seventy dollars a share, paying only twenty dollars per share in cash, Dingee having agreed to accept the bonds of the company for the remainder.

London and Miss Strunsky

A very unfortunate blunder was made by the Chronicle's New York correspondent in connection with the report of the announcement of Anna Strunsky's engagement to William English Walling, a young Chicago millionaire. He wrote that when Jack London was divorced "many people believed Miss Strunsky had been the cause of it, especially when it was discovered that she was mentioned in the application filed by Mrs. London." Though some people may have believed that Miss Strunsky was the cause of the London divorce, London's friends knew that she was not. Indeed, they knew that there had never been sentimental relations between London and Miss Strunsky. The statement that Miss Strunsky was mentioned in Mrs. London's application for a divorce is absolutely without foundation.

When Social Belles Fell Out

Among the many society people that have departed for pastures new are the Gibbons girls—Mrs. Shinkle and Miss Gibbons—who are on their way to Sandy Hook where they will join Lieutenant Shinkle, a famous beau of the Presidio Artillery Corps. I hear that there is speculation in society as to whether the entente cordiale has been restored between the Gibbons girls and the Bailey girls—Miss Mary and Miss Helen. According to gossip in the very inner social circles a most serious misunderstanding arose in that quartet of distinguished social beauties, and it led up to a sensational scene at the wedding of Miss Elsie Dorr, when one of the Gibbons girls gave an exhibition of temper. Their social set was divided in consequence of the row, and hostesses had to exercise a great deal of tact to avert embarrassing situations, but at a tea given by Miss Phelan there was another manifestation of acerbity of temperament.

The Gubernatorial Situation

We are almost on the eve of a gubernatorial campaign and none save the practical politicians appear to be concerned over the outlook. The primaries will be held in the early part of August and the nominations will be made before the close of that month, but one hears very little about the preparations that are being made for the contest. The principal concern of the people of this city is the money that is due them from the insurance companies, and civic weal is getting no share of their attention. We all know that George C. Pardee hopes to hold his job for another term, but that fact is cognizable to us because it obtruded itself in the days before we were absorbed in our personal affairs. None but the politicians know what progress Alameda's bewhiskered son has made toward the goal of his ambition. And the politicians are of the opinion that he has not got very far from the scratch. Those that are in touch with sentiment in the interior of the state say that they have been unable to discover any Pardee movement. Down in Los Angeles he is being abused like a pickpocket, especially by Editor Otis, who has been lampooning him as "The Weak Brother." In the San Joaquin Valley there is organized opposition to him through sympathy with C. T. Elliott, who was recently appointed United States Marshal. Pardee protested against Elliott's appointment on account of personal prejudice, but the President ignored him. And now Elliott's friends are out for revenge. As Elliott was Senator Flint's choice it is not likely that the latter will render the Governor the assistance that he was said to be disposed to give. In Sonoma county there is a deep-seated grievance against Pardee on account of his unsympathetic attitude toward Santa Rosa at the time of the catastrophe. He is not likely to receive a helping hand from the northern districts, for they are booming Congressman Gillett for the nomination. Monterey and Santa Cruz counties will probably be for Warren Porter, and if the Santa Clara Valley is not captured by "Black" Hayes the delegates will vote in accordance with the wishes of Harbor Commissioner McKenzie, and he is not for Pardee. So it is quite evident that the Governor has not succeeded in getting the situation well in hand.

What Pardee Will Get

Pardee's friends, nearly all of whom are job-holders under the State Government, find much to please them in the situation since it appears that the opposition is not

united. They are sure that Pardee will be able to beat any of the other candidates. It has not occurred to them that Pardee is in danger of being handled by the same subtle methods that were employed to lift the burdens of public office from the feeble shoulders of Senator Bard. It will be remembered that the machine did not concentrate its forces for the undoing of Bard. Every man with Senatorial aspirations was invited to get in and win if he could. It would have been much easier for Bard if there had been only one opponent out rounding up votes, for several candidates, each asserting his own personal claims, were able to get more votes than one. At the psychological moment the man with the largest number of votes was declared to be entitled to all the others, the main purpose being to beat the man from Ventura, and thus was Mr. Flint elected. Pardee appears to be up against the sort of strategy that proved successful in the Senatorial contest. Gillett will get some votes, Warren Porter will get some votes and "Black" Hayes will get some votes; and at the psychological moment Pardee will get up in the mountains with "23" on his hand-satchel.

When Gillett Comes Home

The Congressional delegation will be home early in July and then the Gillett boom will take shape and buoyancy. Immediately on his arrival Gillett will announce that he is not to be persuaded to run for Congress again. Ever since it was suggested that he would make a strong candidate for Governor, a great deal has been said about his fine record in Congress and the importance of having the northern section of the State represented in Washington by so influential a statesman. His friends, being versed in the ways that are shrewd of politicians, were quick to suspect that there was method in the constant reiteration of the complimentary comments on Gillett's Congressional service. They are now convinced that the comments emanated from the Pardee political bureau, and that the purpose was to create a sentiment against Gillett's gubernatorial aspirations. So the Congressman has been advised to eliminate himself from consideration as a Congressional candidate. Gillett, by the way, has a very strong following in the north where he is much admired for his industry and capacity. When he was a young man he worked in a logging camp to earn the money with which he was enabled to pursue the study of law. He is a great favorite throughout the lumber regions of the state.

Afraid of the Senate

According to some of the dailies the relations between Pardee and the legislature during the special session were of a most amiable character. While it is true there was no open

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rupture between them they were far from being on friendly terms. If the Governor could have been persuaded that he enjoyed the friendship of the Senate he would have filled several vacancies in public offices. The only names that he sent in for confirmation were those of men whose appointment was made months ago. Not wishing to court the danger of a black-eye on the eve of a campaign he did not dare to fill the vacancy in the Board of Prison Commissioners caused by the resignation of James Wilkins. If he had been sure that the Senate would confirm his appointment he would have filled the vacancy instead of waiting until after adjournment and leaving the confirmation to the next Administration. He would also have appointed a successor to Harbor Commissioner McKenzie if he had not been pretty sure that the Senate would decline to confirm.



MRS. CLEMENT TOBIN

One of Society's Queens who has won distinction by not posing as a heroine since the fire.

Lane's Bad Luck

The session of Congress is drawing to a close, and Franklin K. Lane has not yet been inducted into the office of Interstate Commerce Commissioner. His chances of getting the job are now very slim. The attempt to increase the membership of the commission so that the objection to Lane on the ground that he would change the political complexion of that body could not be urged, came to naught, the bill providing for the addition of two members having been sidetracked. Meanwhile, Lane's friends being much concerned for his political future, and also being eager to get him into some job where he might do them some good, are once more asking why it wouldn't be all right to nominate him for Governor again. As gubernatorial timber is scarce in the Democratic party, Lane may once more find that it is up to him to lead his party gallantly through another campaign, if for no other purpose than to reduce majorities.

Good to His Mother

Several months ago the Spectator suggested that Mr. Luther Burbank, father of the spineless cactus, creator of the Shasta daisy, the man by whom many an ambitionless

plant has been taught how to shoot, was in need of protection from his friends. That was when his friends were beginning to attract attention to themselves by getting within the limelight generated by the plant breeder. And now comes the London Academy with precisely the same suggestion while protesting against W. S. Harwood's gushing tone in writing about his hero's "New Creations in Plant Life." Mr. Harwood thinks that Mr. Burbank is deserving of great admiration for something more than his horticultural achievements. For what, think you? For being good to his mother. Thus does Mr. Harwood gush: "He counts no day completed in which he has not said a cheery good morning to his aged mother, now facing near the century line, looked after her with the utmost devotion during all its hours and tenderly kissed her good night at the going down of the sun." It has always seemed odd to me that one man should enthusiastically extol another for being an affectionate son. So much praise is given to filial love and devotion that one might be justified in concluding that the sentiment from which they spring is of an abnormal character.

Oaklanders Want a Change of Name

F. A. Stearns, Secretary of the Real Estate Association of Oakland, recently proposed that the name of Oakland and vicinity be changed to "East San Francisco." Now the advisability of making the change is being seriously discussed from one end of Alameda County to the other. There is some opposition to the proposed abandonment of the old name, but the probability is that if the question were submitted to the people the proposition would be carried by an overwhelming majority. The other day Mr. Stearns wrote to the Tribune giving thirty-three reasons why Oakland should be called East San Francisco. The reasons were that there are thirty-three Oakland on the map of the United States. Some other reasons have been given by Mrs. Remi Chabot, one of the most prominent of Oakland clubwomen. She wrote to Mr. Stearns as follows: "Your suggestion that Oakland be called **East San Francisco** strikes a responsive chord in my heart. The name 'Oakland' has so little individuality that it never occurred to us to register from there when traveling abroad. San Francisco was the city we loved to claim as ours; it opened all doors. The whole world knows **San Francisco** and nine-tenths of the residents of Oakland belong to San Francisco."

Bernhardt's Most Pleasant Experience

Sarah Bernhardt was interviewed on her return to New York and she was asked to name her most pleasurable experience in all her farewell tour, and she made answer: "Ah, that was at Berkeley, the college town across the bay from San Francisco. There is the great Greek Theatre. I played 'Phedre' as it has never been played before, under the blue skies and in a classical theatre of Greek design." "Bernhardt," says the interviewer, "closed her eyes in reminiscence." And she resumed: "And there sat before me there the thousands of folk who had been made homeless, miserable by the terrible earthquake and fire. And they forgot. Yes, I believe they forgot all."

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SCHUSSLER BROS., located at 1792 Post street, have a full line of mirrors and some oil paintings on hand. They are doing framing and regilding, delivering work promptly.

Rodolph Is Coming

Frank Rodolph is coming back to town and will make his appearance at the Orpheum Sunday night as a vaudeville artist with his wife Juanita Allen. Rodolph entered the profession through the matrimonial route. He was a dentist with a sweet voice to which society gave a hearing a few years ago at a fashionable charity concert in the Palace Hotel. Rodolph was one of a bunch of society amateurs who showed us how not to do the Florodora Sextette. Later he repented and married a star of the vaudeville circuit. They are appearing in a sketch written by Will Cressy, the man who writes all the best vaudeville skits. It is entitled "Car Two, Stateroom One." The scene is aboard the Owl on a trip between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Ashton Stevens Ill

Ashton Stevens' friends have been very much alarmed over his physical condition. Two weeks ago he was threatened with nervous prostration and went into the Santa Cruz mountains to recuperate. A little later came the report that he was in a state of collapse, the result of over-work, and that his condition was critical. Early this week his friends received news that tended to assuage their anxiety, it being to the effect that he had rallied and was showing signs of improvement. Stevens suffered a pretty severe shock in the earthquake, being in the Occidental Hotel at the time, but he went to work immediately, and though the dramatic muse was slumbering he kept himself busy at general newspaper work.

Critics Off Duty

The drama having been put out of business by the catastrophe, all the daily papers save the Examiner looked upon dramatic critics as excess baggage. Even Peter Robertson, the dean of local critics, for more than a quarter of a century connected with the Chronicle staff, was told that for a while there would be no space in the Chronicle for theatrical news or gossip. So the author of the Seedy Gentleman withdrew from the madding crowd and when last heard from he was at a summer resort in the mountains grinding out "copy" for the magazines. Blanche Partington of the Call is also at liberty and I hear that she, too, is doing magazine work.

Back to the Footlights

It was a great surprise to the friends of the Crellin family to learn that Camille D'Arville Crellin had decided to go back to the stage and stay there until the Crellin fortunes were revived. They had not heard that the Crellins were impoverished by the catastrophe. Camille D'Arville Crellin never quite succeeded in reconciling herself to an unprofessional career. Her married life has been a series of returns to the stage and renunciations thereof, and so great was her fondness for the other side of the footlights that when she wasn't filling a professional engagement she was preparing to participate in a benefit performance.

Tetrazzini Signs With Hammerstein

Luiza Tetrazzini's numerous friends in this city will be delighted to learn that the great little prima donna with a chest full of golden notes and a bird-like method of tone production is to make her appearance in New York. Not under Herr Conried's management is she to appear but under that

of Oscar Hammerstein, who has organized opposition to the impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House and purposes luring back to the operatic stage in New York many of the stars who have been singing in concert ever since Grau went into retirement. The music lovers of New York were very much disgusted with the Conried management last season because of the parsimonious methods pursued at the Metropolitan, and Oscar Hammerstein thought that he saw a favorable opportunity to break into the business. So a few months ago he started out in quest of artistic talent and one of the first singers engaged by him was Melba, who has not been heard in New York for two seasons. A few weeks ago, I have been informed by letter, an agent obtained for him Tetrazzini's signature to a contract, and he expects to create a big sensation by introducing her to the New York public in "Dinorah," the opera in which she won a great triumph in this city last season. The Hammerstein repertoire will include only one of the Wagner operas. This is "Lohengrin," which is to be sung in French. The novelties to be sung are Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust," Catalini's new opera "The Loreley" and Gluck's "Armida."

More Symphony Concerts

Says Acting Secretary Henderson of the Board of Regents of California University: "The University has not been led by recent happenings to give up its endeavors in the field of music. The University Orchestra is to give three symphony concerts this summer in the Greek Theatre, alternating with concerts of chamber music by the Minetti String Quartette." The symphonies under the direction of Dr. Wolle will be given on the Thursday afternoons at half after three o'clock of June 28th, July 12th and 26th. The chamber music will be given on the Thursday afternoons of July 5th and 19th. The Minetti Quartette consists of Mr. Giulio Minetti, first violin; Mr. Hans Koenig, second violin; Mr. Andre Verdier, viola, and Mr. Arthur Weiss, 'cello. For the symphony concerts, admission will be one dollar or seventy-five cents; for the chamber music concerts, fifty or twenty-five cents. These concerts are an enterprise altogether public in character and without any element of private profit. Remuneration is provided only for the musicians. Whatever surplus there may be will go toward promoting musical undertakings at the University.

They Fairly Eat It

Once more am I impelled to quote from that unblushing and seemingly unconscious gusher and drivell-geyser whose weekly ebullitions promote the gayety of the plain, unvar-

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nished people. Writing of a lady rich enough to be entitled to her unctuous attention, thus did she work up to her climax. "I know how generous she is and what a wonderful lot of good she is accomplishing. I trust she won't object to my saying so. Indeed, she won't, my dear, guileless gusher. At least, I feel that I may assure you that she won't. There wasn't anything extravagant in what you wrote of her. You were not going at your best gait when you wrote those lines. If I were to gauge the lady's temperament from the circumstance that she appeals to your favor, I should be absolutely certain that you could apostrophize her for a whole page without the slightest fear of giving offense. I have been deriving entertainment from your columns for lo, these many months, and I am sure that from the persons of whom you write you have carte blanche to go as far as you like. I have been watching you laying the condensed hot air on with a trowel and I have yet to detect a quiver of revulsion. Colonel Mann at his best was never more exuberant in his gush over the mushroom aristocracy. I know some people that might object to being publicly titillated in your naive way, but they are not among our best people"—as you are pleased to describe the objects of your industrious adoration.

The Persistent Booster of the Rich

A society chatterer in one of the dailies grows teary over the loyalty of the wealthy, who will not desert San Francisco in the time of her trouble and who have been obliged to economize by discharging their help. There is nothing quite so wearisome as the persistent glorification of the wealthy who have thrown faithful employees of many years' service out on the world, leaving them to find shelter in the public squares and food in the soup-kitchens, not because they cannot afford to keep them but because they are infernally parsimonious. "What some of these women suffered," says the booster of the rich, "who lost whole blocks of property, you and I will never know." Too stupid, you and I, to be able to comprehend such keen agony as is felt by the gently reared, the inheritors of wealth that had its beginning at the wash-tub and across the saloon bar. You may not know, but I know, of suffering endured by women whose birth—not their worldly position, but their birth—is as good as some of these property owners you write of. (I refer to the poor who huddled in the tenements.) They slept on the bare, bleak hills for nights with infants at their breasts. They have lived since in flimsy tents, open to the rain. They are eating now at the soup-kitchens. They suffered far more than the owners of San Francisco property who sat in New York and lamented while their inherited wealth was devoured. We all suffered more or less, Miss Booster—but don't you insult the public intelligence by trying to cram it down your readers' throats that the rich were the only ones who went through privations.

An Episode in London

J. C. Campbell, the attorney, was in Berlin when he received news of what had happened in San Francisco, and he began cabling for news of his wife and daughter, who were at the Palace Hotel and who, he knew, were making preparations for a trip to Japan, intending to meet him on their way around the world. It was not until Tuesday of the following week that he received a reply to his numerous messages. Mr. Campbell relates that a very exciting incident occurred in the Savoy Hotel in London, one that grew out of the San Francisco catastrophe. Shortly after the news was received a Frenchman standing in the lobby of the hotel remarked: "It serves them right; they rob everybody; they robbed me." An Englishman rushed for the Frenchman with hands raised as though he intended to strangle the fellow, at the same time calling him fifty-seven varieties of a blank scoundrel. The Frenchman fled for his life.

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*Service on the Road, shows a
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**Tires were not touched
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Diamond Rubber Co.: Diamond Tires went through the Boston-New York and return non-stop run without any trouble of any kind, carrying seven passengers and three hundred pounds of baggage.

May 31.

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An Army Engagement

The latest army engagement is that of Miss Georgene Shepard and Lieutenant E. C. Long of General Funston's staff. Miss Shepard is a most attractive girl, possessed of qualities of mind and heart that have made her very popular and that justify the very warm felicitations that Lieutenant Long has received from his friends. She is the daughter of Mr. A. D. Shepard, manager of the Pacific Improvement Company, the big corporation which controls Hotel Del Monte and Pacific Grove. Prior to the death of Mrs. Shepard, last December, the Shepard home in Sausalito was the scene of many interesting social gatherings. Miss Shepard was a devoted attendant upon her mother during her long illness. It was at the Hotel Cecil, where the Shepards made their city home, that she met Lieutenant Long, who, though he has not been here very long, has made many friends. Army officers predict for him a brilliant career in his profession. The wedding will take place in September.

Judge Platt of New York has decided that hexamethylentetramin does not contain alcohol. Nobody would call for it if it did.

Crocker Wins a Cup

From London comes the news that Henry J. Crocker won a prize at the Philatelic Exhibition for his collection of Hawaiian stamps which so narrowly escaped the flames in this city. The exhibition was a notable one. The Prince of Wales was among the exhibitors and in his display were several stamps worth five thousand dollars or more. The Earl of Crawford carried off the chief award, a handsome cup for his collection of English stamps. Mr. Crocker also received a cup.

The point of a joke in one of our daily papers, one day last week, was in quotes. It is the ruin of a joke, you know, to be unintelligible.

It's Only Circumstantial Evidence

President Raymond of Union College refuses to take his stand with those of little faith who infer degeneracy from the disclosures made by investigating committees and from indictments drawn by muck-rakers. It would probably be impossible to convince him that the Western Union Company is a petty larceny corporation or that a lot of wealthy thieves connected with insurance companies are intent upon swindling the people of San Francisco. President Raymond and the other sycophantic college degenerates who are giving encouragement to the enemies of the Republic, remind the Spectator of a jurymen that he once heard the late Colonel Flourney talk about during the course of an argument in a case in which he was demanding a verdict of conviction on the strength of circumstantial evidence. The jurymen had heard the testimony of several witnesses in a murder case, all of whom saw the defendant do the shooting. It seemed like a very clear case, but the jury disagreed, one man being for acquittal. When the jury was dismissed the stubborn juror was asked why he had voted for acquittal.

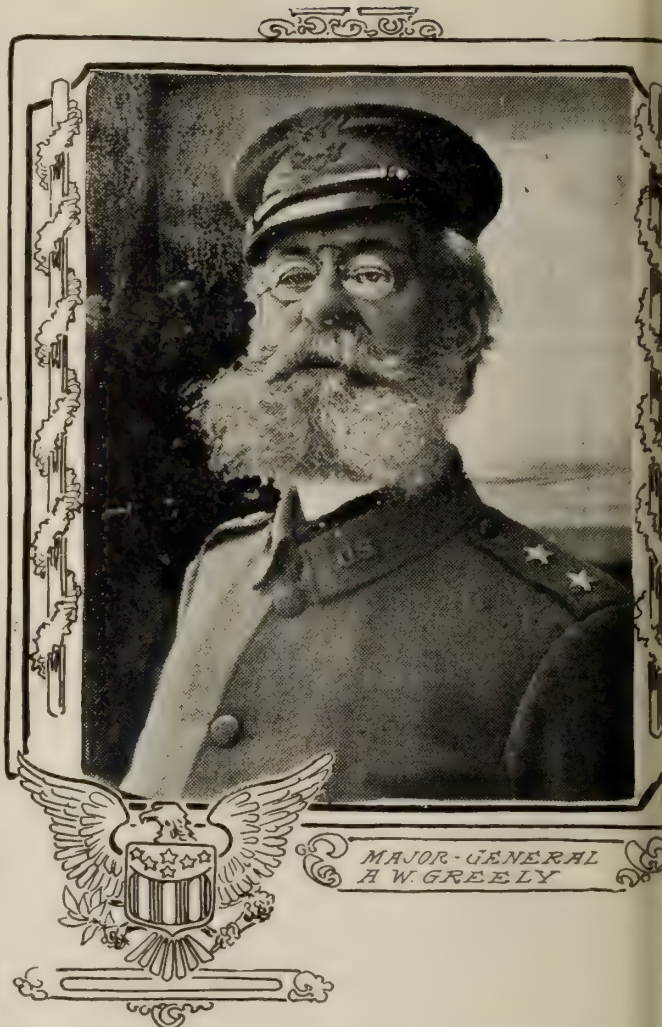
"Because," he said, "I have a prejudice against circumstantial evidence."

"But," said his questioner, "the witnesses saw him do the shooting."

"Yes," said the jurymen, "they saw him shoot, but not one of them saw the bullet enter the body of the deceased."

What Murine Eye Tonic does for the Eye is to refresh, cleanse, strengthen and stimulate the circulation of the blood supply which nourishes the eye, and restores a healthful tone to eyes enfeebled by exposure to strong winds, dust and reflected sunlight.

Murine soothes and quickly cures eyes that need care. All druggists and opticians sell it at 50 cents per bottle.



The man whose valuable advice is always available to the members of the Relief Committee. General Greely has rendered great service to the people of San Francisco.

Mayor Schmitz is censured by the Examiner for not putting police on the boats sent out by the Seamen's Union to make trouble for the shipowners. Mayor Phelan was censured by the Examiner for putting police on the trucks during the teamsters' strike some years ago. It's pretty hard to know just what to do to please everybody during a strike.

The Brave Caruso

Caruso is getting a great deal of advertising in Europe out of his San Francisco experience. Not only the London but the continental papers have given the tenor space in which to narrate his experience, and from the comments of the editors it is evident he gave the impression that he exhibited great courage under circumstances that filled everybody else with awe and terror. The fact is that the little tenor was in a state of panic bordering on hysteria. He was one of the worst scared men in the city and even after the

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trip across the continent his fright had not subsided. I have heard that his appetite did not return until he got aboard a steamer bound for England. So terror-stricken was he that even in New York he felt that he was not beyond the borders of the danger zone, and upon his arrival there he rushed for the dock to buy a ticket for the trip across the ocean. Most of the members of the Conried company were either badly scared or else they have exaggerated their emotions and lied about their experience for the purpose of intensifying interest in themselves. Edyth Walker, the awful prima donna, who made a fizzle of the opening performance, figured in a column interview in a New York paper shortly after reaching her home, and she related that in the morning of the nineteenth of April, while she was en route to the ferry, she saw many unfortunates lying half buried in the ruins with extended hands pleading to be rescued. Nearly all of the great vocalists witnessed similar harrowing spectacles, but unfortunately none of them had cameras.

A young woman in Illinois broke her right arm, the other day, while trying to button her waist, which buttoned up the back. Which reminds me that nobody has ever satisfactorily explained why Nature has not accommodated itself to fashion by endowing women with arms long enough to button their waists up the back without fear of an accident.

Passing of "Deacon" Fitch

In his day George K. Fitch, better known in the years ago as "Deacon" Fitch, was the most influential editor in California. When the news of his death was published a few days ago many people were astonished to learn that the veteran editor had survived to so late a day. So seldom had he been heard from in recent years that he was almost forgotten. He was a very old man when he sold out his interest in the Bulletin after the death of his partner, Loring

Pickering, and his friends thought that, not having his pet paper to engross his attention, there would not be sufficient incentive for him to continue the dreary round of existence. But a few years later he bobbed up as one of the moving spirits in the Non-Partisan Convention and took a very active interest in the crusade for honest government. Twenty years ago "Deacon" Fitch exercised tremendous influence in the politics of the State. He was never a very shrewd man in politics, and he was often deceived by the bosses who consulted him before nominating a ticket, pretending to be unwilling to nominate anybody whose honesty he questioned. They knew that he would never suggest a candidate because he would not have it appear that he assumed to boss a party. But they usually succeeded in persuading him of the integrity of some man who was willing to do their bidding. So "Deacon" Fitch was in reality very much of a joke in politics, and yet it was always very important to win his support, for though the Bulletin, under his management, did not have a very large circulation, its readers had great faith in the wisdom and sincerity of its utterances. It was probably the most dignified and conservative paper ever published in California. It was conducted in strict accord with the old school of journalism and its circulation steadily decreased with every funeral of a highly respectable citizen.

Count Boni's conduct since the Countess fled from their palace has been irreproachable.—Press despatch. Somebody must be reading his letters.

Professor L. D. Ventura has been visiting at Del Monte and Carmel by the Sea. He will give a reading from his works in French and English at the Hotel Rafael, Monday the 25th at 11 a. m.

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Watch for Our Daily Specials in the Bulletin

Booming the Lottery Business

If you are a buyer of lottery tickets in the hope of getting rich it will interest you to read a letter that recently came into my possession. The letter bears date of August 19, 1904. It has been a long time reaching me, but I am not the person to whom it was addressed. It was sent to a prominent resident of Eureka, Humboldt County, and he turned it over to a newspaperman of that city, who wired a San Francisco daily asking if the "story" growing out of the letter, which he outlined, would be acceptable. He was told that it would, and was asked to send it along, which he did, but it was never published. He kept the letter until last Monday, when he turned it over to me. This is the letter:

Dear Sir: The trouble with the lottery business in your locality is that no one there has drawn a prize of sufficient value to induce other people to buy lottery tickets. If some well-known man like yourself could draw seventy-five thousand dollars, twenty thousand dollars, ten thousand dollars or even five thousand dollars this would stimulate the lottery business where you live and would be the means of selling thousands of tickets in your neighborhood. Now with this idea in view, we send you herewith fifty one-dollar tickets in the genuine Louisiana Lottery Company and present to you free of charge a five-dollar ticket, which we enclose in the small envelope. We want you to sell the fifty one-dollar tickets, but keep the five-dollar ticket yourself. Don't sell that. Your commission for selling the fifty one-dollar tickets will be 25 cents for each ticket you sell, and if you sell all of the fifty tickets, send us \$37.50; if you sell but twenty-five, send us \$18.75 and so on, and you must also return to us all of the unsold tickets, if any, in the same package that you send the money. See instructions sent herewith. We hope you will sell ALL of these one-dollar tickets, as we are anxious to have a lot of your people interested in this month's drawing. Don't sell your five-dollar ticket under any circumstances. We want you to keep that yourself, and remember, if you will do your part we will do ours to boom the lottery business in your locality. Be sure your remittance reaches us on or before Saturday, September 10th, the day of the drawing.

Sincerely yours,

ALEXANDER CONRAD.

The company represented by Mr. Conrad is now doing business under another name. The gentleman to whom he sent the letter has often wondered whether he would have won a prize had he kept the matter a secret and persuaded his neighbors to buy the lottery tickets.

The Professor—Now, Miss Berkeley, how do you define platonic love?

Miss Berkeley—Like all other tonics; a thing that excites but does not satisfy.

Book-Borrowing

These are the days when the book borrower is abroad in the land and it behooves those who are fortunate enough to save their libraries to be extremely quiet about their good fortune. A booklover would rather lend his pocketbook than any other book he sets value on, for there are many who are scrupulously honest about the return of a dollar, even of a cent, and yet who have neither conscience nor compunction about printed matter. They either never return books or if

they do will have so mistreated them that their owners would rather never see them than be obliged, out of politeness, to accept in silence their mangled remains. People who are reasonably careful in their handling of other valuables betray themselves the moment they take a book into their hands, and perhaps there is nothing else so conducive to suppressed curses as to have to stand by and see a full grown man or woman take a treasured volume by one cover, turn the pages with a licked thumb, and brush soiled gloves over print and illustration. The chronic borrower belongs to the genus that never read anything at all before the days of free libraries, and never now reads anything a second time. In consequence he cannot conceive of a volume being valued for association or of the pleasure which the owner may derive from browsing here and there and renewing memories. The important matter of whether she gets him in the last chapter, if it is a novel, and the satisfaction of marking a cross after a biography, history or volume of essays, as one more "done," is all that he can understand. One of the worst points about the borrower is that he is so apt to be also a lender. What comes to him so easily he has no hesitation about passing on, and the second solicitor is even more conscienceless than the first. Books today are scarcer than dollars, and those who have a few will be wise if they secrete their treasures betimes and cultivate deafness or absent-mindedness when either open requests or gentle hints are directed towards them. Moreover, it is well to remember that our booksellers must live and it is reasonable that they should do so by selling books. If the candy stores and soda water stands can find ready patronage there is money for books, too. With no theatres or other counter attractions, there is more time for books and less excuse for not having them. Book borrowing is like going in debt, more the result of bad habit than of necessity. This is a good time to turn over a new leaf.

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P A R K

Never so fine as in these summer days — never so attractive for country homes — yet within 30 minutes of the city.

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Schwab After Newland's Job

The news comes to me from Nevada that it behooves Senator Frank G. Newlands to keep an eye on his political fences in that State. Down in the new mining district a coterie of politicians from the East has started a boom for Charles M. Schwab, and it is said that at the proper time a barrel will be opened of huge proportions, one that will make the oldest inhabitant quit talking about the days when Fair and Sharon and Stewart were throwing money to the birds that nestle in the sagebrush. The Schwab boomers are saying that Mr. Schwab is doing a great deal for the State, that his investments have attracted other investors, that he will keep Nevada in the public eye and that if elected to the Senate his great financial pull will enable him to secure large appropriations for irrigation and other things. They also say that when he was first approached on this matter he threw cold water on the scheme, saying among other things that he was not a public speaker. It was pointed out to him that the world over in legislatures the orator is a relic of the past, that there is so much business to be done and so little time for doing it that the orator is an infernal nuisance, and that the bulk of shaping legislation is done in committee rooms. After hearing these and other arguments, Mr. Schwab consented to allow himself to be considered as an available candidate to succeed Mr. Newlands, but he objects to having the matter made public until he shall have become a citizen of Nevada, which will take place within a few months. He has written from abroad that the longer he thinks upon the Senate the more he is strengthened in the opinion that a plain, direct business man is the best type to fitly represent a State like Nevada, which has so much in the way of natural resources to be developed by trained industrial managers. The purpose now is to start the Schwab preliminary campaign work next winter, and keep it hot till the time comes for voting in the Legislature for a seat in the Senate.

Barrie's Latest

J. M. Barrie's latest play, "Punch," is another drama of quaint fantasy. William Archer says: "The scene of 'Punch' is the home of that popular entertainer, the inside of his show. On the window-sill—his stage—he is going through his performance, Judy, his faithful old wife, handing him his puppets and generally assisting. But alas! his humors have palled on his public; they find his drama 'crude,' and the curtain falls to a chorus of groans and hisses. Punch is heart-broken. His artist's pride is wounded, and he is at a loss to imagine what the public wants. They have applauded him for forty years—why should they desert him now? All he asks is 'praise, praise, praise'; why should they refuse it him? Judy offers to tear up her treasured marriage-lines and pretend they are not married, for 'it's never serious drama if they're really man and wife'; but Punch will by no means sanction this sacrifice. Then the Public enters, incarnate in a butcher-boy, and declares that he has transferred his allegiance—he doesn't know why—to 'the New Man.' Punch hits the butcher-boy over the head with his staff, and so commits 'his last murder.' But then the New Man, or Superpunch, enters to take possession of the booth; and on his head Punch's staff breaks innocuous—the public, he explains, tried to bludgeon him at the outset, but found his head too hard. The New Man is, of course, made up to resemble—rather remotely—Mr. Bernard Shaw. When Punch acknowledging his defeat, offers to hand over to him his properties and puppets, the New Man answers that he requires nothing but a 'pot of ink' (it should have been a typewriter) 'and a few carrots.' In the end Superpunch seats himself on the window-ledge stage, amid thunders of applause, while Punch and Judy beat a mournful retreat. The little apologue, though it may be called a 'revue' of tomorrow rather than of today, is full of point and humor."

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GERMEA

FOR

BREAKFAST

In Beauty's Guise

(A L tter-Day Allegory.)

For a moment he stared in dazed wonder at a pair of fat cherubs pictured on the canopy stretched between the four tall posts of the old-fashioned bedstead on which he lay. The room was in semi-gloom, but the cherubs stood out in bold relief from their white background. Then he looked about him and endeavored to collect his thoughts. Eagerly he groped back after straws that would direct his puzzled memory; and, presently, his eyes becoming more and more used to this dim, half-light, he caught sight of a red coat, torn and muddy, lying across the back of a great arm-chair, near the door. With this there suddenly came to him a vivid recollection of a scene. Far off, it seemed, in the years long gone, but sharp, clear and well-defined, nevertheless.

A rough stubble field, over which a score of horses, each mounted by an enthusiastic huntsman, are madly flying at the top of their speed. Himself in the lead, he hears the others following him closely, while just ahead there is the chorus of the hounds in full cry, and the fox itself may be seen darting across the open, not fifty yards in advance of the foremost of its pursuers. One hedge more to take and the hunt will be over. The brush will be his. It is but an instant, and he feels the horse beneath him leave the ground. Up, up, up he is going as though he never meant to stop, and then—a sudden breath-taking plunge forward. Even as he braces himself for the shock, in less than a heart-beat, he knows that the brute has stumbled; that the horse and he are falling together, and he instinctively struggles to free himself from the stirrups. Then darkness, black as Egypt, and after that—the fat cherubs on the canopy of his bedstead.

The torn, mudspattered red coat on yonder chair told him that he had been brought to this room directly from the field, and with this link forged he began to run along the chain and to try to read the story of others. He wondered as to the time that had elapsed since the accident; whether his injuries were serious; to whose house he had been carried; under whose care he had been placed. He made an effort to raise his head to look about him, but as he did so a sharp pain, excruciating and cruel, shot through every nerve of his being, and he cried out in the fierce agony of the moment.

Then he became conscious that a woman had risen from a place close by his bedside and was standing, looking down at him, with great dark lustrous eyes, in the depths of which he descried an unspoken passion. Tall, slender, and with a dignity that was regal, she seemed to him the quintessence of feminine grace and queenly beauty. Her face was pale as marble, and stern as Fate; but in her wondrous eyes was a longing that wooed him; that brought his breath in quick convulsive gasps; that made his heart beat faster, and that spread over the pallor of his cheeks a flush that burned like fever. He stretched forth his hand and clasped her long, taper fingers, and held them, cool as stone, in his feverish grasp.

When some time after the doctor came in to rearrange the bandages on his injured head, and found him with his eyes open, gazing, a pleased smile on his lips, and his fingers nervously reached out for the hand which had suddenly eluded him, the professional man looked grave, and a tear trembled for a moment on his lashes.

"Doctor," the patient pleaded, in a voice so weak as to be scarcely heard even in the stillness of this darkened room, "tell me her name. She is my nurse, is she not? She will not leave me. Not for a moment, doctor. Don't let her go from me."

The doctor, in kindly tone, humored him as best he could.

"She will be with you always," he said; and then his face grew still more grave, and other tears followed the first, roll-

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ing down his furrowed cheeks and dropping on the counterpane.

When at last the doctor withdrew into the curtained embrasure of one of the windows to await the end, which now appeared to him inevitable, She returned, and knelt by the sufferer's bedside, listening eagerly to the murmured love passages which he addressed to her, to snatches of amorous verse and quotations from the prose sentimentalities of all times and climes.

"Tell me your name," he urged, as he pressed his lips to her chilled hand and stroked her long, shining black tresses, "tell me, that I may rhyme it with tender words of true love and deepest devotion."

She smiled as she denied him.

"No, no," she said; "do not ask me. It is because you do not know me that you care for me."

But her refusal made him all the more eager. His voice had become still weaker, but, in disjointed sentences, he continued his pleading. His hands were reaching now nervously towards her face, which he longed to caress.

"Come closer," he whispered, "closer—and tell me—your name—and—that you love me."

She moved nearer to him; the passion in her eyes blazing; her thin, cold lips parted. About his racked and bruised body she stretched her long white arms, enfolding him in her strong embrace. Her mouth was close to his.

"I love you," she said; and the words sounded to him like sweetest music.

"I love you," she repeated and her lips were on his.

His frame quivered under the fury of her caress. His breast expanded with a long, deep-drawn breath; in his eyes was the staring frenzy of mad desire.

"And my name," she went on, as she clasped him still more closely in her long, ravenous arms, "and my name is —"

The doctor finished the sentence. The deep-drawn breath had reached his listening ears. He had risen from his place in the curtained embrasure, and had approached the bed:

"Death!" he said.

—The Allegorist.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Suggestions for an Emergency Water Supply.)

Editor Town Talk:

There is a great deal of talk these days about plans to prevent a repetition of our recent disaster. Emergency reservoirs in the heart of the city are good things but we have a great natural and permanent reservoir ready at hand which seems to be overlooked. I refer to San Francisco Bay. It should be available at all times because there is always danger of broken water mains. Now as to my plan. Fireboats can be used to pump the water with large pumps through pipes laid along the streets and connected up to the point where the fire engines are stationed to help force the water to the fire. Sections of pipe eight or ten feet in length, made of light steel, would be attached to a ten-inch flexible hose on the hydrants aboard the fireboats. A twenty-inch discharge from two ten-inch openings would be sufficient for the purpose. When not in use these lengths would be stored along the decks under cover, say 500 to a shed, and at different spots near the centre of the city. At each place a hand wagon should be ready for use. In case of emergency they would be easily conveyed to places where they are to be run. These sections would have flanges with rubber washers and slip bolts attached so that they could be joined readily and so furnish the city with an independent supply of water. This system is practical and could be made to work to perfection.

LOUIS A. MORTON.

"Married him to get rid of him?"

"Not entirely; I thought of the allmony too!"

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Stage

Margaret Anglin's New Play

The appearance of Margaret Anglin in the title role of "A Sabine Woman," a play by William Vaughan Moody, has aroused much interest in the literary as well as the dramatic world. Until now Mr. Moody has been chiefly known for his work in the domain of pure poetry. Some competent judges have assigned him the first place among living American poets. But it seems that his great ambition has been to write plays that could be staged and that should grip the heart of the American people. This ambition has been in part fulfilled by Miss Anglin's production of his play, which took place in Chicago a few days ago. It provided, according to the newspapers of that city, "the most exciting first night" the stage had known there in many years.

A New Vaudeville Deal

Morris Meyerfeld Jr., of the Orpheum, returned, last Sunday, from the East, where he added a few more links to the vaudeville chain. Talent will hereafter be supplied by the Keith and Proctor houses in New York and the Kohls in Chicago, the vaudeville chain having been made of the endless variety extending from San Francisco to New York via New Orleans and back again via Chicago. Hereafter when a vaudeville artist signs a contract for this circuit it will mean continuous employment for a year. The Orpheum management owns houses in Denver, Minneapolis and Los Angeles and is soon to build one in St. Paul.

"Olivette" to be Revived

Audran's jolly and tuneless opera comique, "Olivette," will be put on at Idora Park, Monday night. This work has not been heard here for many years. It abounds in musical gems of the kind that linger in the ear. It certainly will be pleasant to hear again "The Torpedo and The Whale," "Bob Up Serenely," "When Balmy Garlic Scents the Air" and some of the other numbers that made the opera an enduring favorite of other days. The company at Idora has been doing excellent work and the management is having its judgment vindicated in reviving the old comic operas that are so refreshing now that we are weary of the trashy musical comedies that have so long been the staple of musical productions.

At Ye Liberty

Charles Hoyt's "Temperance Town" will be presented next week at Ye Liberty Playhouse, across the bay, with L. R. Stockwell in the leading role. Stockwell long ago made the role his own and Charley Hoyt declared that the man for whom it was written had no better conception of it than Stockwell. Katherine Grey will make her debut as leading lady of Ye Liberty in "Mizpah," the Biblical play written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It will follow Hoyt's play.

The Orpheum's Great Bill

Wilfred Clarke, than whom no more popular comedian ever faced a vaudeville audience, will head the new bill at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. Mr. Clarke and his accomplished and beautiful leading lady, Theo Carew, are great favorites here and they are bound to receive a rousing welcome in their new comedieta, "What Will Happen

Next?" described as a veritable whirlwind of merriment. Another important engagement is that of Miss Nita Allen and her company, who will present Will M. Cressy's latest and brightest one act comedy, "Car Two, Stateroom One," written in this author's happiest vein. The action takes place on the "Owl" train between this city and Los Angeles and elaborate scenic effects are carried for the production. Miss Allen, who is a former San Franciscan, numbers among her company Dr. Frank Rodolph, who has taken the stage name of Frank Erwin. Cliff Gordon, "the German politician," promises a monologue as amusing as it is original. As a mutilator of the English language Mr. Gordon has few equals and his talk is said to be screamingly funny. The Brothers Damm, European acrobats, who are guaranteed not to be any relatives of "The Whole Damm Family," are muscular marvels and perform astonishing feats of strength and dexterity. When last here, five years ago, they made an immense hit. The great Kaufmann troupe of bicyclists will continue their beautiful act, and Bert and Bertha Grant, the clever dusky entertainers, will change their songs and dances. So great has been the success of "A Night in an English Music Hall," presented by Karno's London Comedy Company, that the aggregation of sixteen people has been retained for a third and farewell week. Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete one of the greatest comedy programs ever offered at the Orpheum. The grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are open from ten o'clock in the morning until midnight, daily, and are filled with attractions, including "A Day in the Alps," the mile scenic railway, trip "Down the Flume," water chutes, scenic touring car, circle swing, miniature electric railway and many other amusement devices. The Zoo is full of rare, interesting and well kept animals.

ORPHEUM Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, June 24

THE SHOW OF THE SEASON!

WILFRED CLARKE & CO.; Juanita Allen & Co.; Cliff Gordon; Brothers Damm; The Great Kaufmann Troupe; Bert and Bertha Grant; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of

16—KARNO'S LONDON COMEDY COMPANY—16

Matinee Every Day Except Monday

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c and 50c. Matinees, except Saturday and Sunday, 10c and 25c.

Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts. Phone, West 6,000

CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight. Admission, 10c.; Children, 5c.

IDORA PARK OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop
Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager

Commencing Monday Evening, June 25

The Charming Comic Opera

"OLIVETTE"

Open Air Skating Rink.

Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

Commencing Monday Eve., June 25th

Bishop's Players in

"A TEMPERANCE TOWN"
Hoyt's Greatest Play.

MISS VASHTI RANKIN

== GOWNS ==

1150 ELLIS STREET

At Byron

The following automobile parties visited Byron Hot Springs last week: Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce and Mr. Geo. K. Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roller and Poul Roller, Mr. Fred Meyerstein, accompanied by Judge and Mrs. Kerrigan and Miss Alice Crechton, and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McCabe. Among the other arrivals were Mrs. Henry Williams, Mr. J. H. Sayre, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Wilson from San Francisco, Mr. Geo. T. Deacon of Honolulu and Prof. and Mrs. Henry Senger of Berkeley.

Among the automobile runs from Oakland to Byron Springs during the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Durst, accompanied by Dr. Chas. E. Parent; Mr. S. Ducas and Jno. H. Grady; R. P. Lane, T. A. King, G. W. Dohrman, D. B. Harrison. Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. and Miss T. Louisson and Dr. L. R. Ash arrived at the Springs via Haywards, Livermore and Almont, returning via Antioch, Martinez, Walnut Creek and Tunnel Road into Oakland, and report the roads in excellent condition and almost entirely free from dust, as a result of the late rains. Wellington Grigg Jr., Geo. T. Cameron, Theo. Prather of Oakland, Mr. J. D. Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holtson and W. L. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. McKown and Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Thiel of Redwood City, H. P. Ludwig, L. B. Smith, H. H. Carrick of Tracy. The other arrivals were: Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Murdock of Los Angeles, Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Pickard of Virginia City, Judge A. L. Frick of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Sunderland of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. M. Macheca of New Orleans, and Mrs. J. P. Barrett.

At El Carmelo

The summer visitors at Hotel El Carmelo in Pacific Grove are enjoying the salmon fishing in the bay, a sport that is most delightful at this season of the year. Among the late arrivals from San Francisco who are there for the summer are Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wallace and son, Miss Blanch, the artist, who is busy sketching; Misses Mary and Barbara Small, Mr. Chas. and Mr. Barrett Small, Mrs. Grace Hibbard, the authoress; Mrs. J. R. Weir, Miss Annie Weir, Mrs. Haldan, Miss Haldan and Master Teddy Haldan of Alameda, and Miss Gladys Hale of Sacramento. Master Walker and Miss Sally Havens are with their pony and cart from Piedmont; Dr. Chas. W. Greene and Prof. Summers from the University of Missouri are making a scientific study of the salmon for the Department of Fisheries; Miss Helen Lee Dolan, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Ralph Berry and Mrs. S. S. Berry of Redlands, are also among the guests. Mr. Berry is interesting himself in the study of marine life at the Stanford laboratory there. The reputation of the Hotel El Carmelo as the most desirable place to spend a honeymoon is sustained by Mr. and Mrs. John L. McVey of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Percival R. Milnes of Eureka, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Brazil and Mr. and Mrs. Edward O. Allen of San Rafael and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cavelli of La Honda.

Nothing Can Stop Dividends

More evidence of the prosperity of San Francisco—the American National Bank has declared its usual semi-annual dividend of two and one-half per cent, payable June thirtieth. San Franciscans have reason to be proud of their banking institutions.

FAT FOLKS.

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches, in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.

At Wilson's Inn

The following are registered at Wilson's Inn, Napa county: Clifton E. Brooks, H. H. Haven and Paul W. Broadt, Oakland; George W. Olney and wife, E. W. Carpenter and Barbara Zeigler, San Francisco; E. N. Gifford and A. Watt Jr., Napa; Elsie E. Mitchell, St. Helena, and E. G. Scudder, Berkeley.

COLUMBIA DAIRY
231 Franklin St., near Hayes, San Francisco
Pure Milk and Cream George H. Pippy, Proprietor

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Continental Building and Loan Association, corner of Market and Church streets, San Francisco, Cal., has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1906, a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent on term deposits, and 6 per cent on monthly payment investments. Interest on deposits payable on and after July 1st. Interest on ordinary deposits not called for, will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President,
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Central Trust Co. of California, 42 Montgomery st., corner of Sutter—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the savings department of this bank as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent per annum and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent per annum, payable on and after July 1, 1906.

HENRY BRUNNER, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Security Savings Bank, 316 Montgomery st.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1906, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1906.

FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., cor. California and Montgomery sts.—For the six months ending June 30, 1906, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, N. W. Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.—For the half year ending 30th June, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of three and two-thirds (3 2/3) per cent. on Term Deposits and three and one-third (3 1/3) per cent. on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2nd, 1906. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1st.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California St.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6/10) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 710 Market street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1/4) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital fully paid, - - - \$2,000,000

Total Assets, - - - \$10,000,000

A general banking business conducted.
Savings and checking accounts received.
Interests paid on deposits. Main office

Cor. California & Montgomery Sts.

Branches :

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St., near Post.

Mission Branch, 927 Valencia St., near 21st

Up Town Branch, 1850 Geary St., near Fillmore

DAVID F. WALKER, President.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO

SUNSET MAGAZINE

June-July Number

OUT JULY 1st

"San Francisco"

BY

E. H. Harriman

"San Francisco"

BY

Joaquin Miller

"The Plight and Prospects of San Francisco".....by Charles S. Aiken
"Handling the Crisis".....by Col. Edwin Emerson
"The Chariots of the Gods".....by Charles K. Field

**Photographs of San Francisco while burning
and after the disaster.**

Portraits of Funston, Schmitz and other prominent men.

FOR SALE ON ALL NEWS STANDS.

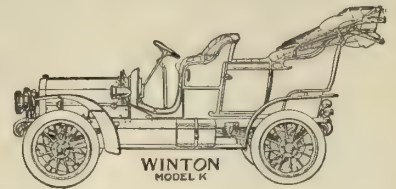
PRICE 10 CENTS

Letters

Long's Latest

John Luther Long is to be congratulated in that, in his new Japanese story, "The Way of the Gods," he has broken away from the deserted wife, the recalcitrant American naval attache and the everlastingly purple-eyed baby whose tendency to reproduce the features of the paternal parent was worthy of the attention of those of the medical fraternity particularly interested in the subject of heredity. "The Way of the Gods" is a tale of patriotism and sacrifice, and much nearer the real thing than what is generally given to us as a Japanese story, for the Orientals do not regard love as a sentiment. It is passion, intrigue, but never what it is to the Occidental, and in consequence, nice little love stories which could have been placed anywhere in the world, but which, by the introduction of "local color" in the shape of references to geishas, tea houses, jinrickshas, and a Japanese wife, have been passed as typical tales of Japan, are very far from being such. The great underlying motives for action are devotion to the Mikado, filial affection and vendetta, and Mr. Long has used two of these, patriotism and filial piety. Shijiro Arisuga was of the Samurai caste, but his inclinations were far from being military. On the contrary he was a poet, and though he wrote the most stirring verses and battle songs, he had no mind himself for "the great red death." The child was an orphan under the guardianship of two uncles, who piously concealed from him the disgraceful fact that his father had been a rebel and his death inglorious. According to their belief, the soul of the dead man could never be redeemed except through the patriotism of his descendants, and it was one of the punishments inflicted by the gods that this only son should be a "girl-boy." Still, they did their best by teaching and by object lessons, to induce the boy to think favorably of the army. Their good intentions might never have produced fruit had the child not overheard one of their conversations and discovered the deception. Thereafter he was resolved to accomplish his work of redemption and save his father's soul. He was small in stature, and when he desired to enlist the other members of the regiment objected to him as being unlikely to add to their laurels. When, however, he was made known to them as the author of their favorite battle songs, he was enthusiastically received, and when his daring more than once saved the colors in the Boxer war, he became their idol. In one of these desperate struggles he was desperately wounded and owed his recovery to the ministrations of a family of compatriots, and the result was a sentimental passion such as is more befitting the poet than the warrior. Hoshika, it appeared, was of the lowest caste, presumed to be without patriotism, and with whom marriage is proscribed except at the cost of losing rank and becoming also an outcast. Shojiro, however, married her and kept his connection secret from his colonel. In time followed a virtual desertion of the wife, and the highest personal honor to the soldier, and when the marriage was discovered, as he was averse to divorce, virtual banishment was decreed transferred from his beloved regiment to another and then given indefinite leave of absence to be spent abroad, preferably to America. Now begins the deterioration of the brave soldier. In order to live he must have occupation which he found as butler in a wealthy family on the verge of disruption. He speedily learned to drink and to gamble, and the money which he was at first intent on saving, in order that he might be always prepared for his recall, was never laid aside. Side by side with the deterioration of the Samurai goes on the regeneration of his wife, who is faithful to him throughout all his brutalities and humiliations. Eventually it is she who earns for both and when Sujiro's health fails and he dies "the small white death" reserved for

Stood the
Test



Winton "K" Thomas Flyer Olds Four Cylinder

Beginning April 18th the greatest endurance
test was opened in San Francisco.

Days and nights the Automobile traveled at top speed over all conditions of roadway—through thoroughfares congested with people and vehicles. This work of the Automobile is the wonder of the people of the world.

Through it all not a Winton K or Thomas or an Olds Four Cylinder was disqualified. Such a record did our machines make that we have sold every stock car.

Our factories are now rushing 21 large machines and 6 runabouts to us. These will arrive during the next 15 days. If you want one of these machines, call at once and arrange for reservation.

Fire never touched us.

Pioneer Automobile Co.

901-925 Golden Gate Ave., SAN FRANCISCO.

Oakland Branch, 12th and OAK STREETS



FROM WEAK TO STRONG

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A FAMILY FAVORITE — USED DAILY BY
PEOPLE OF REFINED TASTES AS A TOILET REQUISITE
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MURINE EYE REMEDY

Restores Normal Conditions and Natural Brilliance
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MURINE Safe in Eyes of Infant and Adult.

women and children, on a hospital bed, it is Hoshika who answers the summons of the emperor. In the early days of their marriage, for amusement, Sujiro had taught his wife to don the uniform and to go through all the soldierly evolutions. He had taught her all the duties of the color-bearer and what was expected of the man-at-arms. Now, through some subtle transformation, she became virtually the man, taking on both the masculine appearance and the gruffer voice. When she took her place with the troops none doubted her, and she faithfully fulfilled every duty left unperformed by her husband. It was she who died the glorious "great red death," and through her the sin of rebellion and the shameful end of the old Samurai were atoned. "The Way of the Gods" was not the straight, obvious path, but in the end it reached its goal. No doubt the Japanese themselves may find faults and flaws in Mr. Long's story, but the Occidental mind which has any knowledge of things Japanese not derived from comic operas and magazine stories will find this a far more probable, and, for that reason, a more satisfactory story than anything since "Madame Chrysanthemum,"

which, however, must bear the blame for the countless repetition of temporary marriage with naval lieutenants. It is to be hoped that if our author still continues to locate his stories in the Orient, he will give us more of this pattern. Published by the Macmillan Company.

Announcement is made of a new novel, "Robin Goodfellow," by Rudyard Kipling. "Robin Goodfellow" can hardly be called a novel. It seems more like a juvenile, intended to interest the author's own children and other little people in old English history. A brother and sister of the impressionable age are enabled, by some white magic, to meet Robin Goodfellow and through him, ancient Britons, soldiers of the Roman legions, and other long-departed worthies, and chat familiarly with them of the history and geography of their time. Like the "Jungle Books," "Robin Goodfellow" makes excellent reading for grown-ups, but the book is not, as has been fondly hoped, another "Kim." The stories will be published in McClure's before being brought out in a volume.

—The Bookworm.

SUMMER RESORTS

Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request.

POTTER HOTEL

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Summer Rates \$2 per day and upwards

American Plan Only

HARBIN HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

All kinds of mineral baths, tub baths, mineral medicated mud baths, natural mineral steam room and shower baths. Swimming tank.

Best water in the State for kidney, liver and stomach troubles, neuralgia, paralysis, rheumatism and skin diseases. Mountain trails. Best equipped gymnasium in the State. Fine vegetable garden, dairy and livery stable. All connected with hotel. Fine fishing close to hotel. Round trip ticket to springs, \$7. Write for booklet.

J. A. HAYS, PROP.

Garden City Sanitarium

(NOT A HOSPITAL)..

Receiving patients as usual. Cottage, rooms or tents. Write for literature. SAN JOSE, CAL.

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in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Broad Gauge S. P. trains to Santa Cruz—Narrow Gauge to Ben Lomond—usual rates. Boating, fishing and out-door sports. Write for booklet and rates. BEN LOMOND HOTEL CO., Ben Lomond, Cal.

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MARK WEST SPRINGS

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A place where you feel at home. Under new management. Delightful walks and other amusements. Variety of springs. Table first-class. Rates, \$12 per week or \$2 per day. Children, half price. Open for guests June 1st. Address Santa Rosa, Rural 6.

WILLOW RANCH

Delightfully located in the redwoods, five miles from Santa Cruz; spring water; fruit; milk; excellent table; daily mail; telephone Suburban 87; free conveyance; \$7 per week. MRS. M. J. CRANDELL, Santa Cruz.



Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request.

California Northwestern Railway

Is running its trains on schedule time.

The best resorts in the State are reached by this line.

To any one of them you can send your family—and be sure they will be comfortable and at small cost.

California Northwestern Railway

North End Nave Ferry Building

CAMP VACATION

The tented park, beautifully situated on the Russian river, in the redwoods, is now open. Large dining-room, seating 250 guests; big dance pavilion, social hall. Boating, bathing, fishing, etc. Fine service. Table furnished with the best of everything. Write for accommodations. Address MRS. L. C. CNOPIUS, Vacation, Sonoma county, Cal.

VILLA FONTENAY

Under new management. Santa Cruz Mountains. Three miles from Glenwood. First-class table; bowling; electric lights; billiards; dancing-pavilion; clubroom; \$10 up; round trip \$3.00; free carriage.

RICE HARPER, Prop., R. F. D. 1, Santa Cruz.

Hotel Rowardennan

("Santa Cruz Mountains"), now open. Broad gauge trains to Santa Cruz, and narrow gauge from there direct.

WM. G. DODGE, Ben Lomond, Cal.

Complete comfort—the best thing we can say of the new hotel at

Witter MEDICAL Springs

LAKE COUNTY

It supplies every want—gratifies every wish. It is beautiful to look at—a delight to live in. Every hotel comfort you ever heard or dreamed of you'll find at Witter Springs. Rates: Old hotel and cottage rooms, \$12 per week. New hotel, \$14 per week and up. Mr. H. W. Wills, Ass't Manager of St. Francis Hotel, now has personal charge of the Springs Hotel.

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Witter Water Cures Stomach Trouble

SOLID COMFORT HOME

1900 feet altitude; no fog; climate delightful; unsurpassed scenery; hot, cold bath; spring water; cement swimming tank, 40x80; telephone. \$7 week; stage meets train. Round trip to Napa, \$1.35. Schuler & Scheben, Napa, Cal.

ARROWHEAD HOT SPRINGS

The Most Curative Springs Known

Temperature 196 degrees. The hottest curative springs in the world.

Flow 500,000 gallons daily.

Altitude 2000 feet, ideal for health.

Climate Variation of mean temperature of summer and winter only 10 degrees.

Scenery The scenery of Switzerland. Majestic mountains and beautiful orange groves. Only three miles from the orange on the trees to the snow on the mountains in winter. Horse and foot trails in every direction.

Baths Bath house will accommodate 400 daily. Hot water, vapor, mud, electric light, Schott, (Nauheim) needle massage, X-ray.

Laboratory Thoroughly equipped for diagnostic and clinical study of every type of metabolic disorders.

Analysis Intermediate between Sprudel of Carlsbad, Germany, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas, though more strongly radio-active than either.

Conduct Modeled after the great European Spas.

FOR BOOKLET ADDRESS

DR. G. W. TAPE, Medical Director, Arrowhead, Cal.

RANCHELLA

An ideal home in the Santa Cruz Mountains, surrounded by beautiful grounds, five miles from Santa Cruz, in the Redwood belt. Beautiful drives, good trout fishing. Telephone, gas. \$9 to \$10. Address MRS. E. H. BUNTING, R. F. D. 87, Santa Cruz, Cal.

Hot White Sulphur Springs Canyon

625 acres, new hotel building not ready this season. Furnished cottages, 3 to 10 rooms, rented to families desirous of camping. Some choice locations for tents; rare opportunity to enjoy out-door life; miles of lovely drives; large barn and stable; private table for limited number; strictly home service; fine fishing.

MR. and MRS. JOHN SANFORD, St. Helena, Napa Co. Cal.

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Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS

For rest and health, for cleanliness, climate and accommodation stands unsurpassed of all summer resorts. Rates \$12.00, \$14.00 and \$16.00 per week.

For full particulars address

R. ROBERTSON.

Hotel El Carmelo

In the Woods, by the Sea. California's popular Family Hotel (same control as Del Monte), near Presidio army post and old Monterey, \$2.50 a day up; special rates by the month.

GEO. H. CORDY, Manager, Pacific Grove, Cal.

ADAMS SPRINGS LAKE COUNTY NOW OPEN

(Elevation 3000 Feet.)

Surrounded by a pine forest of 5000 acres. This and its new hotel makes it the largest and most desirable resort in California. The waters are a positive cure for Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints.

Send for book of testimonials to DR. W. R. PRATHER, Proprietor.

NAPA SODA SPRINGS

California's famous mountain spa, only 50 miles from San Francisco, NOW OPEN. The nearest watering place and summer resort to the city. 1,000 feet elevation, overlooking for 25 miles the beautiful Napa Valley. Good hotel accommodations. New skating rink installed this season. Open all the year round. Terms on application to JOHN JACOB, Napa Soda Springs, Napa county, Cal.

Klamath Hot Springs

A fine health, fishing and hunting resort. For particulars apply to Peck-Judah Co., 414 Fourteenth St., Oakland, or write EDSON BROS., Beswick, Siskiyou Co., Cal.

ORR'S HOT SPRINGS

Just rebuilt and newly furnished. Hot Sulphur Baths famous all over the West. Water gushes from solid rock, cures Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Dyspepsia, Malarial Diseases and Stomach, Kidney and Liver Complaints. Excellent hunting and fishing and a first class table. Located in the heart of the giant redwoods. Open all the year round; camping ground free. Telephone and Livery. C. N. W. Ry. to Ukiah, stage to springs. Round trip from San Francisco \$9.50. Address J. L. ORR, Ukiah, Mendocino Co., Cal.

CAMP ROSE

a wilderness in the heart of Russian River Valley; grand natural scenery; abundance of shade; pure water; medicinal mineral spring; bathing, deep and shallow; boating and fishing; river dammed during summer months; trails to the top of Fitch Mountain, 700 feet elevation, from which point the valley with its orchards and vineyards may be seen; with Geyser Peak and Mount St. Helena in plain view. An ideal spot to camp in and enjoy the beauties of nature; in the midst of the best fruit orchards of the State. Camping privileges without floors, \$1.00, and with floors \$1.50 per week. BOARDING DEPARTMENT—House-room sufficient for cooking, dining and sitting, and lodging furnished in tents with floors, beds, bedding and furniture; good cooking, table well supplied, and guests well fed and lodged, and in every way as comfortable as if in a first-class hotel, with much more freedom. Board and lodging for adults, per week \$8.00 to \$9.00; per day \$1.50, and children under 10 at reduced rates. For particulars address J. W. ROSE, Healdsburg, Sonoma County, Cal.

Healdsburg, two miles east of town, on north and west bank of Russian river, at the base of Fitch Mountain; grand natural scenery; abundance of shade; pure water; medicinal mineral spring; bathing, deep and shallow; boating and fishing; river dammed during summer months; trails to the top of Fitch Mountain, 700 feet elevation, from which point the valley with its orchards and vineyards may be seen; with Geyser Peak and Mount St. Helena in plain view. An ideal spot to camp in and enjoy the beauties of nature; in the midst of the best fruit orchards of the State. Camping privileges without floors, \$1.00, and with floors \$1.50 per week. BOARDING DEPARTMENT—House-room sufficient for cooking, dining and sitting, and lodging furnished in tents with floors, beds, bedding and furniture; good cooking, table well supplied, and guests well fed and lodged, and in every way as comfortable as if in a first-class hotel, with much more freedom. Board and lodging for adults, per week \$8.00 to \$9.00; per day \$1.50, and children under 10 at reduced rates. For particulars address J. W. ROSE, Healdsburg, Sonoma County, Cal.

L A K E T A H O E

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

TOWN TALK

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San Francisco, June 30, 1906

Price, 10 Cents



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Vernal Falls

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TOWN TALK

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Furuseth's Logic

As a controversialist Andrew Furuseth does not shine with the effulgence of a battleship's search-light. Mr. Furuseth invited a controversy with Mr. Hammond, of the United Shipping and Transportation Association, and he proceeded to argue that the strikers were right and the ship-owners were wrong, because Mr. Hammond had said that San Francisco "was not to be built up by men working under union rules." This is a fair sample of union labor logic. It is not only typical, it is inevitable. The labor union leader always seeks to persuade the public that the employer is unjust and that his injustice caused the strike by affirming that he is not in sympathy with unionism. It never occurs to him that by the same process of reasoning the conclusion may be reached that the union men caused the strike since they are not in sympathy with capital. So in every strike it is charged that the employer at some time or other expressed his hostility to union labor. And there are always scores of witnesses ready to swear that they heard him. Unfortunately for Mr. Furuseth in this instance Mr. Hammond was able to prove an alibi. For Mr. Furuseth having, with logical precision, set forth time, place and circumstance of Mr. Hammond's guilty utterance, Mr. Hammond was able to prove, not that he wasn't at the place at the time, but that the place wasn't there at the time. A somewhat novel style of alibi is this, but as conclusive as the more conventional. The place of the utterance was the deck of the "Ravalli"; time, during the fire. It happens that the "Ravalli" was not in the harbor during the fire and Mr. Hammond denies that he boarded her after she came into port. It is clear that Mr. Furuseth was indiscreet in being specific. That fact is now cognizable to him, but he is still no doubt in ignorance of the irrelevancy of the utterance attributed to Mr. Hammond. If the latter did say that San Francisco is not to be built up by men working under union rules he merely expressed an opinion that is held by most intelligent citizens who know something of the hopes and aspirations of visionary agitators of the type of Andrew Furuseth. That opinion is held by men who sympathize with workmen, who would like to see them enjoy all the reasonable advantages that should flow from legitimate organized effort, but who know that the union men of San Francisco are subject to the dictation of professional promoters of industrial strife, and who feel that if they were to be permitted to control the industrial situation the city would not be rebuilt in a hundred years.

Why They Didn't Arbitrate

The Examiner, in pursuance of the Hearst policy, has extended its sympathies to the strikers and sought to create a sentiment against the ship owners by reprobating them for not submitting their differences to arbitration and accusing them of sending their vessels to sea with incompetent crews. The ship owners declined to arbitrate because, being able to obtain the necessary labor, there was no occasion for them to deal with the unions. The strike affords them a pretext to break off relations with the unions and assume once again full control over their own affairs, and consequently it was not to their interest to arbitrate. Indeed they have fared so well in consequence of the strike that it may be truthfully said that in stirring up strife Mr. Furuseth played into their hands. As to the charge that vessels are being sent to sea with incompetent crews, we do not think it worthy of serious consideration. Ship owners are not likely to jeopardize their property, and if they were inclined to do so the representatives of the marine insurance companies would call a halt. But the probability is they are able to find better seamen outside the unions than in the ranks of organized labor, for it is a well known fact that more incompetents are to be found among the union seamen of the Pacific Coast than anywhere else in the world. The breeding of incompetents is one of the effects of labor unionism. Workmen are judged nowadays not by their skill but by their standing in some union, and employers are not privileged to reward skill or to dispense with the services of the incompetent. Through this system assiduously fostered on the water front by Mr. Furuseth many men ignorant of the duties of a seaman have obtained employment on the coasting vessels, and it is believed that many wrecks have been due to the incompetency of union crews. The experience of sea captains on this coast in recent years has been of such a character that they should rejoice in the discontinuance of union domination. We need but cite the case of the schooner Lakme to convey a hint of the character of the experience that captains have had. Coming out of Eureka the Lakme struck on the bar and was in distress. The union crew immediately informed the captain that they would not try to get the vessel into port unless he agreed to pay them "over-time." This was mutiny, but the captain had great respect for the power of union labor and he acceded to the demand of his men.

Negro and Nigger

The Rev. Dr. Rader has been complaining of our tendency to coin nicknames, and he says: "The term 'negro' has been left over from slavery, and is not a word in which the Christian white man will find even a semblance of the orthodox belief in brotherhood. There isn't a thread of the Declaration of Independence in 'nigger.' It is vastly different, as everyone knows, from the word 'negro.'" From the Rev. Dr. Rader's language we might infer that he was laboring under the erroneous notion that there was a shred of the word "negro" in the Declaration of Independence. That glorious document is so little known today that none but the opening words of the second paragraph are ever quoted, and generally they are misquoted, the consequence being that many persons believe that the founders of the Republic affirmed that they held to be self-evident the truth that all men are created free and equal, whereas they said nothing about freedom. They did assert that the inalienable rights with which men are endowed are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but they made it clear that they did not mean individual liberty. They referred to the liberty of a people, a right implied by the theory that governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed, or, more specifically speaking, from the consent of the majority. Most of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were slave holders, who most assuredly did not believe that negroes were created

free or their equals. Consequently it would not have made much difference to them whether they were called negroes or niggers. The "man and brother" doctrine, as applied to the negro, came much later than the Declaration of Independence and is rapidly being discarded. It is a beautiful abstraction. Ask any man who professes it if he believes that some concrete negro is his brother and see how quickly he will sidestep. Contact with the negro, a chance to study him not in isolated cases—the best and more intelligent who won their freedom in one way or another—but in the mass, has worked a decided modification of ideas, and recently, in an article in the "Century Magazine," Charles Francis Adams, a descendant of Revolutionary leaders and Abolition stock, candidly admitted, after seeing the negro at home in Africa and looking him over in the United States, that the "man and brother doctrine" is a huge mistake and negro suffrage almost a crime, while that awful period of reconstruction through which the south was forced was a greater calamity than the war. The negro, as a race, has proved incapable of initiative and not even capable of holding to what has been learned through imitation. "Man and brother" is easy to preach from pulpit, platform and newspaper; it is another thing to live up to. Meanwhile, with abundant leisure, it might not be a bad idea for some of our self-constituted oracles to read again not only the much quoted but little known Declaration but the Constitution and the debates and arguments that were carried on when it was in course of adoption. It may surprise them to learn that the document was not found ready made, like the Mormon Bible, but that every article and section of it was fought for and against, that most of its provisions were compromises and that more than once the deadlock was so serious as to threaten the proposed amalgamation of the colonies. There were a good many things going on in those glorified days that never found their way into a primary school history.

It Was An Old Story

One of the Cudahy packing-houses went out of business the other day and other packing-houses may be forced to close because of the injury done to the business by the meat scandal. The business of the packers has suffered greatly in foreign countries and many years may pass before they again win the confidence of their foreign customers. We are told that the packers have been most unfairly treated and that many false and exaggerated reports have gone abroad and been gleefully circulated by the press of those countries of Europe in which, a few months ago, statesmen were "viewing with alarm" the relentless American progress and competition. The New York "Sun" says that this nation has "injured itself heavily in pocket by its quick indignation with the presence or suspicion of unhealthful treatment of meat products at Chicago," and in the same paper it is stated that the conditions complained of in Chicago affect some eight per cent of the meat slaughtered. This assertion is not in harmony with the report filed by the commissioners who investigated the stockyards and packing-houses of Chicago. President Roosevelt described the conditions shown to exist as "Revolt-ing." The commissioners found that the meats were handled without regard to cleanliness. They found stale meat scraps and even bits of rope and other rubbish being shoveled into barrels to be ground up to be used in canned goods. Incidentally they reported that the care which is taken with the meat for export to foreign countries is lacking with regard to meat that is destined for domestic use. Strenuous efforts are now being made to counteract the evil effects of the meat scandal and to create the impression that there has been much exaggeration respecting the conditions reported by the commissioners, but it will not be easy to persuade the people of this country that an injustice has been done to the packers. The revelations made by the commissioners were not a surprise. They did not tax credulity. American canned meats

have been under suspicion for years, and it is difficult to understand how the packers managed to do a successful business in view of the unsavory reputation of their establishments. American canned goods have long been barred out of many thousands of American homes because of the conviction that they were both unclean and dishonest. And though it is to be regretted that American products have once more been rejected in Europe we should not deplore the scandal that may lead to the improvement of our morals and the abatement of practices prejudicial to public health.

Western Union Insolence

President Robert J. Clowry, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, has entered a very amusing plea in extenuation of the charge that the corporation which he represents collected \$1,000,000 for messages that were sent through the mails at the time of the fire in this city. "Our company," says Mr. Clowry, "did more to help the stricken folk of San Francisco after the fire than any other company or corporation in my knowledge. This report upon the incompetency and alleged frauds practiced by the Western Union comes with a poor grace from the people of San Francisco, concerning whose flight we furnished free bulletins to 23,000 offices throughout the country during the progress of the fire." We are told by a New York paper, in which Mr. Clowry was interviewed, that the sentence in our Grand Jury report which affirms that the Western Union Company contributed not a penny to the relief fund "is what rankles particularly in President Clowry's breast." In answer to that charge he asserts that immediately upon receipt of the first news of the earthquake his office gave notice that telegrams, money orders or any other telegraphic communications to the various relief bodies in San Francisco would be received in any of the company's offices and forwarded absolutely without charge. He also explains that messages were accepted on the strict reservation by the company that they would be subject to delay in delivery. It is evident that Mr. Clowry is of the opinion that as the company sent a few telegrams to the relief bodies free of charge it was justified in taking a million dollars from people for service which it had no intention of rendering. Though messages were accepted with the understanding that they would be subject to delay in delivery, nobody understood that they would be sent by mail. If persons desirous of sending telegrams knew that the company purposed sending them by mail they would not have been so unwise as to pay more than a dollar for service which they could have obtained for two cents. As to the assertion that the company posted 23,000 bulletins throughout the country we feel that Mr. Clowry has placed an extravagant estimate on the value of that service. Sufficient publicity was given to the catastrophe by the press,



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and the newspapers were well compensated for circulating the news. Moreover the Western Union company was well compensated by the press for conveying the news over its wires, and the probability is that the 23,000 bulletins were copies of press bulletins for which the company was paid.

Back to the Land

Many owners of home-sites thought, some weeks ago, that long ere this the insurance companies would have met their obligations and the reconstruction of homes would have been begun, but the prospect is that Christmas will come and find many an innocent trying to square the story of Santa Claus and his descent of the chimney with tent life and a cook stove out doors. Most of the plans under discussion for municipal housing contemplate the herding together of families, and the perpetuation of the tenement idea. Cheapness, of course, is a consideration, and the initial intention is to make these dwellings but temporary—substitutes for the tents. But there is always a considerable class in every community which has not initiative enough to improve its own condition, and if municipal barracks are once erected there will never come a time when some excuse will not be forthcoming in behalf of the shiftless ones content to sit down where they are put. Now is the time to deal with our tenement house problem, and to prevent the erection of rear shacks, dark holes without ventilation and sunlight, and all the other evils which, heretofore there has been no law to reach. The authorities, from the mayor down to the last member of the citizens' committees, could do no better service than to procure copies of Jacob A. Riis's two books, "How the Other Half Lives" and "A Ten Years' War," the new edition of which is entitled "The Battle With the Slum," and learn what it means to delay action. One of the hardest problems to solve is how to cure people of the crowd habit. There were hundreds of residents of this city who who settled within a stone's throw of Market and Sixth streets, and a census of some of the blocks would have revealed children enough to have crowded whole schools, whose idea of a yard was a narrow back porch and whose only playground was the street. The parents had the crowd habit and the elder children, self-supporting, at least in part, could not be happy

without the noise and glare of the streets at night. Their idea of a walk was a promenade on Market street, of amusement, a cheap theatre. It is generally found that children who belong to families long inured to tenement life cannot be weaned from it. What the municipality should strive to do is to encourage people to live by themselves, to return to the old idea of a cottage with a back yard and a bit of garden, more privacy and greater independence, not of the individual but of the national unit. There are a number of firms that make a business of dealing in portable houses, as easily put together as a child's "model village." They are cheap, serviceable and available. Houses of four or five rooms, with doors, windows and porches cost less than two hundred and fifty dollars, and any man with average physical strength and gumption can put one together in the course of a few hours. We have heard the cry "Back to the Land" these many years. Now let us get back.

The Burdens of the Poor

The effects of poverty and early employment on children are set forth in one of the latest Macmillan publications, "Bitter Cry of the Children," written by John Spargo, a socialist, who tells also of the effects of environment on the working mother during the pre-natal period, and advocates by way of reform state support of both the offspring and the mother during the critical period. Mr. Spargo has abundance of example to prove the correctness of his position, but what he urges so strenuously is more in the nature of a tiding-over than of a cure. If all the little bread-winners of today, all the under-fed school children and all the neglected infants were provided for by municipal or state legislation, the evil would be as great again tomorrow, and worse next week. The real difficulty is not in the rapacity of manufacturers who will employ babies at starvation wages, or in the indifference of the great round world to the sufferings that must be sought out but in the reckless improvidence of the parents who continue to reproduce their species without a thought of the welfare of the children. Parents whose combined earnings do not net ten dollars a week should not have more children than dollars. If they really felt a tithe of the regret they affect when sociologists and reformers interview them, they would not refer with pride to their experience

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gained in burying nine. If they had any conception of the degradation which they admit in such confessions they would amend their lives. The instances which are quoted of women having children born to them in crowded factory rooms prove nothing since there is no evidence that they were obliged to present themselves in the work shop. The same thing is not so infrequent in street cars, trains, ferry boats and even on the streets, simply because women are reckless enough to dare to be abroad at such times. They take one more chance, that is all. Poverty is not a factor in the situation. Mr. Spargo also tells us that one of the excuses for sending children to work before the golden age of eighteen is that the children did not do well at school. He is greatly mistaken in his idea that by keeping such children in school they will, eventually, develop into scholars, do creditable mental work, and then, become efficient workmen. There are children in every walk of life, every state of social condition, who never can progress beyond elementary branches. It does not matter whether God, Nature, heredity or environment is accountable, the fact remains that they simply do not learn. If they are kept in school they are a drag, a dead weight, a bad example to their classmates and source of discouragement to teachers. Such children are not necessarily feeble-minded or idiotic. They simply are not book-minded, and after they have learned to read and write, to perform simple arithmetical calculations and get a general idea of geography and history, their place is at the working bench, where they often astonish their elders by their manual capacity. Mr. Spargo admits that manufacturers say it is the cheapness of child labor, not its efficiency, that makes it commercially attractive. If children were not thrown on the market in such large numbers machinery would be installed to perform their tasks. But when improvident parents with faith in the old world creed that "children are the poor man's wealth" and that a Divine Providence sends them in order that their parents may early retire to a life of ease, are willing to deprive their little ones of a chance to live and to

grow, it is not state aid but state interference that should be urged. We have specific laws for the government of stock raisers. They can be arrested, prosecuted and punished for overstocking their pasture ranges, yet a man who would be heavily fined for attempting to keep two cows where he had feed for one may have a half score of children when he does not support himself, and be coddled into a belief that he is a good and reputable citizen because he has furnished entries of births and deaths for the bureau of vital statistics. The compassion which Mr. Spargo invokes for the unfortunate victims,—not as he fondly imagines, of commercial greed, but of the criminal recklessness of those who are responsible for their advent—is tempered by a very different and stronger feeling when the parents are considered. If the state is to feed, clothe and care for children, to look after their welfare while mothers absent themselves, and to educate and teach them remunerative occupations, as well as to provide medical supervision for the mothers before the births and throughout the nursing periods, it is only logical to grant it also the right to regulate the reproductive process, to designate how many infants are to be added each year, who may produce them, and, if heredity counts for so much, what grade of population the state is to breed. Is our author prepared to go to that length? Would the people themselves, those who are supposed to benefit by all this paternalism, submit to regulation? What Socialistic reformers should do, instead of writing books which are directed to the understanding of the intelligent classes, and call forth editorial comments, is to direct their energies to the education of the poverty-stricken and teach them that a large part of their misery is of their own making and that they themselves must cure it. "The Bitter Cry of the Children" is a book to be appreciated by college professors, philanthropists, club ladies and preachers. It leaves the slum dweller, if, perchance, he should ever see it, with an idea that he is very much to be pitied for being an innocent sufferer from "conditions."

Perspective Impressions

The despatches from New York tell us of a veteran of sixty-nine who rode 125 miles in ten hours. It's like carrying coal to Newcastle to send such news to the home of William Greer Harrison.

Some of the buildings now being constructed in San Francisco are of the X-23 class. All sorts of mechanics, except carpenters, are working on them. There's nothing like a catastrophe to teach people a lesson.

One of the women suffragists of England who vindicated their claims last week, to admission to calm, deliberate political bodies, by breaking up a convention, is Mrs. Pankhurst. She probably dropped one letter out of her name through fear that it would convey an erroneous notion as to her mission in life.

It is said that Emperor William is going to interest himself in the insurance business. If there is anything Bill hasn't interested himself in it would be worth while knowing what it is.

The work of relieving the destitute in San Francisco is being conducted in such a manner as to make destitution unpopular. It is extremely improbable that there are persons seeking relief at this late day who are not absolutely in need of assistance. It is easy enough to be destitute but not so easy to have inexhaustible patience.

The "Chronicle" says it will be unprofitable to build Class A buildings under the building ordinance as drafted. This is an inaccuracy. The "Chronicle" meant to say that it would not be so profitable to build Class A buildings under the ordinance as drafted as it would be under an ordinance that permitted owners to pierce the empyrean with their skyscrapers.

Olive Fremstad won a husband during her recent San Francisco engagement. The marriage took place before the gentleman saw her play Carmen.

The land is filled with wails of lack of opportunity for individual success. And yet an insurance company may be started on a shoestring.

According to Dr. Isadore Singer there are 11,218,294 Jews in the world and they seldom get into the criminal courts. But do they ever get into the insurance business?

Bishop Potter says that the insurance scandal is viewed in England as emphasizing American greed. Remarkable! In this country we view it as indisputable evidence of the philanthropic spirit of our greatest thieves.

Immediately after the fire the labor unions decided not to raise the scale of wages. It now appears that they preferred to establish an entirely new scale.

A Revolt Against Puritanism

By Theodore Bonnet

The worm has turned. Not to the worm popularly known as the legitimate prize of the early bird do I refer, but to the worm that has been repeatedly trod upon by the Pilgrim Fathers and their hopelessly atavistic descendants. In no contemptuous spirit do I refer to the traditional object of puritanical meddling as a worm, but only because in his protracted meek submission to the tyranny of the aggressively rectitudinous his attitude was suggestive of some crawling thing whose essential insignificance drew upon him the abuse and obloquy of God's favored creatures. As a matter of fact you are the worm and so am I, and so is every American citizen who has been giving polite and deferential ear for years to the dissonant voice of sad and angry faith without a murmur of dissent; who has never had the temerity to rebel against the vulgar dogmatism of that self-righteousness which takes for granted its possession of the truth and the power of deciding how others violate it.

It was in Chicago that the worm turned, Chicago the city of isms and cults. Usually when something starts in Chicago it has to go through an alembic before it is purified, but the latest propaganda may prove an exception. Its purpose is to destroy the pernicious influence of the subbatarians through which the timid authorities were persuaded to prohibit the sale of liquor on Sundays. The sale of liquor on Sundays is not essential to our happiness. There are many of us that would not object to the closing of saloons on Sundays if we were assured that certain arrogant Christians, who flatter themselves that they alone know how to construe the gospel would not employ the concession as an entering wedge for the crowding upon us of ascetic restrictions that we do not deem any more essential to salvation than abstention from wine on the Sabbath. It would perhaps be pleasing to many zealous Christians not of the Puritanical class to see saloons closed on Sundays out of respect to the founder of Christianity; but even they would probably object to having them closed for the reasons advanced by some of the agitators who demand that they be closed irrespective of the wishes of their neighbors. If a sanitary measure were enacted prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sundays it would prove beneficial to many people, but as a bit of religious legislation it is obnoxious because it violates a principle of liberty. The State has the right to protect society from physical ills in the manner suggested by science, but it has not the right to safeguard the soul from contamination in the manner prescribed by one or two of the jarring sects.

However, there is a small element of nearly every American community that spends a great deal of time trying to induce the State to trespass on constitutional rights. The closing of saloons is no trespass because the saloon business is tolerated only under public regulation, but there are many innocent pastimes in which we all have the constitutional right to engage but which the Sabbatarians would inhibit. Their inspiration is a legacy of the spirit that prompted one philosopher to set fire to another philosopher in Smithfield Market because they could not agree in their theory of the universe. In other words it is the spirit of Puritanism, of a religious system which, according to Matthew Arnold, is founded on a misconception of the meaning of St. Paul and is an obstacle to progress and a true civilization.

Though the Puritans of this country constitute a very small minority of the populace they dictate certain laws for the guidance of human conduct in certain states. They have not made much headway in California, but they importune nearly every legislature for pious measures, and there are many states where they have succeeded in having Sunday baseball and other forms of innocent amusement prohibited in deference to their wishes. They have made it appear that the sentiment of the community in which they live is opposed to public spectacles that incite persons to merriment and

divert the mind from spiritual reflection. They object to many things that are not more conducive to evil than the kiss which a loving husband gives his wife and which was once anathema in New England. And they have created the semblance of a sentiment against those things by their persistent clamor, by organizing communities headed by clergymen that preside over empty pews and petitioning legislators that violate their conscience to coddle the church vote.

We are slow to rebel against the activity of the Puritans because we feel that we should not resent efforts to improve public morals. The object of their endeavor is presumably for the public good, and we do not perceive that their method involves violation of individual rights and that it is unnecessary and in defiance of personal conviction. I have more than once predicted, however, that there would be revolt against the rule of the self-constituted monitors of society, and I warned them that in the event of an uprising the uprisers, like most revolutionists, would in the intemperate zeal that usually animates protestants against oppression, demand more than redress. That is what the revolt in Chicago may lead to, and if successful the movement may spread. It is not in the interest of religious liberty or merely for the abatement of obnoxious meddling, but for the benefit of grogg-sellers. That is unfortunate. It is not by way of rebuke to narrow-minded Puritans for attempting to interdict healthful Sunday pastimes, but by way of retaliation and to stiffen the backbone of city officials so that they shall not be afraid of religious influence. It is a movement directed by men who are not concerned for the moral welfare of the community, but who are strong in numbers and who may gain the support of all that resent puritanical arrogance. To strengthen their cause they are going to start a newspaper, plunge into local politics, and seek to crush every candidate for office who is known to be in sympathy with the enemy. Perhaps the logical effect of excessive puritanical zeal may prove to be the development of moral anarchists.

The Puritans are so sincere and well intentioned that it is unfortunate they do not perceive the error of their ways. The trouble with them is they are pursuing a wrong religious tack. Instead of pointing the way as Ruskin does to the perception of God which leads to love of God, they are ever holding forth the prospect of everlasting punishment to agitate our souls and frighten men into the practice of virtue and aversion from vice. They seem to be wholly ignorant of the fact that virtue has in herself the most engaging charms. It has been said by way of consolation for that deplorable superiority which some among us arrogate to themselves that we are all equal after death. The Puritans seem to fear that the inferiority which separates us from them will continue even into the next world unless they come to the rescue. They are very kind, but dreadful bores. They are laboring under the delusion that they are the only genuine Christians in the world whereas they are animated by motives that are purely pagan. It was Christianity that brought joy into the world. The Pagans were the original preachers of temperance and asceticism. Along with Christian civilization came the perception of God through which we have found it easy to love him, for Christianity pointed out the Beautiful and the harmony of the universe and told us that everything was created for man's pleasure. In other words Christianity made us understand that we have reason to be grateful, and of course it is natural for affection to follow gratitude. But the Puritan teaches us principally to fear God and fear never will inspire love. Christ taught us to be cheerful; the Puritan commands us to be sad. Christ made a sacrament out of wine and the Puritan would destroy the vine and ruin the beautiful symbolism of the most powerful of Christian churches. So the Puritan has driven the liberty-loving citizens of Chicago to revolt. The worm has turned.

The Star-Child

[The first installment of this beautiful story from the pen of Oscar Wilde appeared in last week's Town Talk. The story will be concluded next week.]

"Nay, but thou art indeed my little son, whom I bore in the forest," she cried; and she fell on her knees, and held out her arms to him. "The robbers stole thee from me and left thee to die," she murmured; "but I recognized thee when I saw thee, and the signs also have I recognized,—the cloak of golden tissue and the amber chain. Therefore I pray thee come with me, for over the whole world have I wandered in search of thee. Come with me, my son, for I have need of thy love."

But the Star-Child stirred not from his place, but shut the doors of his heart against her, nor was there any sound heard save the sound of the woman weeping for pain.

And at last he spoke to her, and his voice was hard and bitter. "If in very truth thou art my mother," he said, "it had been better hadst thou stayed away, and not come here to bring me to shame, seeing that I thought I was the child of some Star, and not a beggar's child, as thou tellest me that I am. Therefore get thee hence, and let me see thee no more."

"Alas! my son," she cried, "wilt thou not kiss me before I go? For I have suffered much to find thee."

"Nay," said the Star-Child, "but thou art too foul to look at, and rather would I kiss the adder or the toad than thee"

So the woman rose up, and went away into the forest, weeping bitterly; and when the Star-Child saw that she had gone, he was glad, and ran back to his playmates, that he might play with them.

But when they beheld him coming they mocked him, and said: "Why, thou art as foul as the toad, and as loathsome as the adder. Get thee hence, for we will not suffer thee to play with us"; and they drove him out of the garden.

And the Star-Child frowned, and said to himself: "What is this that they say to me? I will go to the well of water and look into it, and it shall tell me of my beauty."

So he went to the well of water and looked into it, and, lo! his face was as the face of a toad, and his body was scaled like an adder. And he flung himself down on the grass and wept, and said to himself: "Surely this has come upon me by reason of my sin. For I have denied my mother, and driven her away, and been proud, and cruel to her. Wherefore I will go and seek her through the whole world, nor will I rest till I have found her."

And there came to him the little daughter of the Woodcutter, and she put her hand upon his shoulder and said: "What doth it matter if thou hast lost thy comeliness? Stay with us, and I will not mock at thee."

And he said to her: "Nay, but I have been cruel to my mother, and as a punishment has this evil been sent to me. Wherefore I must go hence, and wander through the world till I find her, and she give me her forgiveness."

So he ran away into the forest and called out to his mother, but there was no answer. All day long he called to her, and when the sun set he lay down to sleep on a bed of leaves, and the birds and the animals fled from him, for they remembered his cruelty, and he was alone save for the toad that watched him, and the slow adder that crawled past.

And in the morning he rose up, and plucked some bitter berries from the trees and ate them, and took his way through the great wood, weeping sorely. And of everything that he met he made inquiry if perchance they had seen his mother.

He said to the Mole, "Thou canst go beneath the earth. Tell me, is my mother there?"

And the Mole answered: "Thou hast blinded mine eyes. How should I know?"

He said to the Linnet: "Thou canst fly over the tops of the tall trees, and canst see the whole world. Tell me, canst

thou see my mother?"

And the Linnet answered: "Thou hast clipped my wings for thy pleasure. How should I fly?"

And to the little Squirrel who lived in the fir-tree, and was lonely, he said: "Where is my mother?"

And the Squirrel answered, "Thou hast slain mine. Dost thou seek to slay thine also?"

And the Star-Child wept, and bowed his head, and prayed forgiveness of God's things, and went on through the forest, seeking for the beggar-woman. And on the third day he came to the other side of the forest and went down into the plain.

And when he passed through the villages the children mocked him, and threw stones at him, and the carlots would not suffer him even to sleep in the byres lest he might bring mildew on the stored corn, so foul was he to look at, and their hired men drove him away, and there was none who had pity on him. Nor could he hear anywhere of the beggar-woman who was his mother, though for the space of three years he wandered over the world, and often seemed to see her on the road in front of him, and would call to her, and run after her till the sharp flints made his feet to bleed. But overtake her he could not, and those who dwelt by the way did ever deny that they had seen her, or any like to her, and they made sport of his sorrow.

For the space of three years he wandered over the world, and in the world there was neither love nor loving-kindness nor charity for him, but it was even such a world as he had made for himself in the days of his great pride.

And one evening he came to the gate of a strong-walled city that stood by a river, and weary and footsore though he was, he made to enter in. But the soldiers who stood on guard dropped their halberds across the entrance, and said roughly to him: "What is thy business in the city?"

"I am seeking for my mother," he answered, "and I pray ye to suffer me to pass; for it may be that she is in the city."

But they mocked at him, and one of them wagged a black beard, and set down his shield and cried: "Of a truth, thy mother will not be merry when she sees thee; for thou art more illfavoured than the toad of the marsh, or the adder that crawls in the fen. Get thee gone! Get thee gone! Thy mother dwells not in this city."

And another who held a yellow banner in his hand said to him: "Who is thy mother, and wherefore art thou seeking for her?"

And he answered, "My mother is a beggar, even as I am, and I have treated her evilly, and I pray ye to suffer me to pass, that she may give me her forgiveness, if it be that she tarrieth in the city." But they would not, and pricked him with their spears.

And, as he turned away weeping, one whose armor was inlaid with gilt flowers, and on whose helmet couched a lion that had wings, came up and made inquiry of the soldiers who it was that had sought entrance. And they said to him: "It is a beggar and the child of a beggar, and we have driven him away."

"Nay," he cried, laughing, "but we will sell the foul thing for a slave, and his price shall be the price of a bowl of sweet wine."

And an old and evil-visaged man who was passing by called out, and said: "I will buy him for that price;" and, when he had paid the price, he took the Star-Child by the hand and led him into the city.

(Continued on Page 30.)

Vacation

Kin to the skies when is mirrored their shade
 In the calm of the ocean
 Was the blue of her eyes
 Vowed I, and never for me had a maid
 Stirred such depth of emotion
 As spoke in my sighs.

Yellow, I told her, as poppies that cling
 To the brink of the river
 Was the gold of her hair;
 Said Love and I had a song we could sing
 To the luck of his quiver
 Did passion but dare.

Half was in jest when I swore that her heart
 If it joyed in deserting
 Would make sunless my life.
 After three weeks I awoke with a start
 From the jesting and flirting
 To find I'd a wife.

—"The Benedict."

June, 1906.

The Spectator

The Saturnine Kearney

A man of very peculiar temperament was Theodore Kearney, the Fresno horticulturist, who bequeathed his immense ranch, orchard, arboretum, agricultural and horticultural plants to the California University. President Wheeler recently issued a bulletin calling attention to the fact that the Kearney bequest was one of the most important ever made to the University. It is more than that; it is one of the most important ever made to any university. It means that now the department of which it has become a part is unsurpassed in the world. The value of the Kearney bequest is, perhaps, from the commercial standpoint, not more than one million dollars, but if the State of California undertook to equip the University as it has been equipped by the Kearney estate it would take twenty years to accomplish its purpose. The Kearney property is one of the wonders of a State that abounds in sublime spectacles, but it has never enjoyed the celebrity that it deserves, the reason being that Kearney was a most inhospitable individual. He mingled rarely with his fellow men. He had no friends, no family and no relatives with whom he communed. He was a man of repellant temperament, and was most cordially disliked throughout Fresno County. A hint to his character was supplied in this city on the day of the earthquake. He was living at the St. Francis and he appeared that day in his automobile. While driving through the streets an injured woman was carried out of a building. The chauffeur halted and Kearney was asked to take the woman in his machine to some hospital. "Drive on!" he sternly said to the chauffeur and off he sped in his auto.

Loved Flowers, Hated Women

The Kearney property, now that it belongs to the State University should become one of the great show-places of the California. There are five thousand acres included in the tract, and they have been both beautifully and scientifically cultivated. The morose and austere owner was a born husbandman. Though he held himself aloof and seemed utterly

devoid of sympathy for his fellow men, he was impassioned of plants and flowers, and spent a lifetime in gathering rare specimens in all parts of the world. His one delight was to tread the gay carpet of his fields. He found society in the silence of the trees. His garden was peopled with purple and perfumes that spoke to him a language he understood. Flowers scattered their inspiring smiles along the leaf-littered pathway that led to his grave. Kearney came to California in the sixties and during all the years of his residence here nobody ever became sufficiently intimate with him to learn anything of his antecedents, or of his family; but since his death, I have heard that Dennis Kearney, the famous sandlot orator, claims kinship to the Fresno millionaire. The latter never spoke to anybody of his family, and he never cared to have anybody speak to him. None of his employees ever dared to speak to him without first being addressed. Dennis Kearney says that the dead millionaire was his cousin and that there are persons of closer kinship in Ireland who will probably come to California to try to get the estate. So perhaps there will be a contest over the estate, and if so one may learn that the mysterious horticulturist, like many other Californian millionaires, had a romance in his life. It is not likely, however, that anybody will attempt to prove that he figured in a romance since coming to California, for here he gave a pretty consistent performance in the role of a misogynist. His acquaintances were sure there was not a scintilla of sentiment in his heart. This conviction was particularly strong in the minds of many persons to whom he sold land in Fresno County in the years immediately preceding the hard times of the nineties. Those persons bought the land on mortgages and improved and cultivated it. When the hard times came and interest was not promptly forthcoming Kearney swept down on them and despoiled them of their possessions without a word of warning.

The Pardee-Melvin Alliance

Governor Pardee has found it advisable to placate the friends of Judge Harry Melvin. To entice the milk white

dove of political peace into Alameda County he has joined forces with the singing jurist for the avowed purpose of winning for that gentleman the nomination for the Supreme Court. The Alameda County delegation will go to the State convention pledged to Pardee for Governor and Melvin for Supreme Court Justice. If this combination be viewed in the light of Oakland political history it will take on an odd aspect. So incredible does the political alliance of Pardee and Melvin seem that there are shrewd politicians by whom it is not taken seriously. They suspect that Melvin is being beguiled by the Governor, the motive being the same as that which inspired Quintus Marcius, the Roman legate, in the war against Persius of Macedon, when, to gain time wherein to reinforce his army he made conciliatory overtures and lulled the enemy to sleep. The old Roman senators condemned that method of winning battles. They said that a man should fight with valor and not by artifice. But Governor Pardee is not truly Roman; at least, not in politics. He has something of Grecian subtlety and Punic cunning. Judge Melvin declared war on Governor Pardee some months ago, and as the Judge has some political strength in Alameda County it was important that he should be conciliated. Pardee could not afford to take chances with a split delegation from his home county.

When Pardee Was Against Melvin

But nobody in Alameda County believes that Pardee will vigorously insist upon Melvin's nomination. Those cynical politicians who do not appreciate the Governor's gilt-edged sincerity think that he is making a Persius out of the confiding Melvin. "Where the lion's skin is too short," they are saying, "we must eke it out with a piece from that of the fox." On the other hand some of the guileless ones across the bay with vivid recollections of political history are amazed that Governor Pardee should undertake to put Melvin in a chair of the State's highest tribunal; not that they pretend to know anything about the jolly, singing jurist's qualifications, but that they recall that not long ago Pardee had a very poor opinion of the Melvin judicial equipment. These persons with the pernicious memory are quoting Pardee on Melvin. They can give you almost verbatim what Pardee said, in the columns of his paper, the Enquirer, when Gage appointed Melvin to the Superior Court. And from these quotations I learn that it was Justice Henshaw of the Supreme Court who stood sponsor for Melvin, or, at least, who urged Governor Gage to make the appointment. For Pardee smashed Henshaw for recommending such a man as Melvin. So here again we witness the strange pranks of the whirligig of time. Here is Melvin, the man who is indebted to Justice Henshaw, in a large measure, for his appointment to the Superior Court, giving reign to an ambition, the ultimate purpose of which is to unseat the man who was censured for having given him a helping hand over the hurdle to the pathway of his judicial career.

His Hatred for Henshaw

And the situation derives additional interest and color from the circumstance that in entering into the combination Judge Melvin is supplying water to the wheel upon which Governor Pardee expects to whet the blade that he longs to thrust between Henshaw's ribs. But of course Judge Melvin is innocent of intention to injure Judge Henshaw. He is merely engaged in furthering his own laudable interests. He wants to be a judge of the Supreme Court and Pardee's motives do not concern him. To get the nomination he must get the endorsement of the delegation from his home county, but in getting it he will make it a little harder for Justice Henshaw who endorsed him for the Superior Court. It is to his interest that the delegation be united, and therefore it

was imperative for him to join hands with Pardee. It was to Pardee's interest that the delegation be united, and so he joined hands with Melvin. It was perhaps humiliating for the Governor to do so in view of his criticism of Gage for appointing Melvin to the Superior Court and of his more recent unfriendly attitude to the distinguished Oakland Elk. Judge Melvin, it will be remembered, was a candidate for the Court of Appeals. His friends expected to see him appointed, but Pardee turned him down. A little later he was a candidate for the Supreme Court on the death of Justice Van Dyke. Once more Pardee was expected to conciliate the Melvin forces, but he didn't. The enmity of the Melvin faction seemed not to bother him in the slightest degree, and now the reason is clear. He was looking forward to a compromise combination, one by which he might use Melvin to swat Henshaw. And yet Pardee has been dubbed "a weak brother" upon the theory that he has not great executive ability! As a matter of fact he has genius for turning tricks in politics, and to be a good Governor a man should be skilled in the political game, for most of his dealings are with politicians.

Harriman's Bon Mot

There was one week in April last when men were almost bereft of a sense of humor, but even during that period a hearty laugh was provoked by a bon mot that, by reason of its historical value, if not for the humor of it, which is its essence, should be preserved. It was sprung one day at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Committee of Fifty. Much important business was being transacted, and during the course of proceedings it was felt that the presence of the Governor of the State was imperative. Somebody suggested that Mr. Harriman should supply him with transportation so that he would have no excuse for not getting across the bay. Mr. Harriman was asked if he could supply the Governor with transportation facilities.

"Well," replied Mr. Harriman, "I provided facilities for getting one hundred thousand refugees out of the city. I think I can provide facilities for getting one back."

The Peerless Maxine

Maxine Elliott is lending her peerless beauty to London society at present, and is being admired at garden parties, and all sorts of smart fetes. Any actress can know all the smart men in England, from Prime Ministers down to Piccadilly Johnnies. The masculine Briton loves art as embodied in the American actress, but it falls to the lot of very few artists of our stage to accomplish the more difficult task of conquering the haughty British matron. And this Miss Elliott's social tact and savoir faire have accomplished despite her beauty. Of course it is quite likely that the high favor in which she stands with American millionaires of more than one class, may have something to do with her popularity with English hostesses, but anyway whatever its cause, the pleasing fact remains that next to Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Mrs. Maxine Elliott Goodwin is the most popular American actress in London at this moment.

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A. M. ROBERTSON

The Whittell Comedy Drama

For his age George Whittell is a very promising young man in the matrimonial field of activity, and as he is blessed with a kind and indulgent father he may succeed in accumulating quite a bunch of wives during his career. He appears to be always on the point of getting married or getting out of marriage, and though he never asks for the paternal blessing when about to take unto himself a wife, his father is always on hand to speed the parting daughter-in-law and finance her withdrawal from the Whittell family circle. Young Whittell has a pretty taste in wives. Mrs. Josephine Whittell was one of the Anna Held girls and all there was to Anna's shows was the pulchritude of her environment which was considerable. When George fell in love with Josephine, Papa Whittell frowned on the prospect of a match. When Josephine went East with the show Papa Whittell heaved a sigh of relief, and a little later, when George, in company with his friend Ray Baker, called on the old gentleman and announced that they had decided to take a trip around the world the millionaire was delighted. He concluded that George's passion for Josephine had been assuaged, but he suggested by way of precaution against accident that they go around by way of the Orient. But George and Ray pooh-poohed that suggestion. They knew a much better way around. So Whittell pere took Baker into a private room, and obtained a promise from him that he would guard George well and protect him from another marriage. Then the young men started off with a fat letter of credit, and George got into communication with Josephine before he reached the State line. They were married in New Jersey and Baker was best man. Then followed the honeymoon trip to Europe, and when it was over the young couple received the parental blessing and a nice home in Alameda which became noted for its hospitality in that rollicking set of which Jack Baird and Joe Eastland were the shining lights. The young Whittells seemed very happy until a few months ago when their friends were very much surprised to learn that they had agreed to separate. It is said that there had been no quarrel but that Mrs. Whittell longed to get back to Broadway and the old familiar scenes of revelry by night, and that Papa Whittell came promptly to the front to see that the curtain was rung down on the little domestic comedy drama without a hitch and that all accounts were properly adjusted. Meanwhile the rumor is afloat that George has a society match ahead of him, and the story is told that some nights ago the young lady who fondly expects to become his fiancée met her prospective husband's wife under somewhat embarrassing circumstances. She was alarmed at the prospect of a scene but there was no scene. George Whittell is a very fine looking young fellow, and very popular. I believe he is to part from his wife without any hard feelings.

Hearst's Project

Though I am not in favor of skyscrapers I sympathize with Mr. Hearst in his lambasting of the authorities for their attitude of hostility to tall buildings; for I have been informed that the enterprising proprietor of the Examiner and loyal Californian wishes to build for his San Francisco paper a twenty-four story building at the corner of Third and Market streets. In view of the fact that each of the other morning journals has a tall building in the neighborhood of Lotta's Fountain, I am in favor of granting Mr. Hearst a special privilege to go up high enough to enable him to dump refuse on the roofs of his contemporaries. In espousing Mr. Hearst's

cause I am, I believe, expressing the sentiment of the community. San Francisco feels very grateful to Mr. Hearst. Even those San Franciscans that do not approve some of the things he has done are not unappreciative of his public-spirited character and generosity. Thousands of them mindful of his determination to publish an insurance blacklist in all his papers would be willing to vote him permission to put up a forty-four story building with a mansard roof. It wouldn't hurt their feelings if he made the Call building look like a sugar loaf. They could view without a pang the dwarfing of the Chronicle Building until it looked like a wart on Mr. De Young's little finger. But at this writing Mayor Schmitz does not approve either tall buildings or Mr. Hearst. But Mayor Schmitz's term will expire before Mr. Hearst gets his building up high enough to need a special permit.

Why Campbell Loves Englishmen

Attorney J. C. Campbell, of this city, dissents from the opinion of Bishop Potter respecting the sentiment in England toward the people of this country. Bishop Potter recently returned from England with a message to his countrymen, which he uttered through the press of New York. It was not the sort of message that one might expect from a dignitary of the Christian church, for there was nothing in it suggestive of the peace-to-men-of-good-will spirit. Bishop Potter came back from England not to promote the hands-across-the-sea sentiment but to warn us that England's professed friendship for this country is merely pretense. Joe Campbell, though not a professional apostle of peace, returned from London with a message so eulogistic of the British that his friends suspect him of an inclination to swear allegiance to Edward's throne. He will talk to you by the hour about the big-heartedness and generosity of Englishmen, and he will tell you that never again will he permit anybody to abuse an Englishman in his presence. Campbell's enthusiasm was born of his experience in London shortly after the catastrophe. The banks on the continent stopped payment on personal letters of credit from San Francisco as soon as the news of the catastrophe was received, and many wealthy people from this city were consequently in distress. In England nobody with a letter of credit had any difficulty in getting money. "My first experience with British sentiment," says Campbell, "occurred when I was crossing the channel. A British customs officer came aboard to examine the baggage. When he saw my trunk marked 'J. C. C., San Francisco,' he said, 'Is that your trunk?' I said it was and he marked it 'O. K.' and passed it

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without examination. I attended some of the meetings held for the purpose of raising money for the relief of San Francisco sufferers and there I saw evidence of sympathy that I shall never forget. I saw men and women all around me weeping, and I heard many expressions of tender sentiment that were most touching. And the way those big subscriptions rolled in was amazing. Why they raised millions of dollars in a few hours and naturally they felt hurt when it was refused, but their kindness was not abated." Mr. Campbell relates, by the way, that one of the most generous givers was none other than William Waldorf Astor, who subscribed five hundred thousand dollars, beating John D. Rockefeller's donation by four hundred thousand. When Mr. Campbell went to the office of the White Star Line Steamship Company to arrange for his trip across the ocean, the clerk called an old gentleman who appeared to be the manager, and who asked him if he had any money.

"Yes, I have money," said Campbell, who felt a little indignant that he should be asked such a question.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the man, "but I have been directed to furnish sufficient money to everybody with letters of credit from San Francisco to enable them to get home."

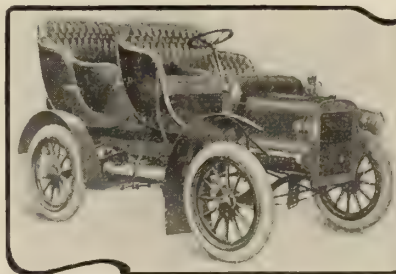
Mr. Campbell also learned that persons from San Francisco with drafts on banks on the continent could get money on them in England. So there are many reasons why the San Francisco attorney does not agree with Bishop Potter.

Meanness of Insurance Men

In the years to come men engaged in the insurance business will either apologize for being in it or explain that the companies which they represent came into existence subsequent to the San Francisco fire. I heard an insurance man asked, the other day, in a tone of scorn, if he was still engaged in the insurance business, and he apologetically explained that he had been in it all his life and knew nothing of any other kind of business. He seemed inclined to beg forgiveness for not having the courage to enter some other field of activity. But of course there are different brands of insurance men, and there is much to be said in palliation of the conduct of some of them since the fire. It was not a very pleasant situation that they had to face in San Francisco and they should not be censured for proposing to discount for cash in such an emergency. Those that insisted on horizontal reductions, of course, belong in a category with petty larceny thieves. And those that pleaded that their losses were in excess of their assets and for that reason demanded that policy-holders accept less than the face of their policies, are a pretty contemptible lot. Many of them have been pocketing fat dividends for years, and in San Francisco alone, I am authoritatively informed, the profits of the insurance business have been so great in recent years that the companies juggled their figures so that they might not be expected to reduce rates. In defense of their conduct many of the insurance men have pointed out that they were unfairly treated, that policy-holders lied about the damage done by earthquake. I have heard that there has been a great deal of falsification, but the meanness of many of the insurance companies is not to be extenuated because of the attempts that were made to defraud them. From the beginning many of the companies assumed an attitude highly inconsistent with honesty of purpose. Before they could have known that attempts would be made to defraud them they prepared to defraud their policy-holders. Their attitude was that of the man who would say, "Yes, I have some money belonging to you, but I defy you to get it; there are certain forms that you must go through before your claim can be made valid. I have the key to those forms, but I'll not give it to you. I'm going to obstruct you at every step of the way that leads to the pocket in which I have your money."

How Solomons Obtained Proof

It is because such was the position assumed by scores of insurance men in this city that I predict an apologetic tone for insurance men in the years to come. It was a position that bespoke not only a larcenous nature but a lack of common sense. And, by the way, it was astonishing to me to learn that the insurance business was so short of brains. The fatuity of the policy adopted for the defeat of honest claims showed that many insurance men are mentally equipped for little more than the mere routine of filling in the blanks of a policy. For instance, they declined to acknowledge service of a proof of loss. By doing so they did nothing more than arouse contempt and hatred. Some of them scowled at you when you presented your proof of loss, and on the day of the expiration of the time in which proofs should be filed, the officers of one of the companies threw the papers out of the window as fast as they were presented. A nice gentlemanly thing to do! And wherever it is reported in this country there will the insurance business be popular. Some amusing stories are told of the experience of men in presenting their proofs of loss. Lucius Solomons, the attorney, visited the office of one company with his client and handed his proof to the manager. The manager refused to accept it. Solomons walked over to his client, returned and again presented the paper depositing it on the manager's expansive chest. At that very moment a click was heard, and the insurance manager's eyes came out on his cheek. The attorney's client had taken a snap-shot of the proceedings, the photograph to be used in the event of the company's denial of the receipt of



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the proof. "Now," said Solomons, as the picture was taken, "you can go to —!" and he walked out with the man with the camera.

A Shady Trick

The firm of Campbell & Metson had an interesting experience with an illusive insurance company manager who was intent upon defrauding a policy-holder but who only succeeded in calling attention to his contemptible character. A clerk employed in the law office was sent to Oakland on the last day allowed by law for the presentation of proofs. He visited the headquarters of an insurance company and presented a proof of loss to the manager. That individual smiled benignly and so the clerk rushed out and telephoned to the law office. He was instructed to go back and present the proof, which he did, leaving it at the office. Then a copy of the document was quickly sent from the law office to the San Francisco office of the company and there the clerk by whom it was sent saw a notice posted up directing policy holders to file their proofs in the Oakland office. It was signed by the man who, in Oakland, informed one of the law clerks that the San Francisco office was the place to present proofs. He had lied in the hope that the clerk would rush to San Francisco and be unable to get back to Oakland before the closing of the office.

The Forgetful Dr. Evans

Rev. David Evans, pastor of what was Grace Episcopal Church, Stockton and California streets, is now living in Alameda. The reverend gentleman had a hard time finding a house, for he was only one of many homeless ones, but now he occupies a bungalow at the foot of Walnut street. It is on the bay shore. The waters lap the basement at high tide, and one might step from the porch into the bay. It is the irony of fate that Mr. Evans' landlord, who lives in an annex to the bungalow, is an atheist of the bigoted type. So if he wishes to do any soul-saving, material to work on is right at hand. Rev. Mr. Evans has made himself very popular since his arrival here from the East. He is an eccentric, amiable character, English in appearance, and generally in a great hurry. Often this acceleration of movement is because the minister has forgotten something and is hastening back after it. On one occasion a wedding party assembled at Grace Church, and waited long for the pastor to come. The bride and groom showed signs of anxiety as time went by, the attendants were nervous, and the guests began to fidget and whisper. Things were at a pretty tight strain when Rev. Mr. Evans was seen coming on the run down the California-street hill, his cane in one hand, his gloves in another, his hat on the back of his head, and his coat-tails flying to the breeze. Absorbed in a book, he had forgotten all about the wedding. He was a widower when he came here, bringing with him a daughter, a beautiful child. About two years ago he was married to Miss Susie Le Count.

Our Loyal Aristocracy

So eulogistic are the gushers of the daily press in their comments on the society women who are so loyal to San Francisco that they have determined to stay right here and grow up with the city that it is surprising they do not reprehend those that are so disloyal as to yield to the wanderlust. They are telling us a lot about the Martin clan, assuring us that Mrs. Eleanor Martin is intent upon stimulating social gayety, that the Walter Martins are faithful and true, that Mrs. Peter and the baby have no intention of going back to Newport, etc., etc., but nothing is being said of Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, one of the most distinguished members of the family, who went off to Europe, leaving Downey to build up the city unaided. Evidently Mrs. Downey Harvey doesn't appraise very highly the importance of her presence at this critical period in our history. But probably she isn't reading the San Francisco papers.

The Jack Spreckels's Have Moved

Our bavardes are telling us that there is just as much doing in a social way as ever, but they belie their assertion by getting space rates for matter that should be left standing, it is repeated so often. It is evident that they are going back over the files every day in quest of paragraphs, not having sufficient material out of which to fabricate fresh news. And they show a deplorable lack of ingenuity in working over personal gossip. For example, every week since the fire, we have been told that the Jack Spreckels's have moved to San Rafael. With each repetition the item is altered merely by juggling the words. The bavardes are woefully lacking in imagination. They are not skilled in the use of fashioning new dress for a bald statement. They have no repertoire of language. They are unable to impart freshness to stale news, to give it the aspect of novelty, to spice it for the jaded palate. Hence we have had served to us over and over again the insipid statement that "the Jack Spreckels have taken a home in San Rafael," and it has become almost as nauseating as a diet of quail thirty consecutive days. True we were told that it was "a cosy home" they had taken; also that it was "a cosy cottage"; also that it was "a comfortable cottage"; and that they had "taken it for the summer," and that it was "after the fire that they took it," but all these are dull and uninteresting details and might have been given all at once instead of in sections. The matter of the removal of the Jack Spreckels's to San Rafael was a matter of tremendous moment and should have inspired any person susceptible of inspiration with a wealth of thought on the uncertainties of this life and filled the mind's eye with a touching picture, an artistic description of which in words that burn and glow should arouse the most profound emotions.

The Unafraid Laffer

For men and women of letters the earthquake has no terrors. Not, at any rate, for the star scribblers of the New York magazines. Of that I am convinced, for I have read the pen products of all that were sojourning hereabouts in April last and I was impressed with their unanimity on one point—the failure of the earthquake to stir in them that emotion which is excited by threatening evil and is usually accompanied by a desire to avoid it. I believe that all the litterateurs from Rincon Hill, Coppas, and the Piedmont Hills, have been heard from. The last under the wire is Henry Anderson Laffer, late of the Argonaut and now of the Blue Mule, a short-story magazine. Mr. Laffer is a scholar and a man of veracity, and he assures us that he dashed off his "copy" within sixty hours of the shock. It was a long time being converted into type, but Mr. Laffer verifies his proud assertion with a picture of himself at his typewriter braving the vulgar

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gaze of the mob in the shadow of Robert Louis Stevenson's monument in Portsmouth Square, getting inspiration in that environment which, in the long ago, was so often sought by that other great writer of thrilling tales. Mr. Lafler, with characteristic modesty, explains that he did not pose for the picture, that it was taken when he wasn't looking, and that he came across it accidentally. Of course Mr. Lafler doesn't know, but the fact is a corps of photographers followed him and the conflagration all around town. However, the picture has no bearing on the subject of Mr. Lafler's bravery, for when it was taken the danger had passed. Of Mr. Lafler's immunity to earthquake terror we know because he tells us so. Thus: "The tilting, heaving, throbbing roof; the thick, furious roar of falling walls; the whitish-yellow dust that choked and blinded—these were the things that smote my senses. Yet there was no fear." Mr. Lafler is a poet and he has a very keen perception of emotion. He knew that he experienced no fear, but he differentiates fear from dread or apprehension. For in the paragraph preceding the one in which he affirms that there was no fear he tells us, "It was but a small fraction of a second between the moment when I became conscious of noise and motion and the moment when I stood naked, but for an undergarment, on the roof of the building, having leaped through the open window." Now the question that naturally arises is, What was it that impelled the fearless Lafler through the open window? He explains that while the building was tilting and he was standing on the roof "naked but for an undergarment," he asked himself what he should do to save the life that was in him and that was demanding "not to be miserably crushed out." There's the answer in a phrase; it was not fear but the life that was in him that dictated his movements that morning. And the probability is that the life that was in him merely objected to being miserably crushed out. If it was to have been gloriously crushed out Mr. Lafler would not have stood on the tilting roof "naked, but for an undergarment."

A Vague Picture

I am not one that would sneer at vainglory. I am mindful with Cicero that the very authors that scoff at it in their books write their names in the title-page. Nevertheless I am amused at the harmless conceit of our distinguished magazine writers, especially as it seems to me that fear of an earthquake is a symptom of intelligence. Mr. Lafler, however, does not deny that he was sensible of the danger that attends a temblor. He was seized with a dread of evil and being a poet he does not confound that emotion with fear as most of the illiterate do. As he did not shrink unduly from the possible effect of the mysterious phenomenon, but merely jumped through the window with undressed discretion, he felt that he was only avoiding embarrassment. That he was slightly agitated is evident from his frank confession that after the shock he jumped back into his room, rushed down stairs and out into Portsmouth Square still "naked, but for an undergarment." All of which enables me to gauge the degree of my fright, for I was never in greater dread and now I am inclined to think I was rooted to my room with fright for I did not dare to venture out until I got into my clothes, making the fastest time on record. And so as I reflect on the picture of the handsome and talented Mr. Lafler, "naked, but for an undergarment," and unafraid in the cool, morning air of Portsmouth Square, it occurs to me that there are more kinds of courage than moral and physical. One of them is the kind that a man has when he ventures across Kearny street in the dawn, garmented as was Mr. Lafler on April eighteenth. How vastly more interesting would be the picture of Mr. Lafler in the undergarment than the one published in the magazine! That picture would go a great way toward satisfying curiosity, for "an undergarment" is indefinite. If Mr. Lafler wore conventional pajamas it would be easy to picture him mentally. Or if he had said "undergarments," the figure that he cut would loom on the retina of the mind's eye, but when a genius sleeps in "an undergarment" who shall say which undergarment or determine offhand the amplitude of its folds?

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Of German, Scotch and Irish Manufacture

Our linen stock is fast nearing its old-time completeness in point of assortments. Though we are selling immense quantities, liberal shipments are received almost daily. The following price quotations cover nothing but strictly reliable goods which are up to The Emporium standard for quality and value.

German Table Linen, bleached, 62 in. wide.....	60c yd.	Huck Towels.....	12½¢ to 87½¢ each
Irish Table Linen, bleached, 70 in. wide... 65c and 85c yd.		Damask Towels.....	30c to 62½¢ each
Scotch Table Linen, bleached, 72 in. wide, \$1 and \$1.25 yd.		Turkish Towels.....	12½¢ to \$1.00 each
Linen Napkins, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, and up to \$5.50 doz.			

Watch for Our Daily Ad in the Bulletin Announcing Specials

A Practical Joke That Miscarried

In the last chapter of "A Little Sister of Destiny," Gelett Burgess' new book, there is a toy railroad which plays an important part. The plaything, with its attachments and appurtenances is called the "New York and Arcadia," and was probably suggested by the name of another railroad which figured prominently in a practical joke which missed its mark. It was the invention of the old firm, Burgess & Irwin, and was meant to be at the expense of the post-office authorities who were at the time, several years ago, hot on the trail of get-rich-quick schemes. A miniature road with locomotive and other rolling stock, tracks, stations and all other essentials to successful operation was arranged and the stock sold by the promoters at twenty-five cents a share, the purchasers being publishers, writers, and members of the newspaper fraternity. It was called the San Francisco and Arcadia. The scheme was to notify the stockholders and others in the secret by mailed circulars that they must send in their subscriptions by a certain date. The city editor of one of the big New York dailies was then to call the attention of the secret service men to the enterprise. It was expected that they would take the bait and come to investigate the scheme, when they were to be shown the toy contrivance in operation, but there was a hitch in the performance somewhere and the raid never took place. It was suspected that a Federal Court reporter was the leaky vessel, but at all events stock in the S. F. & A. R. R. is still to be had by a favored few at a good premium.

William Penn Humphreys and Mrs. Humphreys, who was Miss Paula Wolff, are living in Alameda since the fire. Mrs. Humphreys is a harpist of more than ordinary skill, and her chief regret over the calamity is that she lost her harp, an unusually fine instrument.

Dr. Stewart Gets Busy

Dr. H. J. Stewart has accepted the position of organist of the Synagogue Sherith Israel, at California and Webster streets, and will begin his duties this Saturday. Dr. Stewart has organized a band of about thirty of our best musicians and is giving concerts Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday evenings of each week at Piedmont Park. During the past week the vocal music has been furnished by the Golden Gate male quartet, with Miss Camille Frank as soloist.

The "Countess" Morowski

The arrest in Berkeley of Mrs. Fanny Rosenthal, or "Countess Morowski," or Mrs. Welch, the tobacco dealer, on the charge of shoplifting, comes as a great surprise to everybody who knows the genial, diamond-bedecked Fanny. For years before the fire her store, on Montgomery street near California, was one of the famous institutions of the town. She kept the finest Egyptian and Turkish tobacco and cigarettes, and had a great trade among army and navy men, and was exceedingly proud of the fact that she shipped tobacco all over the world to wanderers who would be contented with nothing but her pipe and cigarette mixture. She generally attended the store with several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on her, some of them as big as birds' eggs. Mrs. Rosenthal was famous for her matrimonial ventures. I do not know through what evolutions her name went before it became Rosenthal, but I know that under another name she, in company with a sister, kept a tobacco store in Dublin before coming to San Francisco. About four years ago a tall, handsome young Russian came to the Palace Hotel and registered under the name of Count Morowsky. His taste for fine tobacco led him to the Montgomery street store. He was captured at once by the proprietor's ample charms, or her diamonds, or her prosperous business. Later developments indicated that it was one of the latter two that caught his fancy, for their

marriage, which followed closely upon their first acquaintance, ended in a divorce. According to the bride's complaint, he smoked vast quantities of her choicest tobacco, and spent her money on another woman. "That woman had him hypnotized," Fanny told me in reciting her woes. "He tried to keep away from her, but he couldn't. I know that, for he told me so himself. He loved me, and I loved him, but she had him hypnotized; so what could I do. It was too expensive." The Countess's susceptible heart was next won by a liquor dealer named Welch, but about a year ago she got rid of him through the courts. Judge Kerrigan, who was a great friend of the Countess, always officiated at her weddings and divorces. The Countess' store was a favorite place with society girls who liked cigarettes. Just before the fire she was preparing to open a place near the St. Francis, with elegantly fitted back rooms for lady lovers of the weed.

J. C. WILSON BROKER

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Those 100-foot front lots have no equal on the Peninsula.

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FRANK S. GRUMMON
San Mateo Agent

Health Followed a Legacy

Luscombe Survelle, co-author with Ella Wheeler Wilcox of "Mizpah," is in New York at present and intimates that he will soon be out here. Survelle, it will be remembered, was ill in San Francisco when "Mizpah" was produced, and for a time his life was despaired of. However, when his condition was at its worst, word came that a large sum of money had been left him. The news beat pills and doctors, and Survelle recovered and went East. He says now that he has a new play, which is going on either in London or New York. I hope it's better than "Mizpah." Charles Erin Verner is also drifting back. He was in Melbourne, headed this way, when last heard from. This romantic Irish actor is a great friend of Survelle, and when the latter was ill and penniless last year, the former, who was also in financial straits, hustled quarters for him and saw him through his troubles. Verner, too, fell heir to some money, and has been having a great time ever since, traveling all over the world. Not that this experience is new to him, for he has always been a wanderer, traveling both as a star and a barn-stormer in all civilized countries. He writes as well as acts, and is the author of both songs and plays that are successful. But no one can tame his ebullient Irish spirits and hold him down to steady work.

Doc Leahy is so busy trying to get a hearing from the insurance companies these days that he hasn't time to think of plans for a new Tivoli. Leahy was one of the Mayor's right hand men during recent critical activities, and he has had very little leisure since the fire. Immediately after the earthquake he rushed down to the Tivoli and found that not a brick had been disturbed. He says there is plenty of time to think about building a new theatre. Mrs. Kreling has decided to rebuild on the site of the old Tivoli.

Casey—Did you hear about McCarthy? He struck his wife?

Murphy—Did she have him arrested?

Casey—No; she sent him to the hospital.

Miss Edith A. Bridgman, a popular Sausalito girl, and Lester B. Cheminant were the principals in one of the recent weddings in Sausalito. The groom is a popular graduate of the University of California, and is employed as a civil engineer by the Spring Valley Water Works.

Silverware Rehabilitation

Rehabilitation is the watchword. Order, utility and beauty are springing from the ashes. Even the beloved silverware, abandoned to dynamite and fire by the fleeing householders, and afterward recovered all battered and blackened, is being made over as bright and beautiful as before. It is a miracle. And it is true. A visit among the busy silversmiths at Hammersmith & Field's new store, corner of Van Ness and Eddy, fills one with pleasant astonishment. Dinner-spoons, tea-pots, salvers are there, apparently ruins, and, in sharp contrast beside them are seen similar articles completely restored, in fact, new again. Burned, broken souvenirs are interesting, but far more preferable are perfect polish and patterns.

MISS VASHTI RANKIN

== GOWNS ==

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One Block from Van Ness Ave.

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Electric Cars Direct from Ferry

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SUTTER AND GOUGH STREETS

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Hot and Cold Baths. Elevator Service. TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM
The Only First-Class Hotel Running in San Francisco.
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Tait's Cafe

NOW OPEN

Van Ness Avenue and Eddy St.

Music Every Evening between 6:30 and 12:00 o'clock

JOHN TAIT, Mgr.

Cafe Bristol

THE BEST CAFE
IN SOUTHERN
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FOURTH and SPRING STS.
LOS ANGELES

Entire Basement of
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VITRIFIED BRICK, PAVING BRICK, FIRE BRICK,
FIRE TILE, FIRE CLAY, DUST, DRAIN TILE,
ACID JARS, ACID PIPES, ACID BRICK.

Architectural Terra Cotta, Hollow Tile Fire-Proofing, Semi-Dry Pressed Brick, Terra Cotta Chimney Pipe, Brick and Tile Mantels, Flue Linings, Urns and Vases, Flower Pots.

All kinds of Vitrified Salt-Glazed Sewer Pipe.

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San Francisco

Commissioner Pippy

Being appointed a commissioner at six thousand a year to look after the interests of the destitute is no trifling matter, as George Pippy will tell you. If George Pippy had his picture in the rogues' gallery he could not have expected to get a worse drubbing than he has received for working himself into a lucrative job. And yet George Pippy has been permitted to enjoy many unsalaried honors in this city in recent years without being pronounced unfit. He has been president of the Union League Club and is reputed to have financed that institution so cleverly that it is now in a more prosperous condition than any other club in the city. He has been a colonel on the staffs of one or two governors and they were never reprobated for appointing him. He was an aspirant for the high position of Minister to Mexico and nobody charged that he was morally disqualified for the job. But having been appointed a commissioner for the relief of the destitute of San Francisco he is suddenly discovered to be a very bad man. Colonel Pippy has been the subject of more than one pasquinade in these columns, but not because of any very grave shortcomings. On the whole he stacks up fairly well alongside the average citizen of San Francisco. I would not be afraid to trust him with my purse. As for his associate, Mr. Edward F. Moran, I have always understood that he was considered a highly respectable citizen. He was on Mr. Hearst's payroll for many years and enjoyed the reputation of being a capable and honest journalist. He was brought into public life by Mr. Phelan, whose judgment of men is believed to be very sound, and who put him in a position of great responsibility.

It is Greely's Plan

It is pretty generally believed that too much money is to be diverted from the Relief Fund to defray the cost of distribution, but the plan adopted and under which the commissioners are to work was recommended by General Greely. The commissioners are not to have the handling of the money, but are to suggest the manner in which it should be distributed, and enter into the contracts under which it is to be expended. They should have no difficulty in improving on the wretched system which has been in operation and which has given rise to much dissatisfaction. The handling of supplies by the Red Cross Society has been most discreditable to that organization.

The John R. Coles received a visit from the stork two days before the earthquake. The new arrival is a little girl and is to be christened Elizabeth.

E. W. Currier is sketching and fishing in the neighborhood of Lake Tahoe. His son is with him.

Ethel's Latest

The latest theatrical gossip deals with the alleged engagement of Ernest Lawford, a well-known English actor, to Miss Ethel Barrymore, our own particular pet star. Of course, as is always the correctly fashionable thing, the engagement has been vigorously denied by Mr. Lawford personally, and in Miss Barrymore's absence, by a number of her closer friends. As a matter of fact, the whole gossip is a sequel to the "cherchez l'homme" habit which naturally follows every broken engagement of Miss Barrymore, who is probably the most fickle young woman in her profession. From the Duke of Roxburghe and Frederic Gebhard, down to a mere common or garden actor, ornaments of all ranks of society and the stage have fallen before Miss Barrymore's irresistible charm, and there is little doubt that when his time comes the now happy Lawford will be thrown into the discard with the same airy grace with which the actress tossed Captain Graham aside in favor of the actor last week.

GERMEA

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COLUMBIA DAIRY

231 Franklin St., near Hayes, San Francisco

Pure Milk and Cream

George H. Pippy, Proprietor

There is no beverage so deliciously refreshing and healthful in its absolute purity as

White Rock

LITHIA Water.

STILL White Rock Water packed in cases containing twelve one-half gallons AT \$4.50 PER CASE.

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NOTE—Will open about July 1st at our new location Northeast corner Van Ness Avenue and Ellis Street.

Burned Homes Must be Rebuilt

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, having sustained practically no loss in the recent calamity, is in a position to loan money to the people who wish to rebuild. **SAN FRANCISCO MUST RESTORE HER HOMES** as well as her business blocks.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.

GAVIN McNAB, Attorney.

WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.

Office, Cor. Market and Church Sts.

OPEN AND DOING BUSINESS

LASH'S BITTERS

TONIC LAXATIVE

San Francisco At Coney Island

A San Franciscan writing from New York informs me that an enterprising showman is making piles of money at Coney Island out of a spectacular entertainment called "San Francisco." In the course of half an hour the spectator sees San Francisco built, shaken down, burned up and rebuilt. All this is represented in six scenes and several scores of actors, with and without lines, help push along the doings. As the programme describes it, you see San Francisco's inception, evolution, realization, destruction, incineration and resurrection. About sixteen persons who appear as earthquake sufferers are declared to be the real thing in that line, and it is not hard to believe it. There are Indian braves, squaws, miners, tenderfeet, bad men, Salvation Army lads and lasses, soldiers, Chinese, scouts, peddlers, newsboys, Mayor Schmitz and stage managers. The stereopticon burns the town up with a good deal of realism and the big shake certainly shivers the timbers of the stage skyscrapers. Also, there's a miners' chorus that's not half badly sung. The resurrected city may not be all that San Francisco hopes for, but it ought to be good enough for New York. The California Promotion Committee should apply for an injunction against the management.

FINANCIAL GOSSIP

Since the resumption of business in the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange there has been surprising activity. The stocks that have suffered the most are naturally those of corporations whose sole field of operation was in this city. Conspicuous among them is Spring Valley, which depreciated from 38 to 19 at the opening but which recovered to \$22. This company was hit hard and it will take an assessment variously estimated from \$3 to \$5 a share to put it on a satisfactory basis. California Street Cable sold at a decline of fifty dollars, the reason being the popular notion that the

company will require a considerable expense bill when it comes to buying rolling stock and restoring the equipment. However there is strong capital behind this company, the principal owners being Antoine Borel and the Coleman brothers. Various bank stocks have declined from \$15 to \$10 a share. California Bank stock sold for \$420 a share before April 18. It is now at \$350. There are other minor fluctuations depending entirely on supply and demand. In the bond market the gilt-edge investment bonds have held surprisingly well. It is worthy of comment that five per cent bonds have sold at \$117.50, which is but a slight drop from former prices. Brokers are expecting a good demand during the coming months for high grade investment bonds, and they believe the public will be more particular in choice of security, preferring the high grade to speculative issues. Bonds of the California Gas and Electric and the United Railways companies have had a recession of about five points, but are surprisingly well taken at the prices quoted. Indeed the situation so far as investment securities go seems to be one of abiding confidence for the future. So far as speculative issues are concerned there is a quiet demand for sugar shares based on the demand for raw sugar and the splendid condition of the properties. Alaska Packers, California Wine Association and Telephone stocks are being handled in small quantities at prices which seem very fair.

—The Financier

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"I'm surprised to hear that Freddy Larkin and Miss Blingum are to be married," said Mrs. Gossip. "How on earth did they get acquainted?"

"They rode in one of those electric cars that were built for the United Railroads in early days and they were naturally thrown a good deal together," replied Tattle.

—The Reporter.

85 CENT GAS

The San Francisco Gas and Electric Company begs to announce to its consumers and the public at large that the general rate for GAS, commencing July 1st, will be

85 Cents Per Thousand Cubic Feet

Offices for the transaction of Consumers' Business and the Sale of Gas and Electric Appliances:

500 HAIGHT STREET
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1260 NINTH AVENUE
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421 PRESIDIO AVENUE
NEAR CALIFORNIA

925 FRANKLIN STREET
CORNER ELLIS

"At Your Service"

The Gas Company

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Continental Building and Loan Association, corner of Market and Church streets, San Francisco, Cal., has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1906, a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent on term deposits, and 6 per cent on monthly payment investments. Interest on deposits payable on and after July 1st. Interest on ordinary deposits not called for, will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President,
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Central Trust Co. of California, 42 Montgomery st., cor. Sutter.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the Savings Department of this bank, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent per annum, payable on or after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

HENRY BRUNNER, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Security Savings Bank, 316 Montgomery st.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1906, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-half (3 1-2) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1906.

FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., cor. California and Montgomery sts.—For the six months ending June 30, 1906, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California st.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union, N. W. cor. California and Montgomery sts.—For the half year ending 30th June, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of three and two-thirds (3 2-3) per cent. on Term Deposits and three and one-third (3 1-3) per cent. on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2nd, 1906. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1st.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 710 Market street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1-4) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

French Savings Bank, cor. Montgomery and Market sts., San Francisco.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-half per cent, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1906.

C. CARPY, President.

L. BOCQUERAZ, Vice-President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Humboldt Savings Bank, 626 Market st.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend on all savings deposits has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent per annum, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906.

W. E. PALMER, Cashier.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital fully paid, . . . \$2,000,000

Total Assets, . . . \$10,000,000

A general banking business conducted.
Savings and checking accounts received.
Interests paid on deposits. Main office

Cor. California & Montgomery Sts.

Branches :

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St., near Post.

Mission Branch, 927 Valencia St., near 21st

Up Town Branch, 1850 Geary St., near Fillmore

DAVID F. WALKER, President.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

The Central Trust Company

OF CALIFORNIA

Is conducting a general Banking Business at its old address, corner of

Sutter and Montgomery Streets

Interest paid on Savings deposits at 3 1/2 per cent per annum; no notice for withdrawal required. Collection of Insurance policies free to our patrons.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus . . . \$2,526,763.61
Capital actually paid up in Cash . . . 1,000,000.00
Deposits, December 30, 1905 . . . 39,112,812.82

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His Happy Mean

The Story of a Miracle

It was a dinner of eighteen—just the proper number for the due display of brilliant toilettes and sparkling epigrams. The sweet had been duly passed, and, as he noted its disappearance, Esme Duplessis sighed gently, with a relief he only half-disguised. The tall, fair girl on his right had not interested him in the least. She was too modern, too mentally bloodless, for his somewhat mediaeval taste. The woman on his left, with harsh white hair brushed back from a low brow, was more in touch with his mood. Her hard face had a dash of color that, taken in connection with her elderly coiffure, was piquantly wicked. His hostess was one of the everyday sort. The other guests were the usual collection of blase men about town and girls old before they had known what it was to be young.

Duplessis was tired—tired of dinners, tired of women and of the present-day apology for the name of "girl," and very tired of himself. He was thirty and had never had a wish he could not gratify. He was rich, healthy, a bachelor, and yet he was tired of life, and had determined to leave it. Suicide in the abstract was repulsive to him, while in the concrete he regarded self-destruction as but a casual incident in an existence that necessarily involves the destruction of living creatures. He intended to be original in his exit, and had brought in his waistcoat pocket two small pellets which he meant to drop quietly into his coffee at the end of dinner, and thus escape the inevitable dyspepsia that follows a banquet.

Whether in thus escaping the twin fiends indigestion and Boredom he would not encounter something more tiring than either across the grave, he did not bother to inquire. He objected on principle to questions that could have no answer.

As he fingered the pellets the fair girl turned to him with a remark so genuine to his thought that he started.

"How Ibsen would have described this dinner! I should like to read it, only he would have introduced a suicide; he so often did."

Duplessis smiled.

"Poor Ibsen is gone but we still have our old friend Edward W. Bok," he murmured, as he turned to the white-haired woman, who whispered something risqué about the freely shown natural charms of the hostess. He replied in the same strain, receiving an amorous glance from the full eyes that hinted at more than a touch of belladonna.

"It is always so," he thought, wearily. "There's no happy mean, always the cold pose of the mentalist who needs a steam-heating plant, or the position of the sensuist who suggests an antiseptic. It reminds me of my old bath man at Carlsbad, who said very briefly, when I asked him if he ever took the waters himself, 'Lieber bier.' Yes, 'lieber bier,' before the turgid Burgundy of the one type and the flat soda water of the other. But where? The 'bier'—plain, honest 'bier'—of this world is out of date. Before I start on my journey in the Unlimited Mail for Jupiter or the sun, I'll give myself another chance."

With a smile he turned to the fair girl

"You were talking of suicides just now, Miss Dean. Suppose I told you I should drop enough poison in my glass before leaving the table to send me to—well, say Buddha—what would you do?"

Slowly the anaemic face turned in his direction, and the cold green eyes had a look of mild interest.

"I should say you were too original—even Ibsen never suggested that."

He turned impatiently to the woman and repeated his question to her. She looked startled for a moment, then smiled on him in a way that had turned the heads of many men. Then she whispered, as she leaned over to him, so that he was half-intoxicated by her physical presence:

"Is life so dull, then, when I am at home to you—to you—on Sunday afternoons?"

He groaned as he sat back and played with his fork. Was there naught but these two things in the world—the body and the mind? Was not death, after all, cleaner, sweeter, purer? He drew the pellets from his pocket and quietly dropped them into his glass of champagne. Such small pellets they were, and such cheap tickets to carry him on so long a journey! Yes, he had decided—"lieber bier"—and the pure brew he could find only in the next world.

As he drank, the door opened and a girl of fifteen stood on the threshold—a vision in soft white muslin tied with a blue sash, and with long golden curls down to her waist. Her face was that of an angel, pure and unspotted from the world. He had found his happy mean. It was only his host's daughter coming down to dessert. And, as she caught his eye and smiled, he realized that it was too late, that he had emptied his glass.

Then the harsh voice of the white-haired woman sounded vaguely in his ears:

"Do you always drink water, Mr. Duplessis?"

His glass of champagne was still untouched.

—The Butler.

FOURTH OF JULY AT DEL MONTE

It is an odd sort of a season for all California resorts. That place which affords the most comfort and the most pleasure at the most reasonable rates is the place which is drawing San Franciscans. Many families have taken advantage of the opportunities offered at Hotel Del Monte, where all conditions are as usual in spite of disturbances elsewhere. In fact, a recent visit there shows that things are better than usual, for the Hotel during the past year has been thoroughly renovated. The rooms in the main building, as well as those in the large annexes are now supplied with all modern equipment, including baths, electricity and telephones. New carpets, new paper and new furnishings add to the general effect and comfort which has ever made the hotel noted among all other resorts. And then there are the large park-like grounds and the sea, both close at hand, the golf links and the salmon fishing. Just at present and likely to continue for several weeks the salmon are running in Monterey Bay as never before, and ardent sports are getting all kind of fish trophies. Over at the Presidio are many events, devised by army men, and Monterey and Pacific Grove offer a round of outside attractions. Special rates are made to families who desire to make Del Monte their home. It is just the place to spend the Fourth of July holidays. Special round-trip rates. Parlor car direct to Hotel leaves Third and Townsend streets 3 p. m. daily.

FAT FOLKS.

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches, in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.

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Stage

More Praise for Florence Roberts

They are still writing about Florence Roberts in the East, and though the critics are praising her more highly than she was ever praised in San Francisco, where she was never given the credit to which she was entitled, they are even more laudatory than they are aware. They are judging her by the work they saw her do in "The Strength of the Weak," and they are passing final judgment on the strength of that performance. And their judgment is that she is a fine artist, greater than many of the Broadway stars, but not one of the greatest. And they admit that "The Strength of the Weak" is an impossible play. Here is a sample of Eastern criticism from the current "Everybodys":

"The role of Pauline Darcy gives opportunity for an actress to range from comedy to profoundly bitter tears, and it is not difficult to understand why it should appeal to a star. It is natural for a player to think more of a part than of a play. Florence Roberts would undoubtedly shine much more luminously if she were not so handicapped by 'The Strength of the Weak,' for she is an excellent actress, so much better technically than most women stars that it is a great pleasure to see her act. She has had long experience, and it is plain that she has studied and worked with great energy and steadfastness of purpose. Her training is of the old school, and that, modified by the more modern spirit of repression, is the best training. She has succeeded despite her temperamental endowment and not because of it, which is one way of saying that she cannot be a really big actress. In many respects she suggests Mrs. Fiske, but she has not Mrs. Fiske's distinction, her subtlety, her great art. On the other hand, Miss Roberts speaks English, while Mrs. Fiske speaks Fiskian, a language understood only by a few of her blindly devoted admirers."



SYBIL PAGE

Prima Donna of the Opera Company now singing "Olivette" at Idora Park.

How absurd for a critic to pretend to be able to gauge the "temperamental endowment" of an actress from her performance in a single role and such a role as Pauline Darcy! If there is one thing that Florence Roberts has it is temperament and temperament for just such a part as Pauline Darcy. If there is one thing she lacks it is the subtlety of technique for the highest artistic achievement in character portrayal. But the fact that she convinced the Eastern critics in such a play as "The Strength of the Weak" that she is an artist is proof of the greatness of her ability.

The Orpheum Show

Julia Heinrich, the delightful contralto whose singing has often charmed San Francisco concert audiences, and her brother Karl, a barytone and violinist, will head the new bill at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. They will be heard in a number of classical and popular selections and are sure to be an artistic success. From high class music to a canine and simian show is certainly a far cry, but Macart's dogs and monkeys, the second of the new acts, is the best of its kind on the vaudeville stage. The four-legged actors in the aggregation display almost human intelligence and furnish an entertainment as unique as it is amusing. The Majestic Trio, two men and a woman of a dusky hue with original comedy and singing and dancing specialties, will be new to this city. They have a line of entertaining material out of the ordinary. Their comedy is bright and refreshing, their dancing is of the liveliest and latest character and their singing far above the average. Nothing funnier than "What Will Happen Next?" presented by Wilfred Clarke and his company of comedians, has ever been seen in San Francisco and the decidedly strenuous sketch will be given for the last times. "Car Two—Stateroom One," Will M. Cressy's delightfully humorous skit, with its bright lines and realistic scenic effects and capably played by Miss Nita Allen and her capable company, has made an emphatic hit and will continue another week. Cliff Gordon, the inimitable "German Politician," has set the town laughing and for his farewell appearances he will deliver a new harangue. The herculean Damm brothers, in feats of strength, and the Orpheum Motion Pictures will complete a varied and interesting program.

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Next Opera: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"

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Katherine Grey In "Mizpah"

Katherine Grey, the talented California actress who recently severed professional relations with W. H. Crane, in whose company she played leads for two years, and who was also with Nat Goodwin and Arnold Daly, will make her appearance Monday night with Bishop's players at "Ye Liberty Theatre." She will play the part of Esther in "Mizpah," the play that had such a long run at the Majestic.

Thompson to Appear in Opera

Frank Thompson has decided to take to the stage. Thompson's profound basso is familiar to members of the Corinthian Yacht and Family Clubs. He is a brother of Charlotte Thompson, the playwright and friend of Margaret Anglin. He will make his debut at Idora Park in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," which is to be the next attraction at the popular resort where Audran's "Olivette" is now drawing crowded houses. Will Greenbaum is responsible for Thompson's impending dash into opera and he says that the ex-drummer will do Will Scarlet in "Robin Hood," which is also to be one of the early Idora productions.

A SONG OF THE HOUR.

O that the world were upside down,
And all things wrongside up
Then would we melancholy men
Fill all our glasses up.

And in the mellow, ruby wine,
We melancholy men
Would turn the poor old twisted world
All right side up again.

—An Insurance Victim.

The Wretch

At a seaside hotel:

Wife—Please fetch my cloak, George.

Husband—Eh? Oh, let some other fellow fetch it; I've got to play this hand out.

Wife—Wretch! I have long suspected it, and now you have confessed it.

Husband—Hush! Confessed what?

Wife—That you don't care a rap for me.

—The Waiter.

APROPOS THE SEASON.

Tomson—Who said that language was given us to conceal thought?

Bronson—The manager of an insurance company, I think.

—The Policy-Holder.

LOWER EDUCATION.

A damsel who lives in Bordeaux,
Had corns on her pink little teaux.

She became a co-ed

In a school where 'tis said,
Corn-doct'ring is all that they kneaux.

—The Nursery Rhymester.

HER CAPRICE.

Mrs. Knocker—I see you still have that fresh maid.

Mrs. Clever—Yes; she adores my husband and I keep her as a curiosity.

—The Butler.

WHEN STREET KITCHENS WERE FASHIONABLE.

All hail to society's belle,
All bow to her puissant charm,
As she stalketh about with soot on her face,
And a stove-pipe under her arm.

—The Gusher.

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At Tahoe Tavern

The Corey party, consisting of Mrs. W. E. Corey, Mrs. A. A. Corey and Miss Ada Corey, have been enjoying the scenery of Lake Tahoe, making the Tavern their headquarters. Among the prominent people from this city who have been stopping at the Tavern are Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Braden and the Misses Braden, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Saxe, J. Lindsey Johnson and Miss Letitia Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Cutting, Mrs. C. B. Wilcutt, her son George Wilcutt and her mother Mrs. G. R. Hayes. There is a group of Santa Barbarans at the Tavern: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stewart Gane and Miss Marjorie Gane, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Frink, Mrs. H. K. Bull and Mrs. H. P. Lincoln.

At Del Monte

During the week the following were registered at Del Monte:

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Bienenfeld, Mrs. Chas. W. Rosenbaum, Dr. G. A. Wood, Miss A. Crichton, Andrew Carrigan, Wm. Freeman, Wm. A. Landry, Jos. Sloss, J. C. Brittain, Edw. H. Kinney, Miss Laura Britton, Eugene Goodeoin, Mr. and Mrs.

Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Holbrook, Wm. R. Wheeler, Y. Yamakana, Miss M. Hogg, W. J. Hogg, F. E. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Bing, A. T. DeForest, Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Marks, G. K. Weeks, E. Raymond Armsby, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Moffitt, J. J. Moore, Wm. F. Scrubb, Mrs. E. I. Baker, Miss Cornell, Chas. S. Aiken, F. F. Ryer, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. James, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Deming Jarvis, of Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. K. Russell, of Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney and Vincent Whitney, of Rocklin; H. A. Ensign, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Learmonth, of Melbourne.

AT BYRON SPRINGS

Among the automobile arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bayer, C. A. Miller, C. H. Shattuck, Mr. S. O. Johnson and sister, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Boyes, Mrs. H. Bendel and Mr. E. H. Bendel, Mrs. B. A. Harnett, Major and Mrs. Burrows, Frank Maskey, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Barrett, and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Kollner.

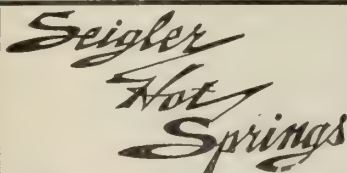
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During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address **GEORGE P. SNELL**, Manager, Del Monte, California.

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Natural hot baths and wonderful stomach waters. Swimming pool. Arsenic baths for nervousness. Rates \$9 to \$12 per week. Booklets at Peck's 414 14th Street, Oakland.

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THE COLONIAL

First-class family hotel. Foothills of Santa Cruz Mountains. Interurban cars pass the doors. S. P. to San Jose and Interurban cars, or S. P. direct to Los Gatos. Address THE COLONIAL, Los Gatos, Cal.

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All outside rooms. Every modern convenience provided. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Fine fishing. This magnificent hostelry is conducted on the American plan and is open the entire year. There is no better surf bathing in America than that at Coronado Beach. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

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One of the best appointed hotels in the State. Delightful environment and waters that cure. Send your family if you can't go yourself.

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Letters

"The Portreeve"

Some one has aptly named the problem of the two women and one man, or the two men and one woman, the "eternal triangle." In "The Portreeve" Eden Phillpotts has added to the usual complications by giving us two triangles with some of the corners common to both. It would be impossible to represent the plot by a mathematical diagram, and where such a condition arises in life, ordinarily, the losers step aside or form new connections so that their subsequent actions have little, if any, effect on those from whom they are separated. It was because the rejected lovers would not accept their defeat that the tragedy of the Portreeve resulted. The scene is laid in Dartmoor, where Mr. Phillpotts is most at home. It is not one of the plots which could have been worked out anywhere on this earth or another planet, for the author has the faculty of making the scene and its natural surroundings an essential part of the story. The novel is one of the present century, and though Mr. Phillpotts' peasants and working men are as entertaining as ever, they are a sophisticated generation. Dicky Barkell, who is signalman on a railway, is a good son to his old father, and old Henny Pierce has the ancient virtues, but the trail of the board school and the free library is over them all. Baby Ilet is christened without the venerable observances, and Dickey discourses of the origin of species, heredity and pre-natal influences. He is a socialist and an individualist, and freely expresses opinions which his grandfather would have expected to see cause the heavens to fall on his blasphemous head. No doubt the later generation are better citizens, and there is no use in trying to make the world stand still in order to furnish picturesque characters for fictional purposes. Churdles and Cramphorn, Ash, Pinsent and Bates, of the earlier day were, no doubt, crabbed curmudgeons to deal with and a good riddance, but one misses their naive ignorances and vague speculations, and their contradictions and contentions about matters they could not comprehend. Dartmoor is moving up and onward. It has been discovered by the tourists and "trippers," and it is a great and grievous pity. Published by the Macmillan Company.

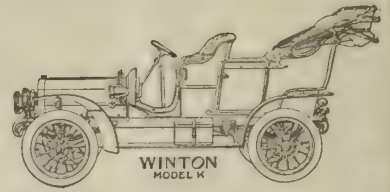
Andy Adams Again

"Cattle Brands" is the fourth volume which Andy Adams has contributed to the lore of the cattle industry as it was. There are fourteen stories, or rather chapters, since each chapter contains two or three reminiscences, the exchange of gossip and stories around the campfires of the round-up or the trail, the drifting from one topic to another of men who meet after months or years of separation and exchange tidings of friends and experiences of their own. The stories are all related in that matter-of-fact manner which has characterized the former books of this author, of "The Log of a Cowboy," "A Texas Matchmaker," and "The Outlet," and is either a triumph of simplicity or the acme of art. The most exciting adventures and hair-breadth escapes are chronicled as though they were as much a part of the day's work as saddling and watering the horses, which is probably just the way the participants would regard them, besides which the men who do the things are seldom fluent talkers. The range is wide, including reminiscences of "bad men," episodes in the career of the Texas Rangers, that body of state militia especially recruited to deal with the outlaws who settled themselves near the border line and preyed indiscriminately on Ameri-

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cans and Mexicans, and episodes in the settlement of the West. "The Poker Steer" is quite in the Seton-Thompson or Thompson-Seton vein. There is one point to be commended about Mr. Adams, and that is that he takes his cowboys seriously and expects his readers to do the same. Be it wedding or funeral, we are not invited to sit with tongue in cheek and make covert game of our hosts, but to understand that they are giving us the best that they have and to accept it in that spirit. The index to the brands or "outfits" mentioned in the course of the stories, illustrative and interpretative, are a decided help to those readers who have never lived in a cattle country, and the cover design, a selection of the same markings in black on a dark background, is an inspiration. If Mr. Adams has any more of these good stories in his repertory (and, having lived the life he must have plenty), he cannot do a better thing than write them all out. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston.

"If Youth But Knew"

This is the latest contribution to the library shelves made by Agnes and Egerton Castle, and has its scene laid in the last days of the toy kingdom of Westphalia presented by Napoleon Bonaparte to his "little brother Jerome." The story has little to do with war or battles, though there is one scene in which the ragged Cossacks and Jerome's soldiers take part. It is a romantic and idyllic love story full of surprises, and unexpectedness, gloomy castles, court intrigues and almost miraculous escapes from both. There is a wardship in which the guardian has made use of his opportunities to misappropriate a fortune, a sudden marriage and its repudiation, a glimpse of the court and its scandals, an escape from bondage and a reconciliation, and in the background the mad dance about the tottering throne and the toppling crown. The title of the story is taken from an old French song, and the moral is that if Youth but knew its opportunities or Age could retrieve its errors, the world might be regenerated. What his connection was with character and events the reader must discover for himself. From the Macmillan Company.

Will Irwin's descriptive article published in the New York Sun a few days after the earthquake, is to be brought out in book form. The article was entitled "The City That Was," and was one of the best of the many written by Californians, though it was hardly meritorious enough to deserve perpetuation between book covers.

Still another Stevenson book! The author's mother, having waited until every one else was done, has brought out a volume of the correspondence which passed between her and her son after he took up his residence in Samoa. One dares not say that even this is the last, for some local enthusiast, with a genius for catching on behind, may take it into his head to gather photographs of the streets and lounging places of Stevenson as they are today, and bind them together with a few lines of description, to offer to an admiring and generous public.

—The Bookworm.

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The Star-Child

(Continued from Page 9.)

And after they had gone through many streets they came to a little door that was set in a wall that was covered with a pomegranate tree. And the old man touched the door with a ring of graven jasper and it opened, and they went down five steps of brass into a garden filled with black poppies and green jars of burnt clay. And the old man took then from his turban a scarf of figured silk, and bound with it the eyes of the Star-Child, and drove him in front of him. And when the scarf was taken off his eyes the Star-Child found himself in a dungeon, that was lit by a lantern of horn.

And the old man set before him some mouldy bread on a trencher, and said, "Eat," and some brackish water in a cup, and said, "Drink;" and when he had eaten and drunk the old man went out, locking the door behind him and fastening it with an iron chain.

And on the morrow the old man, who was indeed the subtlest of the magicians of Libya and had learned his art from one who dwelt in the tomb of the Nile, came unto him and frowned at him, and said, "In a wood that is nigh to the gate of this city of Giaours there are three pieces of gold. One is of white gold, and another is of yellow gold, and the gold of the third one is red. Today thou shalt bring me the piece of white gold, and if thou bringest it not back, I will beat thee with a hundred stripes. Get thee away quickly, and at sunset I will be waiting for thee at the door of the garden. See that thou bringest the white gold, or it shall go ill with thee, for thou art my slave, and I have bought thee for the price of a bowl of sweet wine." And he bound the eyes of the Star-Child with the scarf of figured silk, and led him through the house, and through the garden of pop-

pies, and up the five steps of brass. And, having opened the little door with his ring, he set him in the street.

And the Star-Child went out of the gate of the city, and came to the wood of which the magician had spoken to him.

Now, this wood was very fair to look at from without, and seemed full of singing birds and of sweet-scented flowers, and the Star-Child entered it gladly. Yet did its beauty profit him little, for wherever he went harsh briars and thorns shot up from the ground and encompassed him, and evil nettles stung him, and the thistle pierced him with her daggers, so that he was in sore distress. Nor could he anywhere find the piece of white gold of which the Magician had spoken, though he sought for it from morn to noon, and from noon to sunset. And at sunset he set his face towards home, weeping bitterly, for he knew what fate was in store for him.

But when he had reached the outskirts of the wood, he heard from a thicket a cry as of some one in pain. And, forgetting his own sorrow, he ran back to the place, and saw there a little Hare caught in a trap that some hunter had set for it.

And the Star-Child had pity on it, and said to it: "I am myself but a slave, yet may I give thee thy freedom."

And the hare answered him and said: "Surely thou hast given me freedom and what shall I give thee in return?"

And the Star-Child said to it: "I am seeking for a piece of white gold, nor can I anywhere find it, and if I bring it not to my master he will beat me."

"Come thou with me," said the hare, "and I will lead thee to it; for I know where it is hidden, and for what purpose."

(To be continued.)

SUNSET MAGAZINE

June-July Number

OUT JULY 10th

"San Francisco"

BY

E. H. Harriman

"San Francisco"

BY

Joaquin Miller

"The Plight and Prospects of San Francisco".....by Charles S. Aiken
 "Handling the Crisis".....by Col. Edwin Emerson
 "The Chariots of the Gods".....by Charles K. Field

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Vol. XIV. No. 723

San Francisco, July 7, 1906

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Assuming a Virtue

Objection has been made to the appointment of a citizen of this city to a public position of trust on the ground that his morals are not all that they should be. It is charged that he sold impure food to his customers, which circumstance is assumed to be conclusive of fatal moral blemish. How highly creditable it would be to this community if such a charge could be made with the expectation that, if proved, the guilty person would be deemed disqualified for public office! The public sentiment that is intolerant of dishonest business methods is much to be admired, but does the sentiment of this community revolt at infractions of the moral code in commercial circles? Would we, for example, denounce Governor Pardee for appointing such a man as Mr. Armour, of Chicago, to the Board of State Prison Commissioners? We think not. Mr. Armour sells filthy, poisonous meat to his customers, but he is a successful merchant and we confound commercial success with godliness. Mr. Armour is a highly respectable citizen and he would be an ornament to any office in the gift of Governor Pardee. It would please us very much to get a Cudahy on the Board of Supervisors, especially at this time. Yet we admire honesty in the abstract, because we prize a virtue that we have not. Our conscience reproaches us for yielding to cupidity, but we yield. We have a keen appreciation of the abstract truth of the teachings of the Nazarene, but we cannot ignore the facts that have become cognizable through personal experience. We know that the man who rails against the blind, slavish worship of gold today is tomorrow converted into a disciple of Baal. There are many virtuous journalists, zealous in their advocacy of high ethical principles in business methods, who are trying to render the moral perceptive power more acute, but not one of them denies that business morality is at a low ebb. And conditions are not the result of the operation of a natural law similar to that by which the solar system is controlled. Conditions are the effect, men are the cause. It is most deplorable, but lying and cheating are regarded as necessary ingredients of business principles; not only in fire insurance and life insurance circles, but in the meat

packing business, in the railroad business, in our relations with the tax collector and the customs house, in short throughout the channels of trade. As Hamlet says, "To be honest as this world goes is to be one man picked out of ten thousand." So when we object to the appointment of a man to public office because he sold impure milk we are adding hypocrisy to our other vices. We are assuming a virtue that we merely would like to have. That is the best that may be said of us—we would like to be virtuous—for while we appreciate virtue our case is not hopeless. To wish to be virtuous is better than to console ourselves with the reflection that everybody else is immoral in business.

Pardee's Ambition

Governor Pardee's friends (and there are many of them in public office), are very much agitated over the prospect of an unfriendly convention being called together at Santa Cruz. Governor Pardee announced some months ago that he was a candidate for a second term, but the announcement was not followed by any public demonstration in his honor. His friends were very much aggrieved at the indifference of the public. A little later, when they learned that there were other men in the State who would like to be Governor, they grew indignant, and now, it appearing that a large majority of the delegates to the convention will not consecrate themselves to the furtherance of the Pardee ambition, they are in a most resentful mood. It would be useless to suggest that they assuage themselves. They have been looking forward to a second term for Pardee and they cannot be dissuaded from insisting that a second term he shall have. It would be a great disappointment not only to them but to Pardee himself if he were denied renomination. For Pardee has cherished the dream of a second term ever since his election four years ago. He took office with the firm resolve to hold it for eight years, and his policy was to do politics for the first four and confine himself to his gubernatorial duties during the second four. Hence it would be most unfortunate if he were retired from office before completing his programme with a record for nothing but dilly-dallying and procrastination, marked by not a single achievement by which he might be remembered except, perhaps, the San Francisco catastrophe through which he won the sobriquet of "The Weak Brother." So it is very important for the Governor that he be renominated. A second term will give him the opportunity to live down the memory of the first. The only serious objection that may be made to the renomination of Dr. Pardee is that it will establish a bad precedent. There is an old-fashioned sentiment in this State against encouraging our Governors to spend their time manipulating the machinery of government for the furtherance of their political interests. It is thought that a Governor's highest duty is to assist in the building up of the State, and that when a Governor occupies himself with the building up of a political machine he is likely to neglect the interests of the commonwealth.

The White Murder

At this writing the manner in which the life of Mrs. Harry Kendall Thaw was ruined by Stanford White is a great mystery, the solution of which is

putting the ingenuity of the newspapers to a very severe test. Mr. Thaw knows but he won't tell. Mrs. Thaw knows but she won't tell. The always sensational Comstock pretends to know, and, as usual, talks in glittering generalities without saying much that anybody with any sense cares to hear. However, the murderer, at this writing, expects to be acquitted upon the theory that there is an unwritten law authorizing the assassination of a man for ruining the life of his wife. His attorneys would rather plead for his acquittal on the ground of insanity, for it is always easy to prove that a man is crazy, and it appears that in Thaw's case there is an abundance of evidence accessible by which it may be proved that he was never of very sound mind. But Thaw appears to be sufficiently sane to shrink from the humiliation of being adjudged crazy. He prefers to pose as a hero. He believes that it was heroic to kill Stanford White and in all probability he believes that in doing the shooting he avenged his wife. It remains to be learned whether there was occasion for vengeance, and whether the occasion was before or after marriage. Perhaps it will be shown that there was strong provocation for the shooting, that White was a vicious scoundrel quite as depraved as he is now represented to have been, and that he persecuted Mrs. Thaw and tried to or did coerce her into the renewal of relations that existed before her marriage. It is conceivable that Thaw was driven to his desperate deed by conduct that was beyond human endurance, but the attitude of his attorneys does not justify the theory that there was sufficient provocation for the homicide. If, in their opinion, the provocation was sufficient, they would not be so eager to procure expert evidence of their client's insanity. If, for example, Thaw avenged his wife for a wrong inflicted on her before her marriage, the attorneys might think it inadvisable to offer proof of such an incentive to the murder. But at this time it is clear that their plan of campaign is to blacken as much as possible the character of Stanford White, who, from all accounts, was a very gay and lecherous individual, so notoriously addicted to lewd practices that it is incredible that he should have been able to maintain his high position in respectable society. The purpose of Thaw's friends is to create the impression that the community was well rid of White, and the money of the Thaw family will be prodigally spent to that end. Mr. Anthony Comstock is already rendering valuable assistance to the defense. He says he knew that White was a blackguard and that he was guilty of practices for which he should have been criminally prosecuted. But Mr. Comstock could not procure the necessary evidence. We do not believe Mr. Comstock. But if Stanford White was all that he is said to have been it will probably be shown that he contributed less to the ruin of Mrs. Thaw's life than did Mr. Thaw in stirring up a very nasty scandal.

Why Our Plays Fail In London

Bishop Potter's assertion that in England there is hostility to this country, is corroborated by an American theatrical manager, who knows that the British dislike us because they harshly criticise our plays and even refrain from going to see them. All of which is not quite true. The American drama is not profitable in England, but not because the British dislike Ameri-

cans. They may be prejudiced against some American institutions and inclined to scoff at our business methods, but to attribute to them intolerance in matters of art is unfair and unjust. Years ago when Augustin Daly was making artistic adaptations from the German drama he did a very profitable business in London. Mary Anderson was idolized in London. Even now Maxine Elliott is a great favorite in the British metropolis, but the Fitch play in which she appeared was berated by the critics and it deserved to be. The American drama is not a success in London because British theatre-goers have been educated in the dramatic art, and there is no dramatic art in America. The American dramatist is writing plays for the exploitation of theatrical stars, and he exhibits woful ignorance of the principles of the art. He is as ignorant of those principles as was the British playwright of twenty years ago, and the plays that pleased British theatre-goers twenty years ago would be laughed off the stage of London today. A school of English drama has been developed in recent years through the scholarly efforts of the critics and close study of the methods of continental playwrights. And now the theatre-goers of London are taking an interest in the drama as a picture of life and not as a funny theatrical entertainment. Consequently the American drama is not taken seriously in London.

Municipal Building Graft

The "Bulletin" is nothing if not optimistic. In discussing the rebuilding of San Francisco it makes the casual remark that we will not have a permanent City Hall inside of five or ten years. A prophet, basing his auguries on the usual duration of municipal jobs, would not think he was overstating the case if he were to predict that no one now living, save, perhaps, the "earthquake babies" would see a new city hall completed. City halls do not come the way of contractors every day. We shall be doing very well indeed if the site of the next municipal structure be selected and the plans drawn and accepted before 1910, and what, with wrangles over union labor strikes, cornering of building materials, and the "push" that has to put in a thumb and pull out a plum, there is no hurry for a programme for the dedicatory exercises at this time. Municipal buildings are of slow growth in San Francisco. The City Hall was many years in course of construction.

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It was begun long before the plans of the Palace Hotel were drawn, but was not completed until many years after the finishing touches were put to the historic structure. Children who trudged out to the sandlots to attend the cornerstone ceremonies grew to manhood and womanhood, married and had children of their own before the City Hall Commissioners reported that there was no more work to be done. And the experience of San Francisco is not unique. The same story is to be read in municipal buildings in nearly every State in the country.

The Missionary Delusion

Rev. Francis E. Clark, president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, has spent nine whole days in Turkey, and on the strength of this long and intimate knowledge of that portion of the Orient he writes back to Boston: "Our own missions and schools are in a more perilous condition than ever, and since our American fleet was withdrawn from Smyrna, with only the verbal assurance of the Porte that our schools and churches would have as many privileges as those of other nations, these assurances have been utterly repudiated, and there seems no likelihood of Americans getting their rights until another fleet visits Turkish waters." Just what the rights of the American missionary are is one of the points never to be decided to the satisfaction of all parties, for apparently the missionary himself believes that he is entitled to do precisely as he pleases, without regard to native customs and laws, and that the chief duty of the United States Government is to brandish a club and dare any one to object. It is a grave mistake on the part of these reverend gentlemen and their supporters to imagine that the United States is specifically and particularly a Christian nation bound by any interpretation of constitution or treaty, to concern itself with religious propaganda. It is assumed that the majority of the inhabitants of our country recognize some form of the Christian religion; and on the principle that the majority rules, the United States is Christian, but in no other sense. Our population includes a large number of Jews, Bhuddists, and Agnostics, not to mention such nondescript sects as Koreshians, Dowieites, Holy Rollers, and half a score of others. Each and every one of them is as much entitled to the protection of a fleet of war ships in disseminating its peculiar religious tenets as any one of the recognized Christian denominations, and there is just as much occasion for threatening war when some Mormon propagandist is treated to a coat of tar and feathers as when a Mussul-

man cow makes a meal of a Methodist truck garden. The United States is under no obligation to protect missionaries as such, but it is interested in the welfare of citizens residing elsewhere, provided, always, that they are showing due regard to the feelings of the people on whom they have quartered themselves. Too many Americans who go abroad for the purposes of pleasure or personal financial benefit make the mistake of imagining that their American citizenship is a license to do as they please. They believe their temporary dwelling places to be in the category that includes consulates and vessels of the navy,—technically, American soil, not to be invaded, and not under the jurisdiction of foreign laws. The American missions and schools in Turkey are in no sense "ours." They are private enterprises which the government neither establishes nor supports, and those who conduct them do so at their own risk. If they choose to teach doctrines or propagate opinions at variance with the views of the Porte they ought to expect occasional rebuffs. If the "heathen" were to come amongst us, knowing as little of our traditions and beliefs as the average missionary does of theirs, and offer inducements to children to come and learn strange doctrines in a tongue their parents could not understand, if they harbored criminals who claimed to be persecuted for religion's sake when they were only being apprehended for lawlessness, if they made preposterous claims for indemnity and damages every time some hoodlum threw stones, they would be given short shrift and small satisfaction. As to the benefits conferred by these missionaries, Mr. Jerome Hart says, "I may say that if the worthy people at home who contribute to 'foreign missions' think that the missionaries in Mohammedan countries are trying to Christianize Mohammedans they are much in error. The missionaries have more discretion. Nowhere in European or Asiatic Turkey, in Syria or in Egypt, in Constantinople, Smyrna, Beirut, Damascus, Jerusalem or Cairo, in Roberts College or any other Christian missionary school, does any Christian missionary attempt to convert a Mohammedan to Christianity. The result would be bad for both missionary and convert. The Christian missionaries do not even attempt to make converts in these countries. Naturally this phase of foreign missions is not much talked of at home. But this statement is unqualifiedly true." Uncle George Bromley says the nearest approach to a convert that he found in his sojourn in China was a native ringing a church bell. Frank T. Bullen says the majority of the missionaries live a life of comfortable ease and all their hardships are not to be compared to the privations

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suffered by a conscientious curate in a poor city parish. Kipling exposes the fallacy of the "rice Christians," and Mark Twain tells of his Ceylonese attendant who professed to be a devout Christian, explaining that the natives had two thousand gods, and the Christians only one but he was on the safe side, simply adding the new

one to the regular two thousand. Battleships are expensive toys to be kept in commission and raced around the world to back up such a farce. It should be understood that missionaries who go abroad do so at their own risk, just as Arctic explorers do and that they must abide the consequences of their own rashness.



The Drudge

Heigh-ho for the coolness of mountain retreat!
 Heigh-ho for the sea and the shore!
 No heigh-ho for me, since to make both ends meet
 I'm working away in the store.
 Del Monte, Lake Tahoe, or Santa Cruz way,
 My wife in the summer elects
 While I, her devoted, am called on to pay
 Each week with my generous cheques.

Heigh-ho for the summer vacation! But no
 Heigh-ho from my lips you will hear.
 I sit at my desk adding row upon row
 Of figures—a prospect most drear—
 While a torturing fiend makes my life a mad dream—
 (An insurance adjuster of pelf)
 Oh some day by lake shore or sea beach or stream,
 I'll take a brief outing myself.

—A Fire Victim.



Perspective Impressions

The profession of politics involves hardship, self-denial, patience, and hard work, but it pays as Franklin K. Lane will tell you.

By way of proof of Harry Thaw's insanity the circumstance is cited that when the Earl of Yarmouth held up the Thaw family at the altar rail with a demand for more money, Harry declared his intention to kick his prospective brother-in-law across the Atlantic. An indication, we should think, that on that occasion young Thaw was enjoying a lucid interval.

The Reverend David M. Steele of Philadelphia has discovered that George Washington has been imposing on posterity. He has recited a list of George's shortcomings, but the list doesn't matter. Neither does the Reverend David M. Steele.

From a little volume of hitherto unpublished Browning letters it is learned that the poet himself was conscious of a certain "obscurity and imperfect expression" in his work. He confessed to a friend that he wrote to achieve musical effect. Perhaps it is for the same reason that Henry James is frequently nothing but sound.

Widespread is the demand for the abatement of conditions which permit individuals to amass large fortunes, and yet we all wish to get rich.

It seems a significant coincidence that along with the rumor that Whitelaw Reid intends to resign the Ambassadorship to England, comes the other rumor of his daughter's engagement to Lord Brooks. The inference is not unwarranted that Miss Reid, having won a title, her father's mission to England is at an end.

A commencement orator extols Sampson as a man who was "worked to the limit of his capabilities." We thought it was Solomon that had so many wives.

Anna Strunsky having married a millionaire will not modify her opinion that Socialism is a good thing—in theory.

The residents of Alameda are very proud of themselves because they prohibit the sale of liquor on Sunday. But they permit the water company to supply them with tepid water every day in the week.



New Church, College and Monastery of St. Ignatius

In Old San Francisco

By R. Francis Logan

It has been said that the strangest of all the sardonic jests that history ever played is to be found in the circumstance that there is a city which is of all cities the most typical of innovation and dissipation, and certain almost splendid vulgarity, and that this city bears the name in a sweetly soft and old European language of the most perfect exponent of the simplicity and holiness of the Christian traditions—San Francisco, the capital of the Bret Harte country, a city typifying novelty in a manner in which it is typified by few modern localities. But that San Francisco has departed. It was old San Francisco, old in the sense that it passed into history and that its site is marked by ruins through which the hoarse wind moans and in which the shades of leaders unforgot to fancy's vision rise.

It is of life in old San Francisco I would write, a city rich in dramatic incident and stirring episode, the scenes of which have been swept away and are but a memory, the result being that the momentous happenings of but a little more than half a century ago are imbued with that aspect of remoteness which lends enchantment to historic events of the centuries ago. We are now in the dawn of a new epoch and we are beginning to take on some of the dignity of age. We have a past rich in romance, a past divided into two epochs, the first of which was opened by the Spaniards who followed the missionaries, the second by the adventurous spirits lured by the yellow metal that glistened in our mountain streams. It was with the second epoch that the great American city so recently devastated by fire came into existence, and in that city occurred the things of which I shall write, episodes of great historic interest that grew out of political affairs national in their scope and bearing.

A little more than half a century ago the genius of young San Francisco was unredeemed from social chaos. In this infant city of the union was a community such as had never before sprung into existence in any country in the world. It was a republic of incognitos. Everyone was an equal because everyone was a stranger. It was a community composed of men of every race and nation, creed and humor. A man's past was nobody's business; all were concerned only for the future. Here were scores of men who had braved all sorts of dangers and hardships in the pursuit of fortune. Some had come to dig for gold and had changed their minds, for the reason, in some instances, that they were not accustomed to hard labor. There were men looking for business opportunities, some were honest and some were prepared to cut a throat for gold. Hundreds were unsuccessful professional men who had come to California in quest of pastures new, having failed in other fields or found that their talents were unappreciated. There were also many politicians among the argonauts, and they had not conquered the tax-eating habit. Indeed many of them had occupied high positions in other States and had pushed their way to California in the hope of being returned to Congress or elected to the United States Senate. So the early community of San Francisco was made up of most incongruous elements, and it is not surprising that during the process of organization, adjustment and assimilation the conflict of temperament should have found peculiar expression.

In the most stirring of the dramas enacted during that eventful epoch the principal role was played by a typical hero in a period of unrestraint and innovation. I refer to David Colbrith Broderick. By studying his brief and sensational political career in San Francisco one becomes so familiar with the social conditions of the times that a picture instinct with the life of the period spreads itself before the mind's eye. The name of Broderick is indissolubly linked with the early history of the city by the Golden Gate and while a pioneer of the State

of California survives it will revive recollections of one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of the West. Broderick was born of Irish parents in the District of Columbia, February 4, 1820. His father was a stone-cutter and worker in marble, and it was the glad boast of the proud son, when in the zenith of his fame as a Senator from his adopted State, in the Senate chamber of the United States, that he was the offspring of the man by whom the massive marble columns which support and adorn the eastern front of the capital, were chiseled. When quite young, Broderick became a resident of the city of New York and at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to his father's trade. At that time the Volunteer Fire Department of New York was an organization which attracted the hardy and adventurous young men of the city, particularly those engaged in trades and all forms of manual labor. It was a notable training school for robust natures fond of excitement, disposed to displays of muscular superiority, fearless of danger, ready to imperil even life in deeds of daring emulation. Young Broderick entered this training school and soon rose to the dignity of company foreman. About the same time he drifted into politics and became the Democratic leader of his ward. He was prominently identified with Tammany Hall and during the administration of President Tyler was recognized as one of the political representatives of that gentleman in New York. About that time he began to long for an education and applied himself to the study of the best literature. With the improvement of his mind came ambition, a desire to achieve high political distinction. In 1846 he ran for Congress, but, unfortunately, at that time a split occurred in his party and in a three-cornered fight he was defeated. He felt greatly humiliated and it was because of his disgust with the treatment he had received that when the gold-discovery fever raged he decided to try to repair his political fortunes in the far West, and he declared just before his departure that he would never return to the East until he should come as a Senator of the United States.

Broderick arrived in San Francisco in the early summer of 1849, and one of the first men he met on his arrival was Colonel Jonathan D. Stevenson, who afterwards commanded a regiment of California volunteers in the Civil War, and who lived to see San Francisco become a great city. Stevenson and Broderick had been associated in Tammany Hall and the former, who came hither in 1847, was one of the wealthiest and most influential of citizens. Another old-time friend of Broderick who had preceded him to San Francisco was Frederick D. Kohler, a manufacturing jeweler.

Gold coin was very scarce in San Francisco in those days, gold dust being the only substitute for currency, and many business men had consulted with Colonel Stevenson about the feasibility and propriety of coining gold pieces to supply the public want, it being impossible to procure gold coin from the United States Treasury in less than from four to five months. Stevenson thought it would be a good idea to start a private mint, and he persuaded Kohler, who was an assayer, to go into business with Broderick, who was penniless and to whom he loaned \$3,500. The co-partnership was established and the profits were enormous. But Broderick was restless. Political ambitions stirred his soul, and he was not in town six months before he was up to the ears in politics. Early in the first session of the Legislature in November, 1849, one of the two Senators from San Francisco resigned and the ex-Tammany leader became a candidate for the office. His opponent was John A. McGlynn, also a New Yorker, who was subsequently elected the first Recorder of San Francisco. At the primary election, which was held in the old Ward House on Clay street, then

(Continued on Page 30.)

The Star-Child

[The first installment of this beautiful story from the pen of Oscar Wilde appeared in Town Talk of June 23d. The story is here concluded.]

So the Star-Child went with the hare, and lo! in the cleft of a great oak-tree he saw the piece of white gold that he was seeking. And he was filled with joy, and seized it, and said to the hare: "The service that I did to thee thou hast rendered back again many times over, and the kindness that I showed thee thou hast repaid a hundred-fold."

"Nay," answered the hare, "but as thou dealt with me, so I did deal with thee." And it ran away swiftly, and the Star-Child went towards the city.

Now at the gate of the city there was seated one who was a leper. Over his face hung a cowl of gray linen, and through the eyelets his eyes gleamed like red coals. And, when he saw the Star-Child coming, he struck upon a wooden bowl, and clattered his bell, and called out to him, and said: "Give me a piece of money or I must die of hunger. For they have thrust me out of the city, and there is no one who has pity on me."

"Alas!" cried the Star-Child, "I have but one piece of money in my wallet, and if I bring it not to my master, he will beat me, for I am his slave."

But the leper entreated him, and prayed of him, till the Star-Child had pity, and gave him the piece of white gold.

And, when he came to the Magician's house, the Magician opened to him, and brought him in, and said to him: "Hast thou the piece of white gold?" And the Star-Child answered, "I have it not." So the Magician fell upon him, and beat him, and set before him an empty trencher, and said, "Eat," and an empty cup, and said, "Drink," and flung him again into the dungeon.

And on the morrow the Magician came to him, and said: "If today thou bringest me not the piece of yellow gold, I will surely keep thee as my slave, and give thee three hundred stripes."

So the Star-Child went to the wood, and all day long he searched for the piece of yellow gold, but nowhere could he find it. And at sunset he sat him down and began to weep, and as he was weeping there came to him the little hare that he had rescued from the trap.

And the hare said to him, "Why art thou weeping? And what dost thou seek in the wood?"

And the Star-Child answered: "I am seeking for a piece of yellow gold that is hidden here, and if I find it not my master will beat me, and keep me a slave."

"Follow me," cried the hare, and it ran through the wood till it came to a pool of water. And at the bottom of the pool the piece of yellow gold was lying.

"How shall I thank thee?" said the Star-Child; for lo! this is the second time that you have succored me."

"Nay, but thou hadst pity on me first," said the hare, and it ran away swiftly.

And the Star-Child took the piece of yellow gold and put it in his wallet, and hurried to the city. But the leper saw him coming, and ran to meet him, and knelt down and cried: "Give me a piece of money or I shall die of hunger."

And the Star-Child said to him, "I have in my wallet but one piece of yellow gold, and if I bring it not to my master he will beat me and keep me as his slave."

But the leper entreated him sore, so that the Star-Child had pity on him, and gave him the piece of yellow gold.

And, when he came to the Magician's house, the Magician opened to him, and brought him in, and said to him: "Hast thou the piece of yellow gold?" And the Star-Child said to him, "I have it not." So the Magician fell upon him and beat him, and loaded him with chains, and cast him again into the dungeon.

And on the morrow the Magician came to him and said: "If today thou bringest me the piece of red gold I will set thee free, but if thou bringest it not I will surely slay thee."

So the Star-Child went to the wood, and all day long he searched for the piece of red gold, but nowhere could he find it. And at evening he sat him down and wept, and as he was weeping there came to him the little hare.

And the hare said to him, "The piece of red gold that thou seekest is in the cavern that is behind thee. Therefore weep no more, but be glad."

"How shall I reward thee?" cried the Star-Child; "for lo! this is the third time thou hast succored me."

"Nay, but thou hadst pity on me first," said the hare, and it ran away swiftly.

And the Star-Child entered the cavern, and in its farthest corner he found the piece of red gold. So he put it in his wallet and hurried to the city. And the leper, seeing him coming, stood in the center of the road and cried out, and said to him: "Give me the piece of red money, or I must die." And the Star-Child had pity on him again and gave him the piece of red gold, saying: "Thy need is greater than mine." Yet was his heart heavy, for he knew what evil fate awaited him.

But, lo! as he passed through the gate of the city, the guards bowed down and made obeisance to him, saying: "How beautiful is our lord!" and a crowd of citizens followed him and cried out: "Surely there is none so beautiful in the whole world!" So that the Star-Child wept and said to himself: "They are mocking me and making light of my misery." And so large was the concourse of the people that he lost the threads of his way, and found himself at last in a great square, in which there was a palace of a King.

And the gate of the palace opened, and the priests and the high officers of the city ran forth to meet him, and they abased themselves before him and said: "Thou art our lord for whom we have been waiting, and the son of our King."

And the Star-Child answered them and said: "I am no King's son, but the child of a poor beggar-woman. And how say ye that I am beautiful, for I know that I am evil to look at?"

Then he whose armor was inlaid with gilt flowers, and in whose helmet couched a lion that had wings, held up a

(Continued on Page 31.)

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Mar. 3, '02 . . .	\$ 387,728 70
Sept. 15, '02 . . .	1,374,983 43
Mar. 15, '03 . . .	2,232,582 94
Sept. 15, '03 . . .	2,629,113 39
Mar. 15, '04 . . .	3,586,912 31
Sept. 15, '04 . . .	3,825,471 71
Mar. 15, '05 . . .	4,349,427 92
Sept. 15, '05 . . .	4,938,629 05
Mar. 15, '06 . . .	5,998,431 52
June 18, '06 . . .	6,650,555 84

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The Spectator

Wheeler's Pen Product

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler has been writing for the "American Review of Reviews" about San Francisco. He was asked to write about the city because, being President of the California University, he was presumed to know a lot about the metropolis and to be able to furnish accurate and trustworthy information. But the theme was not rich in inspiration for President Wheeler. His article contains two striking assertions. One is that San Francisco has become "a pink ghost," the other is that Montgomery avenue is to be carried through to Montgomery street. The pink ghost I can account for. I have read somewhere, I think it was in Ruskin, that vivid emotions leave their light and shadow on senseless things through whose agency they have been aroused. So it is not unlikely that San Francisco desolate aroused a vivid emotion in President Wheeler, and that the vivid emotion communicated to the ruins a spirit pinkish in color—in other words the city assumed the aspect of a pink shade. Such things happen when the eye rests on a material form in a moment of depression or exultation. Probably President Wheeler was returning from the Bohemian Club when he saw ghosts. As to the Montgomery avenue project, of which President Wheeler writes, that is not so easy. Readers of his article who are familiar with the streets of San Francisco will wonder what the earthquake did to Montgomery avenue.

When Clara Was Young

Even Clara Morris did not reach a ripe old age without experiencing the thrill that comes from being the object of an illicit passion. When Clara was young she was threatened with seduction, but she scorned the overtures of the tempter. No amorous dalliance for Clara. Far be it from her to be persuaded to tilt in love's tournament. It's a refreshing story. Clara, herself, is the narrator. She has been spreading all the edifying details before us in the columns of Mr. Hearst's family journals. Clara has reached the garrulous age of indiscretion. The story of her heroic resistance was written ostensibly for the purpose of defending the chorus girl against aspersion. The Thaw case made it timely, and to make the pretext for the telling good Clara pretends to believe that the Broadway fay, who flaunts her wantonness in automobiles, on Atlantic liners and at midnight suppers, and who makes capital out of her ability to conquest rattle-brained young millionaires of the Thaw type, is yearning to have the world's sympathy and to vindicate her inherent virtue. So Clara attributes to her an ambition for artistic success in the drama, and to prove it she points to herself and to her experience with a lustful Croesus who, from her description must have been the grandsire of Mr. Easy Mark. It was such a long story that toward the close Clara forgot her thesis and absent-mindedly relates that when she turned the old fellow down she heard the other girls in the company,—types, of course, of the virtuous maidens of the chorus—murmur: "Such a chance!" "What a fool!" "She deserves to get bounced!" Tut! tut! Clara, you are nothing if you are not logical, and you are not that.

Luisa Still True to Bazelli

Some months ago the San Francisco friends and admirers of Luisa Tetrzzini, the golden throated song bird, were very much disturbed over the report that she was in financial straits in Mexico. They need be no longer concerned for the welfare of the capricious little Italian woman with a record for love affairs. She is in Milan, and Bazelli, the little tenor, who became the object of her burning passion in this city, is

still with her. From a friend in New York who is on intimate terms with Impressario Hammerstein, I learn that the prima donna is still more eager to give reign to her sentimental passion than to win laurels by her art. Hammerstein is having a lot of trouble with Luisa. The first thing she did was to cable him that she would not sign the contract he left with his agent in Milan unless he agreed to pay her two hundred dollars more a performance. "I had to do that," said Hammerstein, "because she's the greatest singer since Patti in her roles, and I must have her. So I cabled her back she should have the money." A little later she wrote him to the effect that Melba could sing only certain roles and that no other prima donna could have any of a list of parts she was going to sing. "You can see me telling Nellie Melba that she shall not sing her own roles," said Hammerstein. "But I wrote Signora Tetrzzini that would be all right too and that she could put her mind at rest. But she didn't. I think she sits up nights trying to think of something to cable me in the morning. Yesterday she cabled me over I would have to engage a certain tenor that she wanted to sing with her. She intimated that all would be over between us unless I consented. I guess I'll have to engage him. I don't have to let him sing, you know." Perhaps Mr. Hammerstein will find that it won't be so easy to keep Bazelli in the background. That ambitious tenor is not content to draw salary merely by way of compensation for the companionship so highly esteemed by Luisa. If Tetrzzini repeats in New York her San Francisco triumph Mr. Hammerstein will be glad to grant her most unreasonable wishes.

Redding Is Reminiscent

Joe Redding, who expects to return soon to San Francisco, in a letter to "Uncle" George Bromley, wrote: "What a strange turn of fortune's wheel that the club should now be located in Sybil Sanderson's old home. I used to play over opera scores there with her twenty-five years ago. Then she was about nineteen and beautiful as a dream. The old Judge would sit and listen and drink his toddy. 'O Tempora! O Mores!'" On another page he writes: "I opened the Bible the other day at the 60th Psalm. Read it, it is quite wonder-

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ful. Here are a few lines: 'Thou hast made the earth to tremble; thou hast broken it; heard the breaches thereof; for it shaketh. Thou hast showed thy people hard things; thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonishment.' Things were about the same three thousand years ago—were they not?"

A Frisco Boy's Distress

The wonderful prosperity of San Francisco at the time of the catastrophe is evidenced by the fact that notwithstanding the terrible loss suffered by the merchants of the city only one failure, that of Hilbert Brothers, wholesale liquor dealers, has been recorded since the fire. However, it is reported that some of our merchants were not in such sound financial condition at the time of the fire as was popularly supposed, and that they have since been making terms with their creditors after the style of the six-bit insurance companies. From the "Chicago Wearing and Apparel Gazette" I learn that Julius W. Raphael has been offering his creditors sixty cents on the dollar, of which fifty cents is represented by insurance policies. In the argot of the curb that's going some. Mr. Julius Raphael is one of our Frisco boys, and I regret to hear that he is in such straits. Sixty cents on the dollar, of which fifty cents is in insurance policies, some of which may be the policies of earthquake companies and some of six-bit companies—well I hope it is a mistake. Why, it seems but the other day that Mr. Julius Raphael got his name into the papers as a subscriber to the fund for the relief of our sufferers! It was one thousand dollars, I believe, that he was to put up. But the money is not yet in the committee treasury. Of course if Mr. Raphael has one thousand to spare he will give it to his creditors unless they be satisfied with sixty cents on the dollar.

The Hager-Kellogg Engagement

Ethyl Hager has done many sensational things during her eventful social career, but she dwarfed them all into insignificance the other day when she announced her engagement to Lansing Kellogg. The announcement was sensational merely because it was so unexpected, but jolly Ethyl Hager has always been doing the unexpected. She has a fine dramatic instinct for "situation" and she has enlivened many a social function by indulging it. She could always be depended upon to give distinction to a masquerade ball and in society vaudeville she invariably proved her claim to head-linership. And her friends had come to regard her as a perennial contribution to the gayety of the smart set. It never occurred to them that she might some day give ear to the promptings of Dan Cupid and be persuaded to confine the radiations of her interesting personality to her own fireside, in the role of somebody's wife. In other words, they thought she preferred to be a bachelor girl. So society had something to talk about when the news got out that so fine a fellow as Lansing Kellogg had been directing sentimental appeals to Ethyl Hager and that he had the good luck to conduct his courtship to a successful finish.

Aitken in the Salon

Bobby Aitken is making progress in his art in Paris. He has written to a friend here that two of his works were accepted by the Salon, but he is not highly pleased over his success. On the contrary he is very indignant that his work should not have been given the prominence it deserved. He

intimates that great favoritism is shown certain sculptors and their pupils, and that those without a pull are thrust into the background. But he is more confident of himself than ever and evidently feels that he will compel recognition as did Rodin to whom fame came through a work that was rejected by the Salon. Aitken is not to be easily discouraged. It will be remembered that he first attracted attention to himself in this city by his "Flowing Bowl" group, suggested by a verse from the Rubaiyat. It caught the fancy of Raphael Weill who would have purchased it and had it erected in Union Square had it not been condemned as inartistic and too redolent of the philosophy of the voluptuous Persian. That group, by the way, was destroyed in the big fire.

My Lady Commodore

From the despatches in last Sunday's papers I learn that following the example of Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, New York and Newport society women are abandoning the automobile as a fad in favor of sailing. And the news calls for a toast:

Her throne upon the polished deck—a cushioned steamer chair—

She reigns in royal splendor, crowned with bonnie breeze-blown hair.

Like one of old who floated down the lily-burdened Nile
And lured men ever captive in the glory of her smile.

This pretty monarch rules the sea—a tyrant tailor-made—

And subjects falter at her feet to win her frown, afraid.

Neath tender skies blue as her eyes, smiling and all serene,
I'll sing her praise through summer days and hail the Yacht-
ing Queen;

Her kingdom ever in my heart, alike on sea and shore—

A bumper to the sailor lass, My Lady Commodore!

Hail to the Garden!

If there is anything that ought to make San Franciscans optimistic it is the way the gardens are volunteering. All over the Mission residence section, where there is nothing left on the lots but a huddle of bricks and tangled wires, the roses are pushing up new shoots through the debris and the callas, so highly prized in the East, are growing almost rank. Laurestina hedges are sprouting from the roots, cannas and gladiolas are in evidence, and mignonette and forget-me-not seed coming up everywhere. The Mission used to be a garden spot, and it will not be the fault of the plants if it does not regain its old prestige. The big palm tree which stood in front of Mrs. Swift's home on Valencia street, is sending out

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new branches, and the willows at the back of the lot are also triumphing over their fiery experience. James D. Phelan is salvaging what is left of his lawn and garden by a regular application of Spring Valley, and Hannigan and Renton, contractors and builders, have set a good example by laying out a little flower spot in front of their temporary quarters at Seventeenth and Mission streets. Another enterprising citizen at Nineteenth and San Carlos avenue is meeting his garden half-way. He has not yet got the debris cleared from his basement, but the garden beds are all raked and the walks swept. Such little things may seem trifling beside the plans for sky-scrapers and the discussion of parks and panhandles, but the moral effect of one small garden is worth columns of discussion of the city beautiful. Let us have both, but while it will take years to acquire the land and get the big parks under way, it will not require a week to lay out a little garden patch on every home lot. There is nothing that gives such an air of permanence and settlement to a district as the sight of the little home gardens, even though they contain but two or three homely plants.



Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journal.

SAME OLD GAME.

King Coal.—Heads I win, tails you lose.

Another of the Guelph Family

J. Norman Guelph has been addressing the Chamber of Commerce, of Berkeley, as the President of the London Royal Academy of Sciences, a corporation with a capital of \$500,000,000 for use in colonization and other schemes. This information was printed in the Berkeley despatches of a local paper, and it was further stated that Guelph had permitted it to be known that he is a son of King Edward, of England, by a morganatic marriage. He wishes to obtain from Berkeley land for docks and warehouses for his company. I am reminded that there was a man of somewhat similar name in this city about four years ago. He was J. R. Guelph-Norman and he had an office in the Mills Building. Like J. Norman Guelph, of Berkeley, he was the head of a big company—the Burmah Ruby Mining and Development Company—and he dealt in Oriental securities. He was an Englishman, and a son of King Edward, too, and talked in big figures like the

man of Berkeley. That particular promoter had his past exploited in this periodical. It was related that he had posed as a yogi of India and an expert in the black art; also that he had had an unfortunate experience in New York where he was known as a Mahatma of Mahatmas and got into Ludlow street jail as a result of a misunderstanding with a wealthy lady who made an unfortunate investment. That particular individual who, by a strange coincidence, had a name containing the same combination of letters as are to be found in the name of the Berkeley scion of King Edward, undertook to win a prize of \$1,000,000 offered by Charles Broadway Rouss who advertised that he would pay that sum to anybody who would restore sight to his eyes. But J. R. Guelph-Norman, did not get the money. However, in 1898 he made a fine matrimonial match. One night while he was discoursing before the Theosophical Society of New York, a woman in the audience fell into a spasm and shrieked "Take him away!" The doctors pronounced it a case of acute hypnosis. Eight days later the woman married Guelph-Norman. She was Mrs. Harriet Hall Bedlow Morris, daughter of Commander Francis Morris, U. S. N. She believed that some day she would be Queen of England because her husband told her so. In June of 1899 there was a sign at 304 McAllister street, this city:

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Mental Nature.

Mr. Norman arrayed himself in Oriental costume, and he had quite a vogue in local culture clubs. He was reported to be the representative of the Royal Asiatic Academy, but he found it hard to pay his rent in a plain American flat. I have heard it suggested that he was none other than J. R. Guelph-Norman whose whereabouts are now to me unknown. Perhaps Mr. Norman Guelph knows something about him.



Spencer, in Lincoln (Neb.) Commoner.

BUT ARE THE PEOPLE POWERLESS?

MISS VASHTI RANKIN

==GOWNS==

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A Familiar Protest

Whenever a new war vessel is to be christened the tea-toppers of the W. C. T. U. adopt resolutions of protest against the use of wine at the christening. Their latest protest was leveled against the ceremonies of a few days ago held in connection with the launching of the battleship "New Hampshire." The ladies suggested as a substitute for wine plain cold water, taking not into consideration the fact that sailors have a superstitious dread of a ship that was not christened in the old fashioned way. Sailors, as everybody knows, are dreadfully superstitious and most loyal to tradition. They are more familiar with classical lore than are the ladies of the W. C. T. U., and they know that the gods are to be appeased and their aid obtained by libations that appeal to their taste. They never use cold water at their banquets on Olympus. Just before Jason set sail in the good ship Argo he invoked the favor of Jupiter and the ceremony held on that occasion has been followed ever since by shipbuilders in deference to the sailors' abiding faith in tradition. Pindar tells us:

And soon as by the vessel's bow
The anchor was hung up,
Then took the leader on the prow
In hands a golden cup,
And on great father Jove did call:—

It would have been a sad day for Jason if he had called on old Jove with a golden cup filled with water.



Bengough, in the Chicago Public.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

The Beef Trust Criminal: No, Mr. Policeman; the judge says you can't touch me; I have taken the immunity bath. But you can put my shadow under arrest, you know, and send it to jail if found guilty!

The Crimmins's and Coles

John D. Crimmins, the wealthy banker of New York, who was reported in the despatches in a dying condition, is the father-in-law of Margaret Cole, of this city. He is to the Catholic Church of New York what J. Pierpont Morgan is to the Episcopal Church, and he received flattering recognition from more than one Pope. He has also been conspicuous in the insurance scandal in New York. Several times he has been reported engaged to "Countess" Annie Leary, the wealthy New York spinster who received her title from the Pope. When Margaret Cole married Martin Crimmins she was credited with having made one of the most brilliant matches ever made by a California girl. Her father was not a very brilliant lawyer and he left his family a very small estate. So while Margaret Cole, being of the southern set, had a nice social position she had nothing but her personality to attract wooers. In becoming the bride of the son of so distinguished a pillar of the Catholic Church as John D. Crimmins, she caused no embarrassment in the family for she also became a communicant of the church. Martin Crimmins is in the army and is now stationed in Manila. Miss Gracie Cole has

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been visiting her sister in the islands, where she met an army officer who recently conquered her heart after a speedy and impassioned wooing. The youngest Cole sister, Florence, who has been "out" only two seasons, announced her engagement two weeks ago.

Sculptor Wells

We were reminded of Marion Wells the other day by the application of his widow for letters of administration on his small estate. But how many remembered that it was Marion Wells who fashioned the figure on the dome of the City Hall which has had such a precarious foothold since the earthquake. Marion Wells was San Francisco's pioneer sculptor. When he was generally regarded as a back number he entered the competition for designing the dome statue and won. He had a little money at one time but lost it backing one of the Central American toy presidents. A few years ago he was an inmate of the County Hospital, and the Bohemian Club was criticised for not taking an interest in his welfare, for he had made history for that club. A quarter of a century ago he was regarded as a great genius, and he contributed several notable bits of sculpture to the club as jinks' souvenirs, notably when he sired the Gossip Jinks and modeled a group of women doing the Tantalus stunt at a well. At another time, on the occasion of a Midsummer Jinks at Meeker's Grove, he reared a colossal statue of the patron saint of the club, St. John of Nepomuck. One of his best designs was for a Nurses' Jinks. It was the figure of a woman of exquisite contour.

What Clawson Lost

Not a day passes without there being brought to my ears the story of something precious that went up in the smoke of the great fire. So many that lost their treasures left town immediately after the fire that nothing like a complete report has been obtained of even the things of peculiar interest to the intellectual world that were destroyed. In nearly every

art studio in town there were rare works, but the artists are scattered far and wide. The other day I heard from J. W. Clawson, who is in Los Angeles. In his studio near the Palace Hotel were twenty of his most important pictures and thousands of almost priceless prints and photogravures, many of them reproductions of the world's masterpieces. All went up in smoke. One of the pictures that Mr. Clawson prized greatly was his painting of Mrs. James Follis and her son, which he considered his strongest and most important canvas. A copy of that picture was published in Town Talk several weeks prior to the fire.

Musicians in Hard Luck

The musicians of San Francisco probably suffered more severely than the men and women of any other profession. Unlike the painters they cannot make work for themselves, and pupils are not so numerous now as they were before the fire. Besides many theatre orchestras went out of business and there has been comparatively little wooing of the heavenly maid. So many of our musicians have had to hang up the fiddle and the bow. Nate Landsberger tells of an amusing experience in Oakland since the fire. He was riding in an electric car thinking of his own troubles when he was asked for his fare in a familiar voice and a strong German accent. He looked up and recognizing an old-time violinist he was about to exclaim "Well, for heaven's sake!" But he had uttered only the first word when the conductor, as if he divined Landsberger's thoughts broke in indignantly and in German: "Well, I've got to do something to make a living, haven't I?" Professor Paolo La Villa, the singing teacher was hard hit by the catastrophe and writes from Kansas City: "I am penniless—no class of pupils, nothing! The question is where I am to find work for a living? San Francisco will not be ready, nor in the mood to study music for a year at the least." Professor La Villa was once director of the Cincinnati College of Music in the vocal department with Theodore Thomas.

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Captain James T. Bootes and Miss Katherine Buck

Army and navy circles were given a pleasant surprise by the announcement of the engagement of Miss Katherine Buck and Captain James T. Bootes, of the Marine Corps. Miss Buck sailed on the "Sheridan" for Chefoo, China, where she will be the guest of friends and where the wedding will take place. Miss Buck is the daughter of the J. S. Bucks, formerly of San Diego, now temporarily residing in Oregon, where Mr. Buck has mining interests. Miss Buck has resided here several years, making her home with the family of her cousin, Mr. Lewis R. Mead. She is a very clever and attractive young woman and made many friends during her residence here. Captain Bootes is a son of the late General Levi Bootes, U. S. A., and brother of Captain Samuel Bootes, of the Subsistence Department, U. S. A. He is at present attached to the Wisconsin, seven hundred miles up the Yang-tse from Shanghai.

The Vicissitudes of Journalism

Something of a sensation was created in local newspaper circles this week when John McNaught severed his connection with the "Call" and Ernest Simpson resigned the city editorship of the "Chronicle" to take the position vacated by Mr. Spreckels's managing editor. For the first time since Mr. Spreckels became the owner of the "Call" that paper is now under the managing editorship of a man who has had the benefit of the training and experience that are believed to be essential for the proper performance of the duties of the position. It is evident that young "Jack" Spreckels, who is now handling the paper, has concluded that a sea captain is not the man to pilot a newspaper; that journalism is a profession, proficiency in which is not to be achieved by studying the stars through the Lick Telescope. Mr. John McNaught never had any experience in catering to news readers until he became managing editor of the "Call." His previous experience as a journalist was obtained in the role of editorial writer. He is a good writer and a gentleman of fine qualities of mind and heart, but he did not shine as a managing editor.

Mr. Simpson has had ten years' experience as city editor of the "Chronicle," and during that period rendered excellent service to Mr. De Young.

A Problem for Liquor Experts

The "sake case," by which it is to be determined whether the Japanese jag-accelerator shall be classified as a beer or a wine, is one of the first cases to be heard in the U. S. District Court when the trials begin again next week. The difference in the duties on wine and beer is great enough to make the case of importance to the importers of the liquor, who, of course, want it admitted as beer. There is a stock of the stuff in the U. S. District Attorney's office at the post-office building, also bottles of sherry, which is almost exactly the same in appearance as the sake. Here, however, the resemblance ends. The Japanese drink has an odor like that which was wont to prevail in Chinatown after a long hot spell—and it tastes worse. It is to be sampled during the trial, I believe, by experts who are to determine its proper classification. If the government depends on proving it a wine by the taste, it has a very poor case. It seems to me that the amount of spirits in the liquor should determine its classification. The Japanese have a sake factory in Berkeley, and there they make it weak as regards spirits so that it shall be taxed as beer.

When Edward Visited Washington

"My dear Spectator" writes a constant reader, "the recent visit of our President's daughter to the Court of King Edward reminds me that King Edward once upon a time visited the court that the fair Alice presided over—the White House court at Washington. I have keen recollections of that visit as I was in Washington at the time, and feel that the readers of "Town Talk" would like to hear about it. It was in 1860 when Edward came over on the invitation of President Buchanan. He was then Prince of Wales, and he was in his nineteenth year. His entree was made in mufti and he hid his titled name. He was simply Lord Renfrew and was addressed only as "My Lord," not as "His Royal Highness"—even on state occasions. That he was the cynosure of all eyes—especially those of fashion's femininity—goes without saying; but it is also true that the fattest and frowsiest republican shed tears and bent creaky knees before the very young—and very gauche—sprig of royalty; for then the assumer of the Black Prince's name had barely begun to toy with the seeds of a rank and wide-grown crop of wild oats. So the royal bantling basked in the beams of both bleared eyes and bright."

Belles of the Period

"Washington was world-famed, in those days, for beautiful women; many whose reputations are still National, and—in a few instances—are revived by their daughters of today. Foremost among the regnant belles I recall Miss Adele Cutts. Rather too massive for even a Juno, but perfect in feature and complexion, 'Addy' Cutts was deservedly popular in all sorts of circles. Her father was a pompous old Costigan, a Treasury Department clerk, whose social stock-in-trade was remote connection with James Madison, and whose consideration came straightest through his daughter. In simple truth, her popularity with old and young was greater than any other woman's then. When she married Stephen A. Douglas it was universally conceded—spite of his "great head" and National

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leadership—that all congratulations ought to go to the groom. She was a woman whose mirror-surfaced reputé was never misted by the breathings of gossip. Another one of the belles of the period was Miss Henrietta Magruder, the daughter of an old navy officer. Her father's small pay was offset by the perfection of her face, Creole coloring and petite form. She was a niece of 'Prince John' Bankhead Magruder—the sand-papered 'Tom' Ochiltree of his day, who was equally as careless, as ignorant whether he ever had any pay or not. Miss Magruder was a sylph in the german, and the admiration of avenue paraders. To me she is the most suggestive of memories; the picture-in-little of dainty and bewitching prettiness. Senator Clay described her as 'A pocket Venus, rather over-draped.' There was also Miss Marion Ramsay, of baby-pink bloneness and seductive dimples, the quintessence of tact and full of world-knowledge. Her father was a shore-duty captain. I recall that Secretary Odo Russell, of H. B. M. legation, was among the most ardent and least encouraged of her adorers. But he had not then suggested a brilliant diplomatic career. There was Colonel Watterson's chum, Labouchere—unpaid attache; presumably in America for the health of his morals. But 'Labby' was only 'Lord Tauton's nephew,' then. So the girl kept her heart at home, and intrusted that and her perfect form to the keeping of young 'Broc' Cutting."

A Ball in His Honor

Ah, me! those were dire and dismal "merry days" at the White House, when Albert Edward had to be entertained, and when he wasn't His Royal Highness, but only My Lord. Even stately and cold, but womanly, Miss Lane, the President's niece, grew restless and perturbed beyond precedent. She proved herself, however, the woman for the exceptional situation, mounted the box seat and gripped the whip bravely. I presume she had several bad quarter-hours in her boudoir—I know there was more than one scene with her beloved uncle; a blind man could have seen that her flesh crept at some social functions that would have given a Pekin legation cold shivers. But Miss Lane went at the situation, and conquered it in a fashion that proved her de facto "the first lady in the land." This was, of course, long ere she set the world wondering by selecting as her consort the sunny Baltimore banker. Mr. Buchanan, with that delicate diplomatic tact for which he was justly noted—chose as most appropriate outing for the lordly Renfrew party a pilgrimage to the tomb of their late friend, George Washington. It was made upon a revenue cutter, possibly as a remote reminder of the tea tax; and dancing was permitted, between sandwich and lemonade service, on deck. Then Miss Lane sat up nights with her uncle, and kept his head almost level, until he consented to smash tradition and give a dance in the White House! And—shades of Alan Ramsay and Dick Bayard! what a ball it was! Immortelles should have been the corsage bouquets, and yew the boutonnières. Lord Renfrew was posted amid his proper bodyguard, with flankers of Miss Harriet's special brevetting thrown out. I recall Alan Ramsay, looking, if possible, more bored than the prince, but much more distinguished in appearance; Renwick Smedberg, quiet and cool, but hinting nothing of the fighter who carved his way to a wooden leg by three brevets, a few years later; Frank Du Barry, swarthy and prim—little recking the near future, that was to make him the victim of the too fresh widow of "Will" Chandler and the stepfather of unhappy Florence Maybrick! Then two—holding Miss Lane's fort—Tom Cox and Henry Robinson, so beautiful as to misdoubt mythology and declare Adonis a twin. There, too, on the front "line up" for attack, were the belles and beauties of the Capital. Suddenly one of the "Lane eleven" would take a deep breath, shut his eyes, and whisper in solemn awe to My Lord. Then he would dive into "the madding crowd," extract some rare beauty, as though she were a plum, and serve her to the guest of the evening, in the

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manner of refreshments. The lady would blush and lower her lashes, bend her graceful knees until it taxed her escort's muscles to bring her to surface again, and would murmur something about the honor and the heat. And then My Lord would bob his somewhat heavy head just a trifle, and something like a blush would hover about the beardless cheeks. And last, the lady would back away—sometimes tripping on her own train; and the poor Prince would promptly shut back into himself, like a pocket telescope.

Hustling For Leases

Real estate agents appear to be engaged principally, these days, in making deals for the leasing of property. And some pretty big deals have been put through. One of the latest of the big deals was made by John Breuner and Ed Bowes who established a real estate firm immediately after the fire. They obtained a lessee for the big Technical School at Geary and Gough streets at a monthly rental of one thousand dollars. Bowes and Breuner have been doing some very lively hustling since the fire and seem to have a monopoly of the business along Van Ness avenue. There would have been much greater activity in the real estate market had not most people imagined that they had no right to remove the debris from their lots without permission from the insurance companies. One of the ablest lawyers in San Francisco informed me there is absolutely no foundation for the notion that the insurance companies have the right to prohibit policy-holders from clearing their property, or that by removing the debris they would jeopardize their claims. It is sufficient under the law for the policy-holder to notify the company of his loss and if the officers of the company desire to inspect the premises they may do so, but they have no right to subject the owner to unreasonable delay.

University of California News

There is a very efficient bureau of publicity and promotion at the University of California to which I am indebted for a good deal of interesting information. There is no longer any excuse for inaccuracies in news relating to university affairs. From this bureau comes the news that "The most recent contribution to the literature of political science is one which will appeal especially to Californians coming as it does from the pen of one of the most distinguished educators and publicists of the State. It is indeed refreshing, in the midst of what might almost be called a deluge of text-books on the subject, to come across so able and long-needed a work as, 'The Government of the United States,' by Professor Bernard Moses, of the University of California. The report of the Committee of Seven, of the National Educational Association, several years ago prescribed the general qualifications necessary for a text-book of civics, in order to meet the needs of the secondary schools of the country, but Professor Moses has done more than fill these requirements. Many books have been written giving an analysis of our constitutional system, and as many more have described the history of our political institutions from the foundation of the first colony on the Atlantic Coast to the last general election, but it has been reserved for Professor Moses to combine an adequate treatment of both these phases of the subject with a really intelligent account of the government of dependencies, both constitutional and insular. Of course, the author had peculiar advantages for the presentation of this aspect of our political development, owing to his experience as a practical administrator, after years of study and writing about the history of European colonial systems, and consequently there

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is little of the merely academic in this volume by an ex-member of the Philippine Commission."

Pundits of the Summer School

Also comes the information that the summer session of the University opened June 25th with a total registration of 673, and that there are accommodations for more. I am informed that "The lectures on Radio Activity, by Dr. Ernest Rutherford, M. A., D. Sc., F. R. S., Macdonald, Professor of Physics, McGill University, will not only be of the greatest interest to scholars but to the general public as well. Dr. Rutherford has written a book called 'Radio Activity,' and is one of the foremost authorities in the world on radium and its uses. The field to which Dr. Rutherford has devoted himself has not been covered by any other scholar, but he has mastered the mysteries of this branch of science which is attracting the attention of scientists the world over. It overshadows every other field in scientific interests. Dr. Rutherford has made an extensive study of the transmutation of elements and has gone farther than anyone else in constructing a theory as to how it takes place. He has found that matter has in it properties which were absolutely undreamed of by any physicist. These properties are, in the first place, that matter can give out heat continuously for an indefinite period. His course of lectures promises to be one of the most popular at the University. Another scientist of world-wide note, whose name is familiar to every Californian through his lectures at

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Only just around the corner

last year's Summer School, is Professor Hugo de Vries, of the University of Amsterdam. Dr. de Vries will deliver another series of lectures at the Summer School this year. His work on osmosis in the plant cells is a classic, which has not only proved of fundamental importance to botany but has led to far-reaching generalization in physical chemistry. The theory of solutions developed by Arrhenius, van't Hoff and Ostwald is largely founded on the work of de Vries. His theory of heredity, founded on the pangenesis theory of Darwin, has attracted wide attention among biologists. The development of this theory led him to the conclusion that evolution must take place by sudden changes or leaps. He began to seek for evidence on this point and has carried on his experiments along this line for the last twenty years in the botanic gardens of the University of Amsterdam, where he is Professor of Botany.

A New Evolution Theory

Professor de Vries, more than any other man of his generation, deserves to rank with Darwin. His masterly grasp of the great body of facts involved in the study of evolution is equaled only by his patience and skill in following up the obscure and fragmentary clues which have eventually led to such brilliant success. Scientists since Darwin have been able to do little more than pile up accumulations of lifeless facts. De Vries by a single stroke of genius has vivified this great mass and put new meaning into the theory of evolution. He has accomplished what most Darwinians believed impossible. He has shown that evolution may be observed and experienced with in the same manner as any other life process. Henceforth evolution is removed from the limits of indirect observation and speculation. The time has now come when it may be investigated by the sure and tried methods of direct observation and experiment. An immense impetus is thus given to its study. Professor de Vries has achieved his greatest success with an American plant, Lamarch's Evening Primrose, from which he has repeatedly seen new species originate in his gardens at Amsterdam. These new species originated spontaneously without any of the factors considered necessary by the Darwinians. Seeds of this plant sent to the botanical gardens of the University of California have continued to produce new species. These may be seen growing in the gardens at the present time along with the seven-leaved clover, the twisted teasel, a monstrous poppy, and other plants upon which Professor de Vries is experimenting. Professor de Vries has put forth a new theory of evolution, which he calls the mutation theory. The details of this are set forth in a German work in two volumes and in his volume of lectures which were delivered at the Summer Session of the University of California in 1904 and afterwards published under the title 'Species and Varieties.' As a result of his visit Professor de Vries has written a book about California which has attracted considerable attention, especially that portion which relates to the work of Burbank whom he pronounces the greatest of plant breeders. The later developments of Professor de Vries' experiments and theories will be given to the English speaking public for the first time in his approaching lectures at the University of California."

A New Edition of Wilde

It may be of interest to the readers of "The Young King" and "The Star-Child" to know that those two stories which were brought to light by Town Talk and which have created a great sensation in the literary world, will be included in a new and complete edition of Wilde's works soon to be brought out in London. It will include the unexpurgated copy of "De Profundus" and also letters written by the author while in Reading Goal. The profits from the publication of "De Profundus" have been so great that Oscar Wilde's executor has been able to pay off all the debts left by the un-

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER



AT THE SEA SHORE

Mennen's will give immediate relief from prickly heat, chafing, sun-burn and all skin troubles. Our absolutely non-refillable box is for your protection. For sale everywhere or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.
TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET (Borated) TALCUM.

GERMEA

FOR

BREAKFAST

COLUMBIA DAIRY

231 Franklin St., near Hayes, San Francisco

Pure Milk and Cream

George H. Pippy, Proprietor

fortunate poet in England, and it is believed that the profits from the new edition will be ample to discharge the Parisian debts and enable the executor to defray the cost of some suitable memorial of the brilliant author.

Briggs On The Crapsey Heresy

Now comes Dr. Charles A. Briggs in the "North American Review" with a defense of the dogma of the virgin birth of Christ for the repudiation of which Dr. Crapsey was recently convicted of heresy. Dr. Briggs asserts that it is a dogma that lies at the basis of the Christian religion, and that modern physical science can neither verify it nor say it is impossible. Why drag modern physical science into a religious controversy? There are many things in religion that modern physical science can neither verify nor pronounce impossible. Dr. Briggs also affirms that while the dogmas of the virgin birth is essential to the church it is not essential to the individual because it may be so difficult to the individual that he cannot accept it. Great is the theology of Briggs! And great must be the church that has so learned a divine on its payroll. Let us scrutinize the philosophy of Briggs. He holds that it is unnecessary for the individual to accept what he does not comprehend. He is an individual and as such does not comprehend the mysteries of religion. Therefore he does not have to accept them, and if he does not accept them he cannot honestly preach them. Dr. Briggs has already been convicted of heresy in one church and perhaps he should be tried again in the church to which he now owes allegiance and from which he draws his material sustenance. If he really means what he says then there is very little in the Christian religion that he believes unless he is a very superior being possessed of intelligence akin to that of the divinity. Christianity abounds in mysteries that are beyond the comprehension of human intelligence and he who will believe only what he can comprehend will believe nothing. If we believe in Christianity at all we must believe in original sin, but we do not understand it. If we accept it, however, in the same manner that we accept the other fundamentals of Christianity which are beyond our comprehension, then there is much, the import of which, is less cryptic than it otherwise would be. "Certainly nothing more rudely jars us than original sin," said Pascal, "and yet without this mystery, the most incomprehensible of all, we are incomprehensible to ourselves." The objection of Dr. Crapsey to the dogma of the virgin birth of Christ is that it is in conflict with natural law. So was the resurrection. If we have any faith in the Scriptures we should not dispute the dogma of the virgin birth. One of the most convincing features of the Scriptures is their harmony and they would not harmonize if there had been no violation of natural law to bear out the prediction of Jeremiah that a woman would conceive in a manner new upon the earth and that of Isaiah that a virgin would conceive and bear a son. Dr. Crapsey has no faith in the prophets.

THE EXPLANATION

Mrs. Snorter: Why didn't you wire me that you weren't coming home last night?

Mr. Snorter: That's just what I did do.

Mrs. Snorter: Then why didn't I get your message?

Mr. Snorter: Well, I guess your not on to this wireless telegraphy yet.

—The Maid

J. PORCHER .. HATTER ..

NEWEST SHAPES ALL NEW GOODS
715 and 717 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE,
SAN FRANCISCO.

HOTEL IMPERIAL

951 Eddy St. One Block from Van Ness Ave.

European Plan

Electric Lights

Telephones

Elevator

Steam Heat

Grill Open August 1st

E. S. DE WOLFE, Proprietor

Electric Cars Direct from Ferry

HOTEL MAJESTIC

SUTTER AND GOUGH STREETS

EUROPEAN PLAN

RESTAURANT AND GRILL IN CONNECTION

Hot and Cold Baths. Elevator Service. TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM
The Only First-Class Hotel Running in San Francisco.
Opened June 1st, 1906.

GUSTAV MANN, Manager

Formerly of Zinkand's.

Tait's Cafe

NOW OPEN

Van Ness Avenue and Eddy St.

Music Every Evening between 6:30 and 12:00 o'clock

JOHN TAIT, Mgr.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

6 CARLOADS OF
STOVES AND RANGES

And 5 Carloads of the Famous

ALASKA

REFRIGERATORS

VARIOUS SIZES AND PRICES

Cor. Polk and Turk Streets

San Francisco

CALIFORNIA OPTICAL CO.

Formerly of 205 Kearny Street, now located at
2109 FILLMORE ST., bet. Sacramento and California Sts.
FACTORY ON PREMISES

N. B.—We saved all prescriptions and records. Customers can have their glasses duplicated, or made from new prescriptions IMMEDIATELY.

Same Reasonable Prices as Before.



Founded June 18th, 1862

Present Location

NORTHWEST CORNER OF CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS

Eighty-Eighth Half-Yearly Report

—and—

SWORN STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

at Close of Business

June 30, 1906

ASSETS

Loans on Real Estate secured by first lien on properties wholly within the State of California.....	\$ 19,299,811 60
Loans secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds and Stocks of railroad and quasi-public corporations.....	1,346,387 20
Bonds of railroad, quasi-public and industrial corporations and of the school districts and municipalities of the State of California.....	11,406,692 01
Bank Premises	200,000 00
Other Real Estate in the State of California	379,984 69
Furniture and Fixtures.....	2,000 00
Sundry Accounts in Adjustment.....	46,968 78
Cash (in Vaults and in Bank).....	3,047,735 73
Total Assets	\$ 35,729,580 01

LIABILITIES

Capital—Paid up	\$ 1,000,000 00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	1,065,883 85
Due Depositors	33,473,392 89
General Tax Account. Balance undisbursed	190,303 27
Total Liabilities	\$ 35,729,580 01

[Signed]

E. B. POND,
President.

[Signed]

LOVELL WHITE,
Cashier.

State of California
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO } ss.

E. B. Pond and Lovell White, being separately, and duly sworn each for himself, says: That said E. B. Pond is President, and said Lovell White is Cashier of the San Francisco Savings Union, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

[Signed]

E. B. POND.
LOVELL WHITE.

[Signed]

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 2d day of July, A. D. 1906.

(Seal)

[Signed]

FRANK L. OWEN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County
of San Francisco, State of California.

Fealty

By Mabel Porter Pitts

Not him who pampers me may I call friend;
Not him who would my weaknesses defend;
Nor who repeats with saponaceous tongue
To lull ambition, praise that has been sung;
But one who drives me with unyielding show
Along the path he knows that I should go,
Who takes from thirsting lips bright Pleasure's cup
And ever prods my slothful nature up,
To such a one complainingly I bend
But still acknowledge him my faithful friend.
July, 1906.

E. S. de Wolfe Again in the Hotel Business

E. S. de Wolfe, who made the old Pleasanton on Sutter street one of the best hotels in the State, is again back in the business. He has leased the building heretofore known as Haddon Hall, at 951 Eddy street, and he has remodeled and renamed it the Imperial. Mr. de Wolfe has refurnished and newly carpeted the entire house and will conduct it as a first-class European hotel. The rooms are supplied with telephones, electric light and steam heat. A modern grill will be opened about August 1st. There has been formed an association of the hotel keepers of this city and two meetings have already been held at the Imperial. This city has some seven or eight first-class hotels that can accommodate over 2,000 people and there seems to be no good reason why the passengers of the incoming ocean steamers should be kept aboard ship while in port or passengers coming overland be stopped in Oakland while we have ample accommodation in hotels and cafes in the city.

Supervisor Samuel Davis has blossomed out as a theatrical manager. He has opened a theatre in a large and well-appointed tent on McAllister, near Fillmore, where he has a company giving musical comedy performances.

Gas Co. Out of the Stove Business

The San Francisco Gas and Electric Co. has sold out its gas range, stove, and heater business to a corporation headed by Mr. Sam P. Hamilton, who, until this time has ably managed this branch of their business. Mr. Hamilton states that his firm will carry a line of stoves, ranges and heaters at all the branch offices of the gas company as well as at their main office, but they will have separate general offices and sales-rooms on Sutter street. Mr. Hamilton still retains the advertising management of the gas company, which he has also conducted for some years.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., cor. California and Montgomery sts.—For the six months ending June 30, 1906, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3-6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3-1-2 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

French Savings Bank, cor. Montgomery and Market sts., San Francisco.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-half per cent, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1906.

L. BOCQUERAZ, Vice-President.

C. CARPY, President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Humboldt Savings Bank, 626 Market st.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend on all savings deposits has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3-6-10) per cent per annum, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906.

W. E. PALMER, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Metropolis Trust and Savings Bank, temporary office, 1130 Eddy st., San Francisco, June 29, 1906.—Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent per annum has been declared on the paid-in capital of the corporation for the six months ending June 30, 1906; said dividend being payable July 10, transfer books closed until after that date. By order of the Board of Directors.

A. A. WATKINS, President.

F. R. COOK, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

The Italian-American Bank has declared the usual semi-annual dividend at the rate of 3.60 per cent per annum, free from all taxes, on all savings deposits, payable on and after July 2, 1906, at its temporary office, Merchants' Exchange building. Interest not withdrawn will be added to the principal.

A. SBARBORO, President.

A. E. SBARBORO, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Saving and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery st., cor. of Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1906, at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.

EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, cor. Market, McAllister and Jones sts., San Francisco, June 27, 1906.—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1906, free from all taxes and payable on and after July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No.

No. 100,519.

Jane A. Walker.

Plaintiff,

vs.

George F. Walker,

Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to George F. Walker, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion and wilful neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and six.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

[Seal]

COSTELLO & COSTELLO,

Plaintiff's Attorneys.

Diebold Safe and Lock Company

Metallic Furniture

PARCELLS SAFE CO.

523 Market Street

Bet. First and Second Sts.
San Francisco

Stage

The Singers That Fled

James Huneker, America's foremost dramatic critic, has been writing in praise of the actors and actresses who gave their services in theatrical performances for the benefit of the San Francisco theatrical sufferers. And he has made this reference to some of the operatic stars: "With what joy would I indulge in a 'killing' of the operatic gentlemen who flock here from Italy, Germany, and elsewhere, and quietly decamp when their services are most in demand. To be sure they lost heavily in San Francisco; but so did Sembrich, so did Eames. These two artists and whole-souled women delayed their departure to offer their services in the cause of the unfortunate, while high-priced tenors, basses, and baritones slipped off to Europe. Women are always braver than men when final tests are applied. There is, for example, Marcella Sembrich, who alone thought of the chorus and orchestra. She deserves a gold crown on this side of paradise. And let us suppose, finally—for this sort of criticism is out of my dramatic bailiwick—that the De Reszkes and Paderewski had been here at the time of the cataclysm. Have you any doubt of their instantaneous response? But we may as well admit that musical people are never so universally generous as the members of the dramatic profession. Experience has proved this, despite some notable exceptions: Sembrich and Eames, Joseffy and Victor Herbert."

A Dull Season

A correspondent writes me from New York: "The mediocrity of the American drama has been emphasized during the season that has just closed. Clyde Fitch's 'Her Great Match' is trash made to order for the purpose of enabling Maxine Elliott to accentuate her charms and her mannerisms. George Ade's wit seems to be in need of the rest cure. In 'The Good Samaritan' and 'Just Out of College,' his humor is very much diluted. Augustus Thomas is stale, flat and insipid in 'The Embassy Ball,' written for Laurence D'Orsay in the same spirit that dominated Fitch while writing for Nat Goodwin's wife. The Indian plays are silly extravaganzas. Mrs. Fiske in 'Mouna Vanna,' Arnold Daly in Shawdrama, and Ethel Barrymore in the Barrie plays were the only artistic successes in a very dreary season. San Francisco will not miss much by having her combination and road houses closed."

Price In New York

Mr. E. D. Price, formerly of the Alcazar management, is now associated with Edward E. Rice, of the Manhattan Beach Theatre. Mr. Price's services are always in demand for he knows the theatrical business in all its ramifications and he also knows his public and the press. I received a letter from him the other day. He wrote: "San Francisco is still my home, and I shall return to it. Just when depends on business conditions, for you know I deal in a luxury of life—not a necessity."

Frank Thompson's Debut

Monday night "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" will be given an elaborate production and crowds will journey to Idora Park to witness popular Frank Thompson's first endeavors on the professional stage and hear Arthur Cunningham's glorious organ in "My Own United States." A new feature at the park will be an excellent restaurant on the roof garden of the theatre presided over by Miss Mary Halahan, the caterer to Oakland's swell set. Hereafter luncheons, dinner parties, etc., will be quite fashionable at Idora.

Miss Grey's Esther

The "Mizpah" revival at Ye Liberty Theatre in Oakland has proved extremely popular and so great has been the demand for seats that the management has decided to keep the play on for another week. The part of Esther is being played

in this production as it was never played before. It is in the hands of Katherine Grey, an actress with a sense of rhythm and whose reading of the cadenced lines of blank verse is delightful. Miss Grey is an actress of distinction and she adds greatly to the strength of Mr. Bishop's stock Company.

Next Week's Orpheum Bill

An unusually strong program has been arranged at the Orpheum for the week commencing this Sunday afternoon, headed by that clever young comedian, Claude Gillingwater, who has just concluded the season as leading man with Fritz Scheff in "Mme. Modiste." Mr. Gillingwater, who is making his third visit to the Orpheum, will present his latest and brightest comedietta, "A Strenuous Suitor," in which he will be supported by Carlyn Strelitz, Edith Hinkle, Walter Clarke and Jules Scott. Linden Beckwith, as Mrs. Snider-Johnson, formerly of this city, is now known on the stage, will return with her original creation, "The Singing Portrait," in which she has scored an artistic triumph in the principal Eastern cities. In an illuminated frame Miss Beckwith, tall, graceful and pretty, will appear as a colonial dame, a "cowgirl" and as a Scotch lassie, singing songs to harmonize with each change of costume. She has a good soprano voice and will undoubtedly receive a warm welcome from San Francisco society folk. She is the sister of young Mrs. Merrill. Ziska and King, comedy magicians who made a great hit here on their last appearance, return with their act vastly improved. Their work is as mysterious as it is amusing. The announcement that Nora Bayes, the inimitable singing comedienne, is to return for one week, will no doubt please many of her admirers. Willy Zimmerman, whose life portraits of celebrated composers are familiar but always interesting, will also come back for one week only. For their last appearances Julia Heinrich, the contralto, and her brother, Karl, the barytone, will be heard in new selections, the Majestic trio of laugh-makers will change their songs and dances and Macart's dogs and monkeys, most amusing four-legged actors, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the bill. The grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are full of novel attractions and are open every day from ten o'clock in the morning until midnight. The Chutes Zoo is one of the finest in the country.

—The Playgoer.

IDORA PARK OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop
Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager
Commencing Monday Evening, July 9

"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME"

With Arthur Cunningham as Johnny

Debut of Frank W. Thompson

Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

"MIZPAH"

With Katherine Grey as Esther
Second Week. Triumphant Success

ORPHEUM Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, July 8

Matinee Every Day Except Monday

STARS OF DISTINCTION!

CLAUDE GILLINGWATER AND COMPANY; LINDEN

BECKWITH; Ziska and King; Nora Bayes; Willy

Zimmerman; Macarts' Dogs and Monkeys; The

Majestic Trio; Orpheum Motion Pictures

and Last Week of

JULIA and KARL HEINRICH.

PRICES: 10c, 25c, and 50c. Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Streets. Phone, West, 6000

CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight. Admission, 10c.; Children, 5c.

Letters to a Wife

Before and After the Great Fire

SAN FRANCISCO, April 10th.

MY OWN PRECIOUS DARLING SWEETHEART: It is heart-breaking to be alone. Oh! how I miss you. I am afraid I cannot live until you return. But never mind me, love. I must console myself with the reflection that you are enjoying yourself. But do tell me that you miss me. That will soothe my feelings a little. Twenty thousand kisses with this. Your own passionate, loving, longing,

LOVEY DOVEY.

P. S.—Go the limit on the letter of credit.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 21st.

MY OWN DARLING SWEETHEART: Don't be alarmed, my dear; I'm safe. It was terrible, especially as you were not with me. And yet I was glad you were not here to experience it. Oh, I am so lonesome without you. But don't think of returning. The city is a ruin and it's terribly depressing. Everything will be all right as soon as I get my insurance. Don't worry about me. Ten thousand kisses with this. Your own
CHARLEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 2d.

MY DARLING SWEETHEART: Glad to hear that you've been enjoying yourself. Well, sweetheart, I, too, miss you, but the days drag along somehow. It's awfully dusty in town, but things look good to me. The old town will be itself again. I never seemed to know quite how much I loved you till the catastrophe with you so far away. A hundred kisses with this. Your devoted

HUBBY.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 21st.

MY DARLING: Glad to hear you like Paris. You mustn't worry about me, but keep down your expenses a little. I haven't received any money from the insurance companies yet. I'm writing in an awful hurry, so I must close with a kiss.

Affectionately,

CHARLEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 15th.

DEAR WIFE: Received your letter this morning. I'm afraid Paris is too expensive at this time, especially as one or two of the insurance companies have failed and the others are welching. Perhaps you had better come home. I'll tell the society reporters that you cut your trip short because of your loyalty to the city. It might help me in my business if they should say that you came home to help build up San Francisco.

Yours,

CHARLEY.

HOW DICTIONARIES ARE MADE

"There's a man that's committing armourcide."

"What do you mean?"

"He eats canned meats."

—The Philologist.

SUMMER RESORTS

Hotel Del Coronado

THE CORONET OF THE PACIFIC

All outside rooms. Every modern convenience provided. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Fine fishing. This magnificent hostelry is conducted on the American plan and is open the entire year. There is no better surf bathing in America than that at Coronado Beach. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Mgr., Coronado Beach, Cal.

H. F. Norcross, Gen'l Agt., 334 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

The Tallac

Lake Tahoe, Cal.

The numerous small lakes and streams adjacent make this resort headquarters for rod fishermen.

San Franciscans are especially invited to write for terms for their families.

M. LAWRENCE & CO., Tallac

WILLOW RANCH

Delightfully located in the redwoods, five miles from Santa Cruz; spring water; fruit; milk; excellent table; daily mail; telephone Suburban 87; free conveyance; \$7 per week. MRS. M. J. CRANDELL, Santa Cruz.

HARBIN HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

All kinds of mineral baths, tub baths, mineral medicated mud baths, natural mineral steam room and shower baths. Swimming tank.

Best water in the State for kidney, liver and stomach troubles, neuralgia, paralysis, rheumatism and skin diseases. Mountain trails. Best equipped gymnasium in the State. Fine vegetable garden, dairy and livery stable. All connected with hotel. Fine fishing close to hotel. Round trip ticket to springs, \$7. Write for booklet.

J. A. HAYS, PROP.

SOLID COMFORT HOME

1900 feet altitude; no fog; climate delightful; unsurpassed scenery; hot, cold bath; spring water; cement swimming tank, 40x80; telephone. \$7 week; stage meets train. Round trip to Napa, \$1.35. Schuler & Scheben, Napa, Cal.

MARK WEST SPRINGS

MRS. C. JUERGENSEN, Proprietess.

A place where you feel at home. Under new management. Delightful walks and other amusements. Variety of springs. Table first-class. Rates, \$12 per week or \$2 per day. Children, half price. Open for guests June 1st. Address Santa Rosa, Rural 6.

Garden City Sanitarium

(NOT A HOSPITAL)..

Receiving patients as usual. Cottage, rooms or tents. Write for literature. SAN JOSE, CAL.



Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request.

It is Well Known

that the proper place for a vacation
is in Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino or
Lake Counties, reached by the

California Northwestern Railway

AND THE

North Shore Railroad

You can stop at some mineral spring resort or private home in one of the pretty towns, rusticate on a farm or camp by some stream.

Call or write for "Vacation 1906" which will give detailed information showing terms for board \$7.00 per week and upwards.

Ticket Offices and General Office in Ferry Building, foot of Market St., San Francisco, California.

JAMES AGLER,
General Manager.

R. X. RYAN,
Gen. Pass. and Freight Agt.

CAMP VACATION

The tented park, beautifully situated on the Russian river, in the redwoods, is now open. Large dining-room, seating 250 guests; big dance pavilion, social hall. Boating, bathing, fishing, etc. Fine service. Table furnished with the best of everything. Write for accommodations. Address MRS. L. C. CNOPIUS, Vacation, Sonoma county, Cal.

VILLA FONTENAY

Under new management. Santa Cruz Mountains. Three miles from Glenwood. First-class table; bowling; electric lights; billiards; dancing-pavilion; clubroom; \$10 up; round trip \$3.00; free carriage.

RICE HARPER, Prop., R. F. D. 1, Santa Cruz.

Hotel Rowardennan

("Santa Cruz Mountains"), now open. Broad gauge trains to Santa Cruz, and narrow gauge from there direct.

WM. G. DODGE, Ben Lomond, Cal.

Complete comfort—the best thing we can say of the new hotel at

Witter MEDICAL Springs

LAKE COUNTY

It supplies every want—gratifies every wish. It is beautiful to look at—a delight to live in. Every hotel comfort you ever heard or dreamed of you'll find at Witter Springs. Rates: Old hotel and cottage rooms, \$12 per week. New hotel, \$14 per week and up. Mr. H. W. Wills, Ass't Manager of St. Francis Hotel, now has personal charge of the Springs Hotel.

WITTER MEDICAL SPRINGS CO.,

No. 563 Eleventh street, Oakland. Phone Oakland 7818.

Witter Water Cures Stomach Trouble

DUNCAN SPRINGS

Now open. Rates \$10 to \$12 week. Write for particulars. Address HOWELL BROS., Hopland, Mendocino county, Cal.

DEL MONTE OFFERS

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A PERMANENT HOME

THE COLONIAL

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Letters

A Familiar Story

"The Sin of George Warrenner" was primarily that of being too fond of his butterfly wife. In the language of an old frontiersman, "He'd oughter a-knifed her a little fust off." Warrenner was one of a numerous class of Americans. He was a broker's clerk, who worked hard all day in New York and came home at night too fagged out for anything but bed. On Sundays he was glad to sleep as long as possible and save an annual fortnight of vacation. The daily grind went on year after year. He had no illusions about himself, was a born high-private, and pleased to know he filled his place satisfactorily, was kind, generous and steady, fond of domestic life and convinced that there was not another house nor such a wife in the village of Slocum as his own. He denied himself everything, even the luxury of riding up from the station at night, in order that Gertrude should have the more. Gertrude too, was a type, not quite so universal as that represented by George, but still, too numerous for the good of the community. She could hardly be called frivolous, since she had not sufficient energy for frivolity, but she was abominably idle and useless. Such housekeeping as was done was left to the maid of all work, while she sat at the front windows and watched the street, idled over a book from the public library or went to card parties and lunches. Her schooling had ended at fourteen, but hers was not the type of mind to have absorbed more had she continued to attend classes until forty. Her one adjective of commendation was "elegant," and her one objection "common." By evening she was as tired out from her laborious work of killing time as her husband was from his office drudgery. Doubtless George Warrenner was all wrong in giving so much of himself to his employers that he had nothing left for his wife, but what about the wife, who was so devoted to herself that she could scarcely spare even a thought for him? Gertrude had been the village beauty, daughter of the village drunkard, and George the nephew and ward of the Episcopal clergyman, quite the most elegant gentleman that she had ever seen. When she was seventeen and he twenty-three they had married and at the end of eight years George was still very much in love with her and she with herself. Up to now everything had gone on smoothly, George giving everything as a matter of course and Gertrude accepting it in the same spirit. It might have gone on so to the end of time but for the return of the natives, a Mrs. Bellamy, her husband whom she had married abroad, and an unmarried brother. These were "the people," children of an old resident who had gone abroad in the diplomatic service, and whose lustre shone backward. Gertrude Warrenner, ignorant little provincial, felt in duty bound to call on the Ballamys. Her face captivated the idle, pleasure-loving and sensuous Paul McAllister, and the rest is easy. She fell, like a ripe peach, not because she was especially tempted, but because she was ready. Such women are usually excused because they are weak, but in reality they are of an amazing strength where their own pleasure is concerned. They recognize neither duties nor responsibilities to any one else, and the only thing that keeps them in check is the possibility that they may injure their own cause. Had Gertrude been thrown on her own responsibility, obliged to support herself in store, office or factory, she would not have lasted one week. As it was, in Slocum she had had heretofore, no opportunity, and she knew no other environment. Poor Warrenner, busy with his figures, was as blind as a mole. Off early and home late, he had no opportunities for observation, and mercifully, there were no tale bearers. As his prospects increased the wife's extravagance grew. More servants, a larger house, jewels, furs, Paris gowns, automobiles, so it went, and between lover and husband, the lady lacked nothing. Warrenner was essentially an honest man, but he did for his wife what others have done for more meretricious connections. He used the money

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of his clients, and found himself between the devil and the deep sea, obliged either to face the situation and go to prison or to abscond. Meanwhile, his loving wife imagined that she had but to intimate her willingness and McAllister would take her over. In this she was badly mistaken for he was only amusing himself in an expensive fashion. Gertrude had learned to wear clothes and to drink champagne, but she had not learned to talk, and her almost invariable commencement of any remark was still, "Sa-ay." Except in looks she was impossible, to use her own pet expression, "common." It was an ugly complication for Warrener, for it happened to be the McAllister-Bellamy funds that he appropriated, and just at this juncture he discovered the state of his domestic affairs, but not to go too deeply into the particulars, and spoil Miss Marie van Vorst's story, the last chapter shows the Warreners reconciled, and apparently, to "live happily ever after," George having duly repented of his not being more to his affectionate spouse. In reality the story only stops, for any one with an atom of common sense would expect Gertrude to reform only while she caught breath. It would have been exceedingly inconvenient for her to have been cast off, either through her husband's desertion, imprisonment or suicide, unless she had another provider. Nominally, she was saved from "the street" by his forgiveness, but is her type any better because, under cover of the home, they live virtually the same life? Experience might teach her how to manage her next affair better, but as long as she is going to profit, to have pretty things and good times, to dance and pay for the music, there is no use in looking for anything better. The pity of it is that their victims and dupes are not the Paul McAllisters, men of their own stamp, who have only vanity to be piqued, not honor to be wounded, but the Warreners, who would make good husbands and fathers for better women. Published by the Macmillan Company.

A Story of the Puritans

"The Vine of Sibmah" is a romance of the Massachusetts colony after the Restoration of Charles II. All of the principal characters leave England at about that period, some for one cause and some for another, and meet on the American shore, where they spin out the thread of their lives. The pious Puritans, however, are shown in a rather new light for a romance. Usually they are presented as casting long-eyes across the sea, yet turning resolutely to their tasks, with prayer and praise. This time we are introduced to them in the midst of their bickerings and persecutions, their small narrownesses, and aggressions. Nicholas Dexter, erstwhile a captain in the Parliamentary army, is first hero, and his search after the lady of his heart the main interest. The colonists, with their long prayers, wearisome arguments and eternal bickerings, do not make so angelic an impression here as they do in the school histories and the patriotic poems. Indeed though Dexter was of most valuable aid to them in teaching them how to build fortifications, and advising them to bury their petty differences and make common cause with the other white inhabitants of the coast, he, too, was glad to escape from their hospitalities and take his chances amongst the savages. It may be said that when there was no one else to persecute they turned upon each other. The real interest lies less with the actual characters than with this new presentation of the Puritan in fiction, as he really was, very far from being an archangel in cropped hair and small clothes, but a rather cantankerous, cross-grained, long-winded, self-sufficient

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egotist. It was hardly necessary to disguise Governor Endicott and Cotton Mather, since every child is taught betimes the story of the cutting out of the cross from the flag, and Mr. Cotton is as suggestive as the full name. Published by the Macmillans for Andrew MacKail.



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In Old San Francisco

(Continued from Page 9.)

the most popular resort in the city, the old Parker House having been destroyed by the first great fire, Broderick won. He took his seat in the Senate on January 24, 1850, and thereafter he never ceased to be active in politics, became more and more conspicuous every year among public men and party leaders. It was at that session of the Legislature that the celebrated Water Lot Bill passed, which gave to the city the property along the water front, and it was because he owned a large part of that property that Broderick acquired the wealth of which he died possessed. But Broderick held himself aloof from all schemes of doubtful character and his official conduct was never the subject of unfavorable criticism. Despite the general dissipation of the day he was temperate in his habits and simple in his mode of life, spending his leisure in the study of law until he was admitted to practice by the Supreme Court of the State. He was a man endowed with those qualities that fit men for leadership, and notwithstanding the austerity of his habits that so strongly contrasted with the spirit of the times, his followers grew in number every day. An episode in his career, during the second session of the Legislature at San Jose, served to illustrate the character of the man and is worthy of mention, being characteristic of the life of the period. It was an encounter with Ben F. Moore, of Tuolumne, a native of Alabama, tall, gaunt and with a reputation as a gun fighter. He was a veteran of the Mexican War and prided himself on his record on the field of battle. He was politically hostile to Broderick and the New Yorker never took any pains to conceal his contempt for the Alabama "Chiv." Each had expressed his opinion of the other. They met on a narrow board-walk leading from the old adobe building in which the Legislature met, to a building known as the Mansion House. Moore drew a pistol. At that moment Broderick assumed a bold front, bestowed on the Southerner a look of scorn and said: "Shoot, you ——— assassin—shoot! I am unarmed." Moore put back his gun and they parted. Somebody who had witnessed the meeting spread the news and Broderick's popularity was greatly augmented.

(To be Continued.)

Forbes—Lamper has lost his wife, but he seems pretty cheerful.

Sorbes—He always was a good loser.

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Vol. XIV. No. 724

San Francisco, July 14, 1906

Price, 10 Cents



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TOWN TALK

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Hearst Out of the Race

The greatest piece of news that Mr. William R. Hearst ever gave to the country was printed last Saturday, but not in a Hearst paper. Mr. Hearst kindly gave Mr. de Young's paper, the "Chronicle," a scoop and it was one of the biggest scoops the "Chronicle" ever achieved. It was the announcement that Mr. Hearst was not a candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1908, that he would decline to be considered a candidate, and that he was in favor of William J. Bryan for Democratic standard bearer. To get a proper conception of the importance of this announcement we must consider the widespread effect of the fear that has prevailed ever since the mayoralty election in New York and, as time ran on, the constantly growing intensity of the feeling of apprehension that Mr. Hearst would seek the Presidential nomination. Mr. Hearst was the bogle man of the capitalistic element, and of all the safe and sane conservatives of the Democracy. It was their great dread of him that inspired the new Bryan boom. It was because to them he appeared to be the embodiment of all the isms having for their object the revolutionizing of our industrial and political systems, that the great silver champion and erstwhile Populistic hero seemed by contrast to be a statesman of the conservative and conventional type. It was felt that there was only one way to beat Hearst and that was by uniting on Bryan, so a mighty shout for the Nebraskan was raised, and the most stentorian voices in the chorus were those of men that in the years ago looked upon the rabid exponent of an income tax as a wild-eyed idealist whom it would be folly to intrust with the reigns of government. And now we learn that there was really no occasion for a Bryan boom. Mr. Hearst was only fooling. It was his pleasure to frighten August Belmont and the other trust magnates of the Democratic machine. Hearst's withdrawal was the wisest move he ever made. That interview changed the whole aspect of the man. The sincerity of his utterances may be doubted; it may be said that he is playing the fox, and that he is allaying suspicion while crouching for a spring at the gubernatorial lamb in New York, but the fact remains that he does not purpose coercing the Democracy into giving him the nomination for President. And that was what his enemies feared. Nobody will object to his waiting to be summoned to the White House. Through that interview we see him now in the role of civic patriot, for he tells us that he has been active in politics for the purpose of curbing the aggressions of corrupt corporations and that he will always be ready to run for office as he did last fall to break up a political trust or a criminal combination between political parties. Meanwhile he

is for William J. Bryan for President and he will give great strength to the Bryan cause. That "Chronicle" interview was no doubt wired all over the country and it must have created a big sensation, especially among Republican politicians who were looking forward to a great row in the Democracy.

Newspaper Attitude in the White Tragedy

We are told that Stanford White was a very bad man, given to lascivious pursuits and lewd habits, but it has not yet been made clear that Harry Thaw had any right to assume that he was privileged to exercise the divine function of visiting vengeance on the transgressor. Nor, indeed, has the proof been forthcoming to support the infamies that have been attributed to the dead man. Immediately after the shooting White was represented to have been something in the nature of an unspeakable scoundrel, and it was vaguely hinted that he was the head and front of a scarlet coterie addicted to elaborate orgies in which girls of tender years participated. We were advised to expect terrible revelations of the shocking doings of the lecherous architect and his intimate friends, and it was reported that fear of exposure was the cause of a great exodus from New York. The inevitable Comstock, who is always to be relied upon when salacious history is being made, played into the hands of the reporters as usual, supplying material for dexterous innuendo respecting the depravity of the deceased. All that has been offered specifically in corroboration of the infamies charged against White is the unverified story of a gay dinner in somnolent Philadelphia at which he was the host. Comstock tells of a luxurious flat in which White held his lewd revels, but if the scenes enacted there were as bad as we are assured by the great guardian of public morals, then he is to blame for not compassing the punishment of the depraved visitors. In all probability White was addicted to flagrant immoralities, but that he was a pervert with a fondness for grotesque libidinousness or that he was a menace to public morals to any greater extent than thousands of other over-fed New Yorkers by whom the chorus-girl industry is promoted, we do not believe. And though the bereft community may not lament his violent removal, it is to be hoped that the newspapers and the Thaw millions will not succeed in palliating the murder by magnifying the delinquencies of the murderer's victim. In this connection we are reminded that when Harry Thaw shot Stanford White in the back and then accused the dead man of having ruined the life of Mrs. Thaw, the assassin's plea of justification was most eagerly accepted by the morbid sentimentalists of the press. The reason for journalistic espousal of Thaw's cause appears to be that such a course afforded pretext for exploiting the tenderloin side of his victim's career. Owing to the sensational character of the tragedy that involved a scion of the plutocracy and a man of great distinction socially and in his profession, the newspapermen felt the importance of responding to the call of public curiosity, and hearing that White was a man with a dark brown past, they joyously proceeded on the theory that there was strong provocation for the deed. It was upon this theory that they aroused expectation of the removal of the lid from a mass of feculence. All hands turned to and reviled the dead man, heaping obloquy upon the corpse with a most cold-blooded indifference to the feelings of the members of the White family, and appealing to the prurient minded by hinting at a tale of startling obscenities to come. In this case the newspapers have evinced that inclination to exaggerate the abnormalities of sexual depravity which is itself a symptom of moral perversion, and which was characteristic of the erotomania of the notorious Marquis de Sade, who, in addition to being a revolting degenerate, was a past grand master of pornographic literature in whose morbidly brilliant fancy originated many of the stories of ingenious diversions that characterized the immoral court-life at Versailles in the days of Louis XV.

Private Snaps in Public Office

The "Examiner" has discovered that certain appointees of Mayor Schmitz are supplementing public office with private snaps in a way that might lead them into the temptation of improving trade by the distribution of official favors. There was no undue haste on the part of the "Examiner" in bringing this state of affairs to public attention. Indeed, owing to the tardiness of the Hearst journal the news became stale before its delivery. Not only that; the conduct of which Mr. Hearst's vigilant journal complains, had ceased to be considered reprehensible, the reason being that the Administration was tried last November on the very charge now brought against it by the "Examiner" and received vindication at the hands of the people of San Francisco. The only accusation brought against Mayor Schmitz's official family which was supported by overwhelming evidence was that public office was exploited in the interest of private commercial enterprises. This accusation was made by a grand jury and was not deemed of sufficient consequence by the "Examiner" to deserve comment. In the teeth of that accusation Mayor Schmitz stood for re-election and the result should satisfy us that the people of this city are pleased to see their public officials give proof of thrift and exhibit a faculty for utilizing the power of office in improving their private business affairs. None but the ultra-scrupulous, morbidly conscientious and shockingly indolent official would neglect the opportunities afforded by public office in this city. The people of San Francisco have declared that public office is a private snap. There are perhaps some forms of graft to which they object, but if they believe it legitimate for a police commissioner to sell insurance to saloon-keepers, surely they do not draw the line at glassware. In the circumstances it would not be unreasonable to suspect the supervisors of demagoguery, for it would be eminently proper for them to engage in the business of selling railroad tracks and trolley cars, and yet they are doing little more than drawing their salaries. Clearly they are imbued with a desire to persuade the public that they are so attentive to their official duties that they cannot spare time for private business. And the demagogues of the Board of Public Works, to create the impression that official business occupies all their time, refrain from dealing in building material. If Mayor Schmitz doesn't look out this affectation of superior virtue in his official family will excite the prejudice of his most ardent admirers.

Building Graft

There is frequent repetition of the statement that the people of San Francisco learned a lesson in April last, the result of which will be the construction of substantial buildings in the future. Let us not be too credulous. Substantial buildings are not to be obtained merely by contracting for them. The person desirous of a substantial building cannot get one simply by paying the price. More important than the aim of the man with the price is the honesty of the builder, and the morals of builders were not improved by the earthquake. The character of buildings is not to be improved by building ordinances half so much as by legislative enactment designed to deter contractors from getting excessive profits out of their contracts. We have learned that buildings not of the most substantial character are a menace to life in this state, and that it is as important to discourage thieving contractors as to guard against assassins. Therefore the laws of this state are inadequate for the protection of its citizens if they do not contain stringent provisions in restraint of violations of the building ordinances. This is a matter that should receive the attention of the civic bodies. It is a matter of vital interest affecting as it does more than our material welfare, and it should be agitated

with a view to making public sentiment regard building graft as one of the most despicable of crimes.

A Silly Season Problem

That the "silly season" is upon us, is always manifest by the topics chosen for discussion and the symposia of the women's clubs. Just now it is the world-old, ever-new question, whether women appreciate each other or men best. The question is new to every generation and to each group which discusses it because the answer is as variable as the weather. It cannot be proved by mathematics or demonstrated by means of a diagram because it is dependent entirely on the mental composition of the individual in each case. Women appreciate some women and some qualities of womanhood better than men do, and on the other hand, men take a view of some things different from what is currently accepted by the other sex. In the matter of honesty, for example, women expect each other to tell "white lies," to dodge and twist and shirk obligations, and men accept the fact as a sex-limitation. Women do not "get along" with the odd ones who are unnecessarily scrupulous. They acknowledge that it simplifies matters to know that the word once passed, will be rigidly kept, that the bit of gossip retailed will not be passed along, and that the debt contracted will be paid, but it makes them uncomfortable. They feel there is a new standard set up, and the old one permits so many more privileges. Much of the so-called charity of women toward men who are not trustworthy in little things is the fellow-feeling that comes from mutual understanding. It is noticeable that the man who is a universal favorite with womankind seldom numbers many friends amongst his own sex, and that what they object to is little, intangible things which they can scarcely specify but which they must feel. There is an accepted illusion that women possess a sort of special sense of intuition which takes the place of reason and common sense, yet this divine gift is seldom of service in practical matters. Men's intuitions are just as quick and more keen, but a man seldom acts on an intuition. He checks his impression by facts, and balances it against reason. He "gives a fellow a chance," whereas, with women, it is thumbs down. The one especial occasion in a woman's career when her boasted intuition should come to her rescue is in her sentimental relations with men, yet any scoundrel who chooses to do so can cut a wide swath in society, and the instances where men have carried on a successful business career by marrying not one, but half a score of women possessed of a little property are too numerous to record. It is rarely that a best friend is of the other gender for the simple reason that long before the friendship has progressed that far it is changed for something else, but whether the

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Royalty Frowns on Charity Bazaars

King Edward has frowned, and the charity bazaar is out of favor in England. Doubtless the royal displeasure will cast its shadow even to our own shores, and for the time being we, too, shall be safe. Charity bazaars are to a certain extent necessary in the mother country, where no public provision is made for the support of hospitals, which are altogether dependent on private benevolence and the proceeds of entertainments engineered by Society with a large S. It is not the frequency of the affairs, nor even the high prices asked for trifling nothings which has provoked royal disfavor, but the fact that the titled ladies, who engineer them manage to steer such a comfortable percentage of the proceeds toward their own pockets that there is very little left for the institutions which are the nominal beneficiaries. The titled ladies expect, as a matter of course, to be remunerated for their trouble; at least, to have their expenses paid, and when their numerous cab bills and stationery bills, bills for luncheons, and other incidentals, are made good, when the young damsels who sell programmes and boutonnières are provided with frocks and slippers and ribbons, and the hired assistants who do the work have all had their daily wages, there is very little left. The royal family is of the opinion that matters should be managed more economically or else that some other method of raising revenue for deserving charities should be inaugurated. The English experience is not unlike that of our own country. If certain favored charities were benefitted by the theatricals, teas, bazaars, and other entertainments given nominally for them, they ought to be independent and self-supporting long before this, but the truth of the matter is that it is not charity but the desire to figure in some capacity in the public eye that is the incentive of most of these functions. Society women with a longing for the footlights are invariably the promoters of benefit performances. It is a cheap way of exploiting themselves. Charity entertainments are a wonderful institution—for those who get them up. It does not seem to matter much whether the titled dames of old England or the clever fakirs of our own country take them in hand, they are still governed by what the Spaniards call "the law of the funnel—the big end for me, and the little end for you."

Spenders and Savers

Some recently published statistics concerning Yale seniors disclose the fact that the students who lead the class spend an average of seven hundred and thirty-one dollars per year, while those in the rear rank average nearly twice as much—twelve hundred and forty-four dollars. Of course the next chapter is a discussion of the subject of how much a college senior ought to spend. As some philosopher once remarked: "Figures don't lie, but liars figure." A detailed schedule showing for what each dollar was expended might disclose the fact that the supposedly economical students were really as

extravagant as the presumably prodigal. Economy does not consist in the saving of money but in getting the full value of what is spent. It is possible to waste as large a percentage of a hundred cents as of a hundred dollars. The comparison instituted between the high and low students is the same as that which furnishes the food for editorial comment whenever some author of note dies leaving his family poorly provided for, if at all, and at the same time some tradesman's estate looms up to comfortable proportions. The immediate inference is that "literature" is not appreciated and for the body's good, if not the soul's, it were better to become a cheese-monger than to cultivate genius. The probabilities are, however, that each has enjoyed himself after his kind. The cheese-monger would have no joy of first editions, proof etchings, libraries, literary clubs and authors' banquets, and the literary man would stifle in the cheese shop. He would not live in rooms behind or over his business quarters, nor wait on customers in shirt sleeves and white apron, nor lay up his pounds and shillings in the bank in anticipation of early retirement and a suburban cottage with a bit of garden around it. Your author lives from day to day, while your shop keeper keeps something in reserve. It is a matter of temperament, not dollars, of preferring to enjoy now than later on. The students who can manage on seven hundred dollars a year may be driven by necessity. That may be all they can obtain, either by their own energy or from the parental purse, and they may be honorable enough not to go in debt. On the other hand, they may be lacking in the ability to enjoy what it takes money to pay for. High rank in class rarely means high rank in life. Because a student does not care for class honors it does not follow, as a matter of course, that he spends his allowance in dissipation. He may have a taste for collecting books and prints as well as sign boards, and he may, unostentatiously, give some other chap a lift, as well as pay police court fines. There is no great virtue in being poor. If one is born to the condition it is his life-long struggle to better himself. It is not love of the scholastic environment which sends poor youths to college to struggle along on small allowances, but the hope that their degrees will place them in positions where they can command good salaries. In a word, they are not in love with poverty, and they do without things either because there is no alternative or because they do not want them. A man who can afford to live and yet is content to exist is no greater inspiration than a spendthrift. Nor is a money-hoarder always the best citizen. On the contrary he is most frequently a Rockefeller.

NOTHING IN IT

The daughter of luxury railed. "What are riches?" she bitterly exclaimed. "They give me no real advantage. They buy me baubles, but what of that? After all—"

Her lip curled.

"—we must sit in the same gloaming with the meanest shop-girl and her company."

With an impatient shrug of her shoulders she beckoned to her gentleman friend to follow her. —The Parvenu.

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Perspective Impressions

Rev. Father Caraher says that he objects to the re-establishment of what was known as the Barbary Coast. No doubt he also objects to the infectious character of small-pox.

The scientists of the daily press think that they detect a belated wave of morality sweeping over the municipal Administration. It may prove to be merely an undercurrent of political expedience.

The Hon. Julius Kahn has written a comic opera. It will probably be entitled: "Running for Congress in a Burned District."

If May Sutton loses a few more matches we'll be inclined to remember that she's the daughter of a British army officer and wasn't born in California.

With nearly a three-months' thirst on San Francisco wasn't able to produce more than six drunks the day the saloons were opened. Perhaps the Demon-haters will now say that it takes more than twenty-four hours of steady drinking to develop a jag in the average well-seasoned San Franciscan.

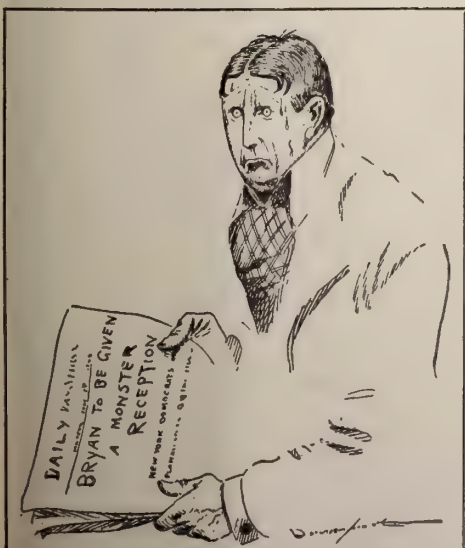
The Park Commissioners fear that it would be a violation of the Charter to permit church services in Golden Gate Park. To the higher order of intelligence, the intelligence capable of grasping the significance of the Beautiful, Golden Gate Park is itself one of the grandest of churches. It is there that we are confronted by much evidence of divine workmanship, evidence in which the cultured mind perceives cause for thankfulness, ground for hope, and an anchor for faith.

Another illusion dispelled: One Upton Sinclair, a novelist, has been basking in the limelight, as the exposé of the impurities of Packingtown, and his story, "The Jungle," has had a great sale in consequence, but when President Roosevelt sent the Hon. Albert Jeremiah Beveridge the pen with which the Meat Inspection Bill was signed, he wrote: "You were the man who first called my attention to the abuses in the packing houses."

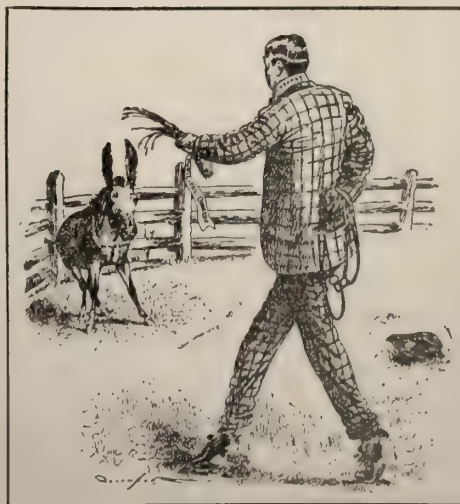
How shall we equalize the distribution of wealth is the question of the hour according to a magazine writer. Quite true. It has been the question of the hour during many centuries. It is not difficult of solution in theory; nor would it be in practice if human nature could be adapted to the desirable order of things.



THE DONKEY IN DANGER
—Davenport in N. Y. "Mail."



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH WILLIE?
—Davenport in N. Y. "Mail."



WHOA, MA'D.
—Davenport in N. Y. "Mail."

Artist Davenport, who was formerly a star of the Hearst journals expected to have a merry season cartooning his former boss, so he has probably been saddened by Mr. Hearst's withdrawal from the Presidential race.

In the World of Scepticism

[A Dialogue.]

By Theodore Bonnet

Milton: (Throwing down a magazine) I'm going to quit buying those illiterate monthly publications

Arnold: (Looking up from a newspaper) I should if I were you; they are becoming too sensational and implausible. I prefer the yellow journals; they're at least candid in their exaggeration, and as they deal with current happenings there's some variety to them.

Milton: Yes, and they don't discuss religion. Every magazine that you pick up nowadays has something about a heresy trial. At the present moment it's the Crapsey case that affords them the pretext for spreading before their readers the views of half-baked divines who are being mistaken for Christian ministers in various parts of the country.

Arnold: I didn't know that you objected to religious discussion. I rather like it. Higher criticism is instructive, you know, and enables us to approach the solution of great questions.

Milton: My dear fellow!

Arnold: That's the way I look at it. I've learned a great deal about the profound truths of religion by following the discussions that arise from time to time.

Milton: That's because your early religious education was neglected. My dear fellow, the higher critics of today are no nearer the solution of great religious questions than were the free-thinkers of two centuries ago. Higher criticism is based on a complete misunderstanding of religion. Its exponents are rationalists who forget that religion is emotional and spiritual. To be rational is to be merely human; it's the prerogative of the divinity to be mysterious and incomprehensible.

Arnold. I'm surprised to hear you talk like that. It's through the mind that God makes himself known to us.

Milton. Quite right and through the heart also. Our consciousness of a divinity does not come from reason alone.

Arnold: Then I suppose you object to the investigation by scientists of the problems of the universe.

Milton: Not at all. Science is the handmaiden of Religion. My objection is not to the scientific pursuit of truth, but to the pestiferous speculations of small-fry clergymen, those egotists of the pulpit who are forever employing themselves in reflection on the reconditeness of a text or the incomprehensibility of some step of Providence, and who are incapable of appreciating the scope and design of Christianity. If they were really actuated by benevolent purposes they would spend more of their time in the study of the perfection of the deity, the nature and excellence of virtue and the dignity of the human soul. I know of no greater bore than the pulpit pedant, no more dangerous factor in society than the minister ordained to preach the truths professed by the church which he represents, who gives the weight of his authority to repudiation of fundamental Christian dogma not because he knows it is untrue, but because it seems to him unreasonable. He reminds me of what Bishop Berkeley thought of the fly that he saw during a solitary walk in St. Paul's. The fly was on one of the pillars and it occurred to Bishop Berkeley that the insect was like unto the religious quibbler, for while it required some comprehension in the eye of the spectator to take in at one view the various parts of the building and perceive the beauty of symmetry and design, to the fly, whose prospect was confined to a small section of one of the stones of a single pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the functions of its parts, were inconspicuous, and nothing appealed to him but small inequalities in the surface of the hewn stone, which in the view of the

insect seemed so many deformed rocks and ugly precipices. Do you follow me?

Arnold: Oh, yes, I understand, but I don't altogether agree with you. I don't think a man should preach what he doesn't believe.

Milton: Neither do I, but a Christian divine who doesn't believe, should quit masquerading.

Arnold: I'm afraid you're something of a bigot.

Milton: That's because I'm a Christian. Christ was a bigot in the sense that he was intolerant of unbelievers. He placed his Apostles under the necessity of believing the most incomprehensible of mysteries, or retiring. If you don't believe it, read the sixth chapter of St. John. Moreover, he demanded of his disciples faith in all his teachings. And the Apostles were intolerant, too. They insisted on a sacred respect for all truths uttered by the lips of Christ. "Avoid them who corrupt the doctrine which you have learnt from Jesus Christ by our mouth," was one of their injunctions. Whenever a new heresy arose, they did not examine whether the doctrine denied was or was not fundamental, but it was sufficient that it was part of the treasure of faith, and the heretics were driven from the society of the faithful.

Arnold: Then you are in favor of men believing blindly in matters of religion!

Milton: Why not? They believe blindly in matters of science. It doesn't do us any harm to believe too much. The great danger is that we may believe too little. We make the mistake of thinking it smart to be incredulous, whereas the fool is the greatest of all sceptics. Our faith in most of the truths of science of which we have no technical knowledge comes from our intelligent conception of the universe and our intelligent contemplation of the obvious; to the fool this preparation for receptivity is impossible.

Arnold: Well, admitting that you are sound in your reasoning, which I do not, it seems to me nevertheless that it is the duty of a theologian to investigate as much as possible with a view to the solution of the obscure enigma of man's destiny. We place no restrictions on the scientist, why restrain the theologian from sounding the depths of the theology?

Milton: Now you're getting off the track. Nobody should object to the quest of knowledge touching man's destiny. The free-lance theologian engaged in that quest should have no strings on him. It is the hired minister, ordained to expound the doctrines of one of the jarring Christian sects, of whom I am speaking. He is employed to build up faith, not to destroy it. As soon as he makes up his mind to preach the untruth of an article of faith he is as much out of place in the pulpit of the church which he represents as the professor in a state university is out of place when he resolves upon advocating anarchy. The heretic is an intruder and to intrude is vulgar.

Arnold: Oh, pshaw! According to your way of thinking Christianity should be an unprogressive religion.

Milton: Exactly. To assume that Christianity should progress is to imply that the system of evolution operates in heaven. If Christianity is of divine origin it should not be in need of amendment. What was good enough for the Apostles should be good enough for us.

Arnold: But we are not sure just what was good enough for the Apostles. The higher critics are trying to find out. And for that purpose they occupy themselves with close study of the New Testament.

(Continued on Page 35.)

In Old San Francisco

By R. Francis Logan

[The first installment of this serial history was published last week.—Ed.]

The third session of the California Legislature convened at Vallejo, January 5, 1852. Vallejo was at that time a very ambitious village and was looking forward to the day when it would attain metropolitan proportions. But its hopes were nipped in the bud as early as 1852. At that time there were many sagacious and powerful politicians living in Sacramento and they were members of David Broderick's political machine. It was felt that if the Legislature met at Sacramento it would be easier for Broderick to carry out his political projects, so objection was raised to Vallejo as the seat of legislation and the objection was given a very plausible basis. It was said that the village lacked accommodations and the pull was exerted to persuade the legislators to move to Sacramento. The people of Vallejo rose in their indignation and protested, but in vain. Sacramento with its claims to superior facilities for law-making and its reputation for exceptional creature comforts won the day. The legislators packed their grips and moved up the river, and when they reached Sacramento David Broderick's friends suddenly hit upon him as a most desirable Senatorial candidate. But the boom was a little tardy. Too much headway had been made by the friends of John B. Weller and that gentleman captured the Democratic caucus and was elected to the office so ardently coveted by "Dave" Broderick. But the ex-fireman from New York was not discouraged. The Senate was the goal of his consuming ambition and to reach it he was resolved to concentrate all his energies in persistent effort; to achieve his object he was unremittingly active for years, and in the face of most discouraging odds he stormed the seemingly impregnable heights of the enemy, exhibiting a resourcefulness that was truly Napoleonic. He was not the most scrupulous of political adversaries but it should be remembered that he was trained in a school that neither matriculated saints nor claimed prestige as the alma mater of angels; also, that he was a man of little culture and had not been educated to believe that the perversion of political institutions was inconsistent with patriotic zeal. On the whole, however, he was a man of fine personal traits, loyal to his friends, incorruptible in public office and a stickler for honorable conduct in his private relations.

Upon the election of Weller, Broderick resolved to succeed Senator Gwin whose term was to expire in 1855. It was not long before Gwin learned of Broderick's plans, and then it was that one of the most eventful political contests in the history of California began.

William Mackendree Gwin, whose family has been since that early period prominent in San Francisco society, was a notable figure in the political history of the fifties. He was born in Tennessee, the son of a Methodist clergyman, and was educated for the medical profession, but became active in politics when quite a young man. He had the good fortune to have the friendship of General Andrew Jackson, and by him was appointed United States Marshal of Mississippi, an office of great responsibility at that period. During the administration of President Polk he was appointed Commissioner to superintend the building of the Customs House at New Orleans, but when he heard of the discovery of gold in California, he resigned the position and started for the Pacific shore. Dr. Gwin did not come in quest of gold. Like Broderick, he was animated by political ambition and he hardly touched foot on California soil before he opened a campaign for the United States Senate. In Gwin there were many of the elements that constituted the charm of Broderick's personality. Like Broderick, he was a man of powerful physique and irresistible magnetism. But Gwin

was the gentleman of polish and refinement, Broderick was the diamond in the rough. Gwin was a man of education and culture, but in craftiness he was no match for Broderick, and as a political organizer and manipulator the man from New York far outshone his rival from the South. It was by Broderick that Tammany methods were introduced in old San Francisco. The ex-chief of Tammany Hall perfected a strong system of organization in this city and even extended the sphere of his influence throughout the State, selecting lieutenants in every county. But he could not unite the Democracy, for at that time there were many men of Southern birth in California and the majority of them were followers of Senator Gwin. Indeed, the Broderick wing of the Democracy was in the minority, but odds were offset by the craftiness and audacity of the leader. The Southerners became very strong politically, during the administration of President Franklin Pierce, who distributed California patronage according to the suggestion of Senator Gwin. And it was at that time that the Southerners obtained their political clutch on public office in California. Broderick made political capital out of the circumstance of Pierce's partiality toward Southern Democrats and succeeded in arraying against the Gwin faction the Democrats from the North. Thus were factional differences embittered and hatreds stirred up that found expression in bloody strife in later years. When in 1853 Joseph McCorkle lost his seat in Congress through the election of Milton S. Latham, the incident almost led to several duels, for McCorkle was a Gwin partisan and Latham had deserted the Gwin faction and become a follower of Broderick. McCorkle and Latham had been friends and the former charged that he was the victim of duplicity. To make matters worse, Latham became McCorkle's rival in an affair of the heart and was twice triumphant, winning the hand of the lady of whom McCorkle was enamored. A little later McCorkle had a row with Senator Gwin that had its culmination in a duel with rifles. It took place just over the county line near Colma. It was agreed that they should fight at thirty paces, stand back to back, wheel and fire. After three unsuccessful attempts to shoot each other's head off, the seconds decided that honor had been satisfied and arranged an amicable settlement.

While Gwin controlled the Federal patronage, Broderick dictated the distribution of State patronage through his protegee, Governor John Bigler, whose renomination he brought about in 1853 against Richard Roman, the State Treasurer, a Texan and the idol of the Southern element. This served to intensify the bitterness between the Southerners and the Broderick faction. Immediately after the election, Broderick gave notice of his intention to wage his fight for the Senate during the session of 1854, one year in advance of the expiration of Senator Gwin's term. It was a bold scheme, and was denounced by the opposing faction as revolutionary and abhorrent to all precedent. It created a big sensation all over the union and excited speculation in Washington. Gwin's friends declared that it struck at the accepted spirit of the Constitution, but Broderick did not falter. He explained that so many weeks were consumed in a journey to Washington that if the election were postponed until the year of the expiration of Gwin's term, it might be impossible for his successor to reach the capital in time to take his seat. Of course the purpose of the plan was to have the contest decided by a friendly Legislature. It was suggested that the Senate would refuse to seat a Senator thus irregularly elected, but word came from high authority

(Continued on Page 32.)

The Spectator

Another Boost for Markham

"Of our true poets of the New World" says the editor of the "Arena," "Edwin Markham is, in our judgment, easily the premier." The editor of the "Arena" tells us that Mr. Markham has "that stamp of genius which is the hallmark of true poetry—imagination," and then he gives us a hint to the value of his judgment as a literary critic by referring reverentially to Lord Bulwer as the author of a masterpiece. The editor of the "Arena" reminds me of what Matthew Arnold said about Lord Macaulay,—that he lived in the Philistine's day. Edwin Markham is today the idol of the Philistines. One of the crimes that Ambrose Bierce will have to answer for some day is that he discovered that Markham could write poetry. Lesser critics having the courage of Bierce's convictions have been misunderstanding Markham's rhythmical prose ever since. Their laudation of Markham has been dictated by complete misapprehension of the nature of poetry. Markham has imagination but that is not the stamp of genius as the editor of the "Arena" tells us. Imagination is an action of the intellect of which every man is capable who is not an idiot. Imagination is merely the power of forming images. Every normal man has that power, but in the poet it must be accompanied by feeling and by the gift of sensibility and of susceptibility to the manifestations of spiritual and intellectual life. Poetry is something more than the embodiment in verse of the thoughts and scenes of human life. The poet may be a demagogue since it is his aim to appeal to the emotions after the manner of the popular orator, but Markham is merely a demagogue. He tries to treat poetically the fond illusions of the idealists among political economists, and writes metrical rodomontades like unto the one quoted in the "Arena" wherein he predicts that the coming labor leader will be "thrilled by the Cosmic Oneness" and will not say the unjust thing "Though every leaf were a tongue to cry 'Thou must!'" The force of which statement it is not easy to appreciate since the coming labor leader is not likely to spend much time in a forest. But Mr. Markham's verse is weak because his workmanship is uninspired and because he lacks depth and breadth of emotional capacity. He spends most of his time uttering nonsense of the kind to be found in some verse quoted in the "Arena" abounding in jingo sentiment addressed to America, whose fame the heavens are so anxious to hear that they "lean down."

Scheffauer's Missionary Work

Herman Scheffauer, whose correspondence from Europe has delighted the readers of "Town Talk," has not yet started for home, though it was his first impulse to return when he heard of the catastrophe. However, he is vindicating his loyalty to San Francisco in a way that should prove far more beneficial to the city than he could be were he at home. He is acting as a San Francisco promotion committee of one, and through him, since the fire, the readers of some of the European papers are learning more of this city than they ever knew before. His article in the "Daily Express," of London, was copied all over Europe, and he writes me that he received numerous letters asking for more information. A few days after the appearance of that article he received the complete plans of the City Beautiful from Mr. James D. Phelan and then he wrote about the city for a German paper. The July "Fortnightly Review" contains a long article from Scheffauer's pen, on San Francisco, historical in tone, and he supplied the July "Architectural Review" with a technical and architectural paper illustrated by original sketches.

Oxford and Plymouth

Scheffauer was at Oxford when he wrote. This paragraph may be of interest: "I'm spending a short time up here in this picturesque place of dead creeds and living prejudices. Have been attending special lectures and studying the life. It appears to me like an immense boy's school. There is little of the true scholastic spirit or the impetus of scientific research about the place—nothing compared with the German universities." In another paragraph he writes: "I've been down to Plymouth. From Plymouth, as you know, sailed forth the blue-nosed Puritans to make laws just as blue and to burn witches in Massachusetts. There is (would you believe it?) now formed in London a society called the Anti-Puritan League. Its object is to introduce the Continental Sunday of which the psalm-singers profess to have a holy dread." This paragraph is of peculiar interest. Less than a month ago, it was stated in an editorial in this periodical, that London showed signs of becoming intolerant of Puritanism and in a special article a week or two later, on the subject of a movement in Chicago to force the opening of saloons on Sunday, it was predicted that in time the Puritans would provoke open hostility that might lead to moral anarchy.

She's So Sympathetic!

I am glad that I have a sense of humor; it enables me to enjoy the stuff produced by society chroniclers who lack that sense—and any other. The dismal days that we have had have many a time been lightened by the effusions of the "Chaperon," whom I always depend upon to provide me with a Sunday laugh. And she improves with age. The awful impression made upon her by our rich losing some of their riches will never be effaced from her memory and when everyone else has forgotten, in the stress of building, the events of April, she will be joyously babbling on, telling of the sacrifices made by some of our hot ton. It is an actual fact, according to the "Chaperon," that "Any number of our women are doing every bit of their housework, and are even washing the dishes." By "our" women she does not mean the women in general of San Francisco, but the women of the particular set for which she is the cheerful Boswell. What the women in general do does not interest the "Chaperon," although her employer holds that the great plain people are the salt of the

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earth. To continue quoting this thrilling stuff: "They wear rubber gloves when there are many greasy dishes to clean, so that their hands are protected." Right here is where the common herd have the advantage of the smart-setters. In some of the refugee camps the food isn't substantial enough to grease the dishes, so rubber gloves are not needed. "But they are so happy, and don't seem to mind at all," she gushes along. It's not surprising, Chaperon. There's something in heredity, and it's not surprising that they are able to endure the work that their ancestors sang over a generation ago.

Mrs. Brannan's Story

It all reminds me of a story once told me by a wholesome and vigorous old lady, who was Irish, and whom I will quote: "Sure, we've always been poor, but Oi don't think the money would shpoll us as it does some. Now there is Mrs. Mulcahy, whose husband got so rich. She called on me wance—wance. She was very koinde, and when she was leavin' she says, 'Oi hope you'll be callin' on me, Mrs. Brannan. Me days are a-Chuesdays.' Oi lugged at her. 'Yer days are a-Chuesdays, are they, Mrs. Mulcahy?' says Oi, 'Well, Mrs. Mulcahy, it's meself that remimbers when your days was anny day that you wasn't out deliverin' the wash, with little Tommy troddlin' at yer hales, an' Pat workin' in the lumber yard.' A-Chuesdays!"

How Fortunes Were Affected

One hears a deal of speculation nowadays regarding the extent of the losses sustained by our richest families in the recent catastrophe, and some of the estimates of the present worth of those families are ridiculously low. Not one of our plutocrats is in danger of being enrolled among the inmates of the Alms House. There are several obsessed with the dread of being compelled to apply for admission to that institution, but that is their normal state of mind. They are merely the victims of an hallucination that is quite common among persons possessed of more money than they can take care of with ease. The millionaire who is reported to have been hit harder than any other is James L. Flood, a great deal of whose wealth was in Market street property, but it should be remembered that all Market street property was greatly enhanced in value in recent years, and that the holdings of all our millionaires were exceptionally profitable, and though they lost heavily so also did their riches increase rapidly during quite a long period preceding the fire. In some instances fortunes were doubled by the increase in real estate values, a circumstance over which our millionaires had no more control than they did over the fire, and now if their fortunes have been reduced one-half there is really no occasion for condolence. A Single Taxer would tell them that they are lucky to have before them the prospect of the unearned increment with the privilege of charging their tenants all that the traffic will bear.

The Parrott Estate

I have heard it said that George Whittell was a heavy loser, but George Whittell is today, perhaps, the richest man in San Francisco. Very little is known as to the size of his fortune, but people who have had an inkling to his operations in Wall street in recent years say that he has made some tremendously profitable deals. The Parrotts are numbered among the very heavy losers for the reason that they put on the brakes in a most ostentatious manner immediately after the fire. But the Parrotts are far from broke. Indeed the family is not any

poorer than it was ten years ago. The Parrott Building cost a million and a half, and was insured for only five hundred thousand, and there were many Parrott buildings in the heart of the business district that went up in smoke and that were not fully insured, but the Parrotts are big bondholders and they have made great profits in recent years. Indeed the estate has grown steadily ever since it was incorporated at the instigation of the late Robert Y. Hayne, who was one of the sons-in-law of Mrs. Parrott. Prior to that time C. de Guigne, who appeared to be Mrs. Parrott's favorite son-in-law, handled the estate in a way that did not please Judge Hayne and he advised incorporating. His advice was followed and thereafter all the sons-in-law, being directors, had a voice in the management. Now Captain Payson appears to be the leading financier of the family, and Mr. de Guigne is in the background. Captain Payson is the assistant to the president of the Santa Fe road, he is president of the Spring Valley Water Company, and he is active in the management of the gas company. In all those corporations the Parrotts have large interests. They have one million dollars worth of Santa Fe stock which should be sufficient to enable them to have claret for dinner for some time.

When the Count Saw the Figures

Since it was reported that John D. Rockefeller was preparing to break into the water trade in San Francisco it has been remarked that the Parrotts would be hit again, but the estate only owns a few shares of water stock. The Parrott money, to the extent of one million dollars is in the bonds of the water company. Among the other assets of the estate is one million dollars' worth of the stock of the Los Angeles Railway Company, which, by the way, came as a bonus for handling some of the bonds of that corporation. So there need be no anxiety over the Parrotts. Nor should there be any speculation regarding the income of the little Count de Tristan through whom the estate annexed a French title. That sprig of the French nobility is not likely to prove a very extravagant member of the family. He is not of the Castellane type. Before his marriage to Miss de Guigne he was permitted to see the trial balance of the Parrott Estate Company, and as he looked over it his eyes popped out.

"All dollairs?" he asked in a tone of mingled amazement and incredulity, feeling that possibly the figures represented francs.

"Yes dollars," said Mr. de Guigne.

And young de Tristan gave a long, low whistle.

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Hawthorne Wants to Know

Mr. Julian Hawthorne desires Mr. Kipling to tell us whether journalism is the best nurse for literary genius. And he suggests that journalism and literature are probably not far apart because in journalism one must tell the truth and tell it succinctly. The libraries are full of far greater authorities than Kipling on the literary art from whom Mr. Hawthorne may learn that because journalism deals principally with the truth succinctly told, it is far apart from literature. There are some very fine samples of literature dealing with the truth succinctly told, notably the Bible, but as Mr. Hawthorne calls on Mr. Kipling for enlightenment we infer that he does not mean that kind of literature, for the literature to which Mr. Kipling devotes his art is that which deals with the emotions through the imagination. Any experienced journalist will tell Mr. Hawthorne that journalism is not a nurse for literary genius, that on the contrary the business is of an anti-literary character. Mr. Kipling became a literary genius despite his journalistic training. And so did other distinguished lords of language. It is not proof of literary ability, as Mr. Hawthorne seems to think, that a newspaper man rises to the dignity of a contributor to the magazines. There are many newspaper men, who do not write for the magazines and who have the ability to do far better work than much that is to be found in the pages of the monthly publications. But literary gifts, which, under proper encouragement, would yield good results, become perverted in the daily grind of newspaper work. Few news writers are given the time to impart a literary flavor to their work. And even though a reporter were able to cultivate purity of diction, he would find the blue pencil fatal to charms and graces of style. Only the stars of the staff are permitted to do fine writing. But it is principally because journalism has a tendency to blunt a man's sensibilities that it is unfavorable to the development of literary genius. The reporter is brought into professional relations with poverty, suffering and crime, and he is trained to resist shocks, to view the tragedies and comedies of life with a philosophical eye and with coolness. He must be a keen observer but not so much for the purpose of registering impressions as to narrate the bald facts. The sensitiveness essential to successful achievement in the literary art is not encouraged in journalism. Mr. Hawthorne tells us that Mr. James Creelman was once in journalism but is now in literature, the transition having been made out through the door of a newspaper office and in through the portals of a magazine sanctum. That is one way of becoming a literary genius. Mr. Creelman writes well, too, we are told. But rhetorical deftness, the graceful shaping of utterances is merely the mechanical portion of the literary art. Saint-Beuve said of the Abbe Gerbet that he had naturally the flowers of speech, the movement and rhythm of phrase, the measure and choice of expression, all, in short, that made a talent for writing, and yet that he rose only a little above mediocrity.

The Awful Bonanza

The Friendly Club, which hasn't missed a meeting since the fire, held its monthly dinner in a Washington street restaurant on the day the saloons opened—a saloon, by the way,

being part of the restaurant. "We are here," said "Billy" Burke, the sire, "at the drawing of the cork." Appropriately "Wine" was the topic, and it brought out good talks—also verses read by Burke on that terrible drink known as a "bonanza." The authorship of the verses is unknown, but the merit of them is unmistakable as will be seen by the following description of what happened after the "bonanza" began to work:

"When next again we sallied
Into ye crowded street,
'Twas arm in arm we wandered
And lifted high our feet;
The while ye gracious pavement
Rose up our soles to meet

"The third time that we issued
From that accursed den,
A change was wrought within us,
Defying tongue or pen;
Each fireplug seemed a hogshead,
Each man looked like to ten.

"And still a fourth bonanza
Each poured into his face;
Which caused ye mighty buildings
All 'round about to chase,
And made ye streets and alleys
Tie up and interlace.

"Anon ye swaying sidewalk
Grew rife with wriggling things;
With lobsters, pterodactyls
And toads with fiery wings;
With blue and greenish devils,
And snakes with twisted stings."

It was the first dinner held in the burned district, and the lawyers, custom house officials, and newspaper men who make up the club, agreed that the memory of the unique and unparalleled surroundings of their banqueting place would never leave them.

When Mrs. Brown Played Golf

Mrs. R. Gilman Brown is still winning cups on the golf links. The other day she defeated Mrs. Walter Martin on the Burlingame links, winning the Crocker Cup, and our provincial aristocracy were out in force to encourage the repre-

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sentative of the suburban colony. I am reminded that back in 1901 Burlingame resented the superior athletic ability of Mrs. Brown, who was a resident of San Rafael and not of the inner circle of the San Francisco Four Hundred. In those days when Mrs. Brown showed good form in the tournaments at Burlingame and Del Monte the aristocracy behaved rudely. Some of the scions of our best families exhibited an atavistic tendency, and the veneer acquired in but a single generation proved insufficient to keep instinct from showing through. At Burlingame where Mrs. Brown defeated her opponent after a very hard contest the spectators gave such emphasis to their displeasure that her feelings found expression in tears. But grit and determination carried her through. A few days later when she had another Blingum pet for an opponent, one of the elect, strenuous efforts were made to shatter her nerves. When she appeared on the links for practice the aristocracy withdrew as if to indicate that they did not approve of her presence, but when the contest was begun they crowded round and butted in until the officials were obliged to lay aside their deferential politeness and force the women to stand back. Every stroke of Mrs. Brown's opponent was loudly applauded, but Mrs. Brown's superior playing was observed in silence.

Gossip From Los Angeles

Los Angeles has no candidate for Governor. This forbearance is unique in the history of Los Angeles, but all the job-chasers of the Citrus Belt are not dead. In waiving its perennial claim to the gubernatorial job Los Angeles will modestly set forth the preeminent qualifications of certain citizens for some of the minor offices. Carlos Smart is to be boomed for State Printer, W. S. Kingsbury for Surveyor-General, and School Superintendent Hyatt, of Riverside, for State Superintendent of Public Instruction. So political ambition is not altogether dead in the southland. At present the people of Los Angeles are getting interested in a non-partisan movement which is receiving the enthusiastic support of most of the political hacks that have outlived their usefulness in both of the regular political organizations. The Los Angeles "Examiner" is supporting the movement, but the Hearst paper recently lost prestige through the indiscretion of the resident publisher in agitating the indelicacy of holding the Shriner celebration there immediately after the San Francisco catastrophe. He protested so persistently that the affair was called off, and the people of Los Angeles grew furious. It's high treason in Los Angeles to obstruct the flow of the tourist trade, and consequently the publisher of the "Examiner" was looked upon as a menace to the prosperity of the community. He tried to make amends by vociferous shouting for the state conventions and he devoted nearly the whole paper to interviews with citizens who were heartily in favor of holding the conventions in Los Angeles. But the politicians had made other arrangements. It is said that while the publisher of the "Examiner" was perspiringly quirming out of his predicament the risibles of Editor Otis were so violently titillated that he was seized with a fit of hysteria which might have proved fatal had it not been for the prompt attention of a corps of physicians and a regiment of nurses.

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Either our newspapermen lost their memories in the earthquake or else there is a brand new generation in charge of the dailies. A week or two ago we were told that the heroine of the trunk mystery was the first woman in California to be convicted of murder in the first degree and adjudged fully qualified for central figure in a hanging bee. Nobody on the paper in which that statement was made recalled the killing of Lawyer Crittenden on an Oakland boat. True the lady was not hanged, but she was given a second trial and that is probably what will happen to the heroine of the trunk mystery. A few days ago a woman was naturalized by Judge Kerrigan and a morning daily pronounced it "the first case of its kind." The same thing was said when Lily Langtry was naturalized out here preliminarily to suing her husband for a divorce, and at that remote period the papers were speedily furnished with lists of her predecessors. Perhaps the original naturalized California woman was Julia Canty. Every traveler who had occasion to stage over the Sierra Divide from Oroville twenty-five years ago will remember the gorgeously framed naturalization certificate which bore the name of Julia who was a great local celebrity. Reporters will please remember that there is nothing new under the sun.

A Dearth of Labor and Material

The insurance companies are not the only factor in restraint of the rebuilding of San Francisco. The great problem calling for solution involves the getting of labor and material. If it were not for the inaccessibility of both, many substantial buildings would now be in course of erection. I have heard numerous complaints from property owners, who have received their insurance money, of the dearth of labor and material, and yet the labor unions have been circulating reports in the East to the effect that mechanics cannot find work in San Francisco. William S. Wood, the attorney, of the firm of Lloyd & Wood, is one of the many citizens who have their insurance money in bank waiting for the chance to spend it. Wood was the owner of a building at the corner of Kearny and Merchant streets, opposite the Hall of Justice, and he has had designs drawn for a new three-story building. By the way, Attorney Wood was in the Virginia City fire, one of the great conflagrations of this country's history which appears to be no longer thought worthy of mention when big fires are being discussed. Virginia City, Nev., was destroyed by fire in 1875, and not only was the town wiped out but also most of the ore mills and mining plants. The total loss was seventy-five millions.

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Mar. 15, '03 . . .	2,232,582 94
Sept. 15, '03 . . .	2,629,113 39
Mar. 15, '04 . . .	3,586,912 31
Sept. 15, '04 . . .	3,825,471 71
Mar. 15, '05 . . .	4,349,427 92
Sept. 15, '05 . . .	4,938,629 05
Mar. 15, '06 . . .	5,998,431 52
June 18, '06 . . .	6,650,555 84

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Grilled in His Brother's Paper

United States District Attorney Robert Devlin has the unique distinction of having been given a severe personal roast by a paper at the head of which his brother's name appears as managing editor. The Southern Pacific Company has an exclusive franchise along the Sacramento water front, and other railways are trying to induce the city trustees to let them in on the privilege. Devlin appeared before the trustees as a protestant against the granting of any more franchises, and for this was attacked by the "Bee" in an editorial which did not spare his feelings. He was denominated a Hessian, working, for hire, against his native town. Whether E. J. Devlin wrote the editorial I do not know; but his position as managing editor, conspicuously announced at the head of the editorial column, makes him largely responsible. However, the brothers are the best of friends. For that matter, Attorney Devlin is very friendly with Charles K. McClatchy, editorial proprietor of the paper. The "Bee's" action in the matter sustains McClatchy's reputation for having no hesitation in roasting any one, friend or foe, whom he considers in the wrong.

Eastern Sentiment With Us

Some of the delinquent insurance companies have lately been changing their attitude toward their policy-holders. They have abated somewhat their contemptuous and arrogant tone and are meeting their creditors more than half way. Perhaps their present disposition may be attributed to the circumstance that their conduct is being watched in the big Eastern cities. Stories of the unfair treatment to which the people of this city have been subjected have been circulating throughout the country, and the companies have been warned against "welching." A sample of the sentiment prevailing in the East is to be found in a letter to the editor of the New York "Sun," signed "Merchant," and published in that influential journal July 7th: "Sufficient time has now elapsed since the conflagration for a fairly accurate judgment to be formed as to the intentions of the insurance companies regarding their losses in the burned city. Some of these companies, I understand, give indications of meeting their losses fairly, squarely and as promptly as the tremendous difficulties of adjustment will admit. Others seem to have decided that the longer they can put off the day of settlement the more they will save out of their losses. There is no doubt that by deliberately postponing their adjustments, under one subterfuge or another, and so wearing out the patience and remaining resources of the insured, these companies will effect settlements on a basis very favorable to themselves but iniquitously unjust to the insured. That these companies should thus get away with their stolen goods without punishment would be a perpetual shame to the business communities of other cities. We cannot tell when our turn may come, and one dark day we may be appealing to other cities to help us enforce justice from the insurance companies, to whom we have for years past been paying premiums sufficiently remunerative for the acquisition of huge surpluses, presumably set aside for just such emergencies as the present. Now is the time, therefore, for prompt and vigorous action to be taken by New York, Boston, Chicago, and other great communities with the view of compelling these defaulting companies to disgorge the assets which the merchants of every country have built up for them, and so give San Francisco a chance to go ahead. The time has come for such organizations as the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants' Association of New York and similar institutions

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other cities to take a hand in the matter and demand that justice be done. The time has come for the press of the country to turn on the current and direct its mighty power toward San Francisco. The time has come for every commercial interest in the land—and to start the fight no higher motive need be appealed to than that of self-interest—to unite in exacting a square deal for San Francisco. I have personal knowledge of several merchants in New York who would gladly cancel their policies in every insurance company which in the San Francisco matter has shown indications of intentional dilatoriness, doubtful compromise or technical trickery. These merchants await some reliable data on which they can base such action with the minimum of risk of doing injustice to any particular company. The data should be collected and condensed by the representatives of the press at the spot, and should be widely disseminated by the newspapers and commercial institutions, so that merchants all over the country could in self-protection revise their insurance lists, pruning out such companies as might, in the light of the San Francisco experience, be fairly considered poor risks from the point of view of collection in the event of fire."

The Unwritten Law

"Thaw fulfilled a law as old as the world," says the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory in the "Examiner." Wrong again, Tom. Is the law against homicide that's as old as the world; and from the beginning, or, at least, as far back as tradition goes, vengeance was the exclusive prerogative of the divinity. The unwritten law of which the un-Christian Cleric writes, involves a principle that in certain pagan countries was recognized as the law of the land. The man that murdered his wife's paragon did not have to invoke an unwritten law, but he was not privileged to deliberate upon the advisability of wreaking vengeance. He had to catch the villain in the act and then it didn't matter much whether he selected a vital spot in his victim's back in which to inflict the fatal wound or faced the traitor of his wife like a man. The wisdom of the ancient method is apparent. For murder committed in the Pagan fashion revealed the motive and was its own justification. The Pagans knew the ways of a married flirt. They knew that some women are fond of exciting the jealousy of their husbands and sometimes are enraged by the scorn of a man for whom they have conceived a grand passion. It isn't safe, the ancients knew, to live in a country where it is the privilege of a man to shoot you in the back in a theatre. But even conceding that the principle of which the Rev. Gregory writes is embodied in an unwritten law, none but the most morbid sentimentalists feel that it should apply in the case of Harry Thaw.

Mrs. Oelrichs's Economizing

"Mrs. Oelrichs was hit so hard by the San Francisco catastrophe," writes a correspondent from New York, "that she has been compelled to cut down her household expenses. She will not open Rosecliffe, her famous Newport cottage, this summer because it is too expensive. She is now occupying a more modest home on Cottage street. But her sister, Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, is going to do some big splurging, for she is to be queen of Marble House, the great Vanderbilt mansion, which was the home of the Duchess of Marlborough the days before the sensational Vanderbilt divorce suit.

Rosenthal Succeeds Harrison

An event of considerable interest to marine insurance and shipping circles was the appointment of Mr. Louis Rosenthal to the position of General Agent of the Thames & Mersey Marine Insurance Company, Ltd., recently vacated by Mr. William Greer Harrison. This is a very fine agency and was coveted by all the leading insurance men in the city, but after Mr. Cross, the visiting representative of the company, looked over the field, he concluded that the man he wanted was Mr.

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When McCalla Was Courtmartialled

Few people remember that Rear Admiral Bowman McCalla, who was placed on the retired list the other day, was once courtmartialled and sentenced to dismissal from the navy. A correspondent reminds me of the unfortunate occurrence: "He was in command of the sloop Enterprise on the Asiatic station, in May, 1890, when an enlisted man, who was drunk, was brought before the mast and reprimanded by the commander. In his rage he cursed McCalla, and the latter lost control of himself and struck the man with his sword. McCalla was denounced from one end of the country to the other. He was courtmartialled and sentenced to dismissal from the navy. In view of his record, faithful and excellent up to that time, the sentence was mitigated to three years' suspension and a heavy loss of numbers. In a year and a half the suspension was removed and his uniform was restored. An ordinary man might have been broken by such a record, but those who knew McCalla said he would clear his name yet. The Spanish War gave him his chance. Gallant conduct and bravery were the means. Before hostilities began he was in command of the cruiser Marblehead down at Key West. Long before the war ended most of the jackies apparently forgot her name, for she was referred to only as "The Tub of Blood." That was because McCalla had taught his men to shoot as no sailor men in the American navy had been taught before. Day in and day out they were shooting at marks, and when he reported for war duty it was the boast of his crew that they could hit a fly on a mark miles away. When the blockade started McCalla began to get busy. No officer in the navy showed such activity. He was here and there and all the time turning up in unexpected places. Every one was nervous, and before long the ships of the American fleet got the habit of shooting at McCalla in the night before they found out who he was. He remarked once that he was mighty glad that none of the other ships could shoot like his."

McCalla Was Boss

"McCalla seized Guantanamo Bay with the Marblehead and held it for the regiment of marines under Huntington. The possession of that bay was the salvation of the navy. It gave it a coaling place. The camp of the marines was named for McCalla, and he was recognized, even by superior officers, as absolute boss in those waters. He was Admiral, General, harbor master, press censor, health officer, postmaster, light-

house keeper and whatnot. He kept potting at the Spaniards on shore long before the marines came, and when he got control of the situation he kept that station healthy and active every minute. McCalla never slept in his cabin, but always on a mattress in his pilot house. He allowed his officers to have no more privileges than his men. When other folks would be resting he would be digging up mines. He trusted the newspaper men, and they came to trust him and to become his lasting friends. His men grew to idolize him. When his ranking officers came to Guantanamo none of them ever thought of questioning his supremacy in and around his bailiwick. Whatever McCalla said went. Then he soon found a way to render prompt and conspicuous service in the hunt for Cervera. Schley had arrived before Cienfuegos and lay there for nearly three days trying to find out if the Spanish fleet was inside. McCalla and the "Tub of Blood" came along. McCalla had taken some insurgents on board, thinking that he could use them. He promptly set them on shore and in less than six hours he was able to report that Cervera was not in Cienfuegos and that Schley could go on his way. McCalla, you see had a way of doing things. When Cervera's fleet came out of Santiago for its run for life, McCalla was down at Guantanamo. The news was flashed down by signal that the Spaniards had escaped. McCalla got busy. He had his own ship and one or two light-house tenders, but he said:

"The enemy has escaped. Let's go out and capture them."

It was a keen disappointment to him that he was unable to find those Spaniards and bring in the entire fleet of Cervera.

"So gallant had been McCalla's services in the war that President McKinley promoted him and recommended an advance of six numbers in rank. The unfortunate Sampson-Schley controversy held up his advancement with that of others. In order to give McCalla at least his deserts President McKinley, in March, 1900, pardoned him for his mistake of ten years before and restored him to his proper number, the one he would have kept had he not been disciplined. McCalla's good name was restored; he had earned it by brilliant service."

His Record in China

"Then came the Boxer troubles in China, and there McCalla added to his reputation. At the first sign of trouble he was sent to Taku. He got up to Tientsin and Admiral Kempff sent him to Pekin with a force of fifty marines. McCalla got there all right and came back. These marines helped to save the day later. Trouble increased and McCalla was put on shore with 112 bluejackets and marines from the Newark. The naval forces of the other nations soon began to arrive, and Admiral Seymour of the British navy took command of the allied forces. Pekin was cut off and appeals

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for help were smuggled through. The allied forces of 2,000 marines and bluejackets started out for Pekin. It wasn't long before they were checked. It was proposed to quit. McCalla said:

"I do not know what you intend to do, gentlemen, but I intend to try to save my legation."

"That settled it and the march went on. Fight after fight followed until, beaten back, the force had to retire. McCalla was wounded three times in the fighting, in the arm, the thigh and scalp. He would not give up until forced to do so. The Americans lost nine killed and twenty-nine wounded on that expedition. Admiral Seymour, of the British navy, was so impressed by McCalla that in a letter to Admiral Kempff, of our navy, he wrote: 'I can not conclude my letter without expressing to you, sir, the high admiration I have for Capt. B. H. McCalla, who accompanied us in command of your officers and men. Their post was usually in the advance, where their zeal and go were praised by all. I regret to state that Capt. McCalla was wounded in three places; but considering the gallant way in which he exposed himself, I am only equally surprised and thankful that he is alive.' During his stay on this coast Admiral McCalla has won the esteem of many people, and those who have come to know him well regard his personality as typical of the best in the traditions of the navy. By the way, one of his acts, significant of the character of the man, was the founding of a clubhouse for the jackies and marines in Vallejo, with the prize money won by him in the Cuban Campaign."

Vogelsang's Canary

I'd rather be a canary, and sing to Charley Vogelsang, than an eagle piercing the blue vault of heaven. The eagle is glorified in song and story, of course; but he doesn't get the fond personal attention that Vogelsang bestows on his canary of his, yclept "Bill." Bill is the apple of Charley's eye, and he mothers it as a doting parent does his infant. He has taught it to perch upon his nose and lips, to teeter perilously on the tip of his beard, or upon his shell-like ear. It contributes to the entertainment of all visitors to the Fish Commissioners' office in the Ferry Building. There's no escaping knowledge of Bill's presence. The minute a visitor enters Vogelsang begins lauding Bill and putting him through his paces. An attempt is made to talk business, but Vogelsang's gaze wanders to Bill, whose every movement he watches with solicitous and admiring eye.

"They dynamited the river and killed four tons of fish—"

"Say, look at Bill. Isn't it great the way he perches on the back of that chair? Here, Bill, balance on my whiskers. Careful now—"

"And we arrested the whole lot of them and the judge fined them—"

"Look at that, will you! Ever see anything like it? It's astonishing how much that bird knows. Let me tell you what he did the other day."

"But about that dynamiting—"

"O yes—the dynamiting. Is poor Bill hungry? Well, Bill shall have his dinner." And in his absorption Vogelsang forgets all about the dynamited fish. He lives for Bill, and if Bill should die first—if a cat should catch him, for instance, or if a seed should get lodged in his little inside, or if he should drink some unboiled water—there's no telling what terrible effect the disaster would have upon Vogelsang.

Removal News Tabu

Oakland had a dream, after the fire, of taking San Francisco's place, and the delusion was fed by the action of many big firms in taking up quarters across the bay. Time showed that the move in many instances was only temporary—yet the Athenians hate to be awakened, and are zealous in suppressing "back to San Francisco" news. After the fire the Allis-Chalmers Co. took rooms in the Blake-

Moffitt Building, Eighth and Broadway. Recently the firm decided to come back to this side of the bay, and in order that the public might know of its move, had a big cloth sign put up on its temporary quarters—"We are moving back to San Francisco." The sign had been in place about two hours when the head of the firm was waited upon by the agent of the building, who said: "That sign will have to come down."

"Why?" was asked.

"Well," was the reply, "we don't care to have our building used as a place for the announcement of the removal of any firm from Oakland to San Francisco." So the sign came down. However, Alameda county has gained substantial growth, and it is safe to predict that before long the two largest cities on the Pacific coast will be situated on San Francisco Bay.

Mrs. Dickman Married

An interesting piece of news came to me through private correspondence late last week, of the engagement of Mrs. Grace M. Dickman and Clarence Eddy. As they were to be married Tuesday of this week, the news of that event, though it was scheduled to take place in New York, will, in all likelihood, be published in the dailies before this paragraph makes its appearance. For both Clarence Eddy and Mrs. Dickman have numerous friends in this city. The former is the well-known organist and Mrs. Dickman was formerly the wife of Charley Dickman, the gay Bohemian Club artist from whom she was divorced several years ago. She was a church singer with vastly more art than is to be found in the average church choir. The marriage was to take place at the residence of a Mrs. Macdonough, a friend of Mrs. Dickman, and the honey-



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moon is to be spent at Lake George, Saratoga, Thousand Isles, and Montreal. Next year Mr. and Mrs. Eddy will make a concert tour of Australia.

Our Pioneer Library

The Mechanics'-Mercantile Library will open its reading rooms about the first of August, in temporary quarters on the old Pavilion site at the corner of Polk and Grove streets, where they are having erected a one-story building sixty feet by a hundred and twenty, ample space for the present. Only two thousand volumes, of all their vast collection, have been saved, those being in the hands of subscribers who were not burned out. A large consignment of new books is on the way, and it would not be a bad idea for people who have files of magazines which they will never have bound, or books they do not especially value, to donate them to the Pioneer Library of New San Francisco. It is the intention of the trustees to rebuild on their old site, 33 Post street, and had it not been for the dilatory tactics of the insurance companies they would have made their first move ere this. Before the disaster, the library just added by consolidation over four hundred thousand volumes, many of which can never be replaced.

The Last Straw

There is a very aristocratic Englishman residing on the hills above Millbrae. He has a shooting lodge there modeled upon the most approved places of his own country. Evidently his income, however, is not equal to his ideas of style. Recently he hired a small boy of the neighborhood to act as groom. The boy worked with energy but, at the end of a week, when his small wage was given him, he resigned. His employer could not imagine the reason why the lad should quit his service, and pressed him for an explanation. "Well," said the boy, "you hired me for a groom. I didn't mind being stable boy too. When your wife sent me on errands I didn't mind, and I didn't kick when I had to answer the door-bell and wait on table. But when your wife made me sweep and dust the parlors, I kicked, for let me tell you—I ain't no mid-wife."

Crosses Worth Talking About

How many San Franciscans are aware of the fact that one of the present wonders of the world is a feature of Golden Gate Park? Not many, I am sure. The wonder to which I refer is the Prayer Book Cross which was the object of a recent Episcopal Church commemoration. It is by far the largest cross in the world and in some respects the most notable piece of stonework on the American continent. It is constructed of blue sandstone from Colusa county, which withstands a crushing test of from nine thousand to twelve thousand pounds a square inch. The cross itself is fifty-seven feet in height and is mounted on a solid stone pedestal seventeen feet six inches square and seven feet high. It is composed of sixty-eight separate pieces, aggregating in weight six hundred thousand pounds. The arms are composed of eight pieces weighing twenty-four thousand pounds, making a total of one hundred and ninety-two thousand pounds. Ten of the stones which enter into the composition are larger than any stone in the great Pyramid of Cheops. The Prayer Book Cross was the gift of the late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and was unveiled on New Year's Day, 1894. The first cross to be erected in what is now the City and County of San Francisco was that fixed by Father Palou and Captain Rivera on the rocky summit of Point Lobos, three hundred and eighty feet above the sea. The ceremony took place on Sunday, December 4, 1774, at high noon, the priest recording that "up to this time this locality had never received the footprint of Spaniard or any Christian." Two years later, on March 28, 1776, six months before the foundation of the Mission of St. Francis de Assis, another cross was erected overlooking the

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sea. This was placed by Father Foret and Colonel Juan Bautista de Anza "where nobody had ever been before," on the summit of the rocky promontory of La Punta del Cantil Blanco, known to the present generation as Fort Point. The height was then ninety-seven feet above the sea level, but about the beginning of the Civil War it was cut down by United States engineers and the brick fort erected. At the foot of the cross Colonel de Anza and Father Foret buried an account of their expedition, and later on the location was occupied by a Spanish battery of ten guns, so that, from the first the point has been recognized as a valuable military possession. The cross which surmounts the summit of Lone Mountain is also worthy of note in these days of the destruction of landmarks, though it is not the first one placed there, that having been destroyed a few years ago in a fire set by mischievous boys in the neighboring brush, which speedily got beyond their control. Lone Mountain's summit is four hundred and sixty-eight feet above the sea level. Soon after Calvary Cemetery, within whose borders it stands, was dedicated, the late Archbishop Alemany arranged for the erection of the symbol of Christianity above the home of the dead. The official ceremony of the planting took place some time in the latter part of May, 1862, but though the precise date is forgotten, the name of the builder, Thomas Doyle, survives his work. The present landmark was placed immediately after the destruction of the earlier monument.

A Cathedral Legend

According to a despatch published in the dailies last week, the great cathedral at Cologne is momentarily expected to collapse, which reminds me that there is a curious legend in connection with the building of the cathedral which is, perhaps, worth relating. It is told that the architect was in despair of creating a plan grand enough to present his idea. He

was one day sketching in the sand by the river bank when he finally hit upon one which pleased him so well that he exclaimed: "This shall be the plan!" "I will show you a better one than that," said a voice behind him, and a gentleman clothed all in black stepped up and pulled from his pocket a roll which, on being opened, displayed the present plan of the cathedral. The architect, amazed at its grandeur, asked and received explanations of every part. He, of course, had recognized his timely and accommodating acquaintance, and naturally understood the sort of bargain he would be expected to ratify, so, while the devil was bent on leading him into irresistible temptation, the wily architect was committing to memory the proportions and details. Having done this, he remarked carelessly that the design did not please him, and the devil, seeing through the deception, exclaimed in rage, "You may build your cathedral according to this plan, but you shall never finish it." Though the building was begun in 1248, and continued for two hundred and fifty years, at the end of that time only the nave and choir, and one tower to half its proposed height were completed. Matters had progressed this far by 1447, and then followed centuries of neglect. In 1796 the French troops took possession of the building and used it for stabling their horses and storing fodder. They also appropriated the leaded roof and converted it into bullets. The next attempt to complete the building was made in 1823, but it was not until a score of years later that the work was taken in hand in earnest, and the finishing touches were given in 1880. The conclave of modern architects and builders who have been called together to formulate plans for the preservation of the cathedral seem to have uncovered some ancient jerry building, for the columns which should have been solid pillars are but piers and pilasters. The Cathedral of Cologne is, traditionally, the sanctuary in which are buried the three Kings of the East.



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Roosevelt Lauds Our Statesmen

President Roosevelt has been pointing with pride to the work of the Congress at its last session. He says that the achievements of the national legislature during the session just closed were more advantageous to the people than those of any other session in the history of the country. In his opinion any one of the several great measures passed by the Congress would alone have been sufficient to entitle the statesmen of the House and the Senate to the everlasting gratitude of their countrymen. He views the achievements of those statesmen as conclusive of their loyalty to the people, and of their freedom from corporation influence. These complimentary utterances of the President will no doubt provoke the indignation of the allied expositors of congressional corruption who have lately been imparting a saffron hue to many of the emotional magazines. In a few short sentences the President has made it clear that the attacks on the Senate are slanderous, and nobody will accuse the President of being unduly sympathetic toward the gentlemen of the Upper House. He has many enemies in the Senate and some of them have tried very hard to lower him in public esteem. He has no affection for certain Senators, nor, perhaps, does he believe that all Senators are faithful public servants, but he does not concern himself with individuals. He has spoken in criticism of the Congress, and he assures us that it has served the people well. By reason of his official position he is a better judge than the muck-rakers of sensational magazines who were employed to follow the lead of Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens and Tom Lawson, the prophets of the literature of exposure. Now it is time to call a halt. The vein opened by the original purveyors of corruption stories has been exploited in all its dips, spurs and angles, and the people have been gorged with the output. They could scarcely stand more even though President Roosevelt had not warned them that the stuff is as tainted as the canned products of Packingtown.

Nobody would object to paying the plumbers higher wages if some means could be devised to obviate the necessity of going back to the shop for more tools.

Another Michelson Novel

Miriam Michelson has written a novel in which she depicts life in old San Francisco. It will be published August 1st. The story deals with the love of a dreamer for a woman who is in every sense his antithesis. The title of the novel is "Anthony Overman."

Mrs. Geo. L. Alexander has returned from Nebraska and is now living in Alameda.

Mrs. Eugenio Bianchi, Jr., is spending the summer at the summer home of her parents, "Casa Grandolfo" in Livermore.

Mrs. George D. Graham, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Weber, Miss Alice Weber and Mrs. George Palmer sailed from New York July 3rd on the steamer "City of Milan" for an European tour. They will return home in about a year.

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Now Who's to Blame?

Editor "Town Talk":—In the issue of "Town Talk" for June 30th there appeared an editorial entitled "The Burdens of the Poor," in which certain criticisms were made of statements contained in Mr. John Spargo's recently published book, "The Bitter Cry of the Children."

While ordinarily I highly esteem the editorial opinion of "Town Talk," it seems to me that the writer of the editorial in question comes to some rather illogical conclusions, and, on the whole, takes up a position which is untenable. In what way I believe these conclusions illogical and the general position taken untenable, I shall, with your kind permission, try to show by enumerating the points of the discussion and setting forth as briefly as possible that which I believe to be the truth.

Mr. Spargo's book deals with a very important question, that of the employment of the children of the poor. He shows the effects of such employment and of environment upon these children, and he also shows the effects of such conditions as surround the poor upon the mother who is compelled to work during the pre-natal period. To partially correct the evils of such a condition Mr. Spargo suggests that the State should care for both the children and the mothers during the critical period, and it is with this suggestion that the writer in "Town Talk" disagrees. To quote from the editorial:

"Mr. Spargo has abundance of example to prove the correctness of his opinion, but what he urges so strenuously is more in the nature of a tiding-over than a cure. If all the little bread-winners of today, all the under-fed school children and all the neglected infants were provided for by municipal or State legislation, the evil would be as great again tomorrow, and worse next week." Hardly; to have the children and mothers cared for by the city or State would certainly improve their condition more or less, but just as certainly it would be "more in the nature of a tiding-over than a cure." And why wouldn't it be a cure? Why would it be merely "a tiding-over"? The reason is to be found in the next two sentences of the editorial:

"The real difficulty is not in the rapacity of manufacturers who will employ babies at starvation wages, or in the indifference of the great round world to the sufferings that must be sought out, but in the reckless improvidence of the parents who continue to reproduce their species without a thought of the welfare of the children. Parents whose combined earnings do not net ten dollars a week should not have more children than dollars."

Now in the first place I grant you that it is "reckless improvidence" for "parents whose combined earnings do not net ten dollars a week" to allow children to come into the world to bear the burdens of poverty. Of such heartless and unfeeling persons it is fitting that we should cry shame, even though the cry of shame is in direct opposition to the admonitions of Mr. Roosevelt, the president of a country now in full flower under the capitalist system. But after all, this matter of the personal responsibility of the parents is not the question. If the parents are so poor that they cannot take proper care of their children, the real question then is: Why are they so poor that they cannot take proper care of their children? For one to gravely advocate the restriction of child-birth because the parents have a net income of but ten dollars a

week is merely to take the position that these parents deserve no more than ten dollars a week. In other words it is to say that the manufacturers (the capitalist class) have a perfect right to force these parents to toil long hours daily for a mere pittance. Does the writer of "Town Talk's" editorial attempt to hold and defend such a position as this? Does he actually believe, as he says in the close of the editorial, that a large part of the misery of the poor "is of their own making"? Have the poor made the conditions under which they suffer, or have the capitalists made them for them? Do the poor send their babies out to work because they like to, or do they do it because the capitalists pay them such pittances that it is difficult or impossible for them to support the children and send them to school?

But perhaps I should not have asked these questions, for they dig at the very roots of society as we find it today, and to answer them is to open up a discussion which must embrace every phase of the capitalist system under which we are living. There is one point which I wish to note before I close, and it is this: While the editorial writer of "Town Talk" is obviously opposed to Socialism (Mr. Spargo's work being the plea of a Socialist for reform), his suggestion that the State restrict the number of children among the poor places him in a curious position. He is opposed to both Socialism and Capitalism; of the former because he believes that the condition of the poor "is of their own making" and hence that they deserve nothing better, and of the latter because he believes that the State should restrict poor people from having children. If child birth among the poor was regulated by law and people allowed to have only as many children as their small incomes could support, who, do you imagine, would be the first to object—the poor or the rich? The rich, to be sure! For the rich are of the capitalist class, and the capitalist class wants as many cheap workers as possible. If the number of the poor were limited there would not be the large surplus labor army that there is today, wages would consequently be higher (which would create a different condition) and the capitalist would have to be content with a smaller share of the profits. And where breathes such a capitalist?

Elwyn Hoffman.

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Scene—A drawing-room. Mr. Rashleigh is mentally contrasting the respective charms of the daughter of the house with those of a fair "other," being matrimonially inclined, but not thoroughly decided. To him enters Miss Beaute, the former of the two ladies in question, and at whose hands he is paying an afternoon call. N. B.—He is a great catch.

Miss B. (ingenuously)

How d'ye do, Mr. Rashleigh? Mamma will be down in a minute or two—she is changing her gown; Oh, dear! there I am, always saying what's true. I suppose that I ought to have quibbled—don't you?—And have said she was busy at some other thing, For "changing her gown" has an unsocial ring; I've only myself for these faux pas to thank. Though I try to be false, I can only be frank!

Mr. R. (consoling)

And so much the better—most ladies are not; They jabber and jabber, and merely talk rot; Their mean-nothing dictums cause virulent pains To circulate through my cerulean veins. There is surely no harm in the statement, I guess, That your parent is busy in changing her dress, Any more than if I your sweet frankness enhance By admitting the fact that I've just changed my—er—

Miss B. (gushingly)

Pants,
There, I'm more at my ease, you're so gentle and kind,
And possess such a tactful and courteous mind.
So I think 'twould be nice if we both could agree
To talk to each other in terms frank and free,
Though, I fear me, the people we move with, forsooth,
Would ostracize us if we did speak the truth.

Mr. R. (weakening, yet cautious)

Oh, well, we don't meet quite so often, you know,
That our frank, open efforts will palpably show.

Miss B. (meaningly)

Of course, I don't mean that in public we should
Hypocritically ape that we're precious and good;
I meant we'd adopt an ingenuous tone
For occasions like this, when—er—we are alone.

Mr. R. (temporizing)

How divinely last night Millie Freakish did sing!
The voice of a skylark, aloft, on its wing
Never sweeter or clearer poured out from full throat.

Miss B. (aside, angrily)

Oh, bother the man, I don't know note from note!

(Aloud, diplomatically)

Did you see Mamie Baxter, how happy she looked,
Since her marital object at last has been hooked?

Mr. R. (arousedly)

Mamie Baxter—the dev—I mean—really engaged!

Miss B. (sweetly)

Why, my dear Mr. Rashleigh, you are not enraged?
Ah, how stupid. I know for a time people said—

Mr. R. (recovering)

There was nothing at all in remarks on that head—
I was merely astonished. I think I can guess
The name of the gentleman. Bultitude?

Miss B. (insinuatingly)

Yes!



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But I'm sure—I'm afraid—that unhappy they'll be,
For I know of no girl so outrageous as she;
In methods of flirting, in dealings with men,
She has laughed o'er her conquests again and again!
Of course, saying all this to you is no sin,
For here is a point where our frankness comes in!

Mr. R. (aside, ruminatingly)

Strange! she seems for the first time much better than Mame.

(Aloud, pensively)

I always imagined her vapid and tame,
And had no idea that she had any vice,
Or was anything other than proper and nice.

Miss B. (sympathetically)

Ah, it's so hard to tell what we girls are about.
If you knew all about me, perhaps you would flout
And abjure me as one that to simpleness tends,
Notwithstanding the fact we agreed to be—friends.

Mr. R. (yielding)

Indeed, I should not; but I think I should say
What it was that impelled me to come here today,
Since I saw your debut in the season just past.

Miss B. (aside, joyously)

It's coming, it's coming, it's coming at last!

Mr. R. (resolutely)

I have vowed to myself there is one girl for me,
Miss—may I say "Rosie?"—and you are the she.

(She falls on his bosom)

My angel, my precious, my sweetest, my fair!

Miss B. (murmuring)

Don't, Dickie; oh, don't; you are rumpling my hair!
Oh, I must run away; there's mamma—there—good-bye!

Mr. R. (lovingly)

One more—hush—no, I swear, you don't look a guy!
Now say it again: "He is mine, I am his,"

Miss B. (rushing from room, encountering her parent)
I've caught him, I've caught him, I've caught him—

Mamma's Contralto Voice

Good biz!

—The Match-Maker.

The Grill

One of the finest of the new restaurants in San Francisco is "The Grill" at 911 Ellis, near Van Ness, the proprietor of which is C. M. Sollari, formerly of the Palace Hotel grill. It is said that the famous luncheon table established at the Palace by the Cabinet is to be a feature of this new restaurant.

Goes South in Interest of Hotels.

E. S. de Wolfe, proprietor of the Imperial, leaves Sunday night for the South. He will visit Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Riverside, and Redlands in the interest of the hotels of San Francisco. In the cities visited by Mr. de Wolfe the fact will be given publicity that San Francisco has ample accommodations in both first-class hotels and first-class restaurants for any persons who may desire such accommodation coming to the city.

Among the arrivals this week at the Imperial are F. A. Hihn the banker of Santa Cruz; Dr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Hilton of Lowell, Mass.; Mr. W. B. Corwin and wife, Los Angeles and ex-Senator Thomas Kearns of Utah.

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I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches, in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.

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Near H

One Summer

When we met in the ballroom that evening,
And she gave me another man's dance,
And we ran away out in the moonlight,
And witchery lurked in her glance;
When we spooned on the shaded veranda,
And harked to the whippowil sing,
I suppose I was awfully foolish
To imagine it meant anything.

When we frolicked that day in the breakers
And had such a glorious swim,
And I forthwith addressed her as "Mabel"
Because she was calling me "Jim;"
When we perched by ourselves on the bell-buoy,
And she clung when 'twas needless to cling,
I suppose I was awfully foolish
To imagine it meant anything.

When we sat on the cliffs, close together,
And nobody near (where's the harm?),
And quoted from Browning and Shakespeare,
And she didn't object to my arm;
When we waited till long after twiight,
And I slipped on her finger a ring,
I suppose I was awfully foolish
To imagine it meant anything.

When the Summer was gone, and the moment
Of parting was on us, at last,
And I plead she'd be true, and reminded
Of all that so sweetly had passed;
No doubt it was puerile and silly
To feel any trace of a sting
When she laughed: "Why, how awfully foolish
To imagine it meant anything!"

—The Sigher

Life at Tahoe

More pronounced is the popularity of Lake Tahoe every year. This season The Tavern is the scene of much life and gayety, and it includes among its guests people from all parts of the State. From San Francisco there arrived lately: the Kenneth Donnolans, Supervisor Sanderson and wife, the Horace Hills, the J. B. Gibsons, the J. A. Chanslors and Miss Houston Bishop. Among the other visitors are the W. J. Caseys of San Rafael, the W. M. Fishers of Napa, Mrs. E. Sely, son and daughter of Benicia, the T. L. Lathrops of Berkeley, Governor Sparks of Nevada, George W. Peltier and daughter of Sacramento, Dr. Lawrence Maupin of Fresno, Major and Mrs. Fulmer of Los Angeles, Dr. Salisbury of San Diego, and Major C. S. Walton of Washington, D. C. Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl who is summering at The Tavern, has made some good catches of fish during her stay. There is to be a tennis tournament at The Tavern next week.

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Stage

Bishop Interviews the Schuberts

We may not have to wait very long to be brought in touch with the up-to-date drama. Harry Bishop returned from the East last week whither he went to interview the Schuberts with a view to getting permission from them to present their dramatic attractions in this city. I hear that he succeeded in making very satisfactory arrangements and that he will soon have a theatre on Market street.

Healy in Seattle

Frank Healy, who was assistant manager of the Tivoli at the time of the fire, is now in Seattle where he organized the San Francisco Opera Company which includes many of the old Tivoli favorites. Teddy Webb, Miss Hemmi and George Kunkel are among the principals. The Seattle "Post-Intelligencer" has been advocating a change of name for the organization.

A Song Hit

Nora Bayes has been making a great hit at the Orpheum with a comic song. This is the verse that overwhelms the house:

There was I, a waitin' at the church,
Waitin' at the church, waitin' at the church
W'en I found 'ed left me in the lurch—
Lor! but it did upset me.
And now around to me 'e sends a note—
'Ere's the very note—this is w'ot 'e wrote:—
"Cawn't get away to marry you today—
My wife won't let me."

The Orpheum's New Bill

Rarely, if ever, has a musical act in vaudeville utilized so bewildering an array of instruments as those employed by "The Military Octette and the Girl with the Baton," in the spectacle in three scenes showing army life in Russia, India and America and which will be presented for the first time in San Francisco at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. Cornets, trombones, bugles, fifes and drums, Roman triumphal trumpets, tom-toms, violins, cymbals, tambourines and triangles and successfully handled by the members of the "Military Octette" under the guidance of the "Girl With the Baton." This act is the season's success in vaudeville. It was designed by Lasky, Rolfe and Company, who were responsible for "The Colonial Septette," the great hit of the last Orpheum Road Show. Argyro Kastron, a young Greek violinist, former soloist with Sousa and his band and the Calve Concert Company, will be heard for the first time in this city. It is said that few artists play more appealingly or more beautifully than this young Greek, whose European debut a few seasons ago occasioned much comment. Carlin and Otto, German comedians who are great favorites in this city, will no doubt receive a warm welcome. They promise a capital routine of side-splitting dialogue. Irving Jones, the little colored comedian who has no superior as a laugh producer, will enliven proceedings for about fifteen minutes. He will sing some of his own compositions and tell a lot of new stories. The Gartelle brothers, exponents of comedy skating, will introduce some stunts on rollers and will show how funny it is when you don't know how and how graceful it is when you do. Claude Gillingwater and company have reserved for their second and last week "The Wrong Man." Linden Beckwith, "the singing portrait," will be heard in new selections, Ziska and King will vary their comedy magic and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the program. The grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is

situated, are full of amusement surprises and sensations and the Zoo is well stocked with rare and interesting animals.

In the Limelight

Melville Ellis, the young San Franciscan with a genius for dress, who played a brief engagement at the Tivoli, has been engaged by the Shuberts to supervise the music of all their productions.

May Irwin threatens to write a play.

Maxine Elliott is in London and Nat Goodwin is in Los Angeles. Both are enjoying a vacation.

Literary matinees have come in vogue in Los Angeles and culturine has become as popular a tonic down south as it was in this city before the fire. Constance Crawley, formerly of the Ben Greet Company, is responsible for the interest that is being taken in the literary dramatists.

Thompson's Debut

Frank W. Thompson, the popular clubman, made his operatic debut at Idora Park across the bay last Monday night, and there was a great throng of his friends on hand to encourage him in his new venture. Thompson has a fine, resonant basso voice, and an excellent stage presence. As Felix Graham in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," Thompson has no very grave responsibilities to shoulder, but the role enables him to get his stage legs steady and accustom himself to the atmosphere of the mimic world. He will have a much more important role in "Robin Hood." The current musical comedy attraction is as buoyant and breezy as it was when presented on this side of the bay. Arthur Cunningham is firing the patriotic heart with his spirited rendition of "My Own United States," and Ferris Hartman is getting all the laughs that are coming to him as Jonathan Phoenix. Hartman, by the way, is enjoying a new lease of life. When he is on the stage the gales of laughter that sweep over the audience remind one of those good old nights in the beloved Tivoli of the long ago. Hartman appears to be the idol of the Oakland heart. One day recently he appeared at a benefit performance at Ye Liberty Theatre and the audience behaved as though it were hysterical.

—The Playgoer.

IDORA PARK OAKLAND

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Continued Success of

"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME"

With Arthur Cunningham as Johnny

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The Rounder.

AN INEXPENSIVE LUXURY

Here is a thing, my darling,
That seems extremely queer—
Your kisses cost me nothing,
Yet they are very dear.

The Lover.

At Del Monte

Among the late arrivals at Hotel Del Monte are: Mrs. Geo. H. Gibbs, Miss H. E. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Spinks, Mr. and Mrs. H. Benton Scott, H. S. Masterton, E. F. Barron, S. S. Lowery, B. Wood, Madame Buck, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Ganter, Mr. and Mrs. A. Schwartz, Gustav Sutro, Jas. P. Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ames, Jas. T. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Weidenmuller, F. W. Birlem, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Matson, Miss L. Matson, W. E. Buck, H. B. Hayden, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Edw. Barron, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Trowbridge, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. De Camp, Elmer De Camp, Mrs. M. P. Snyder, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Black, San Luis Obispo, Cal.; T. D. Wood, V. P. Wood, Geo. J. Kane, Santa Barbara, Cal., Paul M. Henry, Mrs. W. W. Henry, Berkeley, Cal.; Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Haims, Sacramento, Cal.; A. Don Hines, E. K. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Schneider, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ward, San Jose, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kahn, Fred Kahn, Jr., Mrs. Mark Requa, Oakland, Cal.; F. Omori, Tokio, Japan; Secretary of State Sterneberg, Major D. von Unhtrite, Mr. Dietrich, Mr. F. Kallenberg, Berlin, Germany.

At Byron Springs.

The automobile arrivals at Byron Hot Springs for the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. F. Dohrnian, Jr., in a "Franklin;" T. V. Coleman, Thos. Magee, V. G. Hush, Jr., in a "Renault;" Mr. and Mrs. S. Ducas and Mr. and Mrs. Jno. H. Grady in a "Rambler;" Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Tainter of Alameda, accompanied by Mrs. Lucy Hayes and Mrs. N. I. Baldwin in Mr. Tainter's "Winton." Among the other arrivals were, Judge E. A. Belcher, Major and Mrs. H. Bendel.

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A place where you feel at home. Under new management. Delightful walks and other amusements. Variety of springs. Table first-class. Rates, \$12 per week or \$2 per day. Children, half price. Open for guests June 1st. Address Santa Rosa, Rural 6.

AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS

Send your family to the nearest Hot Sulphur Springs to San Francisco; first-class accommodations; special rates to families; no staging; four trains daily; fare, round trip, \$1.65; Tiburon Ferry or Southern Pacific; two hours' ride. Address THEODOR RICHARDS, Agua Caliente, Sonoma county, Cal.

BLUE

Boating, Bathing and all other amusements free. Hot and cold sulphur baths. White sulphur springs. Send for pamphlet. O. WEISMAN, Midlake P. O., Lake County, Cal.

LAKES

SARATOGA SPRINGS

The paradise of California, fifteen different mineral springs. We guarantee cure for Dyspepsia, Kidney, Liver, Stomach, Rheumatism, Blood, Skin Diseases, etc., \$10 to \$16 per week. Information and booklets at Review Bureau, or J. Martens, Bachelor P. O., Lake County, California.

SKAGGS

Hot Springs, Sonoma county, only 4½ hours from San Francisco and but 9 miles staging; waters noted for medicinal virtues; best natural hot mineral water bath in State; boating and swimming; good trout streams; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and San Francisco papers. First-class Hotel and Stage Service; morning and afternoon stages; round trip from San Francisco \$5.50. Take Tiburon ferry daily 7:30 a. m. or 2:30 p. m. Rates \$2.00 a day or \$12 a week. References: Any guest of the past eleven years. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street, or of J. F. MULGREW, Skaggs, Cal.

Hotel Del Coronado

THE CORONET OF THE PACIFIC

All outside rooms. Every modern convenience provided. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Fine fishing. This magnificent hostelry is conducted on the American plan and is open the entire year. There is no better surf bathing in America than that at Coronado Beach. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Mgr., Coronado Beach, Cal.

H. F. Norcross, Gen'l Agt., 334 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

The Tallac

Lake Tahoe, Cal.

The numerous small lakes and streams adjacent make this resort headquarters for rod fishermen.

San Franciscans are especially invited to write for terms for their families.

M. LAWRENCE & CO., Tallac

LAUREL DELL

The Switzerland of America.

Rates same as usual. First-class orchestra, under the management of Dr. Monroe N. Callender. Boating, marine toboggan, bowling and other amusements free to guests. Write for pamphlet to E. DURNAN, Prop., Laurel Dell P. O., Lake Co., Cal.; also prop. La Trianon Hotel.

JOHANISBERG

The well-known mountain and pleasure resort; in the midst of the Napa redwoods; boating, swimming; terms reasonable. Stage meets guests at Oakville, Napa county. MR. and MRS. THEO. BLANCKENBURG, JR., Props., Oakville, Napa county.

SODA BAY SPRINGS

The only resort in Lake county on the lake. Finest boating, hunting and fishing in the State. Newly furnished. Table unsurpassed. Terms for 1906 reduced: \$2 per day, \$12 per week. All amusements and baths in the great geyser, free to regular guests. Further information address GEO. ROBINSON and AGNES BELL RHOADS, managers, Soda Bay, via Kelseyville P. O., Lake county, Cal.

Mt. View Ranch Hotel

And cottages in the mountains near Santa Cruz. First-class table; gas; bath; phone; clubroom; dancing-pavilion; bowling; croquet; rates \$9 up. Campers' tickets to Santa Cruz \$4, carriage fare, \$1.25 round trip.

TONY PHILIPS, Santa Cruz.

Have Town Talk sent you while on your vacation

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery st., cor. of Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1906, at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.

EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Metropolis Trust and Savings Bank, temporary office, 1130 Eddy st., San Francisco, June 29, 1906.—Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent per annum has been declared on the paid-in capital of the corporation for the six months ending June 30, 1906; said dividend being payable July 10, transfer books closed until after that date. By order of the Board of Directors.

A. A. WATKINS, President.

F. R. COOK, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

The Italian-American Bank has declared the usual semi-annual dividend at the rate of 3.60 per cent per annum, free from all taxes, on all savings deposits, payable on and after July 2, 1906, at its temporary office, Merchants' Exchange building. Interest not withdrawn will be added to the principal.

A. SBARBORO, President.

A. E. SBARBORO, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, cor. Market, McAllister and Jones sts., San Francisco, June 27, 1906.—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1906, free from all taxes and payable on and after July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. No. 100,519.

Jane A. Walker, Plaintiff,
vs.
George F. Walker, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to George F. Walker, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion and wilful neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 28th day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and six.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

[Seal]
COSTELLO & COSTELLO,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

ANNIE E. GEIL, Plaintiff,
vs.
HERMAN GEIL, Defendant.

Dept. No. 7.
No. 994.
Roland Becsey,
Attorney for Plff.,
235 Devisadero St.,
San Francisco.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the Office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO HERMAN GEIL, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county, or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and the defendant, upon the ground of defendants' extreme cruelty to the plaintiff above, plaintiff asking for judgment that the bond of matrimony between herself and the defendant herein be dissolved and the custody of their minor child Laroy Harvey Geil; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein, to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 9th day of July, A. D. 1906.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ANE KIRSTINE DAMGAARD, Plaintiff,
vs.
NIELS FREDERIKSEN DAMGAARD, Defendant.

Department No. —
No. 735.
Bishop & Hoefler,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO NIELS FREDERIKSEN DAMGAARD, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or she will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 27th day of June, A. D. 1906.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

There is no beverage so deliciously refreshing and healthful in its absolute purity as

White Rock
LITHIA Water.

STILL White Rock Water packed in cases containing twelve one-half gallons AT \$4.50 PER CASE.

P. J. WENIGER & CO., Distributors

At the Northeast Corner of Van Ness and Ellis

Phone Emergency 309

The Central Trust Company
OF CALIFORNIA

Is conducting a general Banking Business at its old address, corner of

Sutter and Montgomery Streets

Interest paid on Savings deposits at 3½ per cent. per annum; no notice for withdrawal required. Collection of Insurance policies free to our patrons.

STATEMENT

Of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

— OF —

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

(A CORPORATION)

And Where Said Assets are Situated.

DATED JUNE 30, 1906

ASSETS.

1—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....\$35,428,893.99

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

2—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....330,040.00

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by "Northern Railway Company of California First Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds," "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad Company 5 per cent Bonds," "Southern Pacific Railroad Company of Arizona 6 per cent Bonds," "Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California Series 'F' and 'G' 6 per cent Bonds," "Park and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds," "Pacific Gas Improvement Company First Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds," "Edison Electric Railway Company First Refunded Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds," "Pacific Electric Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds," "The Imperial Japanese Government 6 per cent Bonds," "United States 3 per cent Bonds," "Spring Valley Water Works First Mortgage 6 per cent Bonds," "Spring Valley Water Works Second Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds," "Forty-two Shares of the Capital Stock of the Bank of California" and "One hundred and thirty Shares of the Capital Stock of the California Street Cable Railroad Company," the market value of all said Bonds and Stocks being \$462,846.21. Said Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, and said Notes, Bonds and Stocks are there situated.

3—Bonds of the United States, the actual value of which is.....12,990,454.39

The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to the said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own Vaults and are there situated. They are: "Registered 4 per cent of 1907 (\$7,150,000.00) and 4 per cent of 1925 (\$4,520,000.00) United States Bonds," and are payable only to the order of said Corporation.

4—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is.....10,618,511.14

The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to the said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own Vaults and are there situated. They are:

"Market Street Cable Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" \$1,126,000.00
 "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds"..... 433,000.00
 "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds"..... 150,000.00
 "Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds"..... 158,000.00
 "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds"..... 89,000.00
 "Presidio and Ferries Railroad Company 6 per cent Bonds"..... 24,000.00
 "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds"..... 6,000.00
 "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" 145,000.00
 "Northern Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" 584,000.00
 "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" 24,000.00
 "San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds"..... 390,000.00

"Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California 6 per cent Bonds"..... 655,000.00
 "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds"..... 111,000.00
 "West Shore Railroad Company of New York 4 per cent Bonds"..... 500,000.00
 "Spring Valley Water Works First Mortgage 6 per cent Bonds"..... 123,000.00
 "Spring Valley Water Works Second Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds"..... 516,000.00
 "Spring Valley Water Works Third Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds"..... 1,020,000.00
 "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds"..... 1,500,000.00
 "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" 495,000.00
 "City and County of San Francisco 3½ per cent Bonds".... 2,102,000.00
 "City of Vallejo 5 per cent Bonds"..... 62,000.00
 "City of San Luis Obispo 5 per cent Bonds"..... 11,250.15

5—Interest on Miscellaneous Bonds accrued to July 1st, 1906.....269,755.10

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$129,264.05) and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$60,496.31), Alameda (\$64,712.84), and San Mateo (\$13,701.42), in this State, the actual value of which is.....268,174.62

(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is.....588,661.35

7—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin, belonging to said Corporation, and in its possession, and situated at its said office, actual value.....2,723,073.14

Total Assets.....\$63,217,563.73

LIABILITIES.

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is.....\$59,671,701.35

The condition of said deposits is that they are payable only out of said Assets and are fully secured thereby.

2—Reserve Fund, Actual Value.....3,545,862.38

Total Liabilities.....\$63,217,563.73

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
 By JAMES R. KELLY, President.
 THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
 By ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
 CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. ss.

JAMES R. KELLY, being duly sworn, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of July, 1906.
 GEO. T. KNOX, Notary Public,
 In and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
 COUNTY OF SAN MATEO. ss.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, being duly sworn, says: That said ROBERT J. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of July, 1906.
 CHARLES N. KIRKBRIDE, Notary Public,
 In and for the County of San Mateo, State of California.

In Old San Francisco

(Continued from Page 9.)

at Washington that it did not matter when a Senator was elected, so long as his election was properly certified.

The session of 1854 was one of the most thrilling and eventful in the legislative history of California. Among Broderick's most distinguished supporters were Judge Hager, father of Miss Ethyl Hager, whose engagement was recently announced, James Coffroth, father of the renowned impresario of the roped arena, William M. Lent, father of the Lent brothers, David Mahoney, father of the Mahoney brothers, and Don Pablo de la Guerra of Santa Barbara. In the opposition was Charley Fairfax, one of the Fairfax's of Virginia, whose home was Fairfax Villa in San Rafael, better known these days as Pastori's, the scene of revels made famous in the Von Schroeder-Spreckels libel suit. Fairfax was elected Speaker of the Assembly.

During this memorable session an incident occurred which afforded Broderick an opportunity, as singular as it was unexpected, to recruit his ranks from the opposition. There arrived in San Francisco by steamer, ex-Governor Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi, father of the late lamented Billy Foote, a man of an impetuous nature similar to that for which his son was afterward distinguished. He was incensed against the President for having appointed his most powerful personal enemy, Jefferson Davis, to the Secretaryship of War. Foote was accompanied by General Wool, who was also unfriendly to the President. Learning of their feelings, Broderick with true Tammany shrewdness arranged a grand public banquet in their honor, ostensibly for the purpose of honoring a great soldier and a renowned Democratic statesman, but as was later alleged, to bring about the arraignment of the Administration. The banquet took place in San Francisco on a Saturday evening and was presided over by Governor Bigler, who so artfully handled the toasts that the guests of the occasion found it the most natural thing in the world to express their opinion of the President, and their utterances were of a most sensational character. There were several Federal officials present and they were in a great rage over the awkward position into which they had been put. Several brawls in the streets were of the aftermath of the banquet, and the Southerners denounced Broderick for having deliberately planned to give offense to the Federal brigade. But Broderick did not mind what they said, having gained a few supporters through sympathy for General Foote in his grievance against the President. A few days after the banquet the fight in the Legislature was precipitated by the introduction of a bill in the Assembly, to fix a date for the election of a United States Senator to succeed Dr. Gwin. The bill provoked the fiercest and most protracted fight of magnitude ever made in the political history of California. And now that there is so much being said and written about the corruption that threatens the life of the Republic it is interesting and instructive though not encouraging to pessimists to review the events of those days. Addresses to the people were issued both by the Broderick and the anti-

Broderick forces and on each was the name of Charles A. Tuttle, a Senator from Placer county. This was the first notable straddle in California political history. One day Senator Elisha J. Peck, of Butte, arose and announced that on the morning of the seventh of the month, while he was a passenger on the steamboat Helen Hensley, from San Francisco to Benicia, where the Legislature was then meeting, he met John C. Palmer, of the banking house of Palmer, Cook & Co., of San Francisco, who offered him \$5,000 to vote, first, for bringing on the election of Senator, and second, for Broderick for Senator. This statement created a sensation as great as that caused by the waste paper basket scandal of a much later session. Of course an investigation was ordered and three lawyers appeared in behalf of Mr. Palmer, who was well known as Broderick's backer. One of them was Stephen J. Field, who was afterward indirectly responsible for the death of the man by whom David Broderick was killed. Associated with Field was Hall McAllister and General Williams, father of Tom Williams of Ingleside and Emeryville. Colonel Ed. D. Baker, afterward Senator from Oregon, was counsel for Senator Peck. The investigation aroused the whole state, and it was most brilliantly conducted and made notable by the eloquence of the attorneys on both sides. The verdict of the Legislature was of the double-barreled, back-action kind that has frequently provoked the jibes of the people in recent years. The statesmen found: First, that the statement of Senator Peck had not been sustained; second, that the decision of the Senate did not in any degree reflect upon the honor and dignity of Mr. Peck. In other words, the Senate found that the charge had not been proved, but that Senator Peck had not lied.

(To be continued.)

THE NAME OF MENNEN

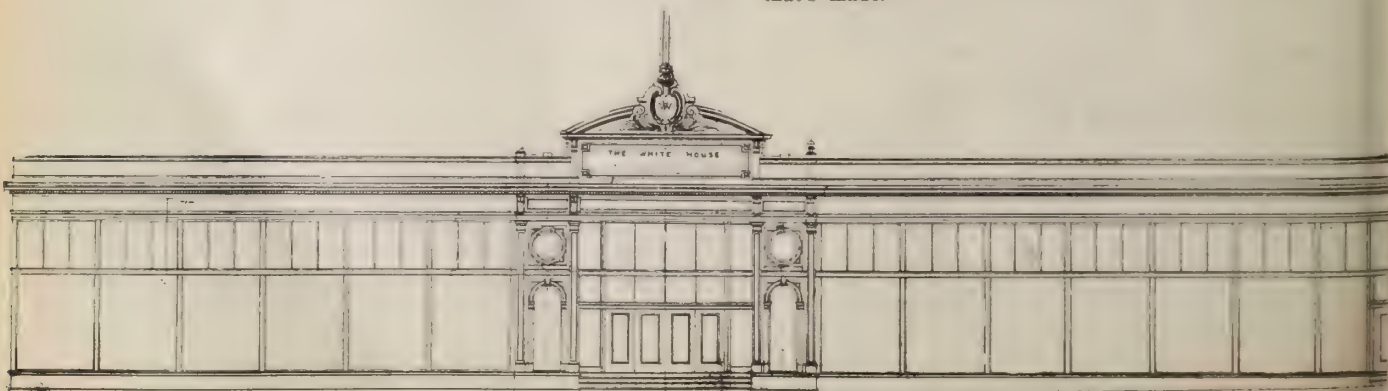
is associated with toilet powder as no other name ever has been, because its perfect purity has set a standard for the world. It is known the world over, and is used with confidence wherever it is known. In order that the purity of the powder may be protected, and Mennen's box be a guarantee of Mennen's Powder inside, Mennen's Borated Talcum is now put up in a box that locks. It locks the powder in, and locks the pirates out. It is a box that cannot be re-filled without mutilating the package.

Mennen's Borated Talcum has won the esteem of those who buy it and the trade who supply it, by its perfect purity and absolute uniformity. In the nursery it is supreme, because it is sanitary as well as soothing. For the chafing of children, nettle-rash, prickly heat, etc., it is healing as well as comforting.

Mennen's Borated Talcum claims the first place on every toilet table by reason of its multifold usefulness and its absolute reliability. Its superiority is vouched for by leading medical authorities.

People who judge powder by the price and think it's better because it costs more, would be surprised to know that many of the powders which sell so high, cost the dealers only half what Mennen's Borated Talcum costs.

For this reason imitations are pushed and forced on you by dealers because their profit on them is much larger than on the genuine article. Purchasers of Mennen's Borated Talcum, the original, have absolute protection against fraud and imitation in the new non-refillable box. If it's Mennen's Box, it's Mennen's Powder. If it's Mennen's Powder, it's the best that's made.



Letters

Winston Churchill's New Novel

"Coniston," Winston Churchill's new novel, is a story of a New England community in what may be called the reconstruction period, just after the Civil War, when the minister, the deacons of the church, the squire and the "first families" were ousted from their political supremacy to make way for Demos. Before that time, no matter what the primary histories and partisan biographies may assert, the plain citizen would no more have ventured to put forward an independent opinion than the ladies of "Cranford" would have ventured to take possession of the front seats at a public entertainment, even though they were the first to arrive. Coniston was an insignificant village, viewed from the point of population or commercial advantages, but by reason of its being the home of the boss it was the actual capital of the state. Jethro Bass was a character, though not as that term is usually interpreted. He was not a village joker, made no pretensions to philosophizing, and it was not until he stood forth in the full panoply of his power that his fellows recognized the quiet strength and dogged determination which placed him in the leadership. Jethro was ignored as a factor in local politics until, suddenly and without warning, he was placed in nomination and elected to the position of chairman of the Board of Selectmen, a position which he continued to occupy for thirty-six years, until he was ready to retire. Not only was Jethro made chairman, but a whole new slate was presented and elected, much to the surprise of the erstwhile ruling class who found themselves quietly disfranchised as effectually as they had hitherto disfranchised others though of course no one had ever taken that view of the matter. And how had this new party of Jacksonian Democrats arisen and come into power? No one could positively say, but it became known in quiet ways that men who had never before bothered with attendance at town meeting, all of them mortgaged to Jethro Bass, had been in some intangible way given to understand that he would be pleased if they attended to their duties as citizens, in spite of weather, crying needs of farm work, or other demands. And the manner in which Jethro managed his town meeting and his home following is typical of the way he afterward herded legislators and officials, always quietly, unassumingly, but certainly. Simultaneously with the rise of Bass to political supremacy is that of Isaac D. Worthington to be the financial "boss." The clever manner in which Jethro puts his finger on the pulse of that invalid in search of health at their first interview is typical of their attitude towards each other for life. Of course a novel would not be a novel without a sentimental interest and in Coniston there are two. There is a clever delineation of a fashionable private school in which the young Cynthia received her finishing touches, and the story of the "Woodchuck Session" is one of the best exposures of clever legislative scheming that has yet been seen in print. The reverential attitude of rural New England to that exalted being, an author, is well brought out. Each successive book of Winston Churchill's finds him farther on his way, and yet, when he writes so well one is constantly wondering why he does not write better. There are over thirty illustrations by Florence Schovell Shinn, most of them of characters connected with the narrative. The little Cynthia, however, was hardly old enough to be decked out in long pantalettes. Published by the Macmillan Company.

"Kenelm's Desire"

Hughes Cornell may lay full claim to originality in the plot and setting of her novel, "Kenelm's Desire," for the hero is a full-blood Alaskan Indian, the heroine, a descendant of German-Celtic parentage, and the scene of action British Columbia and San Francisco. Desire Llewellyn was an impressionable girl with musical talent beyond the ordinary.



FROM WEAK TO STRONG
"MURINE 2 DROPS"
 A FAMILY FAVORITE - USED DAILY BY
 PEOPLE OF REFINED TASTES AS A TOILET REQUISITE
AN EYE TONIC

MURINE
EYE
REMEDY

Restores Normal Conditions and Natural Brilliancy
 to a Tired and Faded Eye

**A Panacea for Weak, Red, Inflamed and
 Itching Eyes and Eyelids**

AFTER A "RECORD BREAKER" IN YOUR TOURING CAR
MURINE IS AN EYE INSURANCE

STRONG WINDS REFLECTED SUNLIGHT AND DUST CAUSE IRRITATION,
 GRANULATION AND ULCERATION. MURINE SOOTHES AND QUICKLY CURES

MURINE Safe in Eyes of Infant and Adult.

Diebold Safe and Lock Company

Metallic Furniture

PARCELLS SAFE CO.

523 Market Street

Bet. First and Second Sts.
 San Francisco

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

**6 CARLOADS OF
 STOVES AND RANGES**

And 5 Carloads of the Famous

ALASKA

REFRIGERATORS

VARIOUS SIZES AND PRICES

Cor. Polk and Turk Streets

San Francisco

She married Kenelm, the Indian. If marriage constitutes the whole of a happy ending, and there is nothing more to be said after the enchanted pair are locked in each other's arms, then "Kenelm's Desire" falls into its place without further comment, but it must be confessed that Frau Eda had both common sense and precedent on her side when she held out so stoutly against the union. Whatever is to be said in favor of the Indian, negro, Chinese, or individual of the alien race, the indisputable fact remains that the progeny are half-breeds and that they rarely, if ever, even under the most favorable conditions, seem to inherit the virtues of either parent. Grandma Peden, Mrs. Fraser and Kenelm, in the present story, all had average intelligence. Kenelm was the leader of the Native Sons of British Columbia. He took all the honors at school. The tragedy of these unequal marriages lies less in the happiness or misery of the two lovers than in the almost inevitable consequences to the descendants. Such a marriage as this of Desire and Kenelm is not without precedent, for there is the union of Elaine Goodale, one of the "Sky Farm Poetesses," a literary prodigy of the middle of the last century, with Dr. Eastman, a Sioux of pure blood, but more often the association of the two races is apt to end in such a tragedy as that of the fair Althea, or in an appeal to the courts, as in the case of the infatuated Florence Jewell of London, who insisted on marrying a Zulu brave who captured what she thought was her heart at a show and who, a brief while later, came crying for legal assistance because her burly black had used his teeth as well as his knife and club on her anatomy, and objected to bathing or wearing clothes. However, Hughes Cornell was telling a story, not arguing in favor or against mixed marriages, and as a story Kenelm's Desire is worth

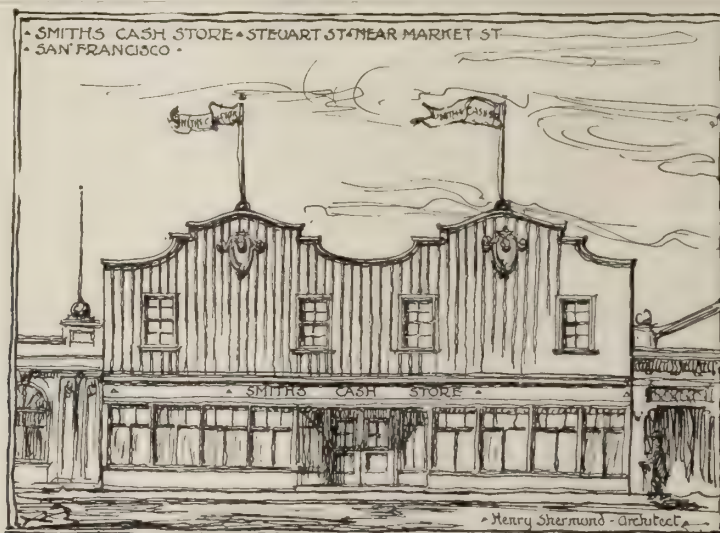
reading. The out-door life, the canoeing, and walks in the woods are cleverly interwoven, and the Indian characteristics of Kenelm are said by those who know to be distinctive of his tribe. The Indian sculptor Gonzales, may have been suggested by Paul Mamegoena, the Ottawa Indian artist, once a prominent figure in local Bohemia. The name Hughes Cornell is new in the literary world. Little, Brown & Co. are her sponsors in the present venture.

The Harpers are about to have a third set of plates made for Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "Story of the Other Wise Man." This does not mean that the book is to be reprinted for a third time, but that there have been so many editions and the demand is so constant, that the plates are actually worn out and unfit for further use. In addition to the innumerable English editions, and the vast variety of them, the "Story" has been translated into almost every foreign language, and learned ones have attempted to find legendary and Talmudic bases though the only origin it had was in the brain of its author.

"Caruso's Book" is something out of the regular order. It consists of about two hundred caricatures by Caruso, of himself and other members of the Metropolitan Opera Company. There is a special, limited, autographed edition on hand-made paper.

The August "Century" is to contain as an especial attraction, illustrations in color by Charles Dornon Robinson, of the San Francisco fire.

—The Bookworm.



The new building being erected for Smith's Cash Store on the west side of Stewart Street "just around the corner" from Market Street. The building will be 46x137.6 and will be a two-story frame structure—to be completed by July 1st.

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TOWN TALK

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San Francisco, July 21, 1906

Price, 10 Cents



A shady path through the pines that skirt the shores of Lake Tahoe.

TOWN TALK

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Reagan's Letter

Mayor Schmitz has had so much experience as a storm-centre during his official career that he is no longer to be easily disturbed by a sudden change in barometric conditions. When Police Commissioner Reagan created a mild sensation last week by discharging a pop-gun loaded with scandal in the direction of the Mayor's office, the newspapers treated the matter with solemn gravity. They evidently expected to see the Mayor fly distress signals, but he disappointed them. He has weathered so many tough gales in the past few years that the Reagan zephyr hardly fluttered his whiskers. After all it was not worth the fuss that was made over it. The Reagan letter was an epitome of familiar history. It added a few details to general knowledge, or, at least, to popular surmise, but emanating from Reagan they were not entitled to serious consideration. Reagan's ethical sense is blunted. As Police Commissioner he did an insurance business with saloon keepers, and he should be grateful to Mayor Schmitz for much of the money that he has in bank. It corrupts good manners and sound morals to encourage such a man as Reagan by accepting his belated and revengeful testimony of the misdeeds of the man who took him off the street where he was ramming paving stones and put money in his purse. The information that he has given to the public was in his possession many months. He did not take the public into his confidence until he was removed from office. It is to be inferred that he gave his testimony in a spirit of revenge, and therefore it is not entitled to the respect that is accorded disinterested recitals. However, if Reagan has any information upon which a criminal prosecution may be based, it should be accepted for what it is worth by the district attorney, but it must be remembered that no grand jury would indict Mayor Schmitz on the unsupported, uncorroborated statement of a dismissed commissioner.

The New Police Commission

Mayor Schmitz is credited with the desire to be judged from April 18th in the light of his official conduct from that date and not in the purple glow of the prejudices excited by his record prior to that date. Well, why not? If the Mayor has come to a realization of the error of his ways and is eager to make amends and win the esteem of the severest of his critics, we should rejoice. If we are not disposed to kill a fatted calf in token of our delight we should at least refrain from mocking. The Mayor has done some things since April 18th to merit our admiration, and not the smallest of them was the smiting of the Poheim, O'Grady crockery firm. The

new police commission entitles him to at least one white mark. We are told that he caused some disappointment by not selecting certain distinguished citizens with whom he was brought in contact during and after the fire. In Mr. Herbert E. Law he selected one of the very best of the lot, a public-spirited citizen and shrewd business man, who has never been in any political or social cliques. Rumor attributed to the Mayor a longing for social station, the result of recent mingling with some of the 'ristocrats, and it was predicted that he would try to break into Blingum by appointing certain swells to office. But he probably remembered the experience of Mayor Phelan who went among the wax figures of the Pacific-Union Club, in quest of talent for his commissioners. So after selecting Mr. Law, he gave the other jobs to his friends, General Warfield, a man of high standing in the community, by whose lamentable death a vacancy was created, W. H. Leahy, late impresario of the Tivoli, and a self-respecting gentleman, who ought to make a good official, and President Hagerty, of the Labor Council, who enjoys the confidence of his associates in labor unions. Mayor Schmitz might have given greater satisfaction if he had selected men of higher social standing, but it is not certain that men of the highest social standing make the best officials.

Why Root is in Brazil

The third Pan-American conference, or, to be exact, the third international American conference, is to be opened this Saturday at Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil. Delegates from all the nations of the Western Hemisphere will be there. In world politics the Pan-American conferences stand next to the Hague conferences in importance, and it is believed that the current conference will prove of vastly greater importance to this country than any of its predecessors. Secretary Root will be in attendance, but not as a delegate. The United States covets the friendship of Latin-America and has found it difficult to obtain. Mr. Root's mission is to lay the foundation for a more amicable relationship, and to that end he will endeavor to persuade the Latin statesmen that they have no reason to view the paternal attitude of this country with suspicion. It is believed that with greater knowledge of this country and of the attitude of the people toward the South American republics will come greater intercourse. Secretary Root is to be the advance agent of American capital which is seeking broader fields for investment abroad, and he has gone to Brazil on the theory that it is the proper function of government to help create situations of friendly relations and good understanding which will facilitate commercial development. South America's import trade exceeds \$1,000,000,000. That is a trade worth striving for. At present it is in European hands. In 1905 the exports of the United States to the South American republics amounted only to \$63,681,391. So it is important for this country not only to establish more friendly relations with our southern neighbors but also to assist them in promoting their own interests so that they may develop a greater market for our goods. It is to our interest that they establish more friendly relations among themselves, abate their quarrelsome disposition and attend more strictly to the promotion of their material welfare. One of the questions to come before the conference, of special interest to this city, is in respect to the establishment of a line of steamers running clear around the South American continent.

Incendiary Orators

Liberty of speech and freedom of the press are inalienable rights of the American citizen which we all cherish and zealously guard, but occasionally we are made to feel that we should be equally zealous in guarding against the abuse of them. The other day Eugene V. Debs, discussing the pending trial of Moyer and Haywood, of the Western Federation of Miners, charged with the assassination of Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, said: "If the capitalistic class, as it is repre-

sented in Idaho and Montana, the seat of the Lawson-Heinze copper war, persists in its attempt to send Haywood and Moyer to the gallows, I for one am in favor of loading ourselves with dynamite, proceeding to Boise City, and blowing that jail to smithereens; and for that matter, removing anything which stands between justice and the workingman." The public expression of such sentiments is in our opinion, an abuse of the right of free speech, and should be punished. We punish persons for circulating indecent literature despite the prerogative of a free press, because we feel that indecent literature is a menace to public morals. But it is no greater menace to public morals than a speech designed to move people to murder and anarchy. The morals of people are affected more perniciously by incendiary utterances calculated to impel them to destroy life and property, than by lewd stories designed to arouse the sexual passion. The main objection to the corruption of morals through the sensual passion is that the effect is degrading and that whatever tends to degrade the nature of individuals is injurious to society. We do not interdict indecent literature merely because of the repugnance it arouses, or because of its inherent badness, but on account of its immoral influence. Yet we tolerate the immoral Debs and other revolutionary labor leaders whose vicious utterances are the inspiration of such infamous crimes as have been committed by lawless organizations of the character of the Western Federation of Miners. If the purpose of our government is to secure the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, then we should not confound liberty of speech with license to advocate riot and rebellion. If incendiary speakers were liable to arrest as accessories before the fact whenever crimes are committed in pursuance of their suggestion, they would be more circumspect in their utterances.

Bryan the Conservative

William J. Bryan protests against being considered more conservative today than he was when he first ran for the Presidency. He wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is as zealous as ever for the application of Jeffersonian principles to present conditions, and that he has not mitigated his hostility to the evils of government under which unjust privileges are enjoyed by powerful capitalistic combines. Mr. Bryan errs in assuming that because he has abandoned none of his principles he is not more conservative than formerly. A man is conservative in proportion to his disinclination to upset the existing order of things. Mr. Bryan was formerly in favor of revolutionizing the financial system of the country, and now, though he is still a silverite, he believes it unnecessary under existing conditions, to tinker with the gold standard. He has not abandoned his principles in reference to a financial system, but being satisfied with the present system he is, so far as that subject is concerned, a conservative statesman. And in another sense Mr. Bryan is less revolutionary than formerly; in the sense that what once appeared to be a Quixotic and temperamental attitude in him, now appears in a safe and sane attitude. He was revolutionary when the necessity for the application of his principles was not apparent, but it has become apparent and relatively speaking his aspect has changed. More accurately speaking the attitude of the public has changed, but in this country the attitude of the public is the normal attitude and abnormalities in individuals are to be gauged by comparison. The public have come to see that the evils which Bryan complained of are serious, and that, as he said, they really menace the life of the Republic. So the star-eyed goddess of Reform incarnated in the person of William J. Bryan is no longer of frenetic aspect. In these piping times of exposure with the whole country ringing with complaints of the abuse of power, our ears filled with the warnings of learned and sober publicists and our magazines raging against the predatory rich, the garrulous Silver Champion has lost that unique-

ness of personality which was once so inspiring to the lampoonists and cartoonists of a cynical and scoffing press. In addition to all these phenomena so propitious to Mr. Bryan's political aspirations, there is another circumstance that tends to reconcile the public to his return to the limelight in the role of perennial candidate. He has given evidence lately of a mellowing of the spirit. In the old days when his principles seemed anarchistic he was somewhat intemperate in his criticisms of men and measures, and he was harsh in his judgments and precipitous in his prejudices. He suggested the image of the bull in the china shop. The brand of the boy orator was on him and he tried to live up to it. But in recent years, the grave responsibilities of editorship have softened the asperity of his nature. He has been reading Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, and his latter-day utterances indicate the cultivation of a philosophical spirit and a kindlier attitude toward all men. He has been discussing socialism sagely and temperately, and he has been preaching the doctrine of the brotherhood of men, and his sentiments reflect a mind sweetened by ennobling thoughts. Everybody admires a genial, broad-minded, big-hearted philosopher, and Mr. Bryan will find that it is easier to win men with kindly maxims than with scolding. Philosophy is a great aid to statesmanship. Plato tells us that until philosophers are kings, and the princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, cities will never cease from ill. Who knows but that Mr. Bryan may yet achieve that benign combination!

When Our Health Was Sound

We have had so much to do attending to our private affairs during the past three months that only the echoes of the great events have reached us. Upton Sinclair's novel, "The Jungle," exploiting the Chicago packing houses, was just on the market, and local book buyers and library patrons had not yet had time to possess themselves of it when our curtain came down. Since then the local journals have had all they could do to report the progress of insurance matters and quarrels over the relief fund, so that we have missed most of the details of the Packingtown scandal. Yet those details should be of particular interest to us because of our devotion to the products of Packingtown during a long period in the month of April. And we should be of particular interest to the embalmed-beef barons, for they may point to us with pride and as Exhibit A in vindication of their methods. The health of San Francisco was never so good as when the whole city was dieting on canned goods and cooking in the streets in defiance of microbes. It must pain the health cranks to reflect that we were never less in need of medical attention



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King Solomon's Hall

Fillmore Street, Near Sutter

San Francisco

than when we were unable to comply with sanitary regulations, paying no attention to bacilli and wondering not whether the fishermen sterilized their hands before catching the herrings. However, even at this late day, one's stomach almost revolts at the recollection of the canned goods, knowing as one does now, of the manner in which meats are handled in Packingtown. If those meats failed to cause an epidemic in San Francisco it was because our manner of living fortified us against infection. A sound stomach is immune to microbes; and living in the open air, coaxing a blaze between two bricks, carrying water several hundred yards, and doing other things that stimulate circulation and keep the mind off health problems, are conducive to physical conditions that drive doctors to despair.

Beware of the Pauper Habit

Unquestionably there has been grave mismanagement of the business of distributing supplies to the refugees in this city, but in an emergency such as this we should not expect to see a perfect system in operation. We should remember that it is a condition not even confined to emergencies, that the pushing and aggressive ones not overburdened with a fine sense of honesty get more than their share of whatever is to be had while the weak and timid are deprived of their share. It is unfortunate that representatives of professional charity bureaus were employed to distribute the supplies, because it is their disposition to view everybody who receives something for nothing as a beggar. And while it is improper to treat all the refugees as able-bodied indigents dependent on public charity who should be grateful to the committee for everything that is doled out to them, it has been necessary to exercise some degree of caution against imposture and unreasonable demands. At the same time it is important that refugees should not be enticed into the ways of the pauper. They are entitled to much sympathy and as many creature comforts as are consistent with existence under difficulties, but they should not find it advantageous to be idle. There is plenty of work for every able-bodied man in San Francisco. It may not be congenial or particularly inviting, but no one with a sound pair of hands, no matter what his age, need be idle. No one who can earn his living has any right to demand free food, or free clothing. The housing problem is another matter. Since there are not dwellings to accommodate the people, at any price, many must remain in the tents, and until they are housed they must do without furniture. But the very object in establishing the "soup kitchens" was to discourage people from dependence where it was not absolutely necessary. It was taken for granted that with a minimum ration of plain food and the name "soup kitchen," only those driven by need would apply for free meals. The aged, the infirm, the young children, and the women who cannot occupy themselves in gainful ways because their attention is claimed by those dependent on them for nursing are the only ones who should now be considered. The lamentations over the lack of style and daintiness of the camp eating houses bring derisive smiles to the lips of those

who have lived in mining camps and paid hard coin for less variety, worse cooked, and as poorly served. Washington Gladden says there is nothing that has so pauperized the people of this country as the Civil War pensions, not that the soldiers who served in the army are all pensioners, or that they do not deserve their stipend, but the spectacle of so many men drawing money for apparently nothing has affected their relatives, neighbors, and acquaintances, so that they are all eager to do likewise. No better evidence of that is wanted than the large number of pensioners added to the roll after that toy war with Spain, already all but forgotten. The army was recruited by young men. The casualties were so few that they hardly raised the percentage of deaths and accidents for the year 1898, and yet more than one-fourth of all the men enlisted are today drawing pensions. In the three months of April, May and June, 1901, nearly forty-six thousand new pensioners were added to the roll, and there is no end in sight. There are about ten times as many Spanish war pensioners today as there were men in Shafter's army before Santiago. There are five Revolutionary pensioners now on the rolls, children of Revolutionary soldiers, though that war is a hundred and thirty years in the past, and there are seven hundred and seventy dependents left us from the war of 1812, though the last participant has been in the grave these many years. Our inheritance from the Mexican war is approximately twelve thousand, two-thirds of whom are widows, though the peace treaty was signed ten years before President Roosevelt was born, and it is estimated that twenty years hence, even if we have no new war to add to the sum, there will be still half a million pensioners. Should no new claims be recognized after today the total cost of taking care of the army of dependents would foot up to twelve billion dollars before death claimed the last pensioner, all of which goes to show that beggary is not repugnant to the American provided it is called by some more polite name.



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The Pilots

The path beneath the orchard trees,
 Deep hid in grass and daisies dying,
 Leads us to blue, enchanted Seas,
 Where silver gulls are flying.
 Blow, Winds o' God! Bend, Sails o' men!
 Laugh, Waves and Waters flowing!
 Beyond the blue Sea's farthest ken
 My Love and I are going!

And at the helm sits Young Desire,
 A Pilot bold and gay
 When hearts are flame and lips are fire,
 Full straight he marks the way.

My Love had turned sad eyes to me,
 At time for curfew ringing;
 Upon a cloud that kissed the sea
 The crescent moon was swinging.
 The sails hung black that once were white,
 Black—black, against the sand;
 We saw the wild gulls wheel in flight,
 And longed for touch of land.

One at the helm sat, stern and old,
 To mark the homeward course;
 When hearts and lips, alas! grow cold,
 What Pilot, save Remorse?

—The Allegorist.

Perspective Impressions

D'Annunzio has invented a perfume which he calls "acquanzio." Perhaps he intends to disinfect some of his literature with it.

Henry Watterson has been attacking Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity. Henry's attacks don't amount to much because everybody knows how hard it is to please him.

Every time the "Examiner" urges Mayor Schmitz to break away from that bad man, Abe Ruef, his Honor laughs until his sides ache. It's such a joke on Abe.

Professor Wheeler, of Yale, says that the Monroe Doctrine is the embodiment of national greed and selfishness. So is the Constitution.

The London "Lancet" has discovered that an earthquake causes seasickness. The people of San Francisco know of a great many other things that an earthquake causes. We had one that caused open-air cooking and that's worse than seasickness. It also produced falling of the chimney. In Caruso's case it caused homesickness, and it afflicted quite a large number with wanderlust. But it isn't what an earthquake causes that worries us; we'd like to know for sure what causes an earthquake. It's because of the mystery of the thing that people get that strange sensation in the midsection which the "Lancet" pronounces sea-sickness.

Dr. G. H. Brown, of Montreal, is going to explain his iodine cure for consumption to the British Medical Congress at Toronto in the latter part of August. Until then the bacilli of tuberculosis have Dr. Brown's permission to go as far as they like.

The Rev. Louis J. Sawyer, pastor of the Hamilton Square church, says: "To permit graft to continue without protest is to train a generation of thieves." If the gentleman hasn't heard a protest he should consult an ear specialist.

Successful men do not make the best public servants, because they usually have most of the qualities that make for success and many of those qualities are in the equipment of the average rogue.

A lady attacked by a mountain lion, the Associated Press gravely tells us, remembered that music soothes the savage beast, so she began to sing. The lion was either soothed or paralyzed for he did not continue the business in hand, but stood silently with one paw on the lady's prostrate body until daylight when the vocalist's husband came upon the scene and shot the beast. The lady will probably soon make her appearance at the Orpheum and small boys will no doubt appear in the audience offering for sale copies of the song that caused the lion to digress.



Jack, in the Pueblo "Star-Journal."
 THE PRESIDENT AND THE PEOPLE CANNOT HOPE TO SCORE WHILE THE TRUSTS
 HAVE THE UMPIRE WITH THEM.

A Chat with Perkins and McKinlay

By Theodore Bonnet

Here we are with two full years to pass over our heads before we hear the fall of the gavel in either of the National conventions, and already the Presidential candidates are in motion and there's not a newspaper to be read that does not direct one's attention to the campaign preliminaries. So the question seemed not untimely that I put to two statesmen the other day:

"Do you think President Roosevelt has any intention of running for the presidency again?"

Congressman Duncan McKinlay was the first man to whom the question was put. And as he does not hold the President in contempt he promptly answered that he was sure that Mr. Roosevelt meant what he said when he affirmed his intention to retire from office at the close of his term. He added that in his opinion Mr. Roosevelt would not care to serve another term even though it would be no violation of his word to accept renomination. "Mr. Roosevelt," said the Congressman, "is not the vigorous, buoyant man that he was when he visited this city. You'd be surprised to see him now. The duties of the office and the nervous strain on his system have wrought quite a change, and in appearance he has aged twenty years in two. He needs a rest and he is going to take it as soon as the end of his term is reached. Then he will take a trip to Europe and after that he will devote himself to literary work."

Congressman McKinlay spoke like a man who is close to the throne, but that is because he is on very intimate terms with Secretary Taft from whom he probably obtained his information respecting the President's plans. McKinlay accompanied the Taft expedition to the Philippines at the invitation of the Secretary, and during that trip he wrote several letters to the newspapers in his district, explaining Taft's position on the Chinese question. It will be remembered that Taft was suspected of being in favor of amending the Exclusion Act, but in Honolulu he made it clear that he was not, and McKinlay, by his correspondence, aided in removing the false impression that had been created. As a result very cordial relations were established between the Secretary and the Congressman, and these ripened into a warm friendship during the recent session of Congress when McKinlay supported the administration tariff measure for the benefit of the Philippines. So Duncan McKinlay probably speaks authoritatively on the subject of the President's determination to quit public life. And in his opinion Taft is the man destined to put the finishing touches to all that Roosevelt leaves undone at the end of his term.

"What about the report that he would like to go on the Supreme Bench?" I asked.

"That's true," said McKinlay, "but he would not care to go on except as Chief Justice."

And continuing as one who knows just what the situation is, the Congressman said, "Mr. Taft is a man who will not let his ambition interfere with what he conceives to be his duties as a statesman."

What could I say to that? Our congressman from the Second District is obviously a man as far removed from the pessimism of politics as his district is from the centres where illusions are shattered. He has an invincible faith in the actuality of the idealities of statesmanship. Which argues that Mr. McKinlay is himself a pure and zealous statesman.

Before we parted I elicited from the congressman the news that Mr. Taft is coming to California soon. "Just before I left Washington," he said, "Mr. Taft asked me if he could be of any service to me. I told him that a speech or two would help me a whole lot. 'Well,' said he, 'I think I may make a speech or two for you. I'm going to Colorado in October and I ought to be able to go from there to California.' Before we parted he agreed to come. He will be here in October."

After leaving the congressman I called on Senator Perkins and found that he agreed with McKinlay respecting the President's determination to close his administration with the present term.

"Do you think Taft is Roosevelt's logical successor?" I asked.

"I think the Supreme Bench is the goal of Taft's ambition," was the reply.

I told Senator Perkins what Congressman McKinlay had said about Taft being Roosevelt's probable successor. A merry twinkle played in the Senator's eyes.

"McKinlay is very close to Taft," he said. "I know that Taft feels that certain obligations devolve on him. He told me so one day. I suggested that judicial duties ought to be more congenial to a man of his temperament and he said they were but that he had to finish the work he had begun. On another occasion, however, I heard Mrs. Taft on the same subject. She said she longed for the day when her husband would be through with his arduous political labors and return once more to the judiciary."

It is evident that Senator Perkins thinks Mrs. Taft's sentiments are of greater significance than those of her husband, and that she does not take the fat secretary seriously as a Presidential candidate. Vice-President Charles Warren Fairbanks is the man to be reckoned with, in his opinion, and he also looks on Senator Foraker as a Presidential possibility.

Senator Perkins is not taking an active interest in state politics, but I reminded him that he had been quoted as having said that Governor Pardee made a fine record, and I remarked that it was strange that he should mention particularly the Governor's official conduct during the recent catastrophe and specify nothing else to Pardee's credit.

"Why do you think it strange?" he asked.

"Because," I replied, "it might be inferred that the Governor had nothing else in his record worth mentioning, and unfortunately it is not generally agreed that he is deserving of credit for his conduct last April."

Senator Perkins managed to look astonished.

"Who told you?" I asked, "that he made a fine record during the catastrophe?"

"I read it in the papers."

"What papers?"

"Well, the only one I can remember is the 'Oakland Tribune.' But," and he said this triumphantly, "I know I read it in the 'Tribune.'"

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In Old San Francisco

By R. Francis Logan

[The first installment of this serial history was published in the issue of Town Talk of July 7th.—Ed.]

The Peck-Palmer bribery scandal was not the only sensational feature of the session of the California Legislature of 1854, memorable as the session at which Broderick forced his desperate scheme for the election of United States Senator one year in advance of the regular time. Nor was the attempt to bribe Mr. Peck the only one that was made. Colonel Mazuma had more money to throw to the birds in those days than at any subsequent period in his picturesque career. The Democratic Senator from Sierra, a poor man who was known to be solicitous for his family in South Carolina, and who had not sufficient money to bring them to California, was offered \$30,000 in gold merely to vote to bring on the election for Senator. But the corruption of statesmen was not the only evil to be guarded against. The personal security of more than one Senator was threatened. Thugs from San Francisco were on hand, and it was known that a conspiracy against one man's life was hatched in a saloon on Washington street in this city. Both sides were represented at Sacramento by gun-fighters.

The Senatorial election bill came up for action in the Senate on the morning of March 6, and the chamber was packed. When the vote was taken the silence that prevailed was oppressive, and the breathing of the multitude bespoke the terrible suspense that was unbroken to the last, for it was a tie vote. Some little time elapsed before the tie was announced and then all eyes turned to Lieutenant-Governor Sam Purdy, the President of the Senate. In a quavering voice he voted aye, and the Broderick men broke into tumultuous cheering. The Assembly hurriedly passed the bill the same morning.

There was great rejoicing among the Broderick men in Sacramento that night, but the next day was one of keen disappointment. Among the men that voted for the Broderick bill in the Senate was Senator Grewell of Santa Clara, a minister of the gospel, and the prototype by the way, of most of the ministers of the gospel that became members of the California Legislature in after years. Good parsons seldom became statesmen in California. Bad ones frequently go to Sacramento to make laws and boodle. Grewell was a typical weak brother. Standing pat was not his favorite occupation. He wouldn't even stay persuaded. He belonged to the Broderick opposition, but after a long interview with Colonel Mazuma he switched over. But the Broderick leaders had no faith in him. After he voted for the election bill he was put in charge of Martin Rowan, Assemblyman from Calaveras, a zealous Broderick man. That night they slept together in the Fountain House on I street. Early Tuesday morning Captain Dan Aldrich, a fierce fighter from San Francisco, entered the room, found Rowan in a drunken stupor, the result of his celebration of the Broderick victory, and at the muzzle of a pistol forced Grewell to follow him. Grewell was escorted to the Gwin camp and the next morning he was conducted to the Senate chamber where he arose and moved a reconsideration of the bill, explaining his vote by saying that he had received "telegraphic communication" from his constituents, an explanation that has served other Senators from Santa Clara county in late years. The bill was reconsidered and beaten, to the dismay of the Broderick forces and the great chagrin of their leaders. No attempt was made to resume the fight in that session, but Broderick proceeded at once to strengthen his organization for the next campaign. He was chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, and the position gave him material advantage in the management of affairs preceding the election in the fall of 1854. The State convention was called to meet at Sacramento July 18. In a number of the strong anti-Broderick

counties the Broderickites elected delegates independent of the regular Democratic delegates. The opposition retaliated by electing an independent delegation from San Francisco, the Broderick stronghold. The whole State looked forward to an exciting battle on the floor of the convention.

Broderick hired for the convention the Baptist church in Sacramento, on Fourth street. He adroitly arranged for the seating of the several delegations, so that his own from this city should fill the front pews. No seats were provided for the contesting San Francisco delegates, nor was provision made for any of the anti-Broderick delegates from the interior. All the Broderick delegates were admitted to the hall before the hour announced for the opening, and it was agreed that Judge Ed McGowan should be elected chairman, but this program was not carried out. The proceedings incidental to the upsetting of it were of a most sensational character. Indeed that convention was one of the most remarkable ever held in this country. It was redolent of the lawless atmosphere of the time.

The anti-Broderick faction learned of the secret plans of the enemy and arranged to circumvent them. It was decided to elect ex-Governor John McDougald chairman of the convention and a body of thirty men volunteered to guard his person on the platform. Among them were Major Bidwell, Judge Terry, Sam Brooks, William G. Ross, Charley Fairfax, J. C. McKibben and M. Taliaferro.

At the appointed hour the anti-Broderick forces appeared at the entrance of the Baptist church. The doors were guarded on the inside by Billy Mulligan, James P. Casey, Mortimer J. Smith and others, but they were unable to prevent the delegates from entering. Presently Broderick appeared on the platform and called the convention to order and said he was prepared to hear nominations for chairman. Promptly the man selected to nominate McDougald did so. Broderick refused to recognize the speaker, saying that he was not a delegate to the convention, his seat being contested. At that moment Judge McGowan was nominated and Broderick proceeded to put the question, whereupon a storm of protest swept over the hall and great confusion followed, in the midst of which an anti-Broderick delegate arose, put the motion to declare McDougald chairman and announced that it had been carried. A moment later McDougald was seen crowding his way toward the platform. He arrived there simultaneously with McGowan, and each man was accompanied by a band of friends. The convention was in an uproar, the fighting men of both factions had their guns out brandishing them in air and a big shooting affray seemed inevitable, but not a shot was fired until there had been a great battle of words accompanied by the exhaustion of much steam and then everybody was startled by the report of a derringer. It was Rube Meloney's. It had been accidentally discharged and Rube moaned that he was wounded, fatally, he feared. He felt the blood trickling into his boot. He was hastily carried into a small room in the rear of the church, and there an examination was made just as the brave Meloney was about to faint from loss of blood, as he himself declared. The physician, however, was unable to find a wound. This was not surprising, for the bullet had not grazed the Meloney skin. It was not blood that he had felt.

Meanwhile lusty-lunged orators were trying to bring order out of chaos in the convention. The church trustees appeared and begged the delegates to adjourn. They were not heeded. The pastor appeared, and implored them in God's name to leave his church, but they ignored him. They remained in fighting session until after dark and in darkness, the

(Continued on Page 31.)

The Spectator

Funston Says He Blundered

Has Governor Pardee been "calling down" General Frederick Funston? This is the question I asked myself after reading the following letter:

Headquarters Department of California,
Office of the Commanding General,
Presidio of San Francisco,
July 17, 1906.

The Editor of Town Talk,

Dear Sir: In an interview which you had with me a couple of weeks after the fire, I did Governor Pardee an injustice by stating that I did not see him until April 23d. In this I was in error, as the Governor on the 21st attended a conference between the Mayor, the Chief of Police, the Commanding General of the California National Guard and myself. I was quoted correctly by you, but made the blunder myself and request that this correction be made as a matter of justice to Governor Pardee. It was my intention to attend to this matter before, but it was inadvertently overlooked.

Very respectfully,

FREDERICK FUNSTON.

What Funston Said

It is very much to be regretted that "Town Talk" was inadvertently led into error, for there has been a great deal of harsh criticism of Governor Pardee growing out of his conduct during the catastrophe. Many of his critics thought that he should have come to San Francisco as soon as he learned of the city's distress, and others reprehended him for not acting with promptness and decision. He was lampooned as a blunderer in a Seattle paper, by a man who was promptly denounced by him as a liar, and in "Collier's Weekly" he was dubbed "A Weak Brother." His political enemies have tried to make capital out of his alleged delinquencies and altogether his experience has been far from pleasant. There were several conflicting reports in circulation respecting the period that elapsed after the earthquake and before the Governor's appearance in this city, and to get accurate information on the subject the editor of "Town Talk" questioned General Funston who was presumed to know. The question was asked after General Funston had eulogized the Mayor and the Chief of Police for their zeal and excellent judgment. He said nothing about Governor Pardee, so he was asked: "How soon after the earthquake did you meet Governor Pardee?" and these were the words of the narrative: "It took General Funston some time to recall the number of days that elapsed between the earthquake and his meeting with the Governor. He made the calculation by recalling that General Greely, the commander of this division, who was on leave and had gone as far as Chicago, returned immediately on hearing of the catastrophe, and that it was after General Greely's return that he first met the Governor. 'I do not think,' he said, 'that it was more than five days after the earthquake.'" And now General Funston says that he blundered. However it was not a very bad blunder. Indeed, strictly speaking, the General was guiltless of blunder, for it was quite true that he saw Governor Pardee within five days of the earthquake. He saw him within four days of the earthquake, or, to be precise, he saw him three days and some hours after the earthquake, at a time when the fire was flickering to its finish. It really doesn't matter a great deal just when General Funston first saw the Governor of California, but the General is probably a stickler for accuracy, and as there has been so much criticism it is well that one should have the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. It is clear that the Governor's critics have been unfair to the extent of at least a day and a half.

Pardee's Feeble Boom

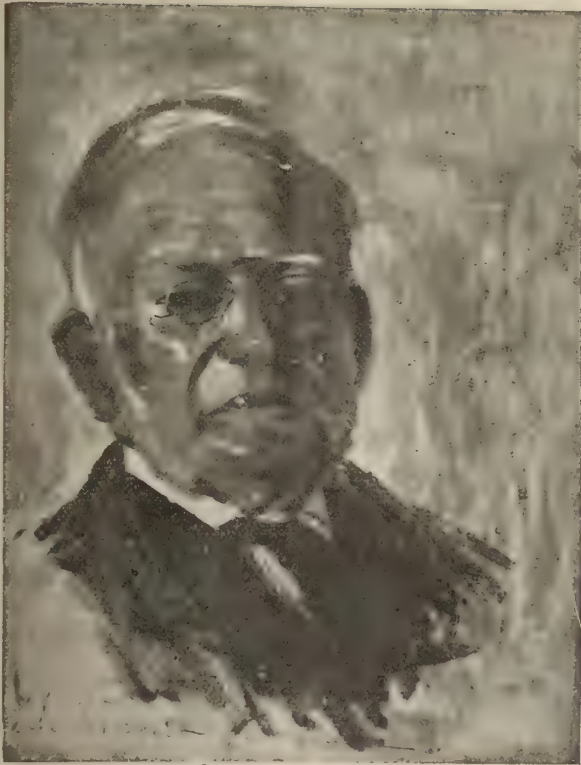
Governor Pardee and his lieutenants are far from satisfied with the Doctor's gubernatorial boom. The temperature of the boom is many degrees removed from normal. If it doesn't rise soon there will be a hurry call for mustard plasters and hot bottles. The boom is suffering from a torpid liver. It is in need of nourishment but declines to assimilate food. Stimulants have been prescribed, but yield no results. Everything the Doctor orders proves a failure. It is said that the boom's case is hopeless unless the organization is to be persuaded to lend a helping hand; also, that toward that institution Pardee is looking expectantly. Meanwhile the administration lieutenants are screwing up their courage and putting on something that resembles a hopeful air. Alameda county is said to be with them, and when that is said the tone of the utterance might lead you to suppose that Alameda county was the solution of the whole difficulty. As a matter of fact Alameda county is the corner-stone of the whole Pardee structure and it is very wobbly. The Alameda county delegation will go to the convention to vote for Pardee, but the Governor cannot call the delegates his own. He knows that and the knowledge worries him. What doth it avail a candidate for Governor to have the delegation of his home county and be unable to use it for trading purposes. Pardee has no delusions on that subject. He knows that many of the Alameda politicians are with him because circumstances constrain them, and he also knows that when it comes to swapping them they will decline to be swapped. He knows that he is on quicksands and perhaps would like a rope from the organization, but I doubt that it will be thrown to him. And yet Pardee has not been consistently unfriendly to the organization. He removed a few organization men from office, but he had to do that to show his independence. He signed the railroad crossing bill and that wasn't an unfriendly act. Political organizations are not always popular and therefore a public officer should not be expected to be ostentatiously servile. However, the programme appears to be to give Dr. Pardee once more to his profession, and to nominate some such popular fellow as Congressman Gillett whose horizon extends a greater distance than from Berkeley to Haywards.

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"Uncle" George Bromley

Reproduced from a sketch made by the gifted artist, Ada Romer Shawhan, for her large canvas "LaBoheme," on which she is grouping the heads of well-known artists, musicians and writers.

A Bit of Social History

To the common herd Madame La Bavarde is very often opaque. One must be able to read between the lines to get at the heart of her narrative. As, for instance, in such gems as this: "Mr. and Mrs. Umben have been occupying the Poniatowski place at Burlingame all summer, and both Mrs. Umben and her house guest, Miss Thomas, have been great favorites in the social set there. The pretty Montana girl, as well as her hostess, made a distinctly agreeable impression at Burlingame." Which is an indirect way of conveying the information that the Umbens have arrived. Mr. Umben is a real estate agent who was, until recently, unknown to the elect of Burlingame. Shortly after his marriage, an event of recent date, he took the Poniatowski residence in the heart of Burlingame, and then the social gossips of the daily press sat right up and took solemn notice. Being familiar with the ways of climbers they regarded the Umben move as a bold assault on the citadel of the 400. Believing as they do that something of a divinity doth hedge the fashionable herd they expected to see the Umbens cold-shouldered at Burlingame, but now comes Madame La Bavarde with her testimony that the wealthy real estate agent and his wife "made a distinctly agreeable impression." She gravely records the fact as though it were no mean achievement to make an agreeable impression at Burlingame. But the testimony is somewhat vague. An agreeable impression may have reference merely to externals. A person may make an agreeable impression with a Parisian gown or an automobile, or by a graceful carriage or by not butting in. Or a person may make an agreeable impression by giving evidence of culture. Sometimes a polished manner gives an agreeable impression and sometimes certain artistic accomplishments

by which one may be edified and entertained. The giving of an agreeable impression implies capacity in somebody to receive, and Madame La Bavarde's testimony gives rise to the question, "What impressions are agreeable to the denizens of Burlingame?" It is not easy to solve that question. For what might not be agreeable to Mrs. Crocker, who loves art and hates a split infinitive, would, perhaps, make a great hit with Charley Clark, who is a rollicking blade given to pastimes that George Newhall would pronounce vulgar. To get an accurate knowledge of the manner in which the Umbens appealed to the tremendously elect of Burlingame, it would be necessary to review the recent social history of the place and find out something about the social functions that were given in their honor and the blow-outs by which they reciprocated the kind attentions that were showered upon them. But perhaps the Umbens did not go to Burlingame to make an agreeable impression. It is quite conceivable that a person might take the Poniatowski residence without ulterior designs or any motive other than that of enjoying a quiet, domestic life. Such a thing might be beyond the comprehension of—well, let us say, the Chaperon, but stranger things have happened.

Insubordinate Seamen

While it is generally supposed that the demand for higher wages is the real issue between the shipowners and the striking seamen, the fact is that the trouble goes much deeper. On the sailing vessels and the smaller coasting steamers, discipline has for a long time been at a low ebb. Insubordination on the part of the sailors, firemen, cooks, stewards and waiters was so common that the shipowners were afraid that if they granted this last demand for a raise discipline would be altogether at an end. There are plenty of specific instances to bear out these statements. On one occasion when Captain Hardwick, of the Alliance, ordered the weekly fire-drill the sailors refused. They said they knew there was no fire, that it was only a practice drill, and that they did not purpose to go through it. Captain Randall, of the George W. Elder, had a similar experience with a crew. The sailors want to control the situation, and they have come very near doing it. The captains have found themselves growing more and more helpless. It is not uncommon for a sailor at the wheel to tell a captain who admonishes him about his course: "You go to —. I know how I'm steering." It is not uncommon, either, for a captain, on ordering the crew out of the fore-castle, to be met with jeers. If an attempt is made to discipline one of

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the crew, the others refuse to work. The union claims for the sailors the right to leave the ship even though there be no one to take their places. There are rough and desperate men among the seamen—as witness the cutting of the tiller ropes of the Ravalli in this harbor. On a trip of the Pomona to Eureka three years ago, the captain warned the passengers of this danger, and the latter, armed, kept watch while the boat crossed Humboldt bar.

Effect of the Strike

It is not only in San Francisco that this strike is doing harm. A Humboldt county correspondent writes me that the dairymen there are unable to ship their butter, and are suffering great loss thereby. Three years ago, while a similar strike was on, the dairymen went into Eureka and loaded their butter onto the boats, coming to San Francisco with it to unload it here. Strikers tried to intimidate them, but the farmers held their ground.

Incompetent Officers

And right here something may as well be said of the personality of the officers of our coastwise vessels. They are not of a type to excite admiration or respect. It was revealed by the secret service officers during the past year that many licenses to command ships were obtained by fraud—and there are many held now by fraud that have not yet been unearthed. An examination of the reports turned in by these officers show them to be, in very many cases, ignorant and unlettered. The shipowners would be far better off in the long run if they would put in charge of their boats intelligent, educated men who could inspire the respect of the men working under them. It would reduce the number of strikes—also the number of ships lost by blundering onto the shore when they should be far away from land.

Sonneteering In Oakland

From the Oakland correspondent of one of the dailies—an amiable lady—we learn that the territory on the other side of Goat Island abounds in literary geniuses, mostly of the skirted sex and all addicted to poetizing. The seat of culture has been removed from San Francisco to Alameda county. For which let us moderate our lamentations over the earthquake. Mrs. Edna Prather is one of the Alameda literati, a piece of intelligence for which I am indebted to the amiable correspondent who says: "She has a rare talent for poesy and sonnets of real merit flow from her pen as easily as prose from those less gifted." And the correspondent adds: "Like Miss Taft, Miss Prather has magnificent hair, of a rich auburn hue and she is one of the most attractive girls in Oakland." I am not going to question the merits of Mrs. or Miss (it is given both ways), Prather's sonnets, for I have never read any of them. I merely wish to enlighten the correspondent to the extent of disabusing her mind of the notion that the writing of prose—good prose—is a less worthy achievement than the writing of sonnets, especially the kind of sonnets that usually come out of Oakland. For an exemplification of the difficulty of writing good prose I shall point to the paragraph quoted. There is nothing so important in prose as coherency and sequence, yet both are missing from the few lines in reference to Mrs. or Miss Prather. From the eulogium on the Prather sonneteering ability the correspondent skips blithely to the subject of hair, which, though it may add great strength to the possessor is not to be considered conducive to skill in turning

a pretty rhyme. To be able to write what is nowadays designated as poetry one requires only a knowledge of the mechanical rules which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry. And one may write a string of elaborate stanzas without coherency, soul or body, and have them accepted by our leading magazines under the misapprehension that the whole is a meritorious poem. According to Pope even an epic poem may be written by one who is not a genius, and according to Goethe, he who would write prose must have something to say whereas he who has nothing to say can make verses and rhymes. To have something to say and say it in the best and fewest words is a feat that few achieve. The saying of something in the best and fewest words implies faculty in choice of words and the ability to get rid of superfluous words. In the literature of the world there is comparatively little perfect prose, the reason being that it is hard to write.

Mrs. Atherton Joshed in Portland

Our own dear Gertrude Atherton, most renowned of all our makers of twentieth century literature, has been astonishing the natives of Oregon. She arrived in Portland one day last week in a linen duster, and the whole town sat up and took notice. The presence of a real, lady novelist, a producer of best-sellers, quickened the pulse of the community and the "Daily Journal," with true yellow journalistic enterprise of the Oregonian brand, detailed a reporter to track her round the town. The reporter devoted a paragraph to the duster, saying it was worth that if nothing else. "No Indiana farmer," he wrote, "ever drove his pigs to market or husked his golden corn with a more iridescent, radiating, dust consuming duster than 'the Californian' wore as she went a-shopping. Yards and yards of a sickly yellow cloth were used in the manufacture of the ill-formed cloak that wrapped the wearer in a halo that matched her hair. No dust could touch any part of her body, above, around and for several feet beneath, for the flimsy garment trailed feet in the wake of the swift-sailing shopper. Had it not been used for a duster it would have done excellent service as a hop canvas." Fancy Gertrude Atherton, the cosmopolite of literature, the pet of London's cultured drawing-rooms, the patron of Parisian modistes, being joshed on account of her wearing apparel in little, old provincial Portland. The experience should move her pen to some ironical phrase building for one of the magazines. But the reporter didn't stop at the duster. He trailed Mrs. Atherton on a shopping expedition: "For two hours the little Californian graced the department stores of the city and purchased one 15-cent handkerchief, a piece of soap and a toothbrush. But while she was spending twice '23' cents, for today was bargain day, she priced more than \$600 worth of summer gowns. 'Dreams they were and dreams they always will be,' said Sadie, the cash-girl, 'so far as she is concerned. I knows her kind all right, all right. She can't bluff me. I seen when she come in that she was de real goods, when it comes to making big talk and 2-cent purchases. Back to the redwoods with her.'" The poor benighted reporter never reflected that perhaps Mrs. Atherton was shopping for atmosphere and not for wearing apparel. For, of course, Mrs.

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A. M. ROBERTSON

Atherton wouldn't think of buying anything to wear in Portland—not even a duster.

Oxnard's Amusing Blunder

Just before the Californian Congressional delegation began packing grips for the homeward journey a few weeks ago, Henry T. Oxnard expressed his esteem for the members by giving a banquet in their honor. Mr. Oxnard is the horse-owner and beet-sugar baron, who made a feeble effort to break into the United States Senate through the Californian Legislature on the strength of his good looks or something equally unsubstantial. When he isn't looking after his beets or his horses, he is giving dinners in Washington upon the theory that the most august deliberative body in the world is to be persuaded through its stomach, for be it known, the Californian millionaire is chief lobbyist of the sugar interests, and though he is not a very wise politician, he is skilled in the art of being all things agreeable to all statesmen at Washington. He achieves his triumphs in this art as a dinner host. There is nothing that a congressman from the cowpaths appreciates more than a little social attention, and Oxnard is a man that ladles it out with a prodigal hand. At the recent session he occupied the General Miles residence and there Mrs. Oxnard entertained the wives of legislators while Mr. Oxnard extended the gladhand to the gents. But to return from my digression: one member of the Californian delegation was conspicuous by his absence from the Oxnard farewell dinner. Duncan McKinlay was the absentee, and it was a coincidence that he voted against the beet-sugar interests and for the Administration tariff measure. His colleague wondered at his absence until they noticed among those present Representative McKinley, of Illinois, and his wife. Then it dawned on the colleagues of the missing Californian that there had been some confusion. They spoke to Mr. Oxnard and he almost collapsed when he learned of the error. Some of the practical jokers told him that Duncan McKinlay would be very sore, and he was in great distress, but said that he would explain matters the following morning. The practical jokers promised to arrange a meeting with the Californian Congressman, but instead each called on McKinlay and lamented that he had been snubbed for voting for the tariff measure. By the time McKinlay met Oxnard he was in a white heat and when the latter, wreathed in smiles, addressed him the Congressman turned on his heel. A little later his wrath was assuaged by the jokers.

"Squaring" the Thaw Case

The prediction that Harry Thaw will not be placed on trial for the murder of Stanford White is something of a tax on credulity. According to the New York "World" he is to be examined by a lunacy commission and sent to an asylum. This would be establishing a pretty dangerous precedent. It is the easiest thing in the world to procure experts to pronounce a man insane. There is no hard and fast rule by which the soundness of a man's mind may be determined. Experts are influenced by their knowledge of a man's conduct, and vagaries and eccentricities are misleading. What may seem odd in the conduct of one man may be characteristic of another. The insanity plea is one of the most pernicious subterfuges known to the law, and if it is to become available as a bar to criminal prosecution then the whole system of

criminal jurisprudence will become farcical in its operations. Harry Thaw is unquestionably a shallow-pated young man, but his family did not consider him dangerous to be at large until he killed Stanford White. If they were convinced of his insanity when he married a chorus girl it would have been very easy for them to procure the annulment of the marriage. They felt very much humiliated over his conduct but it never occurred to them that it would be advisable to put him under restraint.

She Was Being Polished

From a friend of the Harry K. Thaws I learn that a few weeks before the White murder Mrs. Thaw began a course of study in Pittsburg to acquire a post-nuptial education in branches that had been neglected before her marriage. She was putting in eight hours a day of the hardest kind of work with four tutors who were working in relays giving her lessons in French, German, voice and the piano. Luigi von Kunits, concert master of the Pittsburg orchestra, was the man in charge of Mrs. Thaw's education. He was teaching her French and his wife was teaching her German. A member of the Pittsburg orchestra was teaching her the piano and Madame Bramsten, a concert singer, was giving her lessons in voice culture. It was said that Mrs. Thaw was acting in deference to the wishes of her mother-in-law, who wished to see her qualified to enter society.

Press Club Luck

The recent catastrophe proved a blessing in disguise to the Press Club. That institution was having a hard financial struggle just before the earthquake, but was in a fair way to emerge from the shadows of debt. It was not, however, a bona fide Press Club, for the journalistic members constituted a very small minority of the membership, and the life of the club depended on the associate members, who, however, are mostly men of the temperament most suitable to the kind of club that a press club should be. When the fire consumed the home of the club it was thought that the end of an honorable career had been reached until somebody recalled that the furniture and pictures were insured for about eight thousand dollars. Then it was decided to live on. The Withrow home, on Pine street, was rented and a cafe was opened. In the days when there wasn't a sanitary restaurant in town the club became very popular. Newspaper men began to drift in and they liked the quarters so well that they became members. Now all the newspapers in town are well represented in the

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club, and though the insurance money has not been collected the revenue is so large and expenses so much less than formerly that dues have been reduced. The club's quarters are finer than those of any of the more prosperous clubs, for though the Withrow home is not so gorgeous or so redolent of wealth as the palaces deserted by some of our thrifty millionaires, it has a far more artistic interior.

Hearn's Black Widow

The admirers of Lafcadio Hearn were shocked a few days ago to learn that a buxom negress had bobbed up in the East in the role of widow of the beloved author. One's first impulse is to scoff at the lady, but on second thought one might be inclined to admit that the idea is not preposterous. Hearn was born of an unusual compound, and he went in for race mixture. His father was an Irish surgeon in the English army who spent most of his life in India where he died and his mother was a Grecian. After the death of his parents the boy lived and was educated in Wales, Ireland, England and France, and at the age of nineteen found himself left destitute by the failure and death of the relatives who had him in their care. He was a delicate boy, extremely near sighted, and his work was accomplished at the expense of much bodily suffering. It was in 1890 that he went to Japan, but all his life he had been interested in Oriental literature, and had long before that time accumulated an extensive library of books and manuscripts pertaining to Oriental life. He became professor of English literature in the Tokyo University, took out naturalization papers, married a Japanese lady, and became to all intents and purposes a Japanese. It is not hard to understand how the Japanese life and atmosphere appealed to Hearn, but the negro affinity is something of a tax on credulity. But Hearn loved to experiment in emotions.

Exit Coppa

Coppa's, the only down-town restaurant that survived the fire, is not to be re-opened—at least, not on the old site. There is a "to let" sign on the front door, and the interior has been dismantled. The bizarre pictures with their nonsense texts are gone—gone too are the caricatures of the originators of the Coppa stunt; and one side of the arch at the rear only a portion remains of the unclad lady who waved a flagon of wine aloft, and her companion—he of the lank frame who bore a steaming dish of spaghetti—has been completely effaced. Of the fringe of black cats next to the ceiling but a few stalk gloomily now. The demolition of the place will be a sad blow to those who shared with the pictures the curious stares of the culture-seekers who came to watch the new Bohemians at their feed. Perhaps Coppa realizes that people now have something more serious to engage their attention than the pursuit of emotionalists. Or it may be that he saw the ridiculous side of the whole thing, and didn't care to make any more money by making himself a party to the farce. Anyway, Coppa's has gone, and culture has been struck an awful blow.

Other Landmarks Gone

There is much regret over the passing of a little known place on Merchant street—a plain, ordinary saloon conducted by two brothers. Not many knew of the place, for those two Frenchmen didn't care for fame; they preferred to cater to a discriminating few. Their prices were not low by any means. Half a dollar was charged for a plain beef stew—but

it was the kind that the eaters thereof talked and dreamed of. A market was across the street from the saloon, and the choicest bits were picked out by the brothers for the benefit of their customers. The place next door with the sign "The Famous Champereau" over the door, is also gone. This was, like the other, an ordinary French saloon, and it bid for fame by serving black coffee and cognac in tall glasses. It was the habit of jaded brain-workers to drop in there of an afternoon and, sitting at one of the round tables in the rear of the saloon, recuperate by drinking two or three glasses of the coffee. Of late years it had become something of a fad for women seeking Bohemian adventures to drop into the place for coffee after dinner at a neighboring restaurant. The fire wiped out another historic saloon—the one on Washington street near Battery with Flood & O'Brien over the door. The sign was an old one, having been put up over half a century ago by the founders of the saloon—the Flood and O'Brien who were afterward to become capitalists and leave more glorifying monuments to their money-getting powers.

At the French Ball

Bernard Barry, a distinguished sporting editor, was detailed by "Town Talk" to write up the great annual social function of our French colony and thus does he describe the salient features: Officially the announcement was made this year by San Francisco's real French that there would not be any celebration of the Fourteenth, the idea being to bank the gold collected for Fun and Fireworks, add more to the sum in '07 and then give the World Something to Wonder About. Nevertheless, up and down Market, Third, Shipley, Fillmore and Harrison street's placards were posted and the word passed that at the Seal Rock House there would be a French ball and that the United Railroads would keep their trolleys in operation all night. So Saturday evening and Sunday morning there was revelry by the Sad Sea Waves. "Chickens" Casey, champion featherweight of the North End Athletic Club, was Floor Manager. To distinguish himself from the polloi he wore a vacancy in the upper row of his front teeth and the medals he had gained at the last tournament. His partner for the Grand March was Miss Marigold McNamee, and she certainly did look elegant. She was a delirium in that shade of blue which under the incandescents appeared to be bay (low tide) green. The gown was constructed a la Princess but the Princess who had served as model probably was a sway-back. All was well and as merry as the insurance situation until Monsieur Henri Robierre, who had innocently wandered in, shouted out:

"Vive Dreyfus! Vive la belle France!"

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All became ominously quiet. Every eye was upon "Chickens."

"What did that crazy Turk say?" asked Casey.

The interpreter answered: "He said 'Good boy, Dreyfus,' and 'Three cheers for la belle France.'"

More silence. And every eye still upon "Chickens." It was Casey at the bat. He with a tiger-like stride walked up to Monsieur Robierre.

"I guess you're a little dotty," said "Chickens." "If I didn't think so I'd hand it to you quick."

"Comma? Comma?" queried the puzzled patriot.

"Never mind your polly-wogging," replied Casey. "All I want to get through your head is that I can lick this feller, Dreyfus, in a punch and I want you to know that the only belle at this ball happens to be my lady fr'en', Miss McNamee."

"I do'n' know what you talk. I no understan' you?" Henri remarked. "Vive Dreyfus! Vive la belle France!"

* * * * *

The gong.

Casey leads with his right but is short. Robierre "la savates" his left boot into Casey's stomach and "Chickens" hits the floor for the count. The police interfere, Miss McNamee faints, and the band plays "Wait Till the Sun Shines Nellie."

The French ball was over.

The Purple Mother

Once more have we been reminded of the existence of Mrs. Kitty Tingley, Purple Mother of the Universal Brotherhood Settlement at Point Loma, near San Diego. The reminder comes in a despatch to the effect that her latest recruit is ex-Secretary Lyman J. Gage, who recently dropped out of the public eye. Mrs. Tingley obtained a deal of newspaperity about four years ago when she imported eleven children from Cuba to be educated at her Raja Yoza school. A strong effort was made to take the children away from her 'on the ground that the school was not a fit place for them, but she won out by an appeal to another Secretary, Secretary Shaw, after the special inquiry board at Ellis Island had decided that the youngsters should be deported. According to her own theory, it is said, there ought to be several obituary notices of Mrs. Tingley on hand, for this is not by any means her first time on earth. Back in 1200 B. C., just after Theseus whaled the Amazons, or thought he did, she and Mme. Blavatsky were making a pastoral sojourn in Egypt. She reappeared several times in various parts of the Old World, always making the acquaintance of noted adepts, many of whom are now supposed to live in her pet dog Spots. But there is nothing about this in "Who's Who?" As far as her present sojourn on earth is concerned Mrs. Tingley was born in Newburyport, Mass., about fifty-nine years ago. Her father kept a hotel and saloon there, but did not make out very well, having trouble with the excise officials. Mrs. Tingley says she was educated in a convent in Montreal. From there she went to Savannah, where she married Richard Cooke, a printer. Her next venture in matrimony was with George W. Parent, a detective, who afterward became a saloon keeper. Mrs. Tingley lived in Boston for a while and then she went to New York. She studied hypnotism, and finally became a spiritualist, giving seances in her home in West End avenue. Her third husband was Philo B. Tingley, who was a stenographer. His employer boarded with them in the West End avenue house.

As "The Veiled Mahatma"

From spiritualism Mrs. Tingley turned to theosophy, which was then attracting much attention. She made the acquaintance of William Q. Judge, who was the boss of the theosophists, and she succeeded in impressing him with her powers as a hypnotist. When he died several fragmentary

references to her were found among his writings. She pieced them together, it was said, and upon them based the claim that she was the reincarnation of Mme. Blavatsky and had been chosen the successor of Mr. Judge. In the meantime Ernest T. Hargrove, a young English barrister of good family, had been called to New York and made president of the Theosophical Society. Mrs. Tingley convinced many of the members that while Hargrove was all right as the nominal president, she was really the secret head of the organization, the adept whose identity was not to be revealed until one year after the death of Mr. Judge. From then on she was referred to in theosophical circles as "The Great Unknown" and sometimes as "The Veiled Mahatma." Her identity was revealed after she had officiated as the veiled priestess in the remarkable ceremony which was performed in connection with the marriage of Claude Falls Wright, then secretary of the Theosophical Society, and Miss Laura Leoline Leonard. After that she took actual control of the society and its name was changed to The Universal Brotherhood. Mr. Hargrove went back to Temple Bar and many other well-known theosophists left the society, leaving the Tingley crowd in full control. Contributions were asked for the purple pence fund, and with the proceeds Mrs. Tingley and some of her allies made a crusade around the world in the interests of the new brotherhood. It was broadly hinted afterward that the "crusade" was a sightseeing tour.

When She Was Investigated

Mrs. Tingley has been of special interest to Californians ever since the Point Loma school was built, for it is over that institution that she presides. Her methods have frequently been denounced, but they are praised by many reputable persons who say that she has been very much misrepresented. At the time of the investigation growing out of the inquiry instituted by Secretary Shaw, Edward Parker, a retired Boston banker testified that he had first met Mrs. Tingley in 1897 at her request. He had heard that she had been a medium at Memphis and had been guilty of reprehensible conduct. This she denied, and he was obliged to tell her that the evidence was overwhelming. He had learned from Dr. Walton of New York that the doctor's belief in Mrs. Tingley had been shattered in the ecstasy of an affectionate farewell at the wharf when Mrs. Tingley and her party were starting on a tour of the world. Lewis S. Fitch testified: "I applied for the place of bookkeeper at Point Loma and Mrs. Tingley employed me. After a long conversation with her alone she said the Spots employed me. Spots is her spaniel. Mrs. Tingley told me that Spots could always tell a lover of theosophy

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at a glance and knew me at once. Spots was given to her, she said, by William Q. Judge. Mrs. Tingley said to me: 'I know that the spirit of Mr. Judge is in Spots directing this movement.' Spots is an object of reverence to most of the persons at Point Loma as well as to Mrs. Tingley. I never brought the books to balance in all the nine months I was there. I was always called off, sometimes by Mrs. Tingley herself.' All of the Universal Brotherhood went to the Holy Hill to greet the sunrise. I was at the Holy Hill once as a member of the Esoteric Society of Theosophy. It was night and I saw a lot of mummery. The men and women were dressed in a sort of Grecian robe which was worn over their underclothing. No starched clothing was allowed. What caused me to show up the whole thing was that I found that they taught the succession of teachers—through Confucius, Buddha, Jesus Christ, Mohammed, and now the greatest of them all, Katherine Tingley. She claimed that she had the power to stay in the spirit world, but that she preferred to come back here as the savior of humanity. I believe she is bent on going down to posterity as a second Christ, if not a greater." Mr. Fitch's wife testified that they believed at the Point Loma school that the grass had feelings and must not be stepped upon. They taught the children that and it was hard to get the notion out of the boys' heads now. Children were sent out barefoot on a cold day and Mrs. Tingley said they would not take cold, as they got electricity from the ground.

Popular Harry Lyon

The advent of Rear-Admiral Henry W. Lyon, better known in the service as "Harry" Lyon, as commandant of the Mare Island navy-yard, where he succeeded Admiral McCalla a few days ago, is being hailed with delight not only by the officers of the yard but by Lyon's numerous friends in and about San Francisco. Admiral Lyon, in addition to being one of the most capable officers in the navy, is a courtly, popular officer, and he and his charming wife are splendid entertainers, admirable additions to local society. It was Lyon who, as executive officer of the ill-fated "Trenton" during the hurricane in Samoa in 1889 when that vessel, the "Vandalia" and some German men-of-war were lost, with many lives, conducted himself with such coolness, courage and skill as to win the praise of the Navy Department and of all who learned of how well he had performed his difficult and dangerous duties upon that dramatic occasion. Later, during the Spanish War, Lyon commanded the gunboat "Dolphin" along the Cuban coast, participating in the blockade off Havana and Santiago, and in the operations before Guantanamo, where he, in the "Dolphin," and McCalla, in the "Marblehead," supported the marines and made possible their capture of the place, which served thereafter as the base of the blockading fleet under Admiral Sampson. Admiral Lyon was commandant of the naval station at Honolulu before coming hither.

Falsely Accused an Officer's Wife

The indignation felt in army circles over the ridiculously mild sentence imposed upon one Arthur Armstrong, recently a private in the Twenty-sixth Field Battery, for breaking jail at Alcatraz and aiding three other military prisoners to escape, has been all the more pronounced since the discovery that Armstrong, who was serving a fifteen year sentence for outrages upon Filipino and white women, was also the wretch who, to shield himself when caught insulting a highly

esteemed young woman, the wife of an army officer, declared that she had led him on and had tried to induce him to have an intrigue with her. The infamous charge was completely refuted in short order, but it caused great humiliation to the unhappy woman and her devoted husband. I am told that Armstrong narrowly escaped being shot for this act, and was saved only by being hurried away by a provost-guard.

The Mersfelders

In the general excitement following April 18th, the fact that Jules and Lou Mersfelder, the artists, had been separated by a divorce granted Mrs. Mersfelder, gained little publicity. The divorce was granted on April 17th and the news was published on the 18th, but I'll wager that not half a dozen morning papers of that date were read in San Francisco. Few of them got beyond the carriers' bundles. A year ago last winter, after Mersfelder brought his bride back from Chicago, the artist pair were prominent figures in the Bohemian world. They had beautiful studio rooms at the corner of Merchant and Montgomery streets, and kept open house, with good things to eat and drink, with music and song, every Saturday evening. A gay and clever crowd used to gather there, and some of the Coppa habitues also went; but they were in the minority, so all the fun was natural and the conversation free from discussions of souls and emotions. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mersfelder, besides being good artists, were clever entertainers, and all their friends regret the incompatibility of temperament that led to their separation. Mrs. Mersfelder, I hear, has gone to Chicago, while Mersfelder is in Berkeley, where he talks of starting an art class.

Back to Paris

G. Leslie Hunter, the Scotch artist, is off again for Paris, where he will further develop the talent he has for rather bizarre painting. Hunter came back a little over a year ago after about two years abroad—which two years had followed about five years of the hardest kind of study in San Francisco. He was one of the "Gill Clay" crowd, which was the nearest approach to genuine Bohemianism that the town has had for years. Europe greatly developed him, and it was on the cards that he should have a big exhibit at a local gallery. However, the fire ended all prospects of that. Hunter is

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looked upon by his friends as a genius. Some of his work is very bad, but his canvases all show either an idea or a groping after one. He progresses steadily, and once in a while turns out a canvas good enough to justify the prediction that some day he will "find himself" and make his mark. After his return from Europe Hunter did a good deal of work for "Life," "Harpers" and other Eastern periodicals; but he looks upon such work as not worth while from an artistic standpoint—merely a means of furnishing the wherewithal for the pursuit of real art.

The Mackay Professorship

At the meeting of the California University Regents last week President Wheeler transferred to them \$100,000 which had been placed in his hands by Mr. Clarence H. Mackay for the foundation of the John W. Mackay, Jr., Professorship of Electrical Engineering in memory of his brother. Mr. Clarence H. Mackay and Mrs. John W. Mackay, his mother, share equally in the making of the gift. It is a tribute of affection and sympathy toward the State of California and its people in their distress. Mrs. Mackay and her son have always maintained a strong feeling of attachment to California and desire that no impairment of activity in its highest institution of learning shall result from the recent disaster, but rather fresh energy and more determined progress. The foundation of the professorship is cast in the broadest terms, as the income may be applied as well to the equipment and encouragement of research in connection with the chair as in the support of the chair itself. The selection of the subject, "Electrical Engineering," is connected evidently with a dominant interest of the family.

Wheeler Tells of Eastern Sentiment

President Wheeler, who returned from the East last week, says: "There is the warmest possible sympathy with the city and state in its distress. I must confess that throughout the East I found the full and established opinion that San Francisco could scarcely be rebuilt, at least in the near future. Everyone admires the pluck of the San Franciscans, but is inclined to believe that it is mostly pluck without much hope of realization. Everyone asks, 'Have they really started any permanent building?' 'What are they doing to show that the

city is to be rebuilt?' I think it very desirable that out of its resources San Francisco should make a beginning. The men who have been trying to induce Wall street to make the beginning have found grave difficulties confronting them."

Separation of the Singletons

No slight sensation was caused in the South last week, writes my Southern correspondent, by the news of the estrangement of the John Singletons. The millionaire miner of sixty and more who struck pay dirt at Randsburg a few years ago, and his pretty young wife have agreed to disagree for a year with the understanding that if both are of the same mind at the end of that time the separation shall be made permanent. Singleton's life has been an interesting one, and the latest chapter is not without its comedy features. The prospector who came upon the famous Yellow Aster mine in company with Mooers and Burcham and started the rush for Randsburg, was divorced from his first wife shortly before fortune smiled upon him and his whirling courtship of the pretty Seattle maid, Stella Graham, began a few seasons later. The young bride was eager to enter society and by lavish entertaining was more or less successful in her efforts. The only heir to the Singleton millions committed suicide not long after the wedding, while under the influence of liquor. The separation has occasioned much speculation. Mrs. Singleton has gone to Europe to study music and to devote her spare moments to an effort at book-making while Singleton is lying ill at his hotel. The miner settled a handsome sum on his wife and laughingly paid her board and dressmakers' bills incurred since the estrangement, besides insisting that she take lunch with him before taking train for the East.

A Song

The gray shore calls to the sea,
As I to thee—
"Come close to my pleading breast,
Cease thy unrest!"
The gray sea calls to the shore—
"Give o'er, give o'er,
Thou'rt but the shore, I am the sea,"
As thou to me.

—The Minstrel.

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Nina Farrington

One of the celebrities whose name was dragged into the Thaw case this week. This picture was reproduced from a portrait, with a history, painted by Lillie V. O'Ryan, of this city. Miss O'Ryan says she painted it at the request of Jos. Leiter, the Chicago millionaire, but that between the time of ordering it and its completion, the Leiter-Farrington menage went on the rocks and the gay young Chicagoan refused to compensate the artist for her work. So Miss O'Ryan kept the painting, the photograph of which was made for "Town Talk." In the despatches, the other day, it was said that Leiter was to be called as a witness in the Thaw case, by District Attorney Jerome, and that he was to be questioned about certain incidents of a dinner given in honor of Miss Farrington, an actress. Miss Farrington is a woman with a past extending into the dark backward and abysm of time, a past bubbling over with the joys of life. On the stage she was not much of an artist.

The Ahlos of the Land of Aloah

Writes my Honolulu correspondent: "The recent death of Lee Ahlo, up to a few years ago the wealthiest and most influential Chinese in Hawaii, recalls some of the romances and the bizarre complications of the cosmopolitan society of Honolulu. Lee Ahlo was born in a small town near Canton in 1841. His father was a fortune teller who brought up his son with little or no education. He came to Honolulu early in the sixties, being one of the first of the earliest large migration of Chinese hither. For nearly ten years he pursued the humble calling of cook, being employed in the household of Mr. Robert Lewers, father of Mr. Will Lewers, the well-known actor, and in the households of several other of our leading citizens. During this time Ahlo was a diligent student, and became proficient in Hawaiian and in English, and in reading and writing his own language. In 1873 he entered upon the career of a merchant, and within a few years he became the most successful Chinese merchant in the Islands and had practically gained control of the rice trade, which ranks next in importance to the sugar industry. He married an Hawaiian of noble blood who brought him, as a dowry, valuable lands.

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Of this marriage four sons were born, three of whom died in infancy. The fourth, Anthony Ahlo, was sent as a young man to Cambridge University, England, to be educated, and on his return five or six years ago with his degree of Bachelor of Arts, he brought with him, as a bride, a rosy-cheeked English girl. The community welcomed the young man and his wife. It was rather proud of him. He was a cheery, manly young fellow. His father and mother gave a magnificent reception in honor of the young people, at their large and handsome house on Liliha street, not far from Governor Carter's residence, and neighborly to Judge Hartwell's. There were other functions almost without number, for the young people. The Princess Kawanakoa and the Campbell-Parkers, threw open their homes, and so did the Lewers and others where the elder Ahlo had in earlier days been an humble servitor. Neither the young Cambridge Bachelor of Arts nor his wife remained here very long. The rosy-cheeked English girl became a mother, but soon afterwards went to England, leaving her little son with its grand-parents, and she has never returned. The elder Ahlo met with business reverses, and the son sought to revive the family fortune in China where he had secured some mining concessions while still a student at Cambridge. What caused the separation of young Ahlo and his English wife, has never been known.

It was reported some time ago that the studio of Walter Cox, the English artist, had escaped the fire, but the fact is it was destroyed with nearly all the artist's canvases. Mr. and Mrs. Cox are now at El Granada, in Berkeley.

Dr. Harry I. Wiel, assistant to Dr. Kelly of Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, is spending his summer vacation with his parents at 1817 Jackson street.

Traffic in Titles

There is another title scandal agitating European society. A member of the Berlin upper-tendom has been detected in carrying on a profitable traffic in titles and decorations peddling the baubles all over Europe, and it is reported that he has made a good thing of his trade, for demand has been brisk and supply unlimited. His stock has ranged from five dollars for a Legion of Honor up to anything he dared ask for. If titles passed current in the United States no doubt he would have found an excellent market for his wares, but unfortunately our aristocracy has to content itself with second hand goods. It is not unlikely that many of the purchases were made with an eye to eventual disposal to wealthy Americans who are supposed to be especially created for the enrichment of English dukes, German barons and Italian counts. But American heiresses are by no means the only dupes. The women of other nationalities are obliged to take their medicine and since they can get no relief they might as well be quiet about it. European divorce laws are much more rigid than our own, and they do not favor women at all. Almost the only chance there is to escape bondage lies in proving the bogus count to be a bigamist, in which case the woman hardly betters her own social position. Charges of cruelty, based on such flimsy accusations as that a husband was addicted to smoking, or was too demonstrative in his affections or objected to getting his own breakfast would be regarded in England or France as proofs of the wife's insanity, and it is by no means an easy matter to arrange things quietly so that the separation is granted without any one's being the wiser. The court takes an interest in the affair, and not infrequently if the lady is insistent and can make out her case, she resigns her title along with her husband. Americans can afford to take matters more philosophically for buying gold bricks is one of the legitimate reasons for going abroad, so that whether it turns out to be a bogus antique or a bogus title, it is all part of the game. Some of the small European principalities make no objection to the sale of titles

since they go with the estates, and are passed along like the orchards and fields, and have really no greater value than the military titles in use all over the South, and which Thomas Nelson Page says are conferred by the negroes, according to the size of the tips the recipients are in the habit of bestowing. Titles are so cheap in Europe that except the English ones of old establishment, and the Norwegian, of which no more can ever be created, only the immediate members of royal families really count. Many of them are about as distinctive as the American mister.



Naughton, in Duluth "Herald."
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Correspondence

(Miss Connell replies to Mr. Hoffman)

Editor "Town Talk": I am amused at Mr. Hoffman's comments on your editorial entitled "The Burdens of the Poor." From his concluding paragraph one might be led to think that the wicked rich made periodical descents on the poor to demand the production of the annual baby for inspection in order to assure themselves that the full supply of superfluous labor was being kept up. The production of children cannot be regulated by law, but it can by common sense, and these professional poor, who make such pitiful stories when they see prospective backshees, can learn to do their thinking betimes. In my experience it is the parents who do the complaining, but the elder children who bear the burdens. He seems to think that pocket handkerchiefs would be drenched in Fifth avenue if the birth rate were to fall off in Mott street. Well, and what of it? Factory owners cannot compel people to have children they cannot feed in order that capital may find cheap operatives. They have the situation right in their own hands. Instead of a dozen children, starved and neglected, half of them dying before their first year is completed and the rest dropping off at intervals, let him sum up the situation and go slow. The capitalist does not come round and rob the cradle. It is the parents who seek out the employment and force their children to it, and the children, in turn, do likewise with their own. It is not true that these wretchedly improvident, professional poor are fond of their babies. They resent the advent of another and have no serious regret if it is providentially removed before it is old enough to earn something, yet the births are so frequent that they lack even the passing interest of novelty. A friend of mine, a kindergarten teacher in the North Beach district, tells me that amongst her brood, it is sufficient for them to hear mention of illness, and be the patient man, woman or child, they immediately surmise "baby," yet they come to her almost as soon as they can stand. As to quoting the Rooseveltian doctrine, it would be well for these Socialists to find out what the President did say. He did not lay down the law that every married pair should have as many babies as they possibly could, independent of every consideration but multiplication, but even if he did, he is not God Almighty. The remark so widely hinted at and so incorrectly "quoted" was directed against those who selfishly refuse either to marry or to rear families when they do, because they are unwilling to curtail their out-door pleasures or share their earnings for the sake of rearing children. In his opinion they were cheating themselves by depriving themselves of one of the greatest enjoyments, that of home and family life. That is a long way from advocating improvident marriages. But when people do not want children it is the best of reasons for not having them, not because their own ease will be interfered with but because whether the children are thrown on the care of servants or left to scramble up like kittens, they have a hard time of it. As to the wages paid, in the long run, I believe every man gets what he is worth. I have never been an employer, but I have been employed, and I can say I have seen many a one getting \$15 a week when if I had been regulating his wages he would not have had a third of it on his merits, yet I am a long way from advocating low salaries. I believe in fair compensation and making people responsible for themselves—no pensions or charity. The poor workman is apt to be poor in every sense of the word. He takes no pride in what he does, has no skill beyond what he is forced to acquire in order to get anything to do, and if he can get his beer and baccy, is none so particular about meals and other matters. The occasional unfortunate could be easily dealt with if it were not that he is swallowed up in the sea of incompetents. What is the matter here today, that we have all this squabbling over the distribution of relief funds. Any man with two hands can get his \$12 a week cleaning bricks.

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Any man with the rudiments of a trade can get twice and even four times that, and yet we have a lot of idlers who grumble at their free rations when they can make more than the average professional man ever gets a chance to handle. I am no capitalist, but I have been cured of some other vagaries by association with those who were afflicted. My incipient attack of equal rights was disposed of when I had to work with some of the rampant advocates, and found out that when one wanted square treatment and plain justice it was to be got from the "tyrant man" who did not say much but acted up to principles, and what I know of the practical workings of Socialism was acquired in the school of experience. Whatever they may be as orators and writers, they are a lazy lot when it comes to physical exertion, and not a bit averse to demanding long hours and short pay. The exceptions proved to be the dopes. The theory is infinitely better than the practice. There seem to be a good many so-called Socialists who are only disappointed capitalists. Since they have failed to acquire riches in other ways, they are convinced that they should have a share of what others have accumulated. Once they had an appreciable amount they would be as grasping as Rockefeller and Sage combined. If the lion and the lamb ever lie down together it will be because the lion has got round the lamb. It will not matter much whether it be a socialistic or a capitalistic lion, so far as the lamb is concerned. We have a pleasant fashion of demanding of the rich an account of their riches, but there is just as good reason for bringing the poor to the bar and questioning their right to poverty. It makes no practical difference whether a man be lazy, dissolute, lacking in push or spendthrift, for all these can be summed up in a word, incompetent. We are all lacking somewhere but when the sum of the laches outbalances the other side of the account the result is failure, and would be under any conditions. I do not know whether Mr. Hoffman pays taxes or not, but if he does he might find it interesting to calculate what it would cost him to contribute his share toward the maintenance of the host of incompetents who would become public charges if Mr. Spargo's idea of supporting the mothers and children were to be adopted. If he is not a tax payer he is not in a position to dictate to those who are. All of which is irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial.

"Sincerely,

"SARAH CONNELL."

Such Unreasonableness

"I am looking," said the customer, "for a burglar-proof safe and a refrigerator combined."

"I'm afraid," said the merchant, "that you'll be asking next for insurance in a company that hasn't some way of beating you out of it in a pinch."

—The Refugee.

It's No Snap

"These popular novelists have to work very hard."

"Nonsense, it's not hard to write a popular novel; the hard work is the booming of them."

"Yes, I know, but it's hard work to write a novel every month to keep out of the pit of obscurity."

—The Scribbler.

THE WHITE HOUSE

With the White House doing business once more San Francisco will not be altogether devoid of a metropolitan air. Raphael Weill & Co. will resume business, Monday, at the corner of Van Ness avenue and Pine, in a commodious store stocked with the kind of goods for which the White House has long been famous, and through which it won the patronage of the most fashionable shoppers. The art department will be a feature of the establishment, and it will be a joy to many whose bric-a-brac was reduced to debris in April last.

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And depend on

the same Goods
the same care
the same low prices
the same promptness

FREE DAILY DELIVERY to Ross and Mill Valley, Oakland and Bay Cities. Wholesale rates to families. Surpassing quality.

Save us your month's order

Our new store, which we built and own, ready JULY 21, accommodates double the business we ever did.

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Leading, Largest, Oldest and Most Dependable
Mail Order House anywhere

GERMEA

FOR

BREAKFAST



The New Home of the City of Paris
Van Ness Avenue at Washington Street.

It is interesting to visit some of the new locations in which our old down-town merchants have opened stores. Buildings after the fire, suitable for merchandising on a large scale, were almost impossible to obtain. Some of the larger dealers leased such of the more commodious homes as could be obtained when in a suitable location. Amongst the desirable places was the Walter Hobart home, built by Mrs. Crocker for her daughter, Miss Amy Crocker, and more recently bought by Walter Hobart. The City of Paris has made a good shop of the place for the display of their varied high-class merchandise. They are now drawing plans to have an exterior of the store taking in the whole lot on Van Ness, thereby doubling their frontage while in the rear they are building a Tea Garden which will be unique and elaborate in its fittings and will be a delightful rendezvous for the patrons of the store as well as for any one else who is inclined to visit the place.

Mr. Milton Feder will reopen the Sorosis Shoe Parlors before long on Van Ness a venue not far from the City of Paris. A new building is being constructed for Mr. Feder.

McMahon, Keyer & Stiegeler Bros. have opened one of the most attractive tailoring establishments in San Francisco. Aside from having an exclusive and expensive line of imported woolens, their prices are moderate and their record assures satisfaction to their custom. The fixtures of their store are Oregon pine—stained, waxed and stained again. The grain of this wood is very attractive for store fixtures when properly prepared, and it is about as durable as oak.

Wolfe & Hawley, who conducted perhaps the smartest ladies' and gentlemen's furnishing goods store in San Francisco have opened in a new place on the south side of Van Ness avenue near California. Their old location was at Post and Kearney and although Mr. Wolfe says his goods are not in he will do the best he can from now on.

The new cannery built by the California Canneries Co., at Eighteenth and Minnesota, was formally opened last Saturday. There were about 200 people present and appropriate remarks were made by Mr. Isadore Jacobs, president of the company, Mayor Schmitz, W. W. Stafford, State Labor Commissioner, F. W. McDonald of the Santa Fe, from whom the company have a twenty-year lease of the land and several others. The cannery will employ over one thousand women and girls. It is located three blocks from the water front and

has the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe track privileges, which will make shipping an easy matter. The larger part of the product of this cannery is imported.

The White House, though crowded for space in their new building (which, by the way, is the largest retail store on Van Ness) has decided to continue its art department and will have a beautiful line of engagement cups on hand at an early date in connection with a choice selection of beautiful bric-a-brac.

H. G. Plagemann, formerly of Wm. Wolff & Co., has taken the Moet & Chandon Champagne agency for all the coast west of Butte and Denver. Mr. Plagemann has been so close to "White Seal" for so long a time he should not find much difficulty in increasing its popularity in his territory.

M. A. Lang, who has for years handled the output of the San Francisco Breweries, Limited, locally, has severed his connection with this firm and taken the agency of the Wienhard Brewery, of Portland, and now Mr. Lang thinks northern beers are "it." Mr. Lang's office is with P. J. Weniger, at Van Ness, and Ellis.

The opening of O'Neill & Embree's handsomely appointed store in Oakland, marks an epoch in the retail trade of that city. It is the first haberdashery store of its high quality to open there, and from the great success they have met with, it is evident that there are many people of taste and discrimination in Oakland, who admire beautiful and exclusive goods, and who appreciate the opportunity of making their selections from a high-class stock that is second to none in these Western States. The above gentlemen were for many years with the Bullock & Jones Co. which, before the catastrophe, was famous for its high quality of goods. This standard has not only been maintained by O'Neill & Embree, but in many respects has been improved upon, as their stock is absolutely new and composed of the choicest and best creations in haberdashery. A visit to No. 955 Broadway will convince the most skeptical of the beauty and value of their goods.

—The Rounder.

P. E. BOWLES,
President

E. W. WILSON,
Vice-President

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

DEPOSIT GROWTH

Mar. 3, '02	\$ 387,728 70
Sept. 15, '02	1,374,983 43
Mar. 15, '03	2,232,582 94
Sept. 15, '03	2,629,113 39
Mar. 15, '04	3,586,912 31
Sept. 15, '04	3,825,471 71
Mar. 15, '05	4,349,427 92
Sept. 15, '05	4,938,629 05
Mar. 15, '06	5,998,431 52
June 18, '06	6,650,555 84

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Stage

Gorky's Play

Maxim Gorky's latest play is not very likely to be staged in this country. It is interesting, however, to mark the incidents in the plot and to gather from them an idea of the sort of realism for which Gorky stands. The play is called "The Barbarians," and all the action is laid in a remote Russian town. At first Gorky shows the place practically isolated from the world. The inhabitants hardly ever travel beyond the boundaries of their own little community, and few strangers have visited the town. Gorky paints the place as a reeking spot. He does not find one pure soul in it. The men are drunken beasts, and the women are little better—indeed, many of them are worse. Modern civilization appears in the pushing of a railroad line through the town. It might be expected that with the advent of the steam engine Gorky would paint a little righteousness, but instead of that the town goes from bad to worse. True, some of the grating coarseness wears off, but vice becomes all the more hideous in taking on a veneer of refinement. There is thieving on every hand, murder and shocking licentiousness. The so-called men of "culture" who come to the town outdo the primitive folk in wickedness, and all through the play to the closing climax the plot grows in baseness. "The Barbarians" is said to be more revolting than any other of Gorky's dramas, but it appears to be strictly in keeping with the general drift of all his works. It is difficult to see how sane minds could accept the play, yet it has aroused much discussion in Europe. There may be truth in the oft-repeated assertion that Gorky is a genius and the greatest Russian next to Tolstoi; still it is comforting to know that there is no audience in this country for such perverted genius as may be contained in "The Barbarians."



Hope Mayne, Idora Park Opera Co.

Mansfield and His Art

Richard Mansfield has been writing of his art. He says he selects gloomy roles because in them there is great latitude for his art, and he adds: "I cannot cheapen my ideals or toy with my highest ambitions merely to gain a valueless reputation for charm of personality or evenness of temperament." Mr. Mansfield wishes us to believe that his reputation

for peevishness, for cruelty to actresses and for arrogance comes from the public's habit of identifying actors with their roles. Mr. Mansfield is something of a hypocrite.

Some Greenbaum Attractions

Manager Greenbaum has completed arrangements for the engagement of Schumann-Heink, who will appear here in January. A month later Moritz Rosenthal, the "little giant of the keyboard" will appear under Greenbaum's management. So it is evident that our musical thirst is not to be altogether neglected. Manager Greenbaum expects to announce the engagement of Burton Holmes in the near future.

Mrs. Crellin to Star

As soon as Camille D'Arville Crellin reached New York she visited the Shuberts and obtained an engagement. They have announced that a comic opera is being written for her and that she will be starred in it next season. Mrs. Crellin is said to have been impelled back to the stage because of the impairment of the Crellin fortune by the great catastrophe.

Orpheum Vaudeville

Paul Spadoni, who stands in the foremost rank of jugglers, will head the new bill at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. His work is difficult, inasmuch that he handles light objects with the same dexterity and ease that he catches massive cannon balls on his back and juggles with them. He makes a specialty of juggling such handy household articles as fifty-pound cannon balls, a two hundred and fifty pound iron cannon, and catches a twenty-five pound shot between the back of his head and shoulders, on his neck, as it is fired from a cannon. Arthur McWatters, Grace Tyson and their clever little company will present a spectacular musical comedy, entitled "Vaudeville." The skit is a mingling of half a dozen different styles of theatrical performances, ranging from plain

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Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager

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14th & Broadway

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ORPHEUM

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Sunday Matinee, July 22

(Matinee Every Day Except Monday.)

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CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight.
Admission, 10c.; Children, 5c.

variety, musical comedy and illusion to spectacular drama and all within the space of twenty minutes. The Camille Comedy Trio, triple horizontal bar eccentrics, will enliven proceedings and James F. Kelly and Annie Mabel Kent, a clever comedy couple, will offer a hodge-podge of singing and dancing, full of originality, life and ginger. Argyro Kastron, the talented and beautiful young Greek violiniste, will change her selections and Carlin and Otto, the really amusing German comedians, will tell new stories and sing new songs. The Military Octette and the Girl with the Baton give, without doubt, the finest musical act ever seen in San Francisco and they will appear for the last times. The Gartelle brothers, comedy roller skaters, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied and interesting program. The grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are full of surprising novelties and the Zoo has lately received many important additions. The "Home of the Happy Family," as the monkey house is called, is an ideal place in which to spend half an hour.

Edna Ellsmere and Herschel Mayall, late of the Central, are playing Camille in Salt Lake.

Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell," is to be presented at "Ye Liberty Theatre" with L. R. Stockwell in the role of the Deacon, a part written for him by the brilliant playwright.

Popular Idora

The gay tunes of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" are being whistled all over Alameda county. The Idora Park attraction has proved so strong that the management has decided to let it run indefinitely. The fashionables of Oakland are now giving Idora parties—trips to Idora Park in the afternoon where open air skating is the pastime, followed by dinner in Idora Roof Garden and then the performance of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

—The Playgoer.

Two Diary Extracts

Hers.

July 10.—I wonder why Jack doesn't answer my letter. I sent it to his new address. He couldn't have moved twice since the fire. Oh, how I long for him! I told him so, and I told him that my passion for him had not abated one bit since that night before the earthquake, that night we dined together at Marchands. I blushed as I wrote, but then I love him, so why not. But it is singular that he hasn't written or phoned. He was once so attentive. He told me his mother scolded him for not spending more time at home, but he couldn't bear to remain long away from me. He must be very busy. Of course it is business that keeps him away. I shall hear from him soon—perhaps today. So I'll be patient.

His.

July 10.—Have just returned from San Rafael where I had a dandy auto ride with Miss Vanmillion. She's a swell girl—just met her yesterday and I think I've made quite an impression. Haven't answered Mabel's letter yet. That girl makes me a bit weary. She writes the most loving letters I ever read. If she had ever talked as she writes she'd have lost me on the spot. When they get too loving they're dangerous. You feel as if you're responsible for it, and then the case is as hopeless as if you were married. I guess I'll have to pass Mabel up. Better call it off now than give her any more encouragement. Foolish girl! I'll write and tell her that I'm too busy to see her. Perhaps, if I make it quite formal, she'll quit.

—The Flirt.

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Mrs. Deepdimple's Dinner

A Story Without Much Moral

Celestine, the maid, came into Mrs. Van Ripper's pretty morning-room, with Mr. Van Ripper's coat over her arm and a silver-backed brush in each hand. Her pretty French face was wrinkled up into a most fascinating expression of distress as she said:

"Pardon, madame, but I must have to tell you. Monsieur's evening coat is all covered with a little white fluff. I cannot brush it off, try as I will!"

"Let me see it," said Mrs. Van, throwing down her book. She was a sweet, domestic little woman, and still took an interest in her husband's clothes, though they had been married nearly ten years.

"Well, I declare!" she said. "It's like cotton, and it won't come off!" It's thistledown, isn't it?"

"I do not know, madame. It has been all over monsieur's coats every morning when I have brush them for the last few weeks. And today it will not come off."

"That coat will have to go to the cleaner's," said Mrs. Van Ripper. "How like a man to spoil his clothes in that way! Just remind me this evening, Celestine, to speak to Mr. Van Ripper."

Van Ripper came home early that night. When he was dressing for dinner Mrs. Van said:

"Jack, you'll positively have to get a man to look after your things unless you take better care of them, and you'll have to wear one of your other evening coats tonight, for this one is covered with some kind of down. Now what is it and where did it come from?" And she spread the garment before him.

Her husband eyes it over carefully with a look of deep thought on his good-looking face. He picked particles of white fluff away with his thumb and forefinger, and his face wore a perplexed, wondering expression for a moment before he answered:

"That's that damned armchair at the club. It's in the smoking room, Grace, and my favorite lounging place. The stuff inside must come through the upholstery in some way. I'll make a complaint about it."

But next morning Celestine's brow was in a more wrinkled state of helplessness than ever, and coat number two was put with the others. Mr. Van Ripper actually swore in a rude way, when he was confronted with it, and part of his wardrobe was sent off to the cleaner's the next day.

"Be sure and have them sent home in time for Mrs. Deepdimple's dinner on Saturday night, Jack," said Mrs. Van, as he kissed her goodbye at the breakfast table.

"Are we going to that Deepdimple woman's dinner?" he asked.

"Why, of course, dear; I wrote and accepted for both of us. We must go, you know. It would look so odd to stay away when she came to our dinner last week. Don't you think so?"

"Well—perhaps—but—"

"Now, what do you mean, Jack? Do speak plainly. Is there any reason why we should not go?"

"Oh, no—but—"

"Is Mrs. Deepdimple really a widow, or is her husband living? Where does she get the money to keep up her fine apartments and her brougham? Is there any truth in the rumor that some married man is devoted to her?"

"I believe she is a widow, my dear, and has money. We met her at the De Peysters', you know, and that is quite voucher enough for anyone's respectability; but really, dear, is she quite the sort of woman you want to cultivate?" Jack looked really serious.

"Why not?"

"Well, you know there are always a lot of men at her house every afternoon at tea, and only a few women. Then she

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has a lot of queer foreign fads, I believe, and smokes cigarettes after dinner, they say."

"Who says?"

"Well, the men at the club. Tommy Trimmer, you know, is in love with her, and sends her tons of roses and bouquets and things. Funny how men will run after those red-haired women, isn't it?"

"Isn't it, though?" said little Mrs. Van. Her own hair was brown.

Mrs. Deepdimple's dinner night came and her guests were all punctual. It all seemed delightfully bohemian to Mrs. Van when cocktails were served in the little boudoir smoking-room all hung with Oriental rugs and draperies.

The dinner was perfect. Mrs. Deepdimple was a charming hostess, and her guests, eight in number, were all bright and jolly. Wit sparkled with the wines, and the perfume of the violets scattered upon the tablecloth filled the room with fragrance. Mrs. Van Ripper sat on Mrs. Deepdimple's right, and Tommy Bigboy on her left. There were some good stories with the coffee, and when Mrs. Deepdimple daintily lit a cigarette no one seemed to mind it much and nearly all the ladies followed her example. When the party adjourned to the little drawing-room everyone was feeling particularly gay and happy.

It was a most fascinating double room with handsome rugs swung between. At one side of the fireplace where logs burned brightly there was one of those fashionable canopied divans that modern decorators build in up-to-date parlors. It was covered with a soft rug of white fur and piled high with innumerable cushions of various colors. It looked luxurious enough for the throne of an empress.

Mrs. Van Ripper seated herself upon this couch and leaned back indolently among the pillows. She had drunk more champagne than usual at dinner, and she was delighted with Mrs. Deepdimple and the charming unconventionality of the party. The conversation was general now and one of the men had picked up a banjo and was singing while he picked at the strings.

"Come and see Mrs. Deepdimple's conservatory!" cried a voice from somewhere behind a screen.

"A conservatory in a flat! What an impossible idea!" said Mrs. Van, going to see. There it was in a big bay window, all plants and palms and vines growing up to the ceiling.

When Mrs. Van entered the room there was an exclamation of surprise from Mr. Bigboy.

"Look at your pretty gown," he said. It was a pretty Paris gown of pink crepon and was cut low enough to show Mrs. Van's white shoulders. Now the dress was covered with soft white down.

"Let me brush it off for you," said Tommie, gallantly. "I know where it comes from. The big red cushion on the

divan over there has ruined a lot of coats for me. Why don't you get rid of it, Mrs. Deepdimple?" and he brushed industriously, but it wouldn't come off.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Van Ripper, smilingly. "I declare it's just like Jack's coat. You know he has a favorite chair at the club, and it sheds just in this way, and every night for the last four weeks his coats have been covered with it. Don't bother, please, Mr. Bigboy; it's so kind of you."

Tommy walked into the smoking-room rather suddenly, and as he passed Van Ripper said something between his teeth like the villain in a melodrama. Some of the men heard it, and they walked into the room after Tommie with Van Ripper, whose face had grown white with rage.

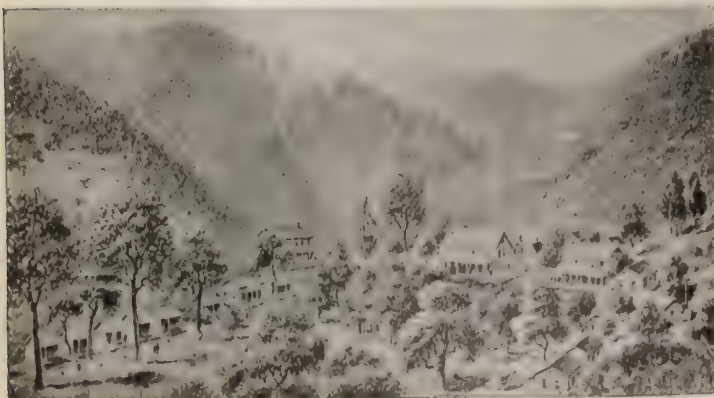
No one knew quite how it happened, but there was the sound of angry words, a blow and the crash of glass. Mrs. Deepdimple ran into the room and closed the door behind her.

Going home in the carriage after the party had broken up with much confusion, tears and hysterics on the part of Mrs. Deepdimple and a few fainting spells from Mrs. Van, Van Ripper told his wife all about it. He had a towel around his head, and the front of his shirt, over which he had carefully buttoned his coat, was spattered with blood.

"It was like this, Grace," he said. "We had a quarrel at the club the other night over a game of poker, and he's had it in for me because he's a cad, you know, in the first place. Well, he insulted me, and I forgot myself and struck him in the face. Then he took up the decanter and threw it at me. It only grazed my head and it's just a scratch. So don't worry now, my dear, and don't mention this to anyone. It's a disgraceful affair."

"But, oh, Jack, dear," said little Mrs. Van, nestling closer to his side. "Poor Mrs. Deepdimple! How dreadfully disappointed she must feel to have her party break up in this way!" and she sobbed all the way home on his shoulder.

—The Clubman.



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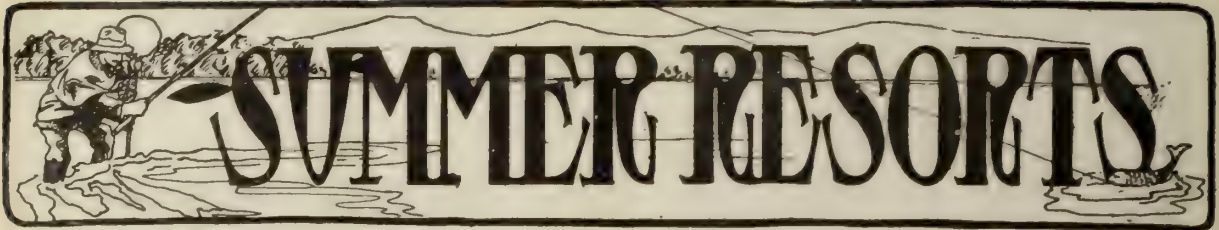
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All kinds of mineral baths, tub baths, mineral medicated mud baths, natural mineral steam room and shower baths. Swimming tank.

Best water in the State for kidney, liver and stomach troubles, neuralgia, paralysis, rheumatism and skin diseases. Mountain trails. Best equipped gymnasium in the State. Fine vegetable garden, dairy and livery stable. All connected with hotel. Fine fishing close to hotel. Round trip ticket to springs, \$7. Write for booklet.

J. A. HAYS, PROP.

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Resorts advertising in this paper will mail descriptive matter upon request.



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The ideal place for a few days' rest and recreation.
Best fishing in the State.

Special Week-end Excursion Rates

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And cottages in the mountains near Santa Cruz. First-class table; gas; bath; phone; clubroom; dancing-pavilion; bowling; croquet; rates \$9 up. Campers' tickets to Santa Cruz \$4, carriage fare, \$1.25 round trip.

TONY PHILIPS, Santa Cruz.

Saratoga Springs

The paradise of California, fifteen different mineral springs. We guarantee cure for Dyspepsia, Kidney, Liver, Stomach, Rheumatism, Blood, Skin Diseases, etc., \$10 to \$16 per week. Information and booklets at Review Bureau, or J. Martens, Bachelor P. O., Lake County, California.

AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS

Send your family to the nearest Hot Sulphur Springs to San Francisco; first-class accommodations; special rates to families; no staging; four trains daily; fare, round trip, \$1.65; Tiburon Ferry or Southern Pacific; two hours' ride. Address THEODOR RICHARDS, Agua Caliente, Sonoma county, Cal.

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For rest and health, for cleanliness, climate and accommodation stands unsurpassed of all summer resorts. Rates \$12.00, \$14.00 and \$16.00 per week.

For full particulars address

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All outside rooms. Every modern convenience provided. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Fine fishing. This magnificent hostelry is conducted on the American plan and is open the entire year. There is no better surf bathing in America than that at Coronado Beach. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Mgr., Coronado Beach, Cal.

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ADAMS SPRINGS LAKE COUNTY NOW OPEN

(Elevation 3000 Feet.)

Surrounded by a pine forest of 5000 acres. This and its new hotel makes it the largest and most desirable resort in California. The waters are a positive cure for Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints.

Send for book of testimonials to DR. W. R. PRATHER, Proprietor.

ORR'S HOT SPRINGS

Just rebuilt and newly furnished. Hot Sulphur Baths famous all over the West. Water gushes from solid rock, cures Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Dyspepsia, Malarial Diseases and Stomach, Kidney and Liver Complaints. Excellent hunting and fishing and a first-class table. Located in the heart of the giant redwoods. Open all the year round; camping ground free. Telephone and Livery. C. N. W. Ry. to Ukiah, stage to springs. Round trip from San Francisco \$9.50. Address J. L. ORR, Ukiah, Mendocino Co., Cal.

NAPA SODA SPRINGS

California's famous mountain spa, only 50 miles from San Francisco, NOW OPEN. The nearest watering place and summer resort to the city. 1,000 feet elevation, overlooking for 25 miles the beautiful Napa Valley. Good hotel accommodations. New skating rink installed this season. Open all the year round. Terms on application to JOHN JACOB, Napa Soda Springs, Napa county, Cal.

MARK WEST SPRINGS

MRS. C. JUERGENSEN, Proprietess.

A place where you feel at home. Under new management. Delightful walks and other amusements. Variety of springs. Table first-class. Rates, \$12 per week or \$2 per day. Children, half price. Open for guests June 1st. Address Santa Rosa, Rural 6.

SKAGGS

Hot Springs, Sonoma county, only 4½ hours from San Francisco and but 9 miles staging; waters noted for medicinal virtues; best natural hot mineral water bath in State; boating and swimming; good trout streams; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and San Francisco papers. First-class Hotel and Stage Service; morning and afternoon stages; round trip from San Francisco \$5.50. Take Tiburon ferry daily 7:30 a. m. or 2:30 p. m. Rates \$2.00 a day or \$12 a week. References: Any guest of the past eleven years. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street, or of J. F. MULGREW, Skaggs, Cal.

Is this the Twentieth Century?

(From the Overland Monthly Magazine.)

Is this the enlightened 20th Century or is it A. D. 1700? We have been watching a contest that is suggestive of the Middle Ages.

A telegram to the "Bulletin" from the "Kansas City Journal" says that prominent people in that city are recovering from Bright's Disease and Diabetes under a specific discovered in this city, and asks if the same thing is occurring here and if the results are permanent.

The "Bulletin's" reply was "Yes" to both questions.

Consider what this means! Nothing less than that Bright's Disease and Diabetes, two of the greatest scourges known, are curable. This is of profound moment to the whole world. And yet, because the formula belongs to individuals, it has been considered non-ethical and but little noticed by the medical profession, and this notwithstanding the fact that prominent people in this city, including professional and business men, have been cured to so great a number as to exclude doubt.

The editor of the "Overland Monthly" personally knows a number who have recovered. Among them is an editor. He was very low and his death was looked upon as certain. Another is an old-school physician. The latter was rejected for insurance. He would not permit his ethics to stand between him and his own recovery. He can now pass. One would have thought that this case would have attracted attention. But the only comment he reported was an arraignment by a brother physician for using a non-ethical preparation.

We recall that Paracelsus' discovery of the use of mercury was decried for forty years, and vaccination was fought nearly as long. And yet, what physician does not now use both?

And history seems to be repeating itself, for it has for several years been known to some hundreds, probably thousands, in this city that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are no longer incurable diseases. And yet the world does not know it. Editors, lawyers, manufacturers and business men have discussed it openly, but physicians have breathed but softly of it, although scores have seen patients that demanded the new specific recover.

And what is it that is holding all this back? Ethics!

At the rate the deaths from Bright's Disease are increasing under the most skillful orthodox treatment, according to government and municipal reports, if Paracelsus' forty years' experience is to be repeated, somebody is shouldering an awful responsibility, for what is happening to the patients in these long interims while the antagonisms of the medical schools are adjusting themselves to new conditions?

Multiplying monuments will mutely answer.

It may be that in this age of books and newspapers the people will willingly continue to die of Bright's Disease and Diabetes because it is orthodox rather than recover and face the charge that they are not ethical. But we doubt it. We can as easily believe in the sanity of the prospector dying of thirst in the desert rather than accept water from a newly discovered spring because not on his chart.

Future history will record this decade as marking the first definite control of chronic Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and the name of the obscure but lamented Fulton will be as indissolubly connected with it as is Harvey's with the circulation of the blood. That is clear enough, but how many tens of thousands will be sacrificed to an antiquated orthodoxy before the mountains of opposition and prejudice have been melted by the march of progress, the sun of tolerance and the needs of humanity?—Overland Monthly.

The above article refers to the astounding recoveries now being made by the Fulton Compounds.

1780

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125 YEARS

1905

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A new and handsomely illustrated Recipe Book sent free.

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FIRE TILE, FIRE CLAY, DUST, DRAIN TILE,
ACID JARS, ACID PIPES, ACID BRICK.

Architectural Terra Cotta, Hollow Tile Fire-Proofing, Semi-Dry Pressed Brick, Terra Cotta Chimney Pipe, Brick and Tile Mantels, Flue Linings, Urns and Vases, Flower Pots.

All kinds of Vitrified Salt-Glazed Sewer Pipe.

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J. PORCHER .. HATTER ..

NEWEST SHAPES

ALL NEW GOODS

715 and 717 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE,
SAN FRANCISCO.

In Old San Francisco

(Continued from Page 9.)

trustees refusing to turn on the lights. Finally a proposition was made that met with approval—the only one made during the session that was agreed to. This proposition was that the two chairmen should lock arms and march together out of the building, followed by the delegates they represented. And it was in that manner that the building was vacated. Outside they dispersed, not to meet again except in separate factions to nominate antagonistic tickets and to carry the war into every precinct in the State. That was the first great split in the Democratic party of California.

Broderick's congressional ticket was badly beaten that year, but he succeeded in electing a number of the Senators and Assemblymen. However, Senator Gwin controlled a majority but not a sufficient number to insure his re-election without a caucus being agreed upon. The year before the Broderick men insisted on the caucus rule and held that no member could preserve his standing in the party without abiding by it, but now they took the other view. As a result the Legislature adjourned without electing a Senator and California as a consequence had but one representative in the Senate.

A little later Broderick proposed a plan to unite the party once more, and though his wing was hopelessly in the minority, the proposition was accepted and the shrewd politician manoeuvred so cleverly that he came forth from the compromise conference, armed with greater power than ever. But that year he suffered a terrible defeat. That was the year of the rise of the Know Nothing party, a party founded on principles similar to those of the A. P. A.'s. It derived its name from the secrecy that characterized all its proceedings. It was essentially anti-Catholic but in the State convention the anti-Catholic plank was withdrawn from the platform. J. Neely Johnson was the Know-Nothing candidate for Governor, against John Bigler, the warm friend and protege of Broderick. On the Know-Nothing ticket were Judges David S. Terry and William T. Wallace and among the local leaders were C. T. Ryland, Judge Dibble and H. S. Foote. The Know-Nothings swept the State and carried the Legislature, but again that body failed to elect a Senator. The candidates were Foote and Colonel Ned Marshall. Broderick and Gwin had friends in the Legislature and they worked against the election of a Senator and were successful. The Know-Nothings soon went to pieces owing to the distrust of the people aroused by a corrupt Legislature, and also by the loss of \$120,000 out of the State Treasury, a loss causing the enactment of the law providing that thereafter no moneys should be paid out of the Treasury without the audit of a Board of Examiners.

A different phase was now imparted to the Senatorial contest. The Legislature to convene in January, 1857, would be called upon to elect two United States Senators instead of one, as the term for which John B. Weller was chosen would expire March 3rd of that year. In consideration of this fact it was thought feasible to arrange matters satisfactory, both to Broderick and Gwin, and to that end a conference was held one day in the office of Charles Carter, a real estate agent on Merchant street, above Montgomery. At that conference it was decided that Broderick should not succeed Gwin, but should become a candidate for Weller's seat and that both Broderick and Gwin should unite their forces. But this programme was not to be carried out without a struggle, for other candidates soon came into the field. Among them was Stephen J. Field, afterward Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Colonel Frank Washington, first editor of the Examiner, and Milton S. Latham, collector of the Port of San Francisco.

There was something inspiring in the prospect of an election of two United States Senators, and consequently the

year 1856, the year of the election of legislators, was a very exciting one in San Francisco, where the politicians were very active. It was in that year, too, that James King of William was killed by James P. Casey who had been a Supervisor and Assistant Treasurer of the city and county, and it was that murder that caused the organization of the second Vigilance Committee which seized control of the local government and usurped the authority of the courts of justice in criminal cases.

(To be Continued.)

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TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET (Borated) TALCUM.

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Sperry's Best Family.
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Receiving patients as usual. Cottage, rooms or tents.
Write for literature. SAN JOSE, CAL.

Letters

A Story of College Life

"The Tower" is a decided novelty in that it is a story of college life told from the faculty side, the student body being relegated to the background, in the position which is usually reserved for the instructors. Great Dulwich was a small point on the map of the world, and its college a minor affair, but not in the estimation of those connected with it, and no small part of the interest in the narrative revolves about the jealousy of a rival institution, Colston, and the degree of idolatry which each bestows on a dead lion, Denbeigh. Great Dulwich is a little world in itself, dominated by the bishop, who is the dean of its college, and his daughter, a neurotic invalid of almost middle age. Sylvia Langdon had been a beauty and a belle in her time. Twenty years before the beginning of the story she had been in love with one of the graduates of that year and he with her, but they had not the courage of their passion. Youth and poverty, together with family obligations, had deterred Robertson, and Sylvia had no mind to marry a poor man and, as she thought, handicap his career. Now Robertson is returning to take temporary charge of the classes of an invalid professor and to establish himself in the old rooms in the tower, which he occupied in his youthful days, and to associate himself on equal terms with those who had once been his masters. Sylvia Langdon was one of those amiably sweet women who seem to be always giving up and deferring to others while in reality theirs is the iron hand in the velvet glove, and their disguised meddlesomeness is far-reaching. The charmingly ladylike way in which she manages to interfere in the love affairs of the younger generation, and to keep a train of youthful admirers

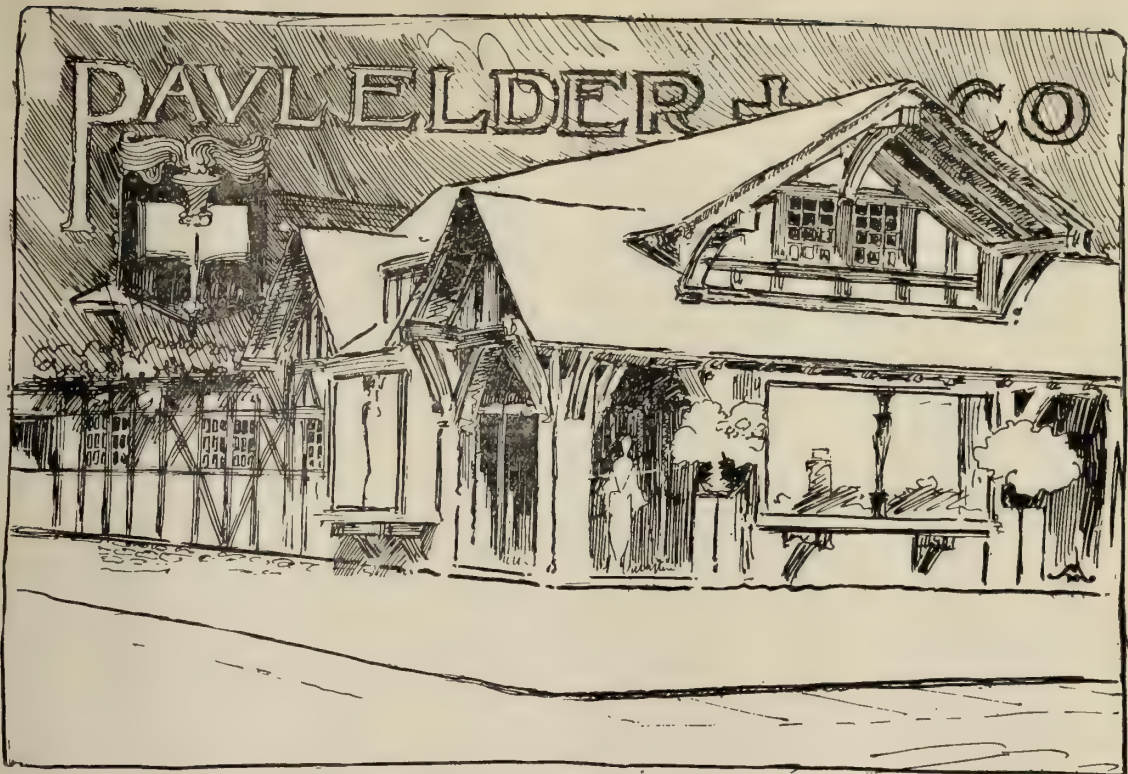
always in awe of her superiority is admirably portrayed, as is also the idolatry of so many of the faculty for Denbeigh. The principal characters are all more or less related, have known each other so long and so intimately that they are conversant with not only the external happenings of each others' lives but the characteristics and inherited peculiarities and they comment and criticize freely. The difficulties which are the portion of the poor, conscientious, hard-working professor who has to keep up his position, educate his family, and make some provision for his widow in case of his death, are faithfully portrayed in the case of the Maxwells, and the opposite faculty, of getting ahead in the world, exemplified by the Fanshaws, while the affairs of the younger generation proceed naturally, with love and estrangements, cross purposes and reconciliations quite oblivious to the serious affairs of their elders. In fact, the story is a cross section of life in a college town, showing something of its social features, something of the educational, and much of the domestic, neither a farce comedy nor a love story, as college tales are apt to be, but a well considered study for which we have much to thank the author, Mary Tappan Wright. This is another of the good things brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons, which will be new to local readers.

Jacob A. Riis, whom President Roosevelt has called "The first citizen in America," is suffering from aneurism of the heart, and his physician, early last winter, passed a sentence of death on him unless he consented to live very quietly. In consequence, he retired to his home on Long Island and all dates for his projected course of lectures were cancelled.



CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS

Great Activity to re-establish
Business.



Handsome structure that the Paul Elder Company are erecting at Van Ness Avenue and Bush Street. The interior arrangements will be the same as those at their old store on Post Street. The structure will be Old English architecture with massive beams, peaked roof and dormer windows. It will be divided into rooms and the children's room will be given a prominent place and special attention will be given to literature for the little folks.

Mr. Riis is too large a figure in life for anything concerning him to be kept from the public and it might be reasonably expected that charitable and religious organizations at least, would have known of the prohibition, yet an emissary of a certain church congregation was not deterred from importuning the author and agitator in the best sense of that much misused term, to deliver a discourse for their benefit. "But," answered Mr. Riis, "my doctor tells me it will kill me if I lecture again this winter." "Well, then," replied the unabashed churchman, "you will die in a good cause."

"A Little Sister of Destiny"

Decidedly original and unconventional is the heroine of "A Little Sister of Destiny," a Californian heiress of unlimited wealth, unknown to society, and entirely her own mistress. Margaret Millions was of a romantic temperament, but not in the sense that the term is usually understood. She was also charitable but the avenues by which she distributed her benevolences would hardly appeal to heiresses in general or to club ladies in particular, for she never headed subscription lists, posed in private theatricals at Bernhardt prices nor virtually blackmailed a month's salary from all the poor clerks of her acquaintance in exchange for necktie cases and boutonnières that the waifs of the slums might be sea-bathed annually. Miss Millions distributed her own money rather lavishly, and it must be confessed, where it would do the most good and be least expected. She left the people who love to see their names in print to distribute pink socks to Piute babies and extend the purifying influence of nasturtiums and sweet peas to prisoners and patients; she let the ladies who know least about it lecture to shop girls on the iniquities of their craving for fine clothing, and completely ignored the poor heathen, but looked about her for worthy ones who were missing what is more to them than food or raiment, those gifted with imagination enough to see the romance of the

commonplace and to lift themselves out of their sordid surroundings. Miss Millions led a strenuous existence, for she did her own investigating, though, to be sure, a day spent as cashier in a hardware store is not necessarily more fatiguing than one passed in shopping, pink-teaing and gossiping, and with no guardians, legal or self-constituted, to interfere, and no managing mamma of a marriageable son keeping watch on expenditures, the scheme might have been carried out. It would furnish more amusement than a round of fashionable watering places and an annual shopping expedition in Paris, only, the girl with the means to carry out such a programme would never have the originality or the courage. There is a deadly amount of truth in what Charles Dudley Warner said, that by the time a man has a million the million owns him. The good and kindly Boffins of "Our Mutual Friend" did not really care for their attempts to be fashionable, but they agreed that certain inexorable duties were attached to their wealth. They thought it was expected of them that they should try to act like the rest of the rich, and they urged themselves to the performance of their task. Margaret Millions delighted to play Lady Bountiful, to fulfill what seemed like impossible dreams, to see the pleasure brought by the unexpected realization, and then to disappear before she, in her assumed capacity, could be suspected of any connection with the golden shower. Miss Millions was an inveterate matchmaker, bringing sweethearts and lovers to a true understanding of each other, introducing suitable couples telepathically, and rendering marriages possible. Amongst a few of her exploits were those of serving as model for an illustrator, acting as nursery maid at a kindergarten, working as cashier in a hardware store, as waitress in a boarding house, as a manicure on her own account as well as in a minor capacity in a theatrical company. To be sure, working for bread and taking chances on ever tasting butter is one thing and doing the same thing for the love of adven-

ture, able to drop at any moment and not needing to care whether salary day is a fixed or a moveable feast are very different matters, but this way of "slumming" ought to appeal to any woman of taste rather than the popular fashion of visiting dives and deadfalls. A guild of Little Sisters of Destiny is not likely to result from the publication of this story for the excellent reason that the ground fact on which it is based is the amusement to be had by acting secretly, but the example ought not to be entirely lost on some of our plutocrats. It is enough to say that the story is by Gelett Burgess for any reader to guess that from the first chapter, where a bank clerk has an amazing adventure until the last, in which the heroine parts with five millions as calmly as if it were five cents, and marries a man whose fantastical imagination is as fertile as her own there is a succession of whimsicalities which entice the reader on from page to page. One delicious bit of comedy which underlies all the adventures is the idea which the heroine contrives to convey to everyone that she is so absolutely commonplace as not to have a thought beyond buttons. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—The Bookworm.

ARRIVALS AT DEL MONTE

Arrivals at Hotel Del Monte during the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Hudson, Leonard Chenery, Mrs. Asa R. Wells, Mrs. S. H. McKenzie, Mrs. C. H. Lindley, Miss Josephine Lindley, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Erlenbach, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Robinson, Leonard Robinson, Wm. A. Schultz, Mr. and Mrs. Noble H. Eaton, Mrs. A. R. Cooley, Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Frink, Dr. Louis C. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. A. Alper, Alfred Stillman, F. C. S. Sanders, M. D., Mrs. Belcher, W. Burckhalter, Mrs. C. O. Scott, Mrs. M. J. McCabe, Miss Edith McCabe, Desmond E. McCabe,

Ernest S. McCormick, J. C. Friedlander, H. J. Eddo, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Vermsit, Mr. and Mrs. Don R. Dunbar, Clara B. Macaulay, A. B. Niebour, Mr. and Mrs. Leon L. Roos, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Levett, Elyse C. Schultz, Miss I. Jones, John A. Britton, Chas. B. Bosley, J. E. O'Brien, J. A. Hennes, Mr. and Mrs. Horace V. Scott, Miss E. L. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Mendell, Jr., Miss Levenson, E. J. White, F. G. Morse, I. Friedman, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Murphy, Jas. P. Sweeney, John Lee, Geo. Golder, Henry Philipp, Dr. W. A. Martin, Master George Martin, San Francisco; Mrs. B. F. Smith, Miss Edith Page Smith, Miss Anita Maillard, Geo. T. Page, Belvedere; Atholl McBean, San Francisco; W. E. Crothers, San Jose; J. Henry Meyers, Miss Alice Meyers, Master C. H. Meyers, Menlo Park; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Sharron, Burlingame, Cal.; J. J. Moore, Redwood, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. L. H. McRoskey, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Black, Berkeley, Cal.; Jas. De Conlay, Jr., Australia; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Tobin, Burlingame, Cal.; D. Edmonds, Los Angeles, Cal.

What Murine Eye Tonic does for the Eye is to refresh, cleanse, strengthen and stimulate the circulation of the blood supply which nourishes the eye, and restores a healthful tone to eyes enfeebled by exposure to strong winds, dust and reflected sunlight.

Murine soothes and quickly cures eyes that need care. All druggists and opticians sell it at 50 cents per bottle.

FAT FOLKS.

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches, in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 360 Sixth St., Riverside, Cal.

SUNSET MAGAZINE

JUNE-JULY NUMBER

Unavoidable delays have postponed the publication date of this issue from week to week. SUNSET will positively again appear on the news stands July 30th

"San Francisco" "San Francisco"

BY

E. H. Harriman

BY

Joaquin Miller

"The Plight and Prospects of San Francisco"

by Charles S. Aiken

"Handling the Crisis".....by Col. Edwin Emerson

"The Scientific Side of It"

by Alexander McAdie

"The Chariots of the Gods"

by Charles K. Field

Photographs of San Francisco while burning and after the disaster
Portraits of Funston, Schmitz and other Prominent men

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PRICE 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

VOL. XIV. No. 726

San Francisco, July 28, 1906

Price, 10 Cents



Society golfers on the oak-dotted links at Del Monte.



A critical moment on the last green. Practicing for the Del Monte tournament to be held Aug. 20th-25th.



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The Grand Prix was awarded the Baldwin Piano by the distinguished jury of the Paris Exposition, and at St. Louis, in 1904, two grand prizes; the musical season just past saw its appearance in concert with pianists and singers famous in the artistic world.

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SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, in advance, \$4.00; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

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The Trade supplied direct by us. Address Circulation Dept., Town Talk, 1561 Post street, San Francisco, Cal.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A Newspaper With Ideals

A few weeks ago, the "Call," in announcing a change in its editorial management, gave notice of the adoption of a policy, the elements of which are the essence of the ideal newspaper. If we were not profoundly impressed by that declaration of intention it was because it had the familiar ring of the time-honored newspaper prospectus. We recognized in it the aims and aspirations of scores of editors we have known, editors strong in their faith in the best traditions of the profession of journalism, animated by the noblest motives, as sincere and courageous as the editor of the "Call," all of whom lived to weep over the fragments of their shattered idols. Nevertheless we have come to the conclusion that it ill becomes us to assume a sceptical attitude toward a great daily that has promised to turn over several new leaves. It is a matter worthy of record that an epochal period has been reached in the career of Mr. Spreckels' paper. It has been suddenly aroused from its lethargy, and is now to be reckoned with as a force and factor in the evolution of public sentiment. It is publishing the news as though it had become conscious of one of the functions of a daily journal, and the municipal Administration is being handled as though nobody connected with the paper cared whether Commissioner Aigeltinger's fate was at stake. So far the "Call," under the new management, has lived up to its professions. More than that it has given us an editorial page worth reading, and that was a consumption most devoutly desired in these degenerate days upon which we have fallen. It is truly refreshing to come across an editorial in a daily paper that is free from platitudes, pedantry and shrieks. So whatever happens so far as exalted policy is concerned we are pleased to compliment Mr. Spreckels on having given his newspaper the aspect of something other than a personal organ. There have been few things more desirable than such a paper as the "Call" shall be in the event of its squaring itself with the policy that has been proclaimed, and even though it fall short of the aspirations of the management it may nevertheless deserve the approbation of the community. A newspaper may fail to realize its ideals without having its professions impugned by its weaknesses. The world abounds in bad marksmanship, but it is something to have a target worth hitting.

Preparing to Fight Hearst

Says the New York "Sun": "The next Governor of the State of New York will be a Democrat; the next Governor of the State of New York will be the next President of the United States." These utterances were addressed "to the supreme

powers at Oyster Bay, to Messrs. Platt and Depew, to the new and austere hierarchy of Odell and associates, to one Frank Wayland Higgins, the putative Governor of the State of New York and to all the sober-minded and self-respecting Republicans to whose confidence it can appear." The editor of the "Sun" was probably in a white heat when he gave utterance to the foregoing. For several years he has been hammering away at the Odell machine presumably in the interest of the financiers who are at war with Mr. E. H. Harriman; for, be it known, the protracted quarrel in the Republican camp in New York was the result of the falling out of the trust magnates and one of the consequences was the big insurance scandal in which Morgan and Harriman figured as deadly enemies. Odell was the political representative of Mr. Harriman, and Senator Platt was the representative of an anti-Harriman financial combine. So the "Sun" hammered away at Odell and strove to persuade Governor Higgins, who has a political machine of his own, to join hands with Platt and remove Odell from the chairmanship of the Republican State Central Committee. President Roosevelt took a hand in the fight, but made no entangling alliances, being content, it appeared, to give aid and comfort to the enemies of Odell whoever they might be. Now, it is said, all the Republican factions are at peace, but the compact entered into has been strictly guarded. We shall probably soon hear, however, that it was Wall street that called off the dogs of war, and that Mammon's pronunciamento was inspired by fear of one William R. Hearst, candidate for Governor of the Empire State. When Mr. Hearst announced his withdrawal from the Presidential race "Town Talk" suggested that he was probably clearing the way for the gubernatorial campaign, and such his purpose appears to have been, for he has announced his candidacy for Governor of New York. In giving reign to this ambition he is not indulging the rainbow habit. In New York his gubernatorial aspirations are taken quite seriously, and Wall street pales at the prospect. To defeat him the financial powers will have to open the biggest barrel that was ever broached in a political campaign in this country, and being sensible of the fact they cannot afford to impair their resources in factional strife. In an emergency such as this the system pulls the string and all the puppets of Wall street, all the automata of the conflicting political machines, dance in unison to the same measure. Mr. William R. Hearst may not impress the intelligent, unbenighted voters of New York as a statesman of unblemished personality; it is quite probable that they regard his papers as an expression of his individuality, and yet it is quite conceivable that they should prefer hearsteria to the anarchy of unconscionable wealth.

More Industrial Strife

The spirit of civic loyalty that throbs in the heart of labor-unionism in San Francisco is not sufficient, it appears, to restrain men from taking advantage of a propitious situation. We were told by lusty-lunged labor leaders, immediately after the big fire, that organized labor would lend a helping hand in the reconstruction of the city, and that no attempt would be made to gouge employers or raise the scale of wages. Yet we have not been free from industrial strife since the second week after the earthquake. However, the union men who have demanded higher wages are not altogether to blame. An example in selfishness was set by many of our plutocrats immediately after the fire. The possessors of inherited wealth were quick to give expression to the instincts that governed their thrifty pioneer fathers, old family servants had their wages reduced to a pittance, the price of building materials was raised and rents were advanced exorbitantly. So if we are fair we shall not confine our reprobations to the strikers. The gouging habit has become infectious, and workmen are merely availing themselves of the circumstance that labor is scarce. And perhaps they have also been influenced by the raise in rents. The railroad electricians acted somewhat

hastily in quitting work before their demands could be taken up for consideration by the directors of the company, but it was their privilege, as it is also the privilege of the company to hire men to fill their places. We shall probably soon learn whether the strikers are willing that the company should exercise that privilege. Evidently the company's officers fear that efforts will be made to terrorize their non-union employees, for they have prepared for trouble, and in doing so they have aroused the indignation of the strikers, who profess, as strikers always do, to be peaceable. From experience we know that union men do not win strikes with logic. The more effective weapon is intimidation and there is only one way of resisting it.

Honesty the Best Policy

A few weeks ago President Roosevelt was being seriously criticised in Chicago for having given color to misrepresentation and exaggeration relative to the methods of the packers. It was said that he had caused great damage not only to the great Chicago industry but to the trade in all canned goods including California fruits and Columbian salmon. Unquestionably the whole trade suffered for British packers were quick to take advantage of the exposure of the unhealthful treatment of meat products at Chicago, and a campaign for blackening the American business reputation was carried on during several weeks in the European press, but the Chicago scandal led to an investigation of British methods and it was found that they were not greatly superior to those of this country. Perhaps in time reaction will set in since the impression is gaining ground in Europe that while there is much corruption in this country there is also a strong sentiment in favor of raising the percentage of commercial morality, whereas in England the tendency is to protect home industries from scandal. The American way is not to hush matters to save money. Democracy acts with swift and relentless fury when its feelings are aroused. With our livelier sense of national prosperity and strength has come a keener perception of national dignity, and our aim is to maintain it at any price. Our President is regarded in Europe not only as a great patriot but as a man of superb integrity, and so when he announced the other day, through Ambassador Reid, at the conference of the Federation of Grocers in Sheffield, that under the law we can and will guarantee the fitness in all respects of canned meats bearing the American brand, the British representatives of the American canned meat industry had reason to rejoice. In the end the scandal that was so much regretted should prove to be of the greatest benefit, financially as well as sanitarily.

A Plea for the Little Ones

Someone has discovered the toyless condition of the little refugee children, and has started a collection to improve what would seem, at first glance, to be a sad state of affairs. But it is better to go slow and consider a bit. Are the children so desperately in need of playthings, and if they are, why not keep hands off and let them have the pleasure of evolving something for themselves? The child of the twentieth century hardly knows the meaning of the word play, for it has no work to do, and play, to be real play, needs to be put in contrast with effort. One of the greatest gifts is that of imagination, the power of making believe, but the factory-made toys of today leave no room for that. Everything that is given to a child is a miniature of the full sized article, and among the unfortunate rich, it is not only the appearance, but the working parts as well, that are duplicated. The engine with its train of cars runs on real tracks and is propelled by steam. It has a real bell and a tiny whistle, and the little lord has but to look on and see it, instead of playing an active part himself and becoming by turns the motive power, the bell and the conductor. His rocking horse is life size and covered with real skin, and his coaster wagon a replica of whatever happens to please his fancy. If he want top or ball or any game, he needs

but to present himself at the nearest shop and demand according to the size of his pocket book. Juvenile furniture is up-to-date, and the very old-fashioned names, "creepy" and "cricket" are unknown. Little girls have dollies, not only with joints and real hair and movable eyes, but with lashes and brows and a squeak. They need not make believe that their puppets are dressed in silks and jewels, for dolly is provided with not only one but half a dozen ready-made changes of garments, and the beloved "doll-rags" of long ago would be viewed with contempt. Toy dishes approximate in size the best family china and the pieces are almost as numerous, while the doll house must be complete in all its furnishings and have as many rooms as a mansion. Children, these days, do not have the incentive of wholesome exertion in order to furnish them their pleasures, and in consequence, they are very hard to please. No one blames them for not deliberately choosing the homely and home-made in preference to the store bought and factory finished. Approximately, it would be like preferring to live in tents in refugee camps when good houses are to be had, but there are advantages and compensations. Instead of commiserating them for what they have not, help them to make the best of what they have. When the little girls are seen hugging clothespins wrapped up in handkerchiefs, why not admire their lovely dollies for them, and when a tiny lad makes for himself a wagon out of an empty box and four spools, commend his ingenuity instead of bemoaning his poverty. A book could be written on the subject of the lost arts of childhood, lost because children are cheated of their heaven-sent right to learn by trying. Building blocks cut to measure, with accompanying sheets of designs of castles are very nice indeed, but do they furnish more absorbing occupation than a score of corn cobs? Checkerboards made to counterfeit solid tomes and supplied with elaborately polished men, are attractive, but will the game be any more skillfully played than if some clever lad had marked off the squares himself, sawed up an old broom handle, and sand-papered and colored his own pieces? Does the child of today, with a new picture book every week, know his nursery rhymes and fairy tales as his parents did when something new was an event in their lives? Those little folks who have lost their treasures are rather to be congratulated than pitied. They may have the time of their lives now, finding fairies, being shipwrecked, playing at Robinson Crusoe or Hiawatha, or being the Swiss Family Robinson—that is, if there is a particle of imagination remaining to them after the long period during which their thinking has been done for them and the results presented for their acceptance. Let the children alone and they will recover their primitive instincts and design their own playthings and be the better and brighter for their experiences.

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Fillmore Street, Near Sutter

San Francisco

A Discreditable Attitude

Mr. Rufus B. Jennings has done well in calling a halt on the part of the California Promotion Association in the matter of sending forth broadcast school children's letters detailing their experiences during the earthquake and fire. The object of the boards of education of this city and San Jose was to enlist sympathy and incidentally evoke small coins for the rehabilitation of the school department, but this business of cadging the coppers of the children is, at best, a small one, and not creditable. There is no necessity for us to sink into the attitude of chronic beggary. California is a wealthy state, and the fact that the candy shops, ice cream saloons and soft-drink emporiums are all flourishing, that there is a lively trade carried on in picture postals, and that the banks, one and all, reported scarcely more than an average Monday business when they reopened, more than a month after the eventful eighteenth of April, go to show that though there is some distress amongst us, the majority of our citizens are doing very well indeed, and are amply able to pay for their own schools and school houses. The municipality should emulate the example of the individual citizen, stop talking and get back to work. We were and are grateful for the emergency assistance in the first days of the disaster, but let us not protract our distress indefinitely. A similar calamity is likely to overtake some other community tomorrow, and it is our business to be up and doing, and ready to pass on to the next sufferer the kindnesses that we cannot return to those to whom we owe them. Our calamity is now nearly three months in the past. It is an old story, and editors of Eastern publications privately confess that they are tired of the subject, that the public appetite for calamity news is jaded and that the last thrill has been thrilled. If the public school children have relatives in the East with whom they desire to correspond, it is a private matter to be kept within the limits of the family circle. No doubt the grandparents and uncles will be delighted to receive the ill-spelled, childish scrawls, and will pass them around from one connection to another, but this is as much publicity as they deserve or should get. If there were no other reason to urge against this exploitation of school children there is this very grave one—that the average pupil of the public schools, let him be in kindergarten or college, cannot write a creditable communication. He can neither spell nor express his thoughts lucidly, and though the letters might prove the strongest of arguments in favor of the need of schools, they most decidedly would not be evidence of the efficiency of the teaching. It is time now that this harping on the horrors should cease. It would be well if Uncle Sam would place an embargo on the mailing of postal cards, especially those which bear references to "Frisco." The attitude of a good many of our people toward the fire is precisely that of the farmer to his prize pumpkins and turnips. He has raised vegetables that overshadow the products of all the neighboring farms and he is in a humor to brag of his achievements until somebody outdoes him at the next district fair.

"What's yesterday,

With all its shards, and wreck, and grief, to thee?
Forget it, then; here lies the victor's way."

Fiction and Its Votaries

A foolish girl committed suicide some time ago, and beside her dead body lay one of Bertha M. Clay's romances open at the final chapter in which the heroine made her exit from the world's stage. The incident afforded the moralists an opportunity to prate about the influence of silly books and to lay down laws concerning the formation of character through a perusal of "the best literature." Evidently it has not occurred to any of them to give a glance at the converse of the theory—that instead of books forming character, it is the already formed character that dictates the choice of books. The girls that show early symptoms of what in their own slang they term being "boysick" gravitate naturally toward the Laura Jeans, the Duchesses, and the Bertha M. Clays as inevitably as they select as their companions those that are of similar inclinations. It is very well to censure mothers for not censoring the book associates of their daughters, but we should remember the old adage about leading a horse to water. A girl born with a Bertha M. Clay mind is not more easily to be persuaded to appreciate George Eliot or Thomas Hardy or Eden Phillpotts or Maurice Hewlett than to be educated into a white skin if born with a brown one. Moreover, mothers themselves are not so overpoweringly wise. There is a deal of truth underlying the satirical thrust about books no girl would object to seeing her mother peruse, for the frank truth is that the mothers of today are often more romantic than their daughters; and seeing a copy of the Duchess and of Henry James in a house it is a fair guess that it is the daughter who is reading James and the mother who is weeping over the woes of the lovers. By the time a girl has progressed beyond juveniles her taste in literature is as inevitably fixed as her complexion. Once in a rare while there is an instance where environment and opportunity are responsible, but nine times out of ten in these days of free libraries and cheap books, the Bertha Clay habit is the result of gravitation and free choice. It is widely asserted that jails and juvenile reformatories are recruited from the ranks of the dime-novel readers, but why infer that the lurid fiction is responsible? Some boys take to bandit and pirate stories for the same reason that as men they take to crime—because they have a taste for adventure. If the youthful lover of sensational fiction is a pervert he may drift into crime, but the probability is that the inevitable moral that goes with stories of adventure has more often restrained than impelled readers from entering upon a lawless career. The effect of novel reading depends principally on the mental capacity of the reader, and though taste in literature depends in a manner on cultivation, there are many intellects that are not susceptible of refinement.

His Literary Labors

Visitor (in insane asylum): Ah, a literary man! May I step in his cell and see what he is writing?

Attendant: Guess you'd better not. He's making out a proof of loss and trying to remember every article of value that he had in his home. If you enter he may take you for an adjuster and do things to you.

—The Alienist.

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Perspective Impressions

Why not charge the missing whisky up to evaporation?

As Chairman of the Finance Committee, Mr. Phelan has troubles that suggest the probability of there having been a motive in Mayor Schmitz's magnanimity which was so highly lauded at the time of his selection of distinguished citizens to manage relief work.

By despatch from Berlin we are informed that the police of that city have discovered the extensive use of horseflesh in sausage factories. And yet Berlin sausages may not be inferior to those of Chicago, for it is quite possible that the butchers of Berlin require a health certificate with every horse and enforce one or two rules of cleanliness in their slaughter houses.

Though Mr. Hearst is not a candidate for President, his friends have announced that he will be a candidate for Governor of New York this fall. Mr. Hearst has seen the futility of trying to kill two birds with one stone.

Professor Charles Dubelin, of Chicago University, advocates the taking of wives on probation, the marriage to be made binding and permanent if both parties agree after making a trial of living together. There is nothing novel in the plan suggested by the professor. It is an excellent plan when the man marries his mistress, but unfortunately it is the tendency of man to make many trials, not because he is dissatisfied but because he is fickle. If the plan received social sanction there would be no divorces. Neither would there be any marriages.

Aping the semblance of a virtue is only one form of profitable hypocrisy. Some persons win a profitable reputation for frankness by pretending to have vices that they know not.

It is said that Pardee would not have lost in Mendocino county if he had not been so busy correcting erroneous statements respecting his conduct during the catastrophe.

The census office at Washington is about to begin the collection of statistics of marriage and divorce in every state in the Union. We are not informed as to the use to which they are to be put, but they will probably be welcomed by moralists who have not the ingenuity to manufacture their own statistics.

The first breach of the peace resulting from the strike of the street railroad linemen occurred last Monday when non union men were attacked by strikers. But of course it was due to misapprehension on the part of the union men. They thought the non-union men, who were repairing a wire, were trespassing on the company's property. The company should be ashamed to employ guards while their interests are being so zealously guarded by organized labor.

Municipal ownership has proved a failure in Glasgow and Glasgow is the city to which the advocates of municipal ownership have long been pointing as proof of the feasibility and practicability of withdrawing public utilities from the field of private enterprise.



Uncle Sam may not have seemed very grateful for the help given the Germans in San Francisco, but he is ready to give of his surplus to the Germans in Europe.

—“Kladderadatsch” (Berlin).



British Lion—“Don’t alarm yourself; I’m not going to eat any more tinned meat after what I’ve heard.”

—“Judy” (London).

EUROPEAN CARTOONS ON OUR MEAT SCANDAL.

In Old San Francisco

By R. Francis Logan

CHAPTER IV

(Being an account of the rise and achievements of the Vigilance Committee of '51.)

Far from complete would my narrative be were I to fail to inform my readers respecting the origin and performances of that notable organization to which I referred in the last chapter—the Vigilance Committee. Without a knowledge of the motives and achievements of that committee, one could not have an adequate conception of the most dramatic period in the history of old San Francisco. The history of that committee includes the most thrilling events in the early life of the city. The sentiments aroused by that committee, the prejudices it stirred, the conflicts it created, were echoed in the community for many years after it disbanded, and for nearly a quarter of a century political and social affairs in California were influenced by feelings engendered in the days of the activities of the "Vigilantes," as they were called. There is probably no feature of the history of old San Francisco which excited so much of the attention of the civilized world as that which was identified with the organization that "took the law in its own hands" and dispensed justice on the spur of the moment.

I referred in the last chapter to the hanging of James P. Casey for the murder of James King of William. That feat was performed by the Vigilance Committee of 1856 which was in the nature of a reorganized committee for it was in earlier years that the first popular uprising occurred. It has been said that the Vigilantes had their origin in 1851, but their inception may be traced to 1849, when there was an organized band of toughs in San Francisco known as "The Hounds," for the suppression of which summary measures were taken by an outraged citizenry. The Hounds purported to be an association for mutual assistance in sickness or in peril of any kind, but it was in reality a gang of plunderers. The members assumed a kind of military discipline under a leader who wore a uniform. They preyed principally on foreigners from whom they extorted money and who were often murdered by them. At that time there was a large colony of Peruvians and Mexicans in the old village of Yerba Buena, a lazy, dissolute lot, imported as laborers from South America by rich Spaniards to work in the mines. They drifted to the peninsula and lived in tents, and nobody cared what happened to them so the Hounds, under pretense of disciplining them, subjected them to all sorts of outrages. In one of their destructive expeditions a young American named Beatty was killed and the Hounds were roused to vengeance against the whole population of Spanish origin, and the depredations that followed provoked the indignation of the peaceful element of the community.



The Plaza, or Portsmouth Square, June, 1854

On the 16th of July, 1849, Samuel Brannan, one of the most distinguished of California pioneers and Captain Beyer Simmons waited upon Alcalde Leavenworth and urged him to

take steps to organize the community for the purpose of ridding the city of the Hounds. That day he issued a proclamation in obedience to which a few hundred men met in Portsmouth Square and organized a committee the leaders of which were Dr. Gwin, Hall McAllister and Horace Hawes. The arrest of many of the Hounds followed immediately after the committee was organized and many fled from the city. The salutary influence of this movement was the inspiration of the Vigilance Committee which was organized in 1851 in defiance of the regularly constituted tribunals of the country.

Between 1849 and 1851 the population of the state increased to nearly a quarter of a million, and among the inhabi-



Samuel Brannan

tants were many immigrants from Van Dieman's Land and New South Wales whither England had sent shiploads of her convicts. These ticket-of-leave men, known as "Sydney coves," were the founders of that section of the city known before the fire as the Barbary Coast. Their rendezvous was in a quarter known as Clark's Point, on the water front between Broadway and Pacific. There they established saloons and gambling houses, the most notorious of which was the Alsatia, a place that the police never dared to enter. In 1851 criminals were without restraint in San Francisco. The most daring burglaries were committed, murders occurred nearly every night, and there had been many fires of incendiary origin, during which the burning premises were looted. Arrests were occasionally made but never was there vigorous prosecution. The people had no confidence in their law officers. It was generally understood that the police and even certain magistrates were in league with the criminals. San Francisco had been destroyed a fifth time by conflagration. No one doubted that the fires were of incendiary origin. It was at this fearful time that the Vigilance Committee was organized. The first meeting was held in June, 1851, and a constitution was adopted from which I excerpt:

"Whereas, It has become apparent to the citizens of San Francisco, that there is no security for life and property, either under the regulations of society as it at present exists, or under the law as now administered: Therefore the citizens, whose names are hereunto attached, do unite themselves into an association for the maintenance of the peace and good order of society, and the preservation of the lives and

(Continued on Page 30.)

The Test Superlative

By G. V. Fittock.

As time runs on San Francisco's troubles multiply. First came the earthquake, then the fire, after which followed the news that the insurance business abounded in crooks and that policy-holders were to be robbed right and left. Our next affliction came through our experience with gougers; rents were raised, the price of building materials was raised, and magnanimous organized labor proceeded to charge all the traffic would bear. Our trials and tribulations have come thick and fast, but we are not discouraged.

All the world wondered at the optimism of San Francisco in her black hour of misery and distress, but far more wonderful is the patience of the community in contemplation of a prospect so discouraging as the one by which we are now confronted. A combination of circumstances has arisen by which we are restrained from making anything like the progress of which we are capable. Our plight is pathetic. Here we are ready to go ahead, equipped with the necessary energy, supplied with the necessary capital, buoyant with hope, bubbling over with confidence in the future, but short of labor and with material at almost prohibitive prices. A more complex situation it would be difficult to imagine. We should perhaps feel far less irritated if we knew that we had to begin all over again with no greater impetus behind us than was here when the city was young and unaware of the great development that was to come. But to be cognizant of the importance of the city as a commercial centre, with stronger assurance than ever of its inherent claims to preeminence as the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, and be compelled to squat amid the ruins

and wait helplessly for the cheapest of the essentials to become accessible is indeed agonizing. Such is the state of affairs in San Francisco today. Hundreds of cars filled with building material are waiting to be unloaded, but there is no place to store it and traffic is congested. We need more buildings but lack the necessary labor. We could probably get more labor if we had homes for families, and we cannot get homes without first getting men to build them. Meanwhile the demand for everything is so greatly in excess of the supply that persons with small capital cannot afford to build, and land is lying idle that should be yielding revenue. There is also much idle capital waiting to be circulated, and meanwhile the savings banks are making no loans on real estate. To add to our misfortunes the municipal administration is in the hands of incompetents, and instead of much needed public improvements being made, there is nothing doing.

I call attention to the untoward circumstances that beset us not in any spirit of pessimism, nor merely for the purpose of grumbling, but in the hope of impressing on our civic bodies the necessity of keeping in motion. In view of all that has been done and is being done since the fire, despite the handicap, we should feel enthusiastic over the future while deploring, as we must, the agencies that compel us to pursue a leisurely scheme of rehabilitation. The test which the city is now undergoing is a severe one, so severe that were it not invincible, distress signals would long ago have been fluttering in the breeze.

A Conference in Graftville

Explanatory of a Very Trying Situation

Mayor Longreach: What means this stir in Graftville?

Lawyer Graball: Same old story, your honor—newspapers trying to increase their sales by exciting the populace with sensational yarns.

Mayor Longreach: But I hear they are charging the Administration with corruption and urging criminal prosecution.

Lawyer Graball: Quite true, your Honor, but that's because they don't understand. Don't let them disturb you with their unspeakable nonsense.

Mayor: But am I to be maligned with impunity?

Lawyer Graball: The penalty of greatness, your Honor—the penalty of greatness. After awhile they may investigate and then they will find out—

Mayor Longreach: Great Scott! Are they likely to find out?

Lawyer Graball—Calm yourself; they'll merely find out the nature of our relations, and—

Mayor Longreach: Merely find out the nature of our relations! Are you going crazy?

Lawyer Graball: Calm yourself—

Mayor Longreach: Calm myself! Dammit, man, if they find out the nature of our relations—

Lawyer Graball: Sh-h-h! Put your hat over the telephone and lower your voice; somebody might be listening. What I intended to say was that they will find out that our relationship is that of attorney and client. So far as your dealings with the public are concerned, your record is an open book. So far as your dealings with me are concerned—well, they are sacred to We, Us & Co. It is true that receivers of special privileges have paid high for 'em, but they paid me and I'm a very high-priced lawyer. Now that's all there is to it.

Mayor Longreach: Let's go out and have a bottle of wine. You're the brainiest man that ever hiked down the Graftville pike.

Lawyer Graball: And you are the greatest Mayor that a city ever had. Let me order the bottle of wine. The saloon-keeper is my client.

Mayor Longreach: Then he ought to treat.

—The Psychologist.

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The Spectator

Graft! Graft! Graft!

The present situation in San Francisco reminds one of some lines from Kipling's Departmental Ditties:

Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Was that the contractor did
Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To controller of supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On King Pharaoh's smart civilians.

It is evidently Kipling's opinion that graft has been practiced in all ages of the world, or, at any rate, in the most remote period, but Kipling never heard so much about graft as one may hear nowadays right here in San Francisco. As a purifier the late conflagration was a dismal failure. The news of the day has resolved itself into a serial story of graft. There is graft in the distribution of relief supplies, there is graft in the city government, there is graft in the insurance business, there is graft in the grand jury room, there is graft in high places and graft in low places, and of criminal prosecution there is none. Fortunes are growing out of graft in the rebuilding of San Francisco. With the atmosphere surcharged as it is with rumors of graft, it seems to one, inexperienced as I am, that our aggressive district attorney ought to find that opportunity which comes to every man, somewhere not far distant from the point popularly believed to be the centre of activity. It is commonly reported that to get a theatre license nowadays one must agree to surrender one-third of the gross receipts. It ought to be worth the district attorney's while to hunt that rumor down. The rapidly accumulating wealth of some supervisors is notorious. And there is a big leak somewhere for the tales of graft are spiced with circumstance and detail. For instance it has come to my ears as a notable fact that there is one honest supervisor—Mr. McGushin—who explained his disinclination to feather his nest by saying "I want to shlake nights."

The Folk Method

In explanation of the district attorney's apathy, in the midst of doings that should appeal to his professional zeal it is said that the grand jury as at present constituted, constrains him to forbear. That explanation would be most persuasive, were it not for recent history made in Missouri by one Joe Folk. That gentleman did not take into consideration the personal inclinations of the grand jury. When circumstantial evidence of graft obtruded itself on his attention he summoned the reputed grafters and put them through a course of interrogation in his private office. By following Folk's course Mr. Langdon might elicit a lot of sensational evidence at this time. There are men eager to tell all they know.

Looters Get Protection

One of the most startling rumors of graft came into circulation since the foregoing was written. It grew out of the letter written by Rudolph Spreckels to Chief of Police Dinan in reference to the looting of property belonging to his father. Mr. Spreckels complained that police officers refused to arrest looters when their attention was called to the thieves. In this connection it is rumored that the patrolmen did not dare to interfere with the looters. If such be the case the present state of affairs is quite alarming. Indeed it is said to be so grave that if it were cognizable to the people they would be much more startled than they were on the morning of the earthquake. It is to be hoped that the reports are very much exaggerated, and that the reluctance of patrolmen to

interfere with looters was not due to fear of high authority. On the receipt of the Spreckels' letter Chief Dinan directed that special attention be given to junk thieves.

Gillett a Winner

As the original boomer of Congressman Gillett for Governor of California I am pleased to record the progress he is making. When he was first mentioned in these columns as available gubernatorial timber the impression was widespread that it would be hopeless for anybody to go up against the Pardee machine, but, as I remarked at the time, the Pardee machine was an hallucination of misguided journalists. The shallowness of Pardee's pretensions was shown at the Republican primaries in Mendocino county last week when the ticket placed before the people in his name suffered ignominious defeat. In Ukiah, where there is a state asylum with lots of patronage through which the people are brought in close touch with the Administration, three out of every four Republicans voted against the Pardee ticket. Every fourth Republican was a job-holder or a man interested in administration patronage, and the others were men who judged the Administration by the tax-eaters employed in the asylum. Meanwhile Mr. Gillett, who is a man of great vitality, magnetism and energy, has been looking over the territory through which he expects to do his campaigning and now the diagnosticians, familiar with symptoms political, are taking notice. Down in Los Angeles where politics is the breath of every man's nostrils, Mr. Gillett was received as though he had been mistaken for the white dove of peace and harmony. The Bulla-Otis wing of the G. O. P., which has long been battling against the "Organization" gave him a big dinner, and General Otis, who is always off the reservation and dancing, vouchsafed him an interview two columns in length with pictorial accompaniment. The Los Angeles "News" gave him a big send-off editorially and from private advices I learn that there has been a whoop-up all along the route of march. Mr. Gillett is already looking something like a winner. It is conceded that the North is with him and surely the aspect of the South is most encouraging. Pardee's chances appear to be growing fainter every day. He cannot break into this city because of the hostility of the labor forces. In San Joaquin county the

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friends of Marshal Elliott are waiting to knife him and the friends of Congressman Needham are being rounded up for Gillett. The nearby coast counties are inaccessible to him because of Warren Porter's candidacy, and Santa Clara county being under the dominion of the Hayes brothers is very strongly opposed to him. Where, oh where is the Governor to get some votes?

Those Amiable Seamen

Andrew Furuseth thinks it outrageous that squads of police officers should be detailed to keep the peace along the water front. There is no necessity for them, he says, the striking seamen being absolutely harmless. To be sure they are, but so are the police. Besides the police are ornamental and now that we have so many shacks in town the police serve to give the city a metropolitan air. On the other hand the ship-owners are very dangerous and quarrelsome men and there is always danger of their breaking loose and starting a riot along the water front. If the police were not on hand to intimidate such men as Mr. Schwerin and Mr. Hammond they might break loose, dynamite the ferry building, and maim a few pacific and peaceable sailors, so it is better to take precaution against potential disturbances. That there is danger of trouble on the water front I feel quite sure, for I am informed by letter from Eureka that warnings have been sent up there from this city of conspiracies that have been entered into not far from the Golden Gate. And though Mr. Andrew Furuseth feels that there is a strong sentiment in the seamen's union against resorting to violence for the purpose of winning the strike it is known that there are many sailors who have their own views on that subject and who are not restrained by union sentiment. A case in point was brought to light last week when Jay Going, first mate of the "Snow and Burgess," was tried and acquitted by U. S. Commissioner Heacock on the charge of shooting a sailor who attacked him. The sailor's mates testified in his favor—and a motly gang they were. They looked as though they had come from the ends of the earth and had fought every inch of the way. Going and the second mate, both of whom were evidently English, had been marked by the crew. The sailor who was wounded by Going told the second mate, prior to the shooting: "We are a tough crowd—look out for us." Even in court, though he had received one lesson in the shape of a bullet through his shoulder, the sailor could not keep down his quarrelsome tendencies. When Going said that one of the reasons he shot was because he thought the sailor had a knife, the latter jumped to his feet and shouted, "I don't need a knife to do you up or any one else on the ship." It was with difficulty that the bailiff suppressed him, and even then he sat muttering curses and epithets during the course of Going's testimony.

Americans Not Wanted

The sailors on our coasting vessels are mostly Swedes Norwegians and Russians, many of whom, I have been told were naturalized through fraud. The records of the Secret Service office are full of the names of seamen who became citizens before they had lived in the country the statutory period. Many of them obtained mariners' licenses on the strength of their fraudulent naturalization papers. Some of them have been sent to jail but hundreds are at large. It seems to be the policy of the union leaders to have the coasting vessels manned by foreign sailors, for it is said that an American has a hard time of it if he breaks into one of the crews. A mariner from the Atlantic Coast told me a short time ago that he was amazed to find how scarce American sailors are in these waters.

The Life Insurance Contest

Fremont Older, managing editor of the "Bulletin," returned several days ago from New York, whither he went to attend the conference of the committee that has undertaken

the herculean task of putting beyond the reach of Wall street the millions of dollars of assets belonging to the life insurance companies whose scandalous mismanagement was revealed by the Armstrong committee. Though the San Francisco papers appear to be taking very little interest in the manoeuvring for control of the big insurance companies, the press of all other parts of the country and also of Europe is devoting a great deal of space to this sensational contest. The committee of which Mr. Older is a member and which is composed of some of the most distinguished men in the country, was chosen to represent the policy-holders, and their purpose is to wrest the management of the insurance companies from the hands of the financial pirates of Wall street, and so handle the assets as to effect a gradual reduction of the sums paid annually into the treasuries. There is no doubt of the integrity and ability of the members of the committee. Among them are such men as Richard Olney, Alton B. Parker, Judge Grey, Thomas Wannamaker, Emery Smith Nicholas Longworth and General Tracy. There are governors of five states on the committee, and all these gentlemen are now acting in concert under the direction of Samuel Untmyer, the able New York attorney. Tom Lawson, of Boston, the man by whom the machinery was set in motion, has receded into the background. He started the ball a-rolling and feels that in arousing the policy-holders to a consciousness of their rights and of the power in their hands he accomplished all that should be expected of him. As he made many enemies by his fight against the System, he thought it advisable to abate his activities so far as the fight for control of the management of the companies is concerned, believing that in bringing about the appointment of the policy-holders' committee he achieved a great triumph. He feels, says Mr. Older, that he has demonstrated that in this country there are no great wrongs that public opinion cannot right, that no dangers threaten the people against which they have not in their own hands ample powers of defense.

As They Tell It In New York

According to the first reports of the Thaw-White tragedy received in this city, Truxton Beale was the companion of Stanford White in Martin's restaurant and Tom McCaleb was the guest of the young Pittsburg millionaire. By private letter from New York I am informed that both Beale and McCaleb were with the Thaws. Beale arrived in New York that afternoon and met McCaleb and Harry Thaw at a club and there accepted the invitation to dinner. McCaleb saw Mrs. Thaw

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pass a note to her husband at dinner, but that incident was unobserved by Beale. "It is generally understood in New York club circles," writes my correspondent, "that Harry Thaw brooded incessantly over his wife's past. She told him that White was her seducer and she attributed her downfall to the use of drugs. His defense will be that the murderous impulse came to him when a friend told him that White made a slurring remark about his wife just as they were entering the restaurant. The man by whom that communication was made has been found and will appear as a witness. It may interest you to know that neither Beale nor McCaleb knew who had been shot until they got into the carriage with Mrs. Thaw after leaving the theatre. She was hysterical and she suddenly exclaimed: 'He ruined my life.'

"Who ruined your life?" they asked.

"Stanford White!" she exclaimed."

A Riding Master's Catch

All New York's uppertendom is probably discussing the marriage of Mrs. Fanny Burke Roche and Aurel Batonyi, which was reported in the despatches some days ago. Fanny Burke Roche was of the smart set of both New York and London and Batonyi was merely a riding master and an expert whip. He is reported to be the scion of a wealthy Hungarian family, but he first bobbed up in New York as a private teacher of riding and driving. He was a competitor in many horse shows in the East and won many prizes. Mrs. Roche was married to James Boothby Burke Roche at Christ Church in September, 1880, and separated from him six years later. Three children, a daughter and two sons (twins), were born to the pair. In 1890, after having established a residence at Wilmington, Del., Mrs. Roche secured a divorce from her husband and the custody of her three children. Roche for years contended that the divorce was illegal on the ground that his wife should have proceeded in the British courts. When a Dublin paper referred to Mr. Burke Roche as a divorced man in an election campaign, he brought suit for libel and won his case. He also sued the publishers of "Burke's Peerage" for referring to him as a divorced man, and won again. Whittaker's "Peerage" now describes his wife as having obtained "an American divorce." Mrs. Roche is a tall, handsome woman, and has figured in society here, abroad and at Newport, where she had the use of her father's house, Elm Court. Her sister is Mrs. Cooper Hewitt. Her only daughter, Cynthia, was married last January to Arthur Scott Burden, son of James A. Burden. About two years ago Miss Cynthia, who was entitled in England to the title of the Honorable Miss Burke Roche, renounced all claim to the title and took out citizen papers, desiring to be an American. Last December Mrs. Roche had a row with her father, Frank Work, and left his home. The newspapers speculated as to the cause of the family quarrel, and interviewed Mr. Work who said that his daughter was too extravagant, and that she insisted on spending \$375 a day. When Mrs. Roche left her first husband she brought only her daughter to this country. Her two sons were for some time with their father in Ireland. Roche, however, arrived in this country some time later with the two boys. Driving up to Mr. Work's house in a carriage, he deposited the two children on the doorstep

and drove away. Roche was criticised during the Russian Japanese War for selling his turbine yacht to the Russian Government at a high price.

Distinction of the Bride

The marriage of Batonyi and Mrs. Roche is no doubt regarded by New York society as an affair similar to the Yerkes-Mizner attachment, only far more extraordinary, and, therefore, it is strange that more space has not been devoted to the queer match in the dailies. Their failure to exploit this sensational caprice of a leader of the gilded aristocracy is to be accounted for only on the theory that they were not sufficiently familiar with the relative social standing of the bride and groom. Nearly two years ago one of the sensational society weeklies in New York reported the attachment, and Mrs. Roche indignantly demanded a retraction and it was given. Mrs. Roche was one of the most popular women in Newport, and there was profound regret for her in the fashionable society of that resort last winter when she was driven by an angry father from one of the most celebrated villas in Bellevue avenue, her allowance depleted, her children threatened with disinheritance if they dared to associate with their mother. It was a little later that her daughter married Arthur Scott Burden and that marriage was one of the very smartest events of the season. Cynthia Roche who became Mrs. Burden was once reported to be engaged to Ogden Mills. All of which conveys a hint of the standing in New York society of the lady who is now the wife of a professional coachman, and an ex-ridingmaster, who testified a few years ago, in a lawsuit, that he had changed his name, his real name being Cohn. Surely the failure of the sensational dailies to give this story front-page prominence, is to say the least, surprising.

For "Pop" Was Sleepy

None of the recent newspaper changes has caused more surprise than that of Edward Cahill, better known as "Pop" Cahill, who had been identified with the "Examiner" so long that he seemed part and parcel of the plant. He worked there as reporter and special writer, but now, as editorial writer on the "Call," he has work more to his liking and better suited to his talents. Cahill is a graduate of Dublin University and is a man of scholarly attainments. He has a quiet humor and a gentle cynicism that make what he writes somewhat better reading than the ordinary newspaper stuff. A belated earthquake story anent Cahill is going the rounds. It is told that early on the morning of April 18th his son awoke him with

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the announcement, "Say, dad, there's been an awful earthquake."

"City Hall damaged?" was Cahill's sleep-smothered question.

"Yes, it's pretty badly shaken up," was the reply.

"Well, I've got an assignment to go up there at ten o'clock on a trial," was the father's drowsy response. "Guess the hall isn't hurt enough to keep them from holding court. Wake me in time."

An hour or two later the lad again awoke his father. "Say, dad," he said, "there's an awful fire. It's down by the ferries and south of Market and everywhere."

"Close to the City Hall?"

"Well, it's getting up toward it—and the hall's wrecked anyway."

"Well, there won't be any court, then." And the tired journalist turned over and slept until noon.

He Wants to be Alone

Considerable discussion has been aroused in Berkeley University circles by the latest development of Professor Isaac Flagg's recluse tendencies. He is now having a handsome bungalow built, but it is to be small—just large enough to shelter its owner. Several years ago Flagg, who is a widower with four grown children, had a handsome residence built. He would not allow a telephone put in and refuses to let his children have a piano. Also, he discouraged callers—especially young people—to such an extent that the big house became the abode of silence as far as it could be with a flock of healthy young people in it. The eldest daughter married in time, but Flagg, evidently feeling that the other children would be with him too long a time, leased his residence to Mrs. Mary Kincaid, the well known educator. The family—two daughters and a son—ranging from twenty-two to thirty years of age—have been compelled to quit the parental roof and are sheltered among Berkeley friends, while the father will occupy his tiny bungalow as soon as it is completed. The gossip in Berkeley anent the professor's conduct is highly amusing, for there are persons in the College town to whom the Flagg temperament is inexplicable.

When Reiner Went to Midway

An event of no small importance to this city was the completion the other day of the last section of the Commercial Pacific Cable Company's cable between Guam and Japan, uniting this country with the Mikado's Empire across the Pacific. Thus was an enterprise brought to completion that is without parallel in the history of ocean telegraphy. The route followed is unique not only on account of the small number of natural stations, but because it traverses the longest uninhabited waste of waters on the face of the globe. One of the stations is Sand Island, one of the Midway group which came into prominence during the Russo-Japanese war when the vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company were required

to call there for instructions so that they might steer clear of the Vladivostock squadron. Some time ago I was told that Captain Charles Reiner performed a bold feat when he took one of the Hammond Steamship Company's vessels to Sand Island last year with a cargo of material to be used in the construction of residences for the cable company's employees. Owing to the very dangerous character of the entrance to the harbor it was hard to find a steamship company to take the charter. To enter the harbor a vessel must cross a bar of boulders and coral patches over which there is only from twelve to eighteen feet of water, through a channel only seventy-five feet wide. When Captain Reiner accepted the commission nobody was surprised for he is known to be a daring navigator, but his friends thought it foolhardy to attempt to pilot a deep-draft, heavily-laden vessel through so dangerous a channel as the one that leads to the harbor of Sand Island. However, he crossed the bar, the sea at the time being as smooth as glass. The vessel, drawing fifteen and a half feet of water, picked her way through the channel with barely fifteen feet clear on each side. The slightest divergence either way would have been disastrous.

A Pirate's Safe

Captain Reiner relates that he spent a most enjoyable time at the island, the experience being most interesting. The crew lived off fish and fresh eggs, the former caught with hook and line from the vessel, the eggs gathered from the sand where they were deposited by a sea bird. When going ashore it was necessary to carry a club for protection from the birds for they were most aggressive. Sand Island has its pirate romance. Lying at the bottom in six fathoms of water is the wreck of what is said to have been a pirate vessel. It can be distinctly seen so clear is the water, but all that is left are some fragments of iron and an iron safe. The noose of a heavy line was dropped over the safe which was hoisted some little distance, but as it had been badly eaten away by rust, the rope cut it in half and the parts fell back to the bottom where they will probably remain until some vessel happens along with a diving apparatus.

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A Tribute to Lady Curzon

My dear Spectator: If you can spare the space I will give your readers some information about a woman concerning whom there has been a strange misapprehension in the minds of her countrymen and women. I refer to Lady Curzon, whose death was reported in the papers a few days ago. She was Mary Leiter, of Chicago, and as she was an American heiress with a British title it was inferred that she was like most of the daughters of the new-rich of this country who exchange their father's cash for a coat-of-arms. I knew Lady Curzon in India where she was far more appreciated than in her own country. Lady Curzon was a remarkable woman. She reflected more credit on England in India than any other individual that I know of, and for that reason, if for no other, she merited the admiration of all Americans, for Americans surely have reason to be proud of the fact that an American woman proved herself worthy of the esteem of an Empire by her exceptional qualities of mind and heart. I have read flings at Lady Curzon in American papers. They were un-

declared that all the goddesses in the Hindu Pantheon must hide their heads in her presence, but the achievement to which I particularly desire to refer was the raising of \$150,000 for the instruction of native midwives whose ignorance was responsible for an amazing infant mortality in India. All honor to the daughter of the Chicago millionaire! She combined the intellectual force and vigor of the new world with the charm, grace and tact of the old. But above all she was a beautiful woman with a beautiful heart.

An Englishman.



Mrs. Arthur Bachman
(Portrait by Walter Cox)

deserved. The stories of her ostentation and of the row caused by her taking precedence at a social function over members of the royal family were untrue. She made her debut at a ball in Government House, Bombay, in January, 1899, and her charm and beauty on that occasion captivated Indian society. It was admitted that she was entitled on her personal merits no less than by her official position, to the use of three palaces and more elephants than any other woman in the world. From the moment of her auspicious start she contributed greatly to the success of her husband's administration and everywhere throughout India the people were glad to fly the American flag in her honor. I could tell you a hundred stories of her tact and grace, of the personal charms that inspired native poets in their almost extravagant descriptions of the beautiful American woman, one of whom



President David Starr Jordan's Heir
(Posed by Adelaide Hanscom)

Miss Edith Liliencrantz, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. Liliencrantz, whose engagement to Dr. Louis Thorne was recently announced, is one of the Californiennes whose aspirations are above dances and dinners and gay times. After finishing her ordinary education, she attended the Boston Polytechnic Institute, where she took a course in architecture, and distinguished herself. She has more than once come out ahead in competitions in her chosen art.

A Family Club Lyric

At a Family Club jinks last week Larry Harris made his bow as a lyric writer. Nothing pretentious did Larry serve up for the edification of his club pals, but in his jingles he gave expression to a sentiment that set the audience on fire. Jack Noyes did the singing, and to the tune of "On the Road

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to Mandelay" these are the words with which he excited his hearers to hysterical applause:

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Where the lads are all a hustlin' and where everything's gone bust,

Where the buildings that are standin' sort of blink and blindly stare

At the darndest finest ruins ever gazed on anywhere.

Bully ruins—bricks and wall—through the night I've heard you call

Sort of sorry for each other cause you had to burn and fall, From the ferries to Van Ness you're a God-forsaken mess,

But the darndest finest ruins—nothing more and nothing less.

The strangers who come rubb'rin' and a huntin' souvenirs,

The fools they try to tell us it will take a million years

Before we can get started, so why don't we come to live

And build our homes and factories upon land they've got to give.

"Got to give," why, on my soul, I would rather bore a hole

And live right in the ashes than even move to Oakland's mole,

If they'd all give me my pick of their buildings proud and slick

In the darndest finest ruins still I'd rather be a brick.

An Hawaiian Romance

My Honolulu correspondent writes: "Genevieve Dowsett is to marry Prentice Nathaniel Gray who began his courtship immediately after she saved him from drowning. She belongs to one of the best known families in Hawaii. Her father, James I. Dowsett, was an early settler in the Islands, a shrewd, energetic, and public-spirited man. He married a woman who brought to him, with a strain of chiefly Hawaiian blood, a large amount of chiefly Hawaiian land. Dowsett, by his enterprise and energy added immensely to his wife's dowry, and died a few years ago one of the wealthiest men in Hawaii. His

estate included the Waianae plantation, an immensely profitable sugar plantation on this island, besides ranch and cattle lands that amounted in the aggregate to a princely domain. He also left a large number of children, but his estate was so large that each of them received a handsome fortune. One of the daughters is Mrs. Fred Knight, whose little daughter, Annie T. K. Parker, is the owner in right of her father of a half interest in the great Parker Ranch. Another daughter is Mrs. Dr. J. H. Raymond who owns the largest cattle ranch on Maui, a property that has been well managed and greatly added to by her husband. All the Dowsett women are of magnificent physique. They have always led an outdoor active life, and are all expert swimmers. So it surprised none of her acquaintance when Genevieve Dowsett saved from drowning, near Fort Bragg, a youth who was an athlete and a celebrated football player.

Griffith Prospers in Jail

Southern California's richest criminal, writes my Los Angeles correspondent, will soon be released from the state prison to find that while he has been in durance vile his real estate holdings have doubled in value. Griffith J. Griffith shot his wife in the eye in the Arcadia Hotel at Santa Monica a few years ago. There was no provocation for the shooting, but Griffith, who was a dissipated wretch, had strong prejudices against the Catholic Church, and was incensed against his wife because of her devotion to the Catholic faith. Before shooting her he commanded her to get down on her knees and pray. She saved her life by leaping from the window. Some time ago she left Los Angeles and it was said that she went away because of the pleadings of her little son who could not bear the taunts of his associates.

Recollections of "Sandy" Bowers

A friend just back from Nevada has been telling me of a visit to what once was the estate of the famous "Sandy" Bowers, who made a fortune in the mines, spent it royally, and died in the poor house. Sandy, before his big strike, was boarding with an Irish landlady who allowed his board-bill to run up until it amounted to \$500. Then one Saturday morning she delivered her ultimatum. "Sandy," she said, "it's five

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hundred dollars ye're owing me. Ye've got until Monday to pay me, move, or marry me." Sandy nodded in assent, and no more was said on the subject until the time limit had expired. Then said the landlady, "have ye decided, Sandy?" "Well," said the miner, "I can't pay, I can't move because I've no place to go—so I guess I'll have to marry you." Marry her he did, and she staked him to pursue farther his quest of underground wealth. He found it at last, and riches poured in.

When Reverses Came

Then began the spending of the money. A few miles outside of Reno, surrounded by the desert, was a place which had a few springs. Sandy bought eighty acres and had more water brought from the mountains. He engaged a landscape gardener who laid out a beautiful park, Sandy going back to Scotland to select trees for it. A lake was built with water running into and out of it. Beautiful walks and drives were laid out, and magnificent trees dotted the green lawns. In the midst of all this beauty Sandy built a mansion, on which he lavished money. The door knobs were of solid silver, the stair balustrades of gold. Then—well, Sandy's wealth couldn't last forever. His mines ceased to pay, investments turned out badly. Days of poverty came. He replaced his silver door knobs with ordinary ones. The stair balustrades were turned into cash. Mortgages ate up the place, and several years ago Sandy died in the poor-house. His wife died two years ago. The mansion and the eighty acres surrounding it were sold a short time since for a few hundred dollars, and now the people of Reno go there for day outings. They swim in the lake, they wander through the mansion, and they buy the whiskey and cigars that the thrifty proprietor of the place sells. The grounds are kept up in pretty good shape, but they are only an imitation of the magnificence kept up by Sandy while the money lasted.

Boyd's Experience With the Rothschilds

Colin M. Boyd, who returned home last week, was one of the many residents of San Francisco who were in London at the time of the earthquake, and like others that have been heard from he is filled with gratitude to the people of London for their kindness and sympathy. Shortly before receiving news of the catastrophe he drew twenty pounds on his letter of credit from the Rothschilds' banking house, and for a time he believed that that was the extent of his fortune, for ac-

cording to the first reports that he read the city was destroyed by a tidal wave. Mr. Boyd denies that the London Rothschilds repudiated letters of credit from San Francisco. He had been introduced to a member of the famous family, and after the news of San Francisco's distress reached London, he met the banker and asked him if his letter of credit was any good. The banker smiled and told him he could have what he wanted.

He Loves the Beautiful

As proof that F. Marion Smith's determination to build a million-dollar home of art on the Piedmont hills is not the result of a sudden desire for things artistic, but is, rather, the outcome of a love for the beautiful, it is told how he was responsible for saving the Oaklanders who live around Lake Merritt the pain of having an ordinary ugly car barn put up under their noses. Smith was driving in the vicinity of Lake Merritt one morning with another member of the Realty Syndicate when he noticed a corrugated iron building going up. "What's that?" he inquired. "That," said his companion, "is our new car-barn." Smith's eyes swept around the beautiful lake and the artistic homes bordering it. "Can't have such a looking car-barn as that in this neighborhood," he said. Orders were immediately given to tear it down. The millionaire had new plans drawn up which provided for a car-barn that should not only be useful but ornamental. The fence that was afterward put around it did not meet with Smith's approval, and it was ordered torn down and replaced by one that was more in keeping with the surroundings. The owners of the beautiful homes in the vicinity of Lake Merritt objected when it was first known that a car-barn was to be put up there, but they have no fault to find with the one that was ultimately evolved.

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The Indefatigable Mrs. Stoddard

A London correspondent writes me that Mrs. Florence Jackson Stoddard, who during 1903 was editor of the "Overland Monthly," has made arrangements with a London publisher for the publication of a book on life in Gascony. When Mrs. Stoddard left here two years ago she went to London for a time, then to France, visiting for over a year with a French family in one of the old chateaux. It was there that she gathered material for her book. Mrs. Stoddard has done newspaper work in both North and South America. She was for a year or two in Buenos Ayres, where she edited an English weekly. She worked on the New York "Tribune" during the war with Spain. Mrs. Stoddard formed a large acquaintance among the literary people of San Francisco while she was here.

Gossip From the Philippines

A correspondent writes me from Manila that American teachers have been making a good deal of money on the side buying tax-titles and that General Smith put a stop to the practice because of the false impression received by the natives. They reasoned that the land tax was imposed with the knowledge that they would be unable to pay it and for the purpose of enabling Americans to get hold of the land. The matter was brought to the attention of General Smith by the presentation to him of a question regarding the right of a Mr. X to engage in the business of buying tax-titles. Smith replied: "Mr. X seems to have forgotten that neither he nor any other teacher has any right to enter into any business or do any other thing which may impair his value to the bureau of education. As an abstract proposition, Mr. X has the right to engage in the very unpopular business of buying tax titles. As an abstract proposition and as an individual, he also has the right to hire a hall and air views which will bring upon him the dislike and distrust of the Filipino people. As a teacher, however, Mr. X is under the obligation not to do anything either publicly or privately which will be incompatible with his dignity as a teacher or impair his efficient usefulness. To the child, the teacher stands in loco parentis. He is its mentor, its instructor, its protector, and, at the same time, he is the friend, the counsellor, and confidant of its parents or guardians. He ought not, therefore, to engage in any business which may permit him to take advantage of their misfortunes, or which may result in giving to him, against their will, the home or property which once was theirs. Ethically, no teacher can become a professional money-lender, pawnbroker, or buyer of tax titles; and, if he does, he exposes himself to the charge of indelicacy. But whatever may be the ethics of the case, it is certain that Mr. X has violated paragraph 5, rule XII, civil service rules, and that his conduct on that behalf cannot be overlooked." My correspondent further writes: "Fancy Don Emilio Aguinaldo in the ranks of the moral reformers! That's where he is. Aggie has become positively virtuous. A 'Moral Progress League' was recently organized in Manila and the ex-Chief of the Filipinos joined the movement. Discussing the subject the other day he said 'cock-pits and card-playing were suppressed by the Filipino government because they did so much harm to the people. It was the intention of the Filipino government to prohibit the importation of playing cards into the islands, but that was not done because of the war which resulted. We were determined to suppress the cock-pits and other forms of gaming because they were not only prejudicial to the people in a financial sense, but also because they were the cause of ladronism, and of other crimes. The fact is that gamblers have gone so far as to pawn their children and even their wives to pay debts contracted in play and in order to continue play. Gambling, more than anything else in the Philippines, is the mother of crime.'"

Some Fiddle Yarns

The story of a Stradivarius in one of the magazines attracted my attention the other day. It was a pretty story. According to the narrator, a disconsolate London footman,

P. E. BOWLES,
President

E. W. WILSON,
Vice-President

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

DEPOSIT GROWTH

Mar. 3, '02	\$ 387,728 70
Sept. 15, '02	1,374,983 43
Mar. 15, '03	2,232,582 94
Sept. 15, '03	2,629,113 39
Mar. 15, '04	3,586,912 31
Sept. 15, '04	3,825,471 71
Mar. 15, '05	4,349,427 92
Sept. 15, '05	4,938,629 05
Mar. 15, '06	5,998,431 52
June 18, '06	6,650,555 84

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California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

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Total Assets, - - - \$10,000,000

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forty years ago, offered in vain to swap the violin for a concertina, the tone of which was much admired by his lady love, the housemaid. He succeeded however in selling it for twenty-five shillings to an itinerant performer by whom it was played in the streets of Marylebone. It was sold by him to a Mr. W. E. Hill for twenty-five pounds and he parted with it for eighty pounds. Its present possessor purchased it at

fiddle enabled poor couples to get married. Occasionally a distressed farmer paid off the mortgage on the farm by selling the family violin, and once or twice an indigent mother realized sufficient to pay baby's doctor bill and take baby to the country for sunshine and air. At one time the delightful newspaper fiction dealt with pictures and then we learned of forgotten Titians and Rubens, Raphaels and Correggios which were picked up for a few dimes in second-hand furniture shops.

Genuine "Strads"

Journalistic discoveries of Cremonese violins have perhaps some little excuse, as many thousands of "Strads" bearing the full label, "Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis, faciebat Anno. 1717" (with or without the added words "Made in Germany") have within the past twenty years been distributed at about one hundred dollars the baker's dozen by the wholesale dealers in such articles. It is also very likely that many of the sensational fiddle stories are based upon the undoubted fact that some eighty years ago one Arthur Betts



Fisk and the Goat

While on his recent trip to Los Angeles in an automobile with a party of friends, our postmaster took a fancy to a goat that he met on the way. He is here shown trying to persuade the owner to reduce the price. Was he successful?



Another Bargain in Progress



The Postmaster's Companions

Tom McCann, wine agent; Fred Meyerstein, capitalist, and William Humphrey, lawyer, waiting for Fisk to get the goat.

auction a few months ago for seven hundred pounds. The incident serves to revive recollection in my mind of numerous stories, pathetic anecdotes of persons in financial straits, who, by the discovery that "father's old fiddle" was worth millions, suddenly found themselves in great affluence. At times the

bought for a guinea in London the famous 1704 "Strad" which, twenty years later he sold for \$2,500. Tasiro picked up some wonderful bargains during his thirty years' wanderings in search of old fiddles, and so, after his death in the early fifties, did Vuillaume and Chantot. But the general history of an authentic Cremonese violin is one of gradually increasing prices for the number grows fewer. However, there is no instance on record of a violin fetching five thousand at auction. Some of the great artists that have come to San Francisco have said that they had violins which they would not sell for twice that sum, and perhaps their ownership has enhanced the value of the instruments, but at private sales the highest prices are not paid by professional musicians. And even at a private sale of a Cremonese it is seldom that the price goes much over five thousand dollars, and then the purchaser is usually an amateur collector who buys the instrument for its history or its rarity. And, by the way, the whereabouts of every really important instrument is well known to the big dealers. When Kocian was in San Francisco he told me that the most valuable violin in the world is Paganini's "Joseph", but that its great value is due mainly to the fact that it is unattainable, being the property of the municipality of Genoa. He also said that there are plenty of excellent Cremonese fiddles which at auction have been sold for less than one thousand dollars.

Lewis On Hearst

Alfred Henry Lewis, writing of Mr. Hearst's political prospects, says: "If he'd only taken a Newport cottage, gone to monkey dinners, attended dog functions, wallowed in scandal, and capped these social successes by stealing another man's wife, all would have been fair with him." Thus does Mr. Davis swat some of his erstwhile personal friends of the 400. In the years ago Mr. Lewis, like Mr. Brisbane of the Hearst editorial staff, was one of the pets of the Newport plutocracy. He contributed to the atmosphere of the salons and his friend "Ollie" Belmont financed a weekly paper for him, "The Verdict," which had a very short life. Mr. Lewis, like many other forceful writers, who imagine that the public hang on their every utterance, expected to cut a wide swath in weekly journalism, but his "Verdict" was not acquiesced in by public opinion. Now he writes of the theft of another man's wife as the ne plus ultra of social achievement. Mr. Ollie Belmont, by the way, was the second husband of Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, but that was a case of a legitimate successorship.

Our Crack Monthly

The long delayed "Sunset Magazine" is now out and it was worth waiting for. In this the June-July number the story of San Francisco's catastrophe is simply, sanely told by editor Aiken, Edwin Emerson, Jr., and E. H. Harriman. Joaquin Miller gives his impressions of the fire in verse and Alexander McAdie discusses the earthquake from the scientific side. There is much in this magazine that will be found use-

ful to Professor Henry Morse Stephens who is gathering material from all quarters for his history of the catastrophe. One of the most interesting features of the June-July "Sunset" is the first installment of Charles Warren Stoddard's "Old Mission Idyls."

Correspondence

[The Connell-Hoffman controversy entered by one who says he is a capitalist.]

Editor "Town Talk:" Miss S. Connell in her answer to Mr. Hoffman's criticism of your remarks on Mr. Spargo's book has made one serious mistake. As I am not a Socialist but an embryo capitalist I deplore the lady's lack of skill in attacking the common enemy, and if "Town Talk" permits will try to show her how it can be done more successfully.

You cannot prick the socialistic bubble by attacking a Socialist on economics: Socialists have made economics a science and the discovery of the materialistic conception of history was due to one of them. It would also be futile to defend our system, capitalism, on moral grounds, for the Socialist says: To everyone what he produces, while capitalism involving competition and monopoly of a few can only exist by appropriating what others produce. Miss Connell says if Mr. Hoffman is not a tax-payer he is not in a position to dictate to those who are. It pains me to tell her that any man who works pays taxes, and that all taxes are taken from those that work and from no one else, in the form of unpaid labor (the difference of what he produces from what he gets), rent, and interest. I repeat, I am not a Socialist, but I am a lover of truth whenever it can be employed to advantage, and I hold that we should give Socialism credit for truths that are self-evident. Capitalism does not need such tactics as yours to establish its claims; it has grown like the American Beauty rose and will continue to grow until the workers become conscious of their own interests. The defense of capitalism is its expediency, under present conditions. As long as men are willing to be slaves, slavery is expedient; so long as the middle classes acquiesce in being crushed by monopoly three cheers for monopoly.

Yours,

HEINRICH SCHMIDT.

A Commonplace.

Black: Were you burned out?

Brown: Yes.

Black: Insured?

Brown: Yes.

Black: Get your money?

Brown: No.

Black: How's that?

Brown: My company neglected to take out insurance against the stockholders.

—A Refugee.

Send us your orders

And depend on

the same Goods

the same care

the same low prices

the same promptness

FREE DAILY DELIVERY to Ross and Mill Valley, Oakland and Bay Cities. Wholesale rates to families. Surpassing quality.

Save us your month's order

Our new store, which we built and own, is now open and accommodates double the business we ever did.

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Leading, Largest, Oldest and Most Dependable
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Grand Prize at St. Louis; 50 Gold Medals and other awards

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Makes the finest High Ball on earth!

Sherwood & Sherwood, Pacific Coast Agents

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524 Thirteenth St., Oakland

A Midsummer Reverie

Somewhere—far away—

There's a cottage by the sea,
Where the rippling waves murmur up to the skies
Their ceaseless melody.
And there, in the glare of the noon,
When the hot sand glints and gleams,
And the white gulls scream and dip in the surge,
In cadence soft there seems
To come to me from a cloudless sky,
Through the mists of space, a tremulous sigh—
From somewhere—far away!

Somewhere—far away—

Where this wee, quaint cottage stands,
There's a maiden, all slender and tall and fair,
With white, imperial hands.
And she, when the twilight falls
Gazes out on the tireless sea,
And I pray to the gods, in my exile here,
That her thoughts may turn to me.
And I dream in my den, in this dismal place,
Of the royal glance of a pure white face—
That's somewhere—far away!

Somewhere—far away—

Where the silent stars shine down,
And the bland moon sails in a sleepy way
Over the slumbering town,
She stands by the sea—this maid I know—
And her great eyes glow and shine;
And perchance—who knows?—her heart beats for me,
For she knows she possesses mine,
And that I'd sell my soul to the devil tonight
To be there with her, in the soft moonlight—
Somewhere—far away!

—The Languisher.

The Baldwin Jewelry Company have opened quite the handsomest jewelry store in town on Van Ness at Sutter. Mr. Van Vliet states that new goods are arriving every day and he expects soon to have as complete a stock as when down town.

Opening of the St. Francis

The opening of this hotel was a remarkable achievement. Forty-five days after it was determined to build and furnish a building down-town suitable to entertain the most fastidious travelers the Annex to the Saint Francis was completed. The carpets were made to order in Philadelphia during this time and shipped out here. The mattresses were brought from Boston and the beds from Chicago. The beds and mattresses are as good as any ever used in the original hotel and when that structure is refitted these beds will be retained, but all the other furniture which cost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars will be sold at auction. The Annex has 200 rooms, a commodious and artistic lobby, as well as writing and reading rooms. The old grill across the street in the basement of the burned hotel has been refitted and there may be found the same help that was employed before the fire. The old chef has never been off the pay-roll and all the old help has been retained. The St. Francis people have built this hotel on Union Square with the understanding that it shall be moved on 60 days' notice and all profit after paying for the investment is to go toward improving the park. They are to resod the park and care for it while they occupy the building, and when they leave it are to leave the park in good condition.

Gantner & Mattern (the knit shop), are opening a beautiful store at Van Ness and California street. Their factory in Hayes valley was not burned so they are able to stock their store in a complete manner and will open in a week or ten days. In the same block with them Vanderslice & Co. are opening their jewelry business and a little farther down California street Chas. M. Plum & Co., who for years have dealt in the highest class of furniture, draperies and Oriental rugs, have opened a store. Mr. Plum states that they will continue to cater to the best trade and carry only the highest grade of merchandise. Robert S. Atkins, the Montgomery street furnishing goods and clothing merchant, has opened a store at 1110 Van Ness ave. where he will be pleased to see his old friends.

What Murine Eye Tonic does for the Eye is to refresh, cleanse, strengthen and stimulate the circulation of the blood supply which nourishes the eye, and restores a healthful tone to eyes enfeebled by exposure to strong winds, dust and reflected sunlight.

Murine soothes and quickly cures eyes that need care. All druggists and opticians sell it at 50 cents per bottle.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS ANNEX

200 OUTSIDE ROOMS

Grouped around the Dewey Monument
in Union Square

BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED EVERY COMFORT

The Famous Grill Room in the main building
is now running under the same skilled chef

A GOOD PLACE TO LUNCH. A GOOD PLACE TO TALK BUSINESS
A GOOD PLACE TO SEND YOUR FRIENDS

Poor Little Babette

Biography of a Modern Maid

Poor little Babette!

That is what everybody said when Babette was seen sitting under her awning behind her eggs and butter in the market-place.

Poor little Babette!

Her lithe figure seemed so frail. There was such a delicate flush in her cheeks. Her great brown eyes had such a plaintive, pitiful look in them. Her tiny hands were so white and fragile. It appeared as if the first puff of air would blow her straight into space.

Poor little Babette!

All the folk patronized Babette's stall. How could they help it? She had only to look at the passers-by, with those sad, pleading eyes, and they forthwith stocked themselves with eggs and butter for a whole week. What matter if, long before the end of that time, the eggs became stale and the butter went rancid? The money paid for the goods went into the pocket of poor little Babette.

Babette lived seven miles from the nearest town. Every market day she had to carry pounds and pounds of butter and dozens of eggs to the market all those weary miles—or, rather, she would have had to carry them had she not sighed and smiled sweetly in the face of her good young neighbor, Jacques, who willingly added them to his heavy load of cabbages, and carried them for her, while she tripped beside him, singing softly and gathering flowers to place in her bodice and about her hair. She was herself a flower.

It is so hard for a girl to have to sit at a stall in a market-place in all the heat and dust; to sit there just looking and looking, selling eggs and butter. Many kindly young fellows begged poor little Babette to desert that uninteresting stall, to abandon that stuffy market, to leave forever her sordid home, to share life with them.

"What about the good Father," Babette would say; "will he wed us tomorrow?"

And if they were silent, poor little Babette shook her head.

Babette knew that beauty is no more lasting than eggs and butter; that men tire; that life, to be worthy of the name, must be carried on at a certain outlay. She was but a mere child, but she knew that.

Babette's stall was right under a studio window. In the studio there worked so hard, so foolishly hard, an ambitious youth.

He wanted fame. He wanted fortune. He wanted Babette!

Day by day he would watch her sitting there. He almost wept when he thought of that long walk with those heavy baskets of butter and eggs. He wished he were rich. He wished he were famous. He almost wished he had not to keep his well-beloved father and mother. If he were free of them he might ask Babette to marry him.

Sweet little Babette!

Now and then she would cast a look at that studio window, and then Pierre would rush out and spend all the money that was to have gone on paints and canvases on eggs that he disliked and butter that he never touched, and this just because Babette had glanced at his window. Her glance alone would have made a sphinx speak a declaration of love.

One day Pierre, who had sold a picture and was wonderfully elated, asked Babette to be his wife. Poor little Babette looked at him, and into those eyes—those glorious eyes—there crept an innocent, inquiring gaze that was most moving.

"What shall we live on?" she asked, dreamily.

"I will work. I will sell my pictures," he answered, enthusiastically.

"It would be cruel to you for me to accept," murmured Babette.

Cresta Blanca Wines

We have made arrangements to carry a full assortment of these celebrated wines and can now fill your order for any amount. Call at our new store

458 McAllister Street

and give us a trial order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

LIVERMORE-NAPA WINE CO.

HOTEL IMPERIAL

951 Eddy St.

One Block from Van Ness Ave.

European Plan

Electric Lights

Telephones

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Grill Open August 1st

E. S. DE WOLFE, Proprietor

Electric Cars Direct from Ferry

Tait's Cafe

NOW OPEN

Van Ness Avenue and Eddy St.

Music Every Evening between 6:30 and 12:00 o'clock

JOHN TAIT, Mgr.

VENICE GARDEN CAFE

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IDEAL SERVICE

REGULAR PRICES

Conducted by waiters from the Palace Hotel, St. Francis and Cafe Zirkund

Open from 11:30 a. m. until midnight

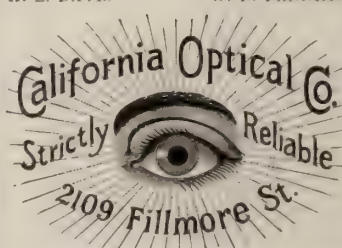
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All of our Prescriptions served, as well as Glasses and Repair Work belonging to customers.

Tell all your friends, for many will be glad to hear it.

SAN FRANCISCO

AND

1113 Broadway, Oakland

Factory on premises.

He was certain she thought only of him.

She knew that eggs and butter sold by a lovely girl are more remunerative than pictures painted by an unknown man.

She was thoughtful—for herself.

She still gazed at the studio now and again. Now, everything he had went in the purchase of painting materials. He would be great and worthy. He rarely moved from his easel. At length he made money. He became known. He went to Babette again; he told her of his fortune.

"Now," he said, "now you need have no fear for me; I am rich."

"My dear friend," answered Babette, tears filling her eyes, "I am bowed down with grief. How was I to know? Yesterday I accepted Adolphe. He is so wealthy; so stupid! Oh, my friend, if I had known yesterday!"

She broke off there, and only whispered to herself, "I would have done exactly the same." The tears welled out of her eyes and fell upon his hands. He was pained, agonized. He begged her not to cry, not to mind. It was nothing, absolutely nothing. He went away and killed himself.

Babette dried her eyes, and when her Adolphe came she told him the sad story, and they smiled over it together.

Philosophical little Babette!

She was so practical.

For a year the stall in the market-place knew Babette no more. It was sad to pass it and miss that sweet figure, that delicate face, that plaintive look—then suddenly Babette, not one whit altered, came back again, and once more sold eggs and butter.

"Poor little Babette!" everybody said; "we must buy more than ever from her. Why? Do you not know that brute of a husband of hers has squandered all his fortune, and she has to work to keep him?"

So the people murmured. In very truth, innocent Babette, in a guileless, persistent fashion, ruined Adolphe, and when she had quite wrecked his life she raised those beautiful brown eyes to his pale, troubled face and whispered:

"Adolphe, marriage is a failure. My heart is crushed. Let us part; you go your way, I will go mine. Have no fear for me—I will take care of myself."

And she did—she knew so well how to do it.

Poor little Babette!

—The Marketer.

He's Not Particular

Quizzer: Do you always take whisky straight?

Boozer: Not always; I begin taking it straight, but after I've warmed up I take it any old way—lying down, if I must.

—The Waiter.

Negative Evidence

Teetoteler: Drinking is vulgar.

Guzzler: Nonsense! In all my experience with drinks from San Francisco to New York, never once did I find anything in them suggestive of bad taste.

—The Bartender.

Byron Hot Springs Late Arrivals

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Law, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Marston, ran over from Oakland in Mr. Law's Peerless. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Southworth, accompanied by Scott S. Southworth, Robert C. Porter and Miss Grace Nichols, made the trip in a Locomobile. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Conlisk and Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Bushnell in a Peerless. Wm. H. Crocker, Wellington Gregg, Jr., John C. Wilson, and Thos. Prather in a Packard. Among the other arrivals were Jas. D. Phelan, David Starr Jordan, Frank M. Wilson, Berkeley; John Caffrey, Col. L. L. Bromwell, and Capt. Gilbert E. Overton.

OUR 1907 POLICY

*We shall not reduce the present
standard of quality in*

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*We reserve the right to im-
prove them if we can or if
somebody tells us how.*

*Our prices will be determined
on August 1st.*

The Diamond Rubber Co.

AKRON, OHIO

OAKLAND BRANCH

108-110-112 TELEGRAPH AVENUE

Stage

Fortunes Made in Acting

The fact that few actors and managers leave behind them any fortune appears to be just as true in other countries as it is here. A statistician has recently figured out some interesting details as to the estates left by distinguished players and managers in England. Henry Irving left only \$100,000, and much of that was realized from the sale of his pictures and other works of art. The fact that Ellen Terry had a benefit the other day shows how much she has saved from half a century of work. Unlike Sir Henry she never had any share of losses to bear. Some of the American fortunes have turned out just as small. It was thought always that the late Fanny Davenport was a rich woman. She had acted for years with great success and had been a popular favorite. Yet she left practically nothing. That was in a measure due to the failure of several productions made just before her death. Henry E. Abbey died a poor man, although he had handled millions. Maurice Grau, on the other hand, retired from business worth \$400,000, part of which was made from successful speculation. The rest of his fortune was earned during the last ten years of his managerial career. Augustin Daly had been through several years of very bad luck just before his death, but his last season was profitable, because "The Great Ruby" turned out by a lucky fluke to be a great financial success. Yet he left very little. His books, his contract for certain musical farces from England and his interest in Daly's Theatre in London turned out to be about all that he possessed. Yet he had been for years in harness and had spent thousands and thousands of dollars. A. M. Palmer was practically a pensioner on the bounty of Charles Frohman when he died as manager of the Herald Square Theatre. Al Hayman is said to be the richest manager today. Lotta Crabtree, who gave \$1,000 for a programme at the benefit for the San Francisco sufferers, is said to be the richest actress in this country, and her fortune has been estimated at sums varying from \$800,000 to \$1,000,000. Much of it is in real estate. In that way the largest theatrical fortunes have been made. Sol Smith Russell, who died three years ago, was the richest actor in the profession with the exception of Joseph Murphy. Joseph Murphy made a fortune out of his Irish plays, especially "The Kerry Gow," and kept the money. Some of his colleagues say he still has the first dollar he earned in the business. He invested it all in real estate in different cities and today has more money than any of his profession. Richard Mansfield is one of the richest actors in service and will be well able to retire when he wants to at the end of the three years his press agent has allotted to him. He plays long seasons, always draws large audiences and has inexpensive companies. Joseph Jefferson, who did business himself on the same meagre scale during the later years of his career, left more than half a million. No woman ever had a greater vogue here than Helena Modjeska, who has been in financial troubles during the last few years. Most of her money disappeared through her Los Angeles ranch and her family. She always supported practically a small colony of Poles who lived on her ranch. That has now been sold for \$30,000. She earned \$25,000 from her tour last year and will keep on acting for several years to come, so she will probably be able to retire in comfort.

Katherine Will Play Camille

Katherine Gray has added greatly to her laurels in the role of Glory Quale in "The Christian," and she has made such an impression on the patrons of Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland that Manager Bishop has persuaded her to continue with the company another fortnight. Miss Grey is a very remarkable actress; though she has been in the profession many years she never showed what she could do in "Camille." This is a case of most exceptional forbearance. Every actress plays the Dumas lady almost as soon as she rises to the dignity of a leading lady, but Katherine Grey has never essayed the

role. She is preparing, however, to give Oakland a treat, for she will appear as the consumptive heroine next Monday night. Franklyn Underwood will appear as Armand, Landers Stevens as De Varville, McVicar as Papa Duval, Frances Slosson as Nichette and Lillian Elliott as Mme Prudence.

Next Week's Vaudeville Bill

The Marco twins, known all over the vaudeville world as "the long and the short of it," will be seen for the first time in several months at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. These performers, one over six feet in height and the other under four, are inimitable funmakers and give a performance decidedly out of the ordinary and literally loaded with laughs. The famous Basque Quartette, whose sweet singing charmed Orpheum audiences some three years ago, are now on their second visit to America and will undoubtedly receive a warm welcome. The ladies and gentlemen of this organization are trained and accomplished vocalists and render their folk songs in a way that is most charming. The three Hickman brothers, singing, dancing and talking comedians, will make their first appearance in San Francisco and from all reports should spring into immediate favor. Their comedy work is said to be absolutely original and of the drollest character imaginable. Ida O'Day, a dainty little mite of femininity and a singing comedienne and banjoist, is also among the new people. Kelly and Kent, the comedy couple who have sent the town into hysterics of laughter, will introduce some changes in their amusing act. McWatters, Tyson and company will introduce new specialties in their musical comedy, "Vaudeville," and Paul Spadoni, the light and heavy juggler, will continue to astonish his audiences. The Camille Comedy Trio, in their funny triple horizontal bar performance, and the Orpheum Motion Pictures, will complete an unusually strong program.

"Pinafore" to be Revived

When the music lovers of Oakland become surfeited with "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," the management of Idora Park will give them an elaborate production of Gilbert & Sullivan's perennial "Pinafore," the comic opera through which that beloved firm was introduced to America. Hope Mayne will play Little Buttercup and Sybil Page will appear as Josephine. "Girofe-Girofla," one of the gems of French comic opera, is scheduled to follow "Pinafore," and then will come "Robin Hood."

—The Playgoer.

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing
Sunday Matinee, July 29

(Matinee Every Day Except Monday.)

"CLASS A" VAUDEVILLE!

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"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME"

Next

"H. M. S. PINAFORE"

Ye Liberty Playhouse

14th & Broadway
OAKLAND

Katherine Grey in

"CAMILLE"

Commencing Monday, July 30th

Next: Miss Grey in "Trilby."

With Feet of Clay

A Story of Artist Life.

The "Saint" was a saint indeed. True, after a disappointment he had sustained in a sentimental line, he had given evidence of being a real man, subject to the same sins and follies as the rest of us, but this phase was short-lived. Leila Murphy, the pretty model, is my authority for the statement that the "Saint's" sacrifice to "the world, the flesh and the devil" lasted just one week. Who am I that I should dispute the decision reached by one whose facilities for accurate knowledge was so superior to mine?

Once again the saint reigned in solitary glory upon his virtuous throne. Not a man or woman of all our vagabond crew dared intimate that Geoffrey Dale was aught save the most abstemious of men. Wine, women and cards were so much dross to him; his one ambition, his ideal, his only aim, his heart's dearest hope—all were concentrated in his art. Cards and wine he eschewed entirely; as fair women, he deigned to notice them, but only in the most impersonal way. He looked upon them solely with a view as to their availability as models for the masterpiece which was to crown his life with glory.

However, one must live and no man can eat ideals or clothe himself with ambition alone. To keep himself alive Geoffrey Dale dispensed his views on art to a limited number of pupils. Once in a very great while, when he noted in a student the budding of a flower that might blossom into talent, or even genius, he devoted special time and attention to that student, as might an enthusiastic gardener to some rare horticultural specimen.

In Willis Tirsson, Dale felt that he had found rare promise. He gave the lad much more of his time and attention than, from the fees paid, Tirsson had any right to expect.

More than this, finding that Tirsson was but a poor country boy, living in a tiny boarding house hall bedroom, Dale lent the youth his studio at certain hours. And when Tirsson decided to try for the league prize, Dale told him he could work in the studio at any time.

Needless to say, Tirsson looked upon Dale as a veritable angel from heaven; nothing could ever make him believe that Dale had stepped aside from the straight and narrow path for even so much as a week.

"What, my Mr. Dale!" he would cry when Leila tried to entertain him with reminiscences of that one extraordinary seven days' lapse from virtue on the part of the "Saint." "Mr. Dale is the noblest of men. He hates women."

The studio was an exceedingly convenient and beautiful place. It was one of many in a building whose upper stories were devoted to apartments and studios. The lower floors were given over to business purposes.

In Dale's studio, as in many others, there was a door leading into the public hall; passing that, one crossed a narrow hallway, with doors on either side, and at the end of the passage, was the large and airy studio, with its fine north light. As to the doors on either side of the passage, in view of what follows, they deserve "special mention," even though such distinction be not exactly "honorable mention."

The door at the right led into a small dining-room; at the left were two doors, the first leading into a store-room wherein were placed all of Dale's unsuccessful canvases. As his work was really good, it had failed to meet with the attention it deserved in America, therefore the artist's disappointments, as evidenced by unsold pictures, were many. Indeed, they quite filled the store-room, leaving no space for anything else. They were crowded in rows close to the one window the apartment boasted. Heavy with dust, they were the mute accusers of American inappreciation of American art.

The second door on the left of the private hallway opened into Dale's sleeping-room, and this latter had a communicating door with the store-room. By way of further explanation, the store-room window gave access to a fire-escape, and this fire-escape could also be reached from the window of the public hall.



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One day something extraordinary happened. Dale failed to appear in the academy at which he lectured twice a week. The hour for his bi-weekly discourse was 11 a. m. On the day in question, 11:15 came and passed; likewise 11:30 and 11:45, and still no Dale!

The weather was delightful.

"Professor Dale must be ill," said the anxious principal of the school, as she dismissed the "art class." Then she added, as she glanced around the room: "What an extraordinary coincidence! This is the first time Professor Dale has failed us, and it is also the first time Miss Joyman has been absent."

The disappointed pupils followed their principal's glance. She was right. Miss Joyman, the Professor's best female scholar, was not in the room. Miss Joyman had been conspicuous, hitherto, by her regular attendance and devotion to duty. Unlike the other girl students, she had never tried to wean Professor Dale from strict attention to his lecture. In this respect she stood alone. All the other girls frankly admitted that they had tried to flirt with and captivate the handsome lecturer, and quite as frankly confessed that they had failed. Miss Joyman had listened to their confidences in evident disgust. She had reminded them that they were there to learn, not to flirt; that their one, sole idea should be to imbibe as much knowledge of art as possible, without consideration of the teacher's personality.

She was the prettiest girl in the class, and it speaks well for her charm of manner that, in spite of her somewhat prudish strictures on the frivolous conduct of her classmates, she managed to maintain her popularity with them, and was voted by all—both girl and boy students—to be the very sweetest, most clever and most attractive of the art class members. Therefore, while they really regretted Professor Dale's absence, they were far more sincerely grieved at the non-appearance of Miss Joyman.

"She must be ill, too," said they; and then someone remembered that at the preceding lecture Professor Dale had been especially harsh and sarcastic in his criticisms of Miss Joyman's sketches.

"Poor dear, she is oversensitive and dreaded a repetition of 'Beauty' Dale's sneers!" said her classmates, for with them Dale was known and addressed as "Professor Dale" only when present in person or when the school principal was within hearing.

"Too bad she could not have known he'd not be here today; then she could have come fearlessly and not forfeited her attendance marks," said another sympathizer; "Dale's been a brute to her, anyway. He said she was his best pupil, and even told the principal that she was his favorite, because she worked more faithfully than the rest of us, and yet he has always singled her out for special abuse and extremely severe criticism."

"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth!" murmured cynical little Pauline d'Arblay; but her speech was greeted with a veritable uproar of righteous indignation.

"Nasty, blasphemous Frenchie!" whispered the girls among themselves.

"Another proof of woman's lack of charity!" said the male students.

Then it was resolved that a committee be appointed to visit poor Miss Joyman, and a subscription was taken up to purchase jellies and other delicacies for the unfortunate absentee. "For," said her feminine classmates, "even if she's only suffering from hurt feelings, and not from any actual physical disorder, these things cannot fail to comfort her at such a time."

That afternoon the committee waited upon Miss Joyman at her modest boarding-house; their hearts filled with sympathy, their baskets filled with sweets, olives, pickles, peanuts and all the other edible and indigestible "goodies" calculated

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to inspire a forlorn maiden with new hopes, cheerfulness and dyspepsia.

The professor's absence disturbed Tirsson seriously. He had been working diligently at his sketch for the league prize and had left it in Dale's studio the day before. He was anxious to finish it, and had hoped to see Dale at the lecture and to ask him if he could return to the studio and work that same afternoon. Now he felt that if Dale were ill he could hardly venture to intrude upon him. Yet the sketch must be finished.

At last, spurred on by ambition, which rides over all obstacles, he decided to call on Dale anyway, and make an attempt at getting at his easel.

He called at the building wherein his professor and sundry other artists lived and worked. To his intense astonishment, he was told that Dale was out.

"Mr. Dale went out early this morning and said he'd be gone all day," said the office clerk. "I have not seen him come in since."

"Have you been here all the time?" asked Tirsson, hopefully.

"No, I can't say that I have. I was off at lunch three-quarters of an hour, but I've had no word from his studio, so guess he ain't in yet."

"Did he leave word about me—that I could go up there, or his key—or anything?" asked the disappointed student.

"Nope!" said the clerk, tersely. Then, as he scanned the lad's features more closely: "Still, I know you well enough, and if you like to go up and see if he's back again, you can."

Well pleased at the permission, Tirsson went up to the studio. He rang the bell many times in vain, he bruised his knuckles on the more artistic and less modern knocker—still in vain. Then desperation took possession of him. Behind that closed door, in that evidently deserted studio, his prize sketch awaited a few finishing touches. The competition closed on the following day.

He must finish the sketch, must get into the studio—but how? Aye, that was the question. Suddenly a bright idea struck him. He knew perfectly well the inner arrangement of the studio; the window at the end of the hall in which he stood opened upon a fire-escape, and Dale's store-room window opened on the same iron monstrosity.

If only that store-room window proved to be unfastened, he could climb out the hall window, cross the narrow iron bridge and thus enter the studio. To his delight, he found that the store-room window was unfastened, but in climbing in he miscalculated the distance from the outer sill to floor, and failed to observe the many canvases heaped close beneath. He stood upon the sill, and—without looking—leaped!

He landed with a crash amid the unsold pictures. Frames of gilt and frames of frailer material still gave way before him, broken glass cracked, screeched and fell about him, split canvases wailed out a "swan song" as they realized their doom. Too thoroughly overwhelmed to move, he sat amid the debris, and there—in the doorway, between the scene of his discomfiture and his professor's sleeping-room—stood the professor, Geoffrey Dale—the "Saint," the "purest and best of men." I shall not attempt to picture the "Saint's" odd appearance; neither shall I portray the details of the scene nor mention the name of the lady.

Tirsson was no fool, but for once in his life he was flayed.

Could it be possible—was it indeed his revered and beloved professor who now stood before him?

But Tirsson rose to the occasion—with a well-feigned assumption of insanity he gave a mad yell and sprang to the window sill, one more war-whoop and he disappeared through the window. Once outside, he climbed back to the public hall and hurriedly left the building. As he passed the office the clerk cried: "So Mr. Dale was not in?"

"No, no, no, by Jove! He's out, you bet!" and on toward the street he rushed, leaving the clerk with serious doubts as to his sobriety.

The sketch for competition in the league prize was never submitted. In fact, it was never finished. Professor Dale resigned his position as lecturer to the Blank Academy art class. "Failing health," he wrote compelled him to take a trip South. The committee that took jellies and other delicacies to Miss Joyman did not find their suffering classmate "at home." They decided that she must have become discouraged at Professor Dale's harshness toward her, and that she had probably returned to her admiring and sympathetic parents in her native Jersey hamlet.

—The Lay-Figure.

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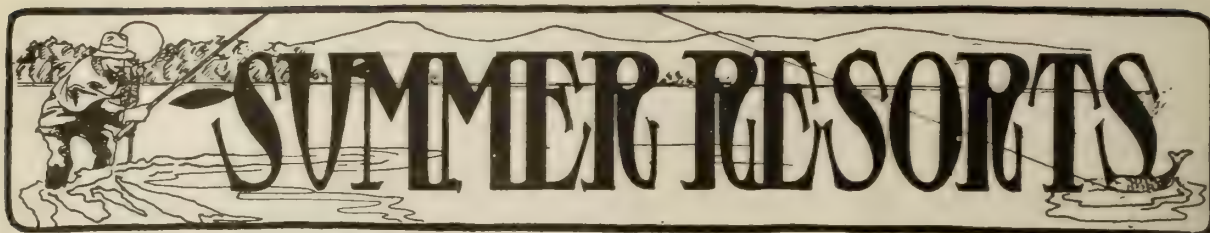
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In Old San Francisco

(Continued from Page 9.)

property of the citizens of San Francisco, and do bind ourselves, each unto the other, to do and perform every lawful act for the maintenance of law and order, and to sustain the laws when properly administered; but we are determined that no thief, burglar, incendiary or assassin, shall escape punishment, either by the quibbles of the law, the insecurity of prisons, the carelessness or corruption of the police, or a laxity of those who pretend to administer justice."

On the evening of June 10th, 1851, a man who gave the name of John Jenkins was caught in the act of committing a burglary, by members of the Vigilance Committee. He was taken to the rooms of the committee in Battery street near the corner of Pine. At 10 o'clock of the same night the people were aroused by the tolling of the bell of the Monumental Engine Company, the house of which was on Brenham place, facing Portsmouth Square. About eighty members of the Vigilance Committee responded to the call. Then they proceeded with the trial of the prisoner which consumed two hours. At midnight the sentence of death was pronounced and the bell was again tolled, filling the anxious throngs of people in the street with awe. A little after 1 o'clock Mr. Samuel Brannan came out of the committee rooms, mounted a mound of sand in Battery street, and addressed the people. Brannan was a printer from Maine, an adventurous character who, before coming to California, published in New York the "Messenger," an official organ for the Mormon Church. He organized an expedition to California in 1846, chartered a steamer and spent five months in the trip, touching at the Sandwich Islands en route. He started the first flour mills in California, erecting a plant on Clay street, and he published the first paper, the "California Star," which was later known as the "Alta California." He was a man of wonderful energy and ability and amassed a large fortune in the first few years of his residence in the city. He was one of the founders of the Vigilance Committee, and when he appeared on the mound of sand that memorable night in June, the people recognized him as a leader and crowded around to hear what he had to say. He informed them that the prisoner had been tried and found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. He asked the people if they approved of the action and shouts of Yes! Yes! were given in response. Meanwhile a clergyman was sent for. He administered spiritual consolation to the prisoner who, about 2 o'clock, was marched out by a procession of armed men and escorted up Pine to Sansome, down Sansome to California, up California to Montgomery, down Montgomery to Clay and thence to Portsmouth Square, then known as the Plaza, in the northwest corner of which stood an adobe building from which extended a beam. A rope was tied round the prisoner's neck, the other end was thrown over the beam and at this dramatic moment some of the authorities interfered. They were sternly advised to stand back and they did so, and then the business in hand was proceeded with and Mr. Jenkins ended his days swinging from the beam.

A coroner's inquest was held the following day and the jury found that Jenkins died from strangulation as a result of the preconcerted action of certain citizens "styling themselves a Vigilance Committee, of whom the following members are implicated by direct testimony, to wit: Captain Edgar Wakeman, William H. Jones, James C. Ward, Edward A. King, T. K. Buttelle, Benjamin Reynolds, John S. Egan, J. C. Derly and Samuel Brannan."

In consequence of this verdict the Vigilance Committee adopted and published a resolution expressing surprise at "the invidious verdict after we have all notified the said jury and the public that we were all participators in the trial and execution of said Jenkins." The resolution was signed by the full committee showing that it was composed of nearly two hundred men, many of whom were in later years prominent

in the social, commercial and political history of California. Among those known even unto this generation were: Fred A. Woodworth, S. W. Haight, Lathrop L. Bullock, Henry M. Naglee, William T. Coleman, Colonel J. D. Stevenson, S. C. Tubbs, Charles Soule, Charles H. Vail, and James King of William.

There was some opposition to the committee on the part of several officials, and though it was warmly approved by the press, an effort was made to arouse a prejudicial sentiment, whereupon the committee published a notice to the effect that it was the opinion of the committee that no good citizen would attempt to impede its operations. And to this notice was appended a resolution affirming that the committee would insist upon the right to search premises for evidence, and concluding with this significant sentence: "And farther deeming ourselves engaged in a good and just cause—We Intend To Maintain It."

After the Jenkins' ceremonial the machinery of the committee was not again put in motion until July 19th, when another hanging occurred, the central figure of which was James Stuart, a tough character, who, after being found guilty, confessed a number of crimes. He was marched along Battery street in broad daylight to what was known as Market street wharf, down which he was escorted to its extremity. He was hanged to a derrick. This time the corner's jury merely found that "deceased came to his death by strangulation by hanging, at the hands of a body of men styling themselves the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco." A little later the grand jury, in its annual report, took occasion to say:

"When we recall the delays and the inefficient, and we believe that with truth it may be said, the corrupt administration of the law, the incapacity and indifference of those who are its sworn guardians and ministers, the frequent and unnecessary postponement of important trials in the District Court, the disregard of duty and impatience while attempting to perform it manifested by some of our judges, having criminal jurisdiction, the many notorious villains who have gone unwhipped of justice, lead us to believe that the members of that association have been governed by a feeling of opposition to the manner in which the law has been administered and those who have administered it, rather than a determination to disregard the law itself. Under institutions so eminently popular as those under which we live, the power of correcting

GERMEA

FOR

BREAKFAST

all these abuses is with the people themselves. If our officers are unfit for the stations they occupy, if the laws are not faithfully executed, if an arraigned criminal procures his own friends to be placed on the jury that tries him, where is the fault and where is the remedy? * * * The Grand Jurors believing, whilst they deplore their acts, that the association styling themselves the Vigilance Committee, at a great personal sacrifice to themselves, have been influenced in their actions by no personal or private malice, but for the best interests of the whole, and at a time too when all other means of preventing crime and bringing criminals to direct punishment had failed, here dismiss the matter, as among those peculiar results of circumstances that sometimes startle communities, which they can neither justify, or by a presentment effect any benefit to individuals or the country."

This is probably the first and only case on record of lawlessness being approved in express terms by a statutory body sworn to subserve the ends of justice. The utterances of that jury are of historic value indicating as they do the estimation in which the "Vigilantes" were held by some of the most enlightened members of the community. However, the committee was far from universally commended, nor was it winked at by the authorities, but rather was it tolerated through fear. In the month of August Governor John McDougald threw a sop to the sticklers for constitutional law in the form of a proclamation to the people of San Francisco against the Vigilance Committee and calling on "all good citizens of said county to unite for the purpose of sustaining public law and tranquility, to aid the public officers in the discharge of their duty, and by all lawful means to discountenance any and every attempt which may be made to substitute the despotic control of a self-constituted association, unknown and acting in defiance of the laws."

Promptly came a rejoinder from the "Vigilantes." It was in the form of a certificate, as follows:

"San Francisco, August 20, 1851.

"We, the undersigned, do hereby aver that the present

governor, McDougald, asked to be introduced to the Executive Committee of the Committee of Vigilance, which was allowed and an hour fixed. The governor, upon being introduced, stated that he approved the acts of the committee, and that much good had taken place. He hoped that they would go on and endeavor to act in concert with the authorities, and in case any judge was guilty of mal-administration, to hang him and he would appoint others, etc."

Thus were the people informed that the governor had two viewpoints from which he observed events in San Francisco. But on the morning after the proclamation was issued Sheriff John C. Hayes visited the committee rooms, and on the strength of a writ of habeas corpus, was permitted to take charge of two prisoners, Samuel Whittaker and Robert McKenzie, who had been tried on several charges, and who after conviction, acknowledged their guilt. Hayes removed them to the county jail, and immediately an alarm was sounded, and when the Vigilantes responded and learned of what had happened they were wildly indignant. They held a meeting, but the public were given no inkling as to what would be done. The programme was carried out on the Sabbath, the 24th of August, at half after 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Thirty-six members of the Vigilance Committee broke into the jail, recovered their prisoners and drove away with them in a carriage. At that moment the sonorous bell in Brenham place broke the Sabbath stillness and the whole populace leaped with excitement. Within twenty minutes after the arrival of the prisoners in Battery street they were seen dangling out of the windows of the committee room, suspended from a beam by means of blocks and tackle. That was the last time the committee of 1851 found it necessary to transact the business for which it had been organized. Thereafter the stream of justice flowed in the traditional channel and for several years San Francisco was a model city in which a citizen could gamble at almost any kind of game, six days in the week, and never be in danger of being fleeced.

(To be continued.)

Western Addition Branch of City and County Bank

was opened to the public

Saturday, July 21st

at

1129 and 1131

Van Ness Avenue

Letters

When Literature Becomes Rubbish

The "Book Monthly" (English) gives some interesting facts on the subject of what becomes of books, that is, the books of "undiscovered geniuses" and others which do not sell, and the final fate of what has cost the authors much labor, both physical and mental, is at least interesting. Publishers are, first and foremost, business men. They are not engaged in a philanthropic enterprise, and before they consider anything else they have to bear in mind the necessity of making ends meet. Many a book is published not because its sponsors consider it an addition to the world of letters, but because they have reason to expect that sales will be large and profits in proportion. Though they will usually close with an author of reputation without the preliminary of reading a manuscript, and even advance royalties before the first page is written or the title selected, it is another story when they come to deal with the unknown, the little known or those whose success is problematical. From fifty to a hundred dollars for the copyright, or a royalty of ten per cent after the first thousand is a reasonably good offer, for a surprisingly large number of books by unknowns never clear the actual



Mr. Winston Churchill

Author of "Coniston", the latest literary hit, published by the Macmillan Company.

expenses incurred by bringing them out. But we will suppose that the preliminaries have all been attended to, the "masterpiece" read, accepted and offered for sale. If it really is of merit, it will sell, but if not, there is not one chance in a hundred thousand of making it move, and the wholesale dealers, who have taken a considerable number of copies on the gamble, begin to think of how they can relieve themselves. Three months is considered the limit of life of the average book, the average novel, that is, but there is a conviction in the trade which suggests that a full year elapses after the date of issue before the death song is raised. Then the publisher begins to receive politely-worded communications notifying him that Messrs. So-and-So find themselves overstocked with certain works, and a hopeful hint that he can see his way to relieving him of a portion of the surplus. This the publisher does, if possible, merely to retain the good will of his clients. If the author is a public man, if he writes another book which attracts passing attention, or if he has social connection which can be turned to account, there is yet a possibility of making it "go." If not, there are two other courses open, to sell the lot in bulk to some remainder-man for a few cents a copy, and let him assume the responsibility and risk, or to dispose of it directly to a waste paper merchant who, in

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turn, passes it along to the manufacturer, to be again converted into white paper and begin the same round once more. Nine-tenths of all the books published every season pass through just this process. They are printed and bound and sold to the wholesalers, who find themselves "stuck" and unload on the publishers again, and the latter are glad to clear their shelves and warehouses of the accumulations at about the cost of hauling them away. Many an edition offered on publication at a dollar and a half a volume ends its career unread at thirty cents per hundredweight.

What Moore Thinks of "Our Jack"

George Moore is now in Paris, giving his opinions of people and things, and, like many another who thinks there would be no "things" if it were not for his opinions of them, he is talking largely for the pleasure of seeing his own name in print. "I have not read Hamlin Garland. He has written nothing great. If he had I should know it." Granted that Garland has done nothing great he has done much that is good—good enough to please Ambrose Bierce, for example. Again: "Jack London and such as he are like salon pictures. They paint women with violet dresses and with roses in their hats. In other words, they make colored photographs. The novels of such men are mere images. They represent sitters exactly as the sitters wish to be," and so on, showing pretty conclusively that Moore has no very definite idea of what London has written. At the present moment Moore is vehemently denying that he is an Irishman, though his father was a distinguished patriot. For himself all he will admit is a snappish acknowledgement that he is "an Englishman born in Ireland," but five years ago he could not be Irish enough. One daily looked for the announcement that he had dyed his hair green and lived on stewed shamrock. Then it was: "I am an Irishman, and, to adopt Tourgueniff's saying, Ireland can do without any of us, but none of us can do without Ireland."

The Irrepressible Marie

Marie Corelli's latest outbreak was based on the libelous postal cards "calculated to expose her to contempt and ridicule and injure her in her profession as an author." The cards exhibited her variously employed in presenting a cup to a local rowing association, which she made no denial of having done; in feeding her conspicuous ponies with sugar; in desporting herself on the Avon in a gondola, and in sport- ing with a tiny terrier. It was the "doggy" picture which was relied upon to prove the right to the injunction demanded, for, in the words of her learned counsel, "the gifted lady does not possess a dog." She must have been but recently bereft, however, since one of the most familiar "Corelliana" heretofore, has been a picture of the identical dog, or his twin, making hay of the press cuttings which the "gifted lady" boasts that she never reads. The "most unkindest cut of all," however, came when the judge was invited to compare photographs with the obnoxious cards, and see for himself whether the libel was not apparent to any one with eyes. He said nothing in words, but it was evident to everyone present that in his opinion, unless flattery constitutes a libel, she had no case. However, there is not the slightest danger that that question will be judicially determined in this case, since Miss Corelli has gained the point she had in view. Like T. B. Crossland, she was after an advertisement, and having received it, she will subside until a new excuse arises.

The Ineffable Pater

It is the misfortune of Walter Pater that he has become the patron saint of those would-be literary people who have nothing to say and a great many words in which to say it, and who, therefore, imagine that if they keep "Marius, the Epicurean" and "The Child in the House" at the front in every conversation, and affect a fastidiousness they cannot feel, they have a legitimate excuse for their invertebrateness.



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Pater was eminently fitted to shine dimly as a sanctuary lamp, and if he had lived in an earlier age he might have entered a monastery and spent his years with illuminated breviaries, stained glass windows and the ceremony in which his soul delighted. A man who confessed that he felt obliged to read Poe through the medium of a French translation, because in the original he was too rough, could not be said to have read Poe at all, and his acknowledgement that he had read scarcely a chapter of Stevenson or a line of Kipling, lest they should influence his own style is sufficient commentary on the kind of tutor he made. It is somewhat startling, after this, to be told that he enjoyed the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and Pinero's "Magistrate." He has always seemed rather a mystical and misty archangel hovering in the background, receiving the homage of a few genuine worshippers and that of a host of imitators who bowed their heads and whispered adulation because it seemed the proper thing. There is no official biography of Pater, and the brief "Life" contributed by Arthur C. Benson to the English Men of Letters series supplies a real need. Mr. Benson has written sympathetically, gaining his facts from the sisters of his subject, his few close friends and college associates, and has woven the incidents together with accounts of his writings, his personal characteristics and peculiarities. It may come as a surprise to many to learn that Mr. Pater's father was born in America. The volume is copiously indexed, and is a welcome addition to library shelves, either as one of the Men of Letters series or by itself. Macmillan is the publisher.

—The Bookworm.

AT DEL MONTE

Arrivals at Hotel Del Monte for the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Randell Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Dana, Mr. and Mrs. J. Newman, Miss Rita G. Newman, Miss Babette H. Newman, F. E. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. White, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. F. Schneider, Mrs. Geo. C. Salch, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Blaney San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bernstein, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Young, H. Hunt, Mrs. J. Leo Park, Carlton C. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Laton, W. F. Porter, Mrs. M. A. Swan, Miss Florence Piper, Miss Lily K. Piper, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. C. G. H. McBride, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Foulkes, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Wynn Meredith W. P. Scott, H. H. Scott, B. Upham, Chas. T. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sutton, the Misses Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Olds, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. French, Creighton Withers, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shoup, Chas. F. Scott, S. D. Rogers, R. M. Tobin, Miss Mary Devol, Miss S. J. Jones, Mrs. E. C. Sessions, Miss E. L. Fredericks, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. G. Saunders, L. A. Norris, Miss Ada Beck, Miss Edna Rnappe, Geo. E. Saunders, W. E. Saunders, Burr Frayer, Frank Enos, Fresno; A. C. Balch, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Sherman, Miss Sherman, Miss Lucy M. Clark, Miss Mary S. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Washburn, Mrs. Wm. Washburn, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Harwood, Los Angeles; Wm. Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Clark, San Mateo; Mrs. Chas. P. Kling, Edw. T. Devine, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davies, San Rafael; W. Burke Cochran, New York; Miss Ida Manila; Mr. and Mrs. Joel F. Fithian, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Chain, Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Lion, Paul Lion, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Polhemus, Chas. B. Polhemus, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Marten, Miss Marten, San Jose; J. E. Orisen China.

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